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VOLUME LXVII.

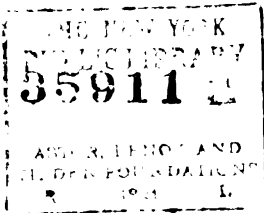
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FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1888.



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WAS IT CHANCE?

BY CHAS. P. ILSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

BLANFORD, where I had established myself as a medical practitioner, is one of those quiet inland towns, where, from one year's end to another, rarely is there an occurrence that occasions the slightest ripple of excitement. But one morning the prevailing stagnant calm was broken.

"Hulloa, Doc., where are you!" exclaimed Tom Richards, an old college chum, bursting into my office in fever heat. "Here's been a precious row down the street!"

"A row, say you? What, in this staid place!"

"Yes, or something like one. Old Munroe has just given Winthrop a caning."

"Ha! he has carried out his dastardly threat then? What are the particulars?"

"Well, Winthrop was coming down the street when he met Miss Munroe. A few words passed between them—a mere friendly salutation—and they parted. Soon after, Winthrop encountered her father, who was in a towering rage. As the two came abreast, Munroe raised his cane, passionately exclaiming, 'I saw you speaking to my daughter. Take that, and that, for your impudence,' and before any one could interfere, struck him twice."

"The brute! How did Winthrop receive the indignity?"

"He turned as pale as death, and raised his cane as if to retaliate. For a moment he looked his assailant in the face; then, as if he had mastered his first impulse, his arm dropped by his side. 'I will not strike you, Mr. Munroe,' he said in a strangely calm



tone, 'but you will repent these blows,' and turning away he continued his walk, while Munroe raised a coarse laugh as if in derision."

"High-spirited as Winthrop is, I wonder that he should have restrained himself."

"And so did all who witnessed the affray. I wish that he had knocked him down!"

"Winthrop has certainly great command over himself. It was not for lack of courage that he stayed his hand. After all, his calm rebuke was better than a blow."

"I wish you could have seen his face," rejoined Tom. "Such an expression I never saw on a man's! Although old Munroe laughed, it was very evident that he was cowed by it."

Munroe was a man of wealth, and occupied that position wealth seldom fails to secure, especially in a small place. He was not generally liked, however. He was purse-proud, looking down with ill-concealed contempt on those to whom fortune had been less prodigal of her favors. Ostentatious and fond of display, he received a great deal of company; but he was not noted for his benevolence. Notwithstanding he moved in the best society of Blanford, he was innately vulgar. He had seen enough of the world and picked up sufficient in his commerce with it to enable him to pass muster in the crowd, yet he was a man of quite limited intelligence and of very little refinement. He was coarse and brusque in his manners, offensively supercilious, and of a passionate disposition. To his purse alone was he indebted for whatever respect was accorded him.

His family consisted of a wife and one daughter. Margaret Munroe was in her twentieth year, and a very lovely and lovable maiden she was too. Her beauty would have been conspicuous in the most brilliant crowds, but the amiableness of her character was more potent in winning admiration. Though the child of wealth, petted and indulged in every wish, there was not a maiden in the place more unassuming. Her nature was wholly free from any taint of vanity. In her unaffectedness, gentleness of disposition and consideration for others, she greatly resembled her mother, who enjoyed the respect and good-will of all. She had not a particle of her father's disposition, but was a girl of generous sympathies, possessing a quick, receptive mind. Moreover, she had made the most of the advantages of a thorough culture.

Arthur Winthrop was the preceptor of the academy in Blanford. He was about twenty-five years of age, of fine address, highly intelligent, and of unimpeachable morals. There was nothing of the pedant about him, genial in his disposition, refined in his tastes, he was a general favorite. Perhaps we should make one exception to the last clause. Within a brief period Mr. Munroe had evinced what to all seemed an unreasonable aversion to him. Heretofore he had always been a welcome guest to the numerous parties given by that gentleman. Thrown into the society of Miss Munroe, having many tastes in common, gradually an attachment sprang up between them—not openly manifested,

not mutually known—but secretly cherished. Winthrop was especially guarded not to betray his feelings. He well knew that an exposition of them would engender the ill-will of her father. Next to his wealth Munroe prided himself on his daughter, in regard to whose future he entertained very ambitious notions. The happiness of his child he did not take into account. That was a minor consideration.

Until about two weeks prior to the street affray, Winthrop had uniformly received courteous treatment from Mr. Munroe. But suddenly his manner towards him underwent a marked change. He exhibited a coldness, which to Winthrop was wholly unaccountable. Although Margaret and her mother were as cordial to him as ever when he called, Mr. Munroe received him in a manner that made him feel his presence was intrusive. So marked did this treatment become, that Winthrop curtailed his visits, and at last, from some more potent slight, ceased them altogether.

Although Arthur Winthrop was very intimate with me he was very reticent in regard to his relations with the Munroes. I could perceive, however, that he felt the change in them keenly, for he was very sensitive. It was not the loss of the good-will of Mr. Munroe that affected him, for he had but little if any respect for him. It was solely on Margaret and her mother's account that he tolerated his rudeness. It was the interruption of their social intercourse, the barrier that had been raised between himself and one who had become very dear to him, that occasioned him regret.

That Mrs. Winthrop and her daughter entertained the same feelings towards him as ever, Arthur had good reasons for believing. At occasional social gatherings, if they chanced to meet, their greetings were of the old time cordiality. Indeed they manifested a greater degree of warmth and interest than ever. On the other hand, Mr. Munroe became more and more distant, and finally entirely ignored the acquaintance of Arthur.

Unaccountable as was the conduct of Munroe to Winthrop, the reason of it was surmised by others. He had detected, or rather he suspected the growing attachment between Winthrop and Margaret, and he adopted the method we have mentioned, so perfectly characteristic, to express his disapprobation. A more gentlemanly line of conduct would have been quite as effective, but

Mr. Munroe was not a gentleman. He had not the sense either to perceive that the means he resorted to were better calculated to defeat than to further his ends.

As one of the wealthiest men of the place Mr. Munroe had considerable influence, which he meanly exerted to excite a prejudice against Winthrop. But Arthur had too strong a hold on the community to be injured by him. The denunciations of Munroe, on the contrary, rather operated in his favor. Munroe, perceiving this, became more exasperated against him. His passion at last carried him to such a length that he threatened Arthur, if he ever spoke to his daughter, or in any way recognized her, he would cane him in the public street.

As we are aware, according to the report of my chum, Arthur had spoken to Miss Munroe, and her father had carried out his dastardly threat. The affair naturally caused intense excitement, and I was glad to notice that public opinion was unanimous in condemning the conduct of Munroe. It was equally unanimous in condemning the forbearance of Arthur.

Immediately on being informed of the matter I called at Arthur's boarding house; but he was absent. I knew that all of the disgrace of the affray would fall on his assailant, I also was aware that my friend would feel greatly mortified, and I was anxious to see him and do what I could to brace him up by assuring him that he had the sympathy of the public. I called again in the afternoon, and was informed that he had gone out for a walk. His landlady said that he appeared much disturbed—that he ate but little, and seemed altogether unlike himself, speaking to no one unless addressed, and then very abruptly.

I could fully appreciate his feelings, and felt still more anxious to meet with him and talk the matter over. I did not have the opportunity until the evening, and that interview took place under the most painful circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

IN the early evening of that day a startling rumor spread through the village that a foul murder had been committed. Who originated the report no one seemed to know. It was one of those mysterious revelations whose source seemed inexplicable.

The very air was burdened with it, verifying the declaration of the poet:—

"Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal:
It is a clam'rous orator, and then
E'en nature will exceed herself to tell
A crime so thwarting nature."

The entire village was in commotion. In every direction were gathered groups eagerly discussing the matter. I was sitting in my office about dusk when one of the leading citizens came hurriedly in, stating that a man had been discovered lying in the road, whether dead or not he was unable to tell. In compliance with his request I accompanied him to the place designated, followed by an excited crowd, the village constable leading the way. We proceeded to the outskirts of the town, arriving at a lonely spot, a dark hollow in the road, where the high bushes and overhanging trees rendered the place quite obscure. One of the party bore a lantern; by the aid of which we discovered at the bottom of the dell, a body by the roadside. Stooping down I placed my hand upon it. I knew at once that it rested on a corpse. I took the lantern. Its flickering light revealed the ghastly features of Mr. Munroe, whose glaring, stony eyes sent a chill to every heart.

After the first surprise was over, I made an examination of the body. There were fearful contusions on the left temple, as if made with a heavy stake. In addition there were two wounds inflicted by a sharp instrument in the region of the heart, either of which must have been fatal. While making the examination, some one standing near suddenly exclaimed:—

"Oh! What is this?"

The object that occasioned the remark was brought to the light. It was a double-edged knife, a stiletto, with a silver handle. It was passed to me. At once I thought I recognized it. Passing my finger along its handle, for it was besmeared with blood, beneath the clots of gore I discovered a name which caused a thrill of inexpressible anguish.

That name was—Arthur Winthrop!

While yet gazing horror-struck on this damning evidence of my friend's agency in the terrible deed that had been perpetrated, two men a short distance away, came from an adjoining field, dragging a third man between them. As they drew near, they exclaimed:—

"We've got him! Here's the murderer!"

With a shaking hand I held up the lantern. My fears were prophetic. My friend, Winthrop, stood before me; and, if ever appearances told against a man, most emphatically did they in the present instance. His face was of the hue of a corpse, his clothes disarranged, his vest and shirt-bosom sprinkled with blood, and his hands sticky with gore. Noticing the horror depicted in my face, he said, in a voice of wonderful calmness:—

"I am not a murderer, Frederic. Believe me, I am as innocent of that man's death," pointing to the corpse, "as yourself, or any gentleman standing here."

"It may be so," said one of the men, who still kept his grasp on him; "but we've only your word for that. Your hands tell a different story."

He then hurriedly related what he knew of the matter.

"Me and my friend were coming along the road but a short time ago—I can't say just how long, but the sun had gone down. As we got on the rise yonder, we heard a noise down here in the hollow, as of men struggling, and soon there came a smothered cry and groans. We hurried forward, and saw two men by the side of the road, one on the ground, the other bending over him. The fallen man seemed to have grasped the other; but before we reached the spot, the latter broke away, and after going along the road a piece, plunged into the bushes on the left.

"As we reached the fallen man," the narrator continued, "he was e'en about gone. He gasped out, 'He's murdered me!' Then his jaw fell, and we knew it was all over with him. At once we started in pursuit of the murderer, and overtook him crossing the field yonder. He pretended that he was going for you, doctor, but he could not come that dodge on us. We nabbed him, and, seeing your light in the road, concluded to bring him here."

As the man finished his story, I glanced inquiringly at Arthur.

"I doubt not the man has spoken truthfully," he said. "I was bending over the wounded man, who had grasped me by the collar, as he states. I was not aware of the approach of any one when I released myself from the dying man's hold. My first thought was of you, and I started to cross the field, as being the most direct way to your office, and was overtaken, as the man

says. But this is no place for explanations. Appearances, I must confess, are terribly against me. Of course, I must submit to detention; and if you will accompany me, I will acquaint you with all the facts in this dreadful affair, so far as I am connected with it."

The constable appointed a party to attend to the removal of the body, having first examined the murdered man's pockets. His pocket-book contained quite a large sum of money, which indicated that it was not for plunder that the murder was perpetrated. This was an additional circumstance that told against Winthrop. I said nothing to Arthur on our way to the village of the finding of the stiletto. I did not wish him to converse on the subject of the murder in the presence of others, knowing how frequently words are misinterpreted, and how the simplest remark is tortured into one of compromising significance.

It is needless to speak of the excitement it occasioned when it became known who the victim was, and who was the suspected murderer. By the time we arrived in the heart of the village, nearly the whole population had gathered about us. Notwithstanding all the facts elicited, amounting as near to the nature of positive proof as facts well could, went directly to show that Winthrop committed the deed, there was scarcely a voice raised against him. Men gravely shook their heads as they discussed the evidence, but there was a notable absence of that fierce exultation often exhibited on the arrest of one deemed guilty of the heinous crime with which he was charged. The men who had seized him were the only ones disposed to denounce him, but the sympathy of the mass, I was gratified to observe, inclined favorably towards the prisoner.

In large cities murders are of such common occurrence that they excite but little notice, unless marked by singular atrocity, or the victim is of more than ordinary note. One reads the account in the morning paper, and dismisses it from his mind on turning to the paragraph following it. Even the guardians of the public safety hardly give the matter a second thought, unless their interest is stimulated by the prospect of a reward. But in a country village, where such a crime is rare, its occurrence occasions a paroxysm of excitement, and the fearful deed is, for a long while, the absorbing topic

Before entering the prison to which he had been conducted, Winthrop addressed the assembled crowd. His remarks were very brief.

"I know, fellow citizens," he said, in a firm, collected voice, "that circumstances point strongly to me as the murderer of the unfortunate man, but I call God to witness that I am innocent of this blood!" and he held out his crimsoned hands so that all could behold them.

I was permitted to accompany Arthur to his cell. As he prepared to wash the stains from his hands, he said, with a faint attempt at a smile:—

"The Scotch would say I am taken 'red-handed,' but you do not believe me guilty, Frederic?" he quickly added, turning toward me with an eager, anxious look. "Dark as everything appears against me, you do not believe that I shed this blood?"

What answer could I make? Had a stranger been on trial, charged with the crime, and had the facts of which I was cognizant in the present case been arrayed against him, being on the jury I should not have hesitated a moment in my verdict. But in my heart I could not bring myself to believe Winthrop guilty of the crime; it was so foreign to his nature, so opposed to all that I knew of him. Yet there was the terrible chain of circumstances, so perfect in every link, how could I get over that? I hesitated in my reply, for a moment only. Faith in my friend triumphed over the weight of evidence.

"No, Arthur, I do not believe that you are guilty. I will believe in your innocence, dark as things look—darker, perhaps, than you are aware."

"Darker!" he exclaimed, with surprise. "I do not understand you."

"You own a stiletto?"

"Yes, I once owned one."

"A stiletto besmeared with blood, with your name on the handle, was found near the body."

"A stiletto!" he exclaimed, with startling earnestness; "my stiletto! How could that be?"

"I saw it—had it in my hands, Arthur."

He paced the room for a time in silence. At last he took a seat near me.

"I seem to be getting deeper and deeper into the meshes," he said, in a sad, subdued tone. "Everything appears to conspire against me. There was that miserable affair

this morning—the insult, the blows I received. In the minds of many that will constitute a probable motive for the deed. But I say to you, my friend, as God is my judge, after I had mastered the first passionate impulse following the blows—when I turned and went down the street, pity rather than anger was the predominant feeling. Why did I not strike Munroe in return? I will tell you why, Frederic. When I raised my arm for that purpose, Margaret seemed to stand between us, and I could not strike him. Poor Margaret! Poor Margaret!"

He started from the chair, and again walked the room in silence. Resuming his seat, he continued, with more composure:—

"Let us, if we can, look at this affair calmly, dispassionately. It is needless to go over all the circumstances connected with the deplorable event. Let me explain how I became involved in the affair. Others will not credit my story; but you, I trust, will give it full credence. First, then, in regard to that stiletto. It has not been in my possession for several months. It was the gift of a friend, and a fated one it is likely to prove. There was a sheath to it, and the weapon generally lay on the mantel in my room. Some months ago I missed it, and have not since seen it. I supposed that it was purloined by a man who was doing some small job in the room. If the weapon could be traced to him, a clue to the murderer might be obtained, but I do not think I could recognize the man.

"And now," he continued, "as to my presence at the scene of the tragedy. As you know, I am accustomed to taking long walks, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. This afternoon I unfortunately bent my steps in the same direction that Mr. Munroe had taken. Had I known this, I would have adopted another route, in order to avoid meeting him. As I drew near the spot where the deed was committed, I heard a loud outcry. I was on the descending road to the hollow. Casting my eyes in the direction of the cry, I saw three men engaged in a desperate struggle. I immediately raised a shout, when two of the men darted into the woods, while the third fell backward by the side of the road. I hastened towards him, and as I bent over him, he grasped me by the collar of my coat. You may imagine my surprise when I found that it was Mr. Munroe.

"I raised him to a sitting position, and noticing a great flow of blood, I opened his vest to ascertain the nature of his wounds. As I did so, the blood spirted upon my person. I attempted to stanch it, and in so doing my hands became smeared with gore. Finding that my attempt was vain, my first thought, as I have said, was to seek your assistance. Disengaging myself from the wounded man's clutch, I started up the road, and while crossing the field was seized, according to the man's statement."

Such, in substance, was Winthrop's account of his share in the transaction, every word of which I believed. I had entertained doubts as to his complicity in the affair—under the circumstances how could I refrain from entertaining them?—but this explanation, and the truthful manner in which it was made, dispelled the last lingering one. I told him so, and the assurance seemed to comfort him.

For a number of hours, late into the night, I remained with my unfortunate friend, our thoughts and conversation employed on the one engrossing subject. We discussed it in all its bearings, but from whatever point we viewed it, it presented the same dark, disheartening aspect.

"With such overwhelming evidence of my guilt," said Arthur bitterly, at one time, "who will give credence to my statement? Not one. It is asking too much. I do not look for such favor. Oh, my dear friend, it is not the thought of punishment that disturbs me—I have hardly given that a reflection—it is the knowledge of the ignominy that will be heaped upon me; the idea of going to my grave branded as a murderer! And Margaret, she, too, will execrate me as the destroyer of her father's life! Were this torture spared me, I could patiently endure the rest. Go to her, doctor, and tell her the truth. Convince her that it is the truth. Let her hold me innocent, and I shall be content. The opinion of others I do not so much regard."

I gave him my promise that as soon as I could with propriety call on Miss Munroe, I would do his errand, assuring him that I doubted not of the success of my mission. After he had, in a measure, regained his composure, I took leave of Arthur, promising him a call in the morning.

That night was a restless one for me. I could not free my mind from poor Winthrop's troubles. My interview had been

productive of one good effect—it had settled my wavering doubts. I came away from it thoroughly convinced of his innocence. On the other hand, the review we had given of his case only tended to render more dark and threatening the cloud that hung over him.

"God help the poor fellow!" was my inward prayer, "for the aid of man I fear will not avail him."

CHAPTER III.

ON the following day an inquest was held. The jury did not hesitate long in agreeing upon a verdict. It had been anticipated by all. It was that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Arthur Winthrop. Whereupon the accused was remanded to await the action of the grand jury.

Soon after the funeral of Mr. Munroe, in company with a cousin of hers, Edward Crosby, I called on Miss Munroe. Crosby shared fully in my faith of the innocence of Arthur, notwithstanding the finding of the jury, and since all the facts of the case had been made public, many who had professed to believe him guiltless, had reversed their judgment. It was not to be wondered at. Everything, indeed, looked so dark, it required a vast deal of confidence to combat the general belief.

Margaret had requested the interview through her cousin. In accordance with her expressed wish, I repeated the statement made to me by Arthur. When I had concluded it, she remarked:—

"Hard as everything bore against him, I have never, from the first, believed him guilty—never for a moment—and now I know that he is not! Tell him so from me, doctor. Tell him that mother shares in my convictions, and that he has our united sympathy."

When I informed Arthur of this, he suddenly appeared like another being. All the despondency he had exhibited vanished, and he resumed his wonted cheerfulness.

"Let fate do her worst, now!" he said, somewhat in his old, cheery voice. "I am resigned."

In due time the grand jury met. A bill of murder in the first degree was found against Winthrop, and his trial immediately followed. Public opinion was strongly against the accused. Here and there only

was a voice raised in his favor. The papers of the neighboring city had spread all the facts before their readers, from the caning affair to the discovery of Arthur, 'red-handed,' as he himself had said. Had he taken the life of his assailant when the blows were given, it was stated, there would have been some justification for the act; but he had waited until his passion had grown cool, and then calmly and deliberately carried out his murderous design. Therefore, it was declared, he was not entitled to that sympathy which otherwise would have been accorded him.

I do not propose to go into the details of the trial. Eminent counsel were employed in behalf of the prisoner, but they had an up-hill work to perform. Arthur would have made no defence, submitting only his own statement of his complicity in the affair, so hopeless did he consider his case, but his friends overruled him. His counsel fought every inch of the ground—did all that men could do; but with the terrible weight of proof against the prisoner at his command, wholly circumstantial, it is true, but as near positive as well could be, the prosecuting officer made light of their efforts. Nothing escaped his scrutiny. The remark made by Arthur after being struck, "You will repent these blows!" simply implying that Mr. Munroe, upon reflection, would regret his act, he labored to show was a threat of the deadly punishment Winthrop had resolved to, and finally did, inflict upon his assailant. Great stress was laid on the discovery of the prisoner in the grasp of his victim, on Munroe's dying declaration, "He's my murderer;" and, if further proof were wanting, on the finding of the stiletto near the body. The story told by the prisoner in explanation of all this, he ridiculed as wholly unworthy of belief. He would not attempt to refute it. It was unnecessary that he should. The dullest comprehension would, at once, detect its fallacy.

In summing up the evidence, the judge also commented on the statement of the prisoner, which he pronounced a clumsily concocted story, that should not have a feather's weight with the jury.

A stillness almost painful prevailed in the court-room, though packed with an eager crowd, after the case was given to the jury. The gaze of the hushed throng was fixed upon the accused. A prisoner's dock was the last place in which you would expect to

find a man resembling the one occupying it. Somewhat pale from his confinement, Winthrop sat there and bore the gaze of the multitude with a stoicism, construed by the many as the brazen indifference of hardened guilt, by the few as the calm resignation of a man innocent of crime, yet hopeless of the fact being established.

The deliberation of the jury was very brief. On its return to the court-room, the gravity that rested on the countenances of those who composed it, and the furtive glance each member directed towards the prisoner, foreboded the nature of the verdict. A deep respiration burst from the crowd as, in response to the demand of the clerk, the foreman of the jury pronounced the word:—

"GUILTY!"

Immediately on the rendering of the verdict, the judge addressed the prisoner in the accustomed monitory strain, expatiating on the enormity of the crime of which he stood convicted, and urging him to look to his God for pardon, and not to indulge in the vain hope of the clemency of man. He then pronounced sentence: That the prisoner should be taken back to his place of confinement, thence to that of execution, there to be hung by the neck until he was dead.

Arthur stood and listened to the sentence apparently unmoved, exhibiting much more composure than the judge who pronounced it. There was no quailing, no drooping of the eye, no tremor of the nerve; nor was there any of that reckless bravado sometimes noticed on similar occasions.

A noisy shuffling of feet followed the rendering of the sentence, as the spectators hastened to leave the room, eager to spread the news. At the same time, a young man forced his way to the dock and reached out his hand. The occupant took it, saying in a calm voice:—

"Well, Edward, it is as I expected. I do not see how it could well be otherwise."

"My God, Arthur! how can you take it so coolly?" said young Crosby, his voice tremulous with emotion, and tears glistening in his eyes.

"If I were guilty I should not be so calm. You do not believe I am—*she* does not. Why should I be discomposed?"

"No, Arthur, she, nor I, nor any one who knows you as we do, believes in your guilt," answered his friend.

"That is what supports me, Edward.

Do you not remember what the old poet says?

"'Innocence unmov'd

At a false accusation, the more
Confirms itself; and guilt is best discover'd
By its own fears.'

"You will call and see me, Crosby? You will, for the present, always find me at home," he added, with a faint smile, as he gave him a parting grasp.

I went to his cell after his sentence. He was more cheerful than usual, as if relieved from a heavy burden; as, indeed, he was. Suspense was over, and he could now look the worst in the face.

In the State in which these events occurred, there is a provision in the law prescribing capital punishment, that a man condemned to death cannot be executed until the expiration of a year after being sentenced. For a long series of years no execution had taken place. Heretofore the chief magistrate for the time being, glad to escape the painful duty of signing a death-warrant, had adopted the construction that it was optional to sign the warrant or not. Being aware that his term would be brief—for the people were fond of changing their rulers—he left the unpleasant duty to his successor. His successor, in turn, was very willing to follow his example, so that, virtually, imprisonment for life took the place of the death-punishment.

But there was a certain class of persons whose tender consciences were grieved that the gallows should remain idle, and who were loud and persistent in their inexorable cry of "blood for blood!" Good Christians they deemed themselves, and possibly were, albeit they manifested but little of the spirit of their Divine Master in their merciless clamor. Notwithstanding fewer capital crimes—in proportion to the number of inhabitants—were committed in the State of which we speak than in those States where the death-penalty was rigidly enforced, these men had, at last, succeeded in electing a ruler who coincided with their views; at least, one who held that the law made it imperative on him to sign a death-warrant at the expiration of one year after sentence had been pronounced. By a strict construction of the law, it is not to be denied, he was obliged so to do, but he had the example of numerous predecessors to relieve him of the unwelcome task.

This man now occupied the chair of state,

and he had expressed his determination to enforce the law in accordance with its spirit and letter. Arthur and his friends were aware of this, and they knew that when the day of grace expired, unless his innocence was proved meanwhile, he would assuredly die the death of a felon. Of this they had no hope—not the shadow of a hope. Petitions for remission of sentence, for respite, had proved unavailing, and Winthrop resigned himself to his terrible fate with martyr-like composure.

CHAPTER IV.

MY attention has been so engrossed by the central character of my story that incidental allusions only have been made to one most deeply interested in his fate—Margaret Munroe. The shock she experienced from the death of her father was for a time overpowering, the suddenness of the blow completely prostrating her. She was not, could not, be blind to his faults. But he was her father, and a most indulgent one. He had always been lavish of his love to her. However harsh and overbearing to others, to her he had been always kind and affectionate. She saw only the gentler and better side of his nature, and her grief for him was sincere. Perhaps the arraignment and almost certain conviction of one she had learned to love, as his murderer, by withdrawing in a measure her thoughts from her own bereavement, tended in some degree to mitigate her suffering.

Formidable as was the array of circumstances against Arthur, indubitably as the evidence proved his guilt, Margaret never for a moment harbored the thought that he took her father's life. She placed implicit confidence in his statement, and nothing could shake her faith. She watched the progress of the trial with a painfully absorbing interest, as if her own life was staked upon it. That he had been pronounced guilty—that since his condemnation and sentence public sentiment was almost unanimous as to their justness—all this availed nothing. She still remained unshaken, still clung to the doomed one with all a woman's devotion, and in proportion as the clouds gathered about him, and his dreadful fate became certain, so did her faith in him strengthen, and her love become more deeply rooted.

All this Winthrop knew, and this knowledge was the secret of that power which upheld him through the trial, and sustained him during his dreary imprisonment. Mr. Crosby and I visited him daily, not to administer comfort, for frequently he assumed the role of consoler, and sought to reconcile us to the event which to all seemed inevitable. It appeared that nothing short of Providential interposition could avert the fatal catastrophe.

As, when crowned with joy, time's flight seems accelerated, so now, robed in gloom, the days passed rapidly away. Only a few weeks remained of the year of probation, and Arthur prepared himself to meet his fate with the fortitude becoming a Christian.

"I shall go to my grave guiltless of the crime," he said, one day. "How infinitely better is this, my friend, than to be ushered into the presence of my Maker stained with another's blood! Let us find consolation in that reflection."

Some ten days before the one designated for the execution, I was glad to avail myself of an invitation to visit a relative in New York, for I could not endure the thought of remaining in Blanford when the tragic event occurred. I called on Arthur; and, on taking leave of him, bade him, although I did not so inform him, what I considered a final adieu.

With a heavy heart I left the place. My relative was a lawyer, a thorough metropolitan, perfectly *au fait* in all that relates to city life. A few days after my arrival, speaking of the lower phases of town life, he asked me if I would not like to visit some of the dens in the city, the abodes of vice and crime and poverty in its most revolting shape. I went with him one evening, accompanied by one of the police force, for without such an escort it would have been as much as a man's life was worth to visit those dangerous purlieus.

It is not my purpose to speak of the scenes, harrowing and disgusting, that fell under our observation. We have many of us witnessed, and all have heard of them, scenes that put humanity to the blush. It was with a feeling of relief that we turned to leave the stifling, fetid air that surrounded us, and seek a purer atmosphere, moral as well as physical, when my attention was arrested by the incoherent mutterings of a man stretched on a bundle of rags, an apolo-

gy for a bed, in the corner of the room through which we were passing. I paused for a moment, looking in the direction of the man.

"The poor devil is deranged and dying," the officer indifferently remarked, and was about to leave the room.

What was it that prompted me? Curiosity? It may have been, but never before had I experienced an impulse so irresistible.

"Wait one moment," I remarked, stepping towards the man.

"Will no one listen to me?" he moaned in appealing accents as I bent over him.

"What is it that troubles you, my friend?" I asked, as I stood over him.

The man turned on me a wild, despairing look. His face was terribly emaciated, and oh, so haggard!

"The fires of hell are consuming me!" he said, in tones that made me shudder. "Listen to me, sir. I am a dying man, but I am not deranged. For the love of God hear my confession! One foul murder rests on my conscience, and unless some one will hear to me still another will be added to it!"

A sudden thrill shot through me, and my heart throbbed tumultuously. Lightning-like the thought flashed upon me, had Providence directed my footsteps to this den of infamy that the truth might be made manifest—the innocent vindicated?

I knelt beside the dying wretch, informing him of my readiness to hear his confession. I admonished him to keep nothing back.

"Raise me up," he said. "I will tell you all."

I did so, propping him against the wall. He then went on in a feeble voice, at times broken and almost inaudible, to speak of a murder in which he was an accomplice. The first few words raised my hopes to the highest pitch. A few hurried questions elicited the one important fact I was so eager to obtain: the real murderer of Munroe was before me! Yes, thank God, it was even so! I need not go into details. Suffice it, that when I left that sink of iniquity I bore with me the full exculpation of Arthur Winthrop drawn up in legal form by my lawyer friend and properly attested.

Briefly, as I have said, this man was the real murderer of Munroe. He confessed to the robbery of the stiletto from Winthrop. By that instrument the deadly wounds were inflicted. He said there was another man engaged with him, and that robbery was

their intent; that they first attacked their victim with a stake, but the resistance he made led them to use the stiletto. In the struggle that ensued the weapon was lost. Alarmed by a shout they heard, they left without securing their booty. The partner of his crime had fled to another country and he believed he was no longer living. Ever since committing the deed he had been a prey to remorse, which was doubly aggravated when he learned that an innocent person was to suffer for his crime. Prostrated by a fatal disease, the stings of conscience goaded him to a confession, which a good Providence, I doubt not, guided me to that evil place to receive. That night, I understood, the miserable man died. Ah, if I had not made, or had postponed my visit!

You will readily imagine my impatience to hear the glad tidings to my friend. There was no conveyance for me that night, and I was forced to remain until morning. Sleep was out of the question, and I courted it in vain.

Early the next day I took my departure. With what a snail's pace the conveyance seemed to move! But at last it arrived at its destination. Leaping from the lumbering stage-coach, (this was before the era of railroads) I encountered Edward Crosby. I wondered that he should be so sad when my heart was brimming over with joy. He took my hand in silence, his emotion being too intense for speech.

"Tomorrow!" was the only word he uttered.

It was late in the afternoon. At noon on the morrow the execution was to have taken place. Already the one hotel in the village was crowded with men and women, some of the latter with babes in their arms, who had flocked from the neighboring towns to gratify a morbid appetite—to gloat over the dying agonies of a fellow being.

"Come with me," I said, taking Crosby's arm, and we proceeded towards the jail, around which was gathered a gaping crowd, impatient for the morrow's entertainment. With what unutterable loathings did I make my way among them!

We entered the gloomy building. The clergyman of the place was in the cell of the condemned. Arthur received me with great calmness.

"I was afraid that you would not return in time for the last farewell," he said, as he cordially pressed my hand.

I was in a tremor of impatience to communicate my tidings, but was momentarily at a stand in regard to the manner of doing it. Arthur observed my agitation, and ascribing it to any but the true cause, said in a gentle tone:—

"Do not take it so to heart, dear friend; it will be but a brief pang, if indeed there be any suffering."

"Don't talk to me of pangs and suffering!" I blurted out spasmodically. "Arthur, my dear friend, God has interposed to protect the innocent! Read that," and thrusting the confession into his hands I turned aside and gave full vent to my emotions.

The scene that ensued after the reading of the paper must be imagined. For a time there was a general embracing and hand-shaking. Arthur was by far the least excited. Approaching me, he threw his arms around my neck, and bowing his head, he wept like a child.

"God bless you, my friend," he said in a broken voice, "for establishing my innocence!"

Not a word of saving his life! That, I knew, with him was a secondary consideration.

When our feelings had in a measure subsided, Arthur spoke apart to the clergyman, who immediately said:—

"Let us unite in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he hath loosened the bonds of captivity and set the prisoner free!"

We all bowed reverently, while the preacher poured forth in strains eloquent with feeling, an offering of praise and gratitude.

We need not prolong our story. In a few days Arthur left the prison walls without a stain upon his name. The entire community hailed his release with a joy whose heartiness attested its sincerity. How can we describe the greeting he received from one whose faith in him never wavered, but grew more and more firm as the clouds gathered thicker and thicker about him? The reader must imagine it. We only feel called upon to mention, that before the expiration of another year Margaret Munroe bestowed upon Arthur a still more endearing proof of her faith in him.

THE RIVAL ENCHANTERS.

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS.

IT is related in old books of curious lore and legend, that once there dwelt in Britain a wealthy miller, who was very miserly and who had a fair daughter, his only child. A spirit of the air, called Incubus—a sort of malicious demon, quite common in those days—fell in love with the miller's daughter, so runs the story, and demanded her for his wife; and though the maiden detested him, his suit was successful, as he offered to give the miller a ton of gold in exchange for his daughter's hand.

So the unwilling maiden was married to the demon; who promptly redeemed his promise, after the manner of demons, by tumbling a ton of gold upon the miller's head.

However, as it proved, the miller's daughter was not unhappy with her demon spouse; and of this union were born the twin enchanters, Merlin and Eliaures. Both were powerful in arts of sorcery, and Merlin was well disposed. In his youth he was extremely beautiful, and of a wild and wayward temper; but he was sobered by an unhappy love affair; and, in his later years, acquired wonderful wisdom, and occupied himself with great projects for the service of his king and the benefit of his fellow beings.

Eliaures, however, inherited all the malice and wickedness of his demon sire, and from the hour of his birth, he began to work mischief among men. This greatly grieved the enchanters' mother, and she induced Merlin to promise her that he would never neglect an opportunity to thwart the evil designs of Eliaures.

As may be supposed, Eliaures was not slow to retaliate. He made it the business of his life to defeat Merlin's good works. As Merlin was the friend of order, and the protector of all good people, his brother was the aid and ally of all the wicked. Whenever any person was befriended by Merlin, Eliaures became his enemy; and the king whom Merlin served was always annoyed by rebellions and conspiracies hatched up by Eliaures. Thus a constant rivalry was kept up between the two enchanters, which must have made it lively for kings and other common people.

According to the legend, Vortigern was King of Britain when these enchanters were born, and Merlin, at the age of sixteen, became his chief counselor. The king was in trouble. From some cause, which no one could discover, the towers of his castle were continually shaking and rocking, as if they were about to fall at any moment, and all the king's wise men had puzzled their heads over the alarming disturbance, without being able to account for it. Vortigern, hearing of the wild youth, Merlin, who was already famous for his strange beauty and his skill in sorcery, sent for him and desired his opinion of the matter.

Merlin immediately informed him that the shaking of the towers was caused by the writhing and turning of two great dragons who were imprisoned under the foundations.

"This is the work of Eliaures," he said; "and well for thee that I am come, O king! Another day, and the dragons would have grown so strong they would have laid thy castle and half thy kingdom in ruins, and thou and all thy house had perished in the fall!"

This was startling news to a king, but Vortigern found that his enchanter was equal to the occasion. Merlin drew a circle around each of the towers, and pronounced some cabalistic words, whereupon the ground opened, and there came forth a blood-red dragon and a white one, spitting fire and smoke. The dragons at once engaged in combat, with such fury that they tore deep valleys in the earth, and the whirling of their wings raised a great tempest, while Merlin, with wildly glittering eyes, and black hair streaming in the wind, stood and watched the battle without dismay, though every one else had fled to a safe distance.

This terrible conflict, which became famous in British tradition as "The Battle of the Dragons," continued until the red dragon, having devoured the white one, was consumed in a sheet of fire; and nothing remained except the smoke of the battle, which hung in a black cloud over Britain, until it was dispelled by the magic art of Merlin.

As a remembrance of this event, and of

his gratitude to Merlin, the king adopted the red dragon for his device, which was emblazoned on his shield and worked upon his banner; and he gave the name of "Pendragon" to his eldest son.

From that time forth the king consulted Merlin upon all his affairs, and governed his kingdom according to the magician's advice; and, in consequence, he ruled with great wisdom, and was prosperous in peace and victorious in war.

But Merlin, though he was so wise in statesmanship and so learned in sorcery, proved himself indiscreet enough when it came to an affair of the heart, for he fell desperately in love with Vortigern's beautiful queen, Brenwyld of the Yellow Hair. He concealed his feelings for a time, until the crafty Eliaures discovered his secret, and persuaded him to reveal his passion to the queen.

Brenwyld was a faithful wife, and when the impetuous young magician declared his love to her, she rebuked him so severely that he fled from her presence overwhelmed with shame and grief. He left the court and went away, and no one knew whither he was gone, to the great surprise and regret of King Vortigern, who fancied that he had unwittingly neglected or offended his enchanter. This troubled the king so much that Brenwyld was obliged to tell him the real reason of Merlin's departure.

As time passed on, and Merlin did not return, the wicked Eliaures took advantage of his absence and began to cast an evil spell of enchantment around the king. His majesty, from being a stout warrior and an able ruler, gradually became weak in mind and body. All his powers wasted away, so that his people could no longer rely upon him, and his enemies held him in contempt. But still he retained the mastery of his will in one respect; he would not take Eliaures into his favor, in place of the absent Merlin, though the cruel sorcerer tormented him constantly with threats and persecutions, and matters were getting worse and worse in Britain. The people were rising in rebellion; foreign foes were invading the land; the whole kingdom was in disorder, and everything was going to wrack and ruin.

Brenwyld, the queen, beheld this state of things with heart-breaking distress. Day after day she sat in her bower and wept, and sighed:—

"Alas, alas! If Merlin would return!"

And night after night, she walked in her garden alone, wringing her hands and crying aloud:—

"Oh, where, oh, where is Merlin?"

One night when the moon was at the full, the queen was walking sadly among her roses and lilies, with her white robes trailing and her yellow hair hanging down to her feet, and still she thought of Merlin.

"Ah, me! if I but knew where Merlin could be found," she said, "I would go myself and seek him; for he alone can save us from our woes."

Then, all at once, she bethought her that Merlin himself had given her a golden cup invested with a charm by which she might discover the whereabouts of any person whom she wished to find.

She called her little page, and bade him quickly bring the cup; and when it was brought, she filled it with clear water, and held it up to the moonlight, as Merlin had instructed her, and said, twice in a whisper and once aloud:—

"Merlin, where art thou?"

And then, looking into the cup, the queen saw there reflected in the water the image of Merlin, lying in a hut beside a lonely lake, in the midst of a dark, deep forest, and she knew it was the Haunted Forest of Brece-liande.

Now that forest was a place full of perils, and many long leagues away; but Brenwyld stayed for neither toil nor danger. She covered her white robe with a black mantle, and bound up her yellow hair, and with only her little page to keep her company, went forth in search of the lost enchanter.

Many adventures befell her on the way, but she came at last to the Haunted Forest; and, after long wandering, she found the little hut beside the lonely lake, where Merlin had hidden his sorrow and forgotten the world.

Brenwyld stooped her queenly head, and entered the hut, and there she saw Merlin lying, as she had seen his image in the cup. His form was wasted so that he looked like a skeleton, his face was white as the face of the dead; and his long, black hair was spread, all wild and tangled, on the ground. His beauty and his youth were vanished, never to return.

When Merlin beheld the queen, he rose up and stood before her; and she wept with grief and pity to see him such a wreck.

"Alas! Merlin, what woe hast thou suf-

ferred to bring thee to such a sorely wretched plight?" she cried.

"Lady, ye see me what I am; and what I was, ye know," said Merlin, sadly. "But neither thou nor any one shall ever know what pain and penance have wrought this change."

"Ay, thou art changed," faltered the wondering Brenwyld; "and I know not, now, if ye will grant the boon I came so far to seek."

"Lady, I am still the king's faithful servant and thine. If ye come to require any service of me, command, and I obey."

"Know ye not, then, Merlin, what misery has fallen upon Britain since ye have hidden yourself from us?"

"I know nothing; for I have been as one dead to the world," said Merlin.

Then the queen told him all; and when he heard how the king was broken, and how the state was fallen into disorder and distress, he knew it was all the doing of Eliaures; and with fiercely flashing eyes, he muttered:—

"Eliaures, thou cruel brother, when ye knew my sufferings and weakness, could ye not spare my friends? Had ye left my lord the king in peace, it had been better for thee!"

When he knew that the queen had come all this perilous distance to seek him out, with no guard nor companion save her little page, Merlin gave the faithful page a great reward of gold and gems; and he said to Brenwyld:—

"Ye have done wisely, my queen; and trust me, lady, I will guard thee as safely as this little page has done. Fear not that I shall now offend thee with any other than a faithful servant's love; for the wild passion that I confessed to thee is gone from my heart forever, with its youth, and more than my youth went with it."

So Merlin and the queen returned together to the royal castle; and when they came there, they found Eliaures with the king, and they heard him say, not knowing they were near:—

"All these things ye shall suffer, and more, King Vortigern, until ye give to me the honors and estates that ye gave to Merlin. But if ye consent to my will, then

will I restore thy kingdom to peace, and thyself to power."

"Never will I consent!" returned the king. "Do thy worst, Eliaures, but ye shall never usurp the place of Merlin. His youth and the queen's great fairness have led him to forget his duty; but I have not forgotten the good service he has ever rendered me, and ye shall not supplant him in my favor so long as I have yet one spark of reason left!"

On hearing these words, Merlin was smitten with remorse to think that he could ever have had it in his heart to wrong a sovereign so generous. He rushed forward, and, with a wave of his hand, restored the king to all his natural health and vigor. Then he turned upon the cowering Eliaures, and sternly said:—

"Go, Eliaures! I am thy master now, and ye know it! I have lost my youth, through long penitence and sorrow; but I have gained in power enough to crush thee, if I would. Go! Depart from Britain, and trouble the king no more, lest I destroy thee utterly!"

And Eliaures departed, for he well knew that he could no longer hope to defy his brother, who had, indeed, become far mightier than he in magic art and power. He went to Brittany, and there remained; but he was just as wicked as ever, and he never ceased to work all the ill he could to Merlin and his friends.

Merlin soon brought back prosperity and peace to Britain, and he continued faithfully to serve the king for many years. Finally, Vortigern died, confiding his two sons, Pendragon and Uther, to Merlin's loyal care.

Pendragon, after reigning some years, lost his life on the field of battle, and Uther succeeded to his crown; and, by the advice of Merlin, also took his name, which he added to his own as a surname and title of respect.

The great enchanter, growing more and more powerful as he advanced in years, remained always loyal and devoted to King Uther, whose reign was long and glorious. Merlin worked many wonderful things in Britain; but it would take a volume to tell them all. The record of his name and fame remains in many a strange tradition to this day.

OLD COPPERS.

THAT is, I have no doubt, the most complete collection of American coins extant," remarked the numismatist at the National Museum to a Washington *Star* reporter, referring to a collection of American cents just presented to the museum by Dr. I. E. Nagle, of Philadelphia. Though there are only about four hundred of these pennies, a coin collector would value them at several hundreds of dollars. "Dr. Nagle has been collecting them for years," said the numismatist. "He has, probably, examined a good many tons of coins to pick out these; in fact, scrutinized every penny he has ever seen."

Dr. Nagle's collection of "coppers" has been installed in a large case in the hall devoted to the exhibition of historical objects. Each one has a little label attached, giving the date and describing the peculiarity of the penny by which it is known and classified by the numismatist. For instance, one label says, "T in cent inclined to left;" another says simply "eleven berries," meaning that the man who engraved the die cut eleven berries in the wreath.

The series embraces nearly every issue of each year since the United States mint was established in 1793 to the present date. The cents issued during the first few years are distinguished mainly by the fact that the Liberty head upon them does not wear a Liberty cap, but carries that article of apparel on the end of a pole which is swung over her shoulder. In 1808 the cap and pole were dropped out, and Liberty appeared with a circlet or chaplet about her brow, inscribed with the word "liberty." This fashion prevailed down to the day when the coinage of the big copper cents ceased in 1837, and the smaller cents of alloyed metal were issued. The first of the small cents was issued in that year, and had on its reverse the image of an eagle in flight. Subsequently the Indian head, which has continued in vogue, appeared. The collection, while of historical value, illustrates the fine distinctions made by numismatists. The coinage of one year will be divided into several varieties. A variety may owe its origin to the accident of a broken die, the

cent showing on its face a slight mutilation that would hardly be discovered with a microscope.

Then varieties were produced also by the whim of the die sinker or engraver, who desired to put his "fecit," or private mark on his work. This he did by omitting or adding a berry to the wreath, giving a little curl or two to the stem, deflecting a letter somewhat, or making some other modification, which the casual observer would never notice, but the numismatist will at once recognize. Two big copper cents issued in 1817 are among the rarest in the collection. These have the Liberty heads well defined, but on the top of the head, over the Liberty cap, is a small protuberance, which, under a microscope, appears as a crown. Dr. Nagle says this is a representation of the British crown, and it was cut in the die by an engraver of British proclivities, who thus covertly set the British crown over the American Liberty head.

"The United States," observed the coin man, after looking over rows of coppers, "ought to issue, every time a new President is inaugurated, a special coin, on which should be struck a finely engraved head of the President, and a suitable inscription. The issue might be limited, of course. Why? Because history is recorded on coins. These coins," he remarked, turning to the rows of pennies with their Liberty heads, "have no meaning that would enlighten any one centuries hence. In the days of the Roman empire, when there were no newspapers, some record of great heroic events was struck on the coins, and to-day these coins are the only records of such events. There was a kingdom occupying a portion of Syria, whose identity was completely lost until a collection of the coins of the country was found. These coins gave an outline of the history of the country. Coins are almost imperishable. If a record was made of each new administration on an issue of some standard coin—say silver twenty-five-cent pieces—these coins would probably be taken out of circulation at once, by people who would treasure them for their historic value."

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER I.

I WON'T live so; I declare I won't! I won't tag that old, squeaking machine through the world, grinding away at the same tunes day after day, and hour after hour—I—I—won't!"

"Oh, you won't! What will you do, Miss Jig?"

"I'll run off, that's what I'll do. Some night when you and old Israel are sleeping, I'll cut. Next morning you won't find me. I sha'n't leave no tracks behind, and you can't scent me out. E-e-e-h, Mammy Israel, then won't you swear? then won't you pray for the old evil one to catch me?"

"Just exactly as he will," screamed Mammy Israel, bringing her hard fist down upon the table before her. "Just as he will, or you are no child of mine," she continued, fixing her glittering eyes upon the defiant face before her.

"But I'm not your child," was the quick retort. "If I was, I shouldn't expect to get clear of you."

"Not my child? Who put that notion into your head, you brazen-faced jade? If you are not mine, whose are you? Who gives you clothes and victuals and work? Who takes care of you when you are sick?"

"Never was sick!" answered Jig, tossing her long, black hair from her face, and making an attempt, as she did so, to take a polka-step. This she did by thrusting the toes of her thick shoes into the ribs of Mammy Israel's pet dog—a scraggy, ill-natured cur, that was known by the name of Shiner.

"What, what are you kicking that dog for?" demanded the woman, springing up from her chair, and doubling up her wiry hands.

"I must dance," answered Jig; "and if I dance into the dog's ribs, how can I help it?"

"I'll show you how to help it! I'll show you how to keep your toes still!" screamed mammy, going towards her.

"How, mammy, how?" asked Jig, drawing her face down to a doleful length.

"Will you tie 'em up? Will you stick 'em

together with glue, or will you cut 'em off? Say, say, mammy!"

"I'll cut your head off, you little straggler! I'll beat your brains!"—

She raised her hand above the girl's head as she spoke. The fearless, mocking creature stood up before her without moving a muscle of her dark face.

"Now strike, mammy; you've got a good chance for it. If you live till yer a thousand years old, you'll never have a better one. Hit him, mammy, hit him!" she cried, seeing that mammy hesitated.

"That I will—that I will!" exclaimed mammy, getting exasperated.

She raised her hand still higher. Jig watched her intently, with her great, glittering eyes. The hand came down with a strong force.

"Oh, you didn't! you didn't!" called out Jig, darting like lightning away, the full force of Mammy Israel's blow falling upon the back of a chair. "Oh, how you have hurt that chair, good mammy. Poor chair! what's the chair done? Did it dance? Did it kick a polka into Shiner's old ribs? Hi-oh, mammy, which is the hardest, your hand or the chair? Catch me, now, if you can—catch me!"

"Oh, you infernal fiend!" cried out Mammy Israel, grasping an earthen pitcher and aiming it at Jig's head, which was alternately appearing and disappearing at the door. "I'll crack your black skull for you!"

"There was a Mammy Israel hardly worth a fig,
Who lived in a nest as dirty as a pig,
She had a gal and her name was Jig!
Hi-oh, rig-a-jig-jig—Jig!"

screamed Jig, at the top of her voice.

Nearly exploding with rage, Mammy Israel stood with a pitcher in her hand! Grinning so broadly that she displayed every white tooth in her head, Jig went on with her improvising:—

"Some fine day the gal will run away,
The mammy with the pitcher never can kitch
her,
Hi-oh, rig-a-jig-jig—Jig!"

"Oh, oh-o-o-oh!" cried mammy, throwing

the pitcher with all her strength against the door.

"Poor door! what's the door done? Did the door dance, mammy? Has it got toes to kick with? Poor pitcher! it didn't hurt Jig's black head, did it?" purred Jig, in a soft tone. "What are you going to do next? Shall I pick up the pieces? Don't you want to throw them at me again, say, mammy?"

"I'll send the p'liceman after you; you shall be carried to the watch-house before night, you little imp!" retorted mammy, clenching her fists.

"You'll have to hurry, it's almost night, now," called Jig, swinging back and forth on the door.

"Get off 'rom that door; you'll smash it!" was the next motherly command. "If you're going to break anything, jist break your neck; 'tis the best thing you can do for yourself."

"I won't, nuther. I'd rather break a pitcher. You've broke one, now I can break t'other. Poor pitcher! it kicked, didn't it, mammy?"

Mammy Israel could not find words in which to express her indignation and anger. She stood in the centre of the room, her hands clasped together so tightly that they were like rocks; while her eyes were set, to use Jig's term, "just like mad." How long she would have stood so like a statue, would be hard to determine, had not a shrill cry from Shiner awakened her sympathies.

"Oh, that little fiend is afoul of my Shiny," she exclaimed, darting towards the narrow entry, from which the cry seemed to proceed. "Jig! Jig! J-i-e-g! I say!"

"Ki-yi—ki-yi!" answered Shiner, from behind the door. "Ki-yi—ki-yi."

"For all the world, where's Shiner?" mused Mammy Israel, peering into the shadowy entry. "For all the world, I wonder"—

She stepped cautiously behind the door as she spoke, and in doing so butted her head against a kicking, squirming mass—tied up in a shawl—depending from a hook upon the wall. It did not need a moment's reflection for her to determine the condition of her favorite.

"If that imp alive hasn't actually hung you up in this shape, Shiny," she said, in a whining voice, reaching up to unloose the precious bundle. "And she did it right quick, too," she went on, as she unfastened

the huge knot tied at the ends of the shawl. "I wonder where the little imp has run to?"

She bent her head forward in time to see one of old Israel's coats moving slowly from the opposite corner.

"Hi, I've got you, now!" she exclaimed, dropping Shiner, and starting towards Jig, who was just poking her black head out of the ragged collar. "Now I'll pay you. Now I'll break your cursed head, I will!"

Quick as thought, Jig crouched lower upon the floor, drawing her head, turtle-fashion, out of sight. As Mammy Israel raised both fists for a double blow, she darted like lightning past her upon her hands and knees, and before that worthy could turn about, was standing erect in the inner room, with her hands clasped demurely before her.

"If ever I seed such a fiend in my life," said mammy, taking a long breath. "I'd like to see anybody catch you!"

"So shu'd I," answered Jig, tipping her head saucily upon one side.

"You've ni'-most killed Shiner; you've ni'-most choked him. I wish you'd done the same for yourself."

"But I didn't," said Jig, taking a rocking-balance in the centre of the room. "I shā'n't choke myself when I'm going to run off."

"You can't run; you've no place to run to. You'll starve if you go. You can't get a crust or a bone to gnaw at."

Jig put her long, black hair thoughtfully from her face at this, and went forward slowly with her dancing steps, but without speaking.

"You'll get put in jail, if you try to leave your old daddy and mammy. Nobody wants you but us; nobody cares nothing 'tall about you, whether you starve or freeze; and nobody'll do anything for you—depend upon that."

"They won't so much as beat me, or bang me, or thump me, or throw pitchers at my head, will they?" queried Jig, still walking through her dancing steps.

Mammy Israel grinned, and patted the head of Shiner.

"You'll get pounded 'nuff, I take it," she said, gruffly. "Folks are pounded into mince-meat in jails, you'll find."

"Is they?" asked Jig, tipping up her head. "Guess you've been there."

Mammy shook her head. Whether she had or not, there was a peculiar expression

upon her dark face; an unusual light in her keen eyes.

"You'll have to tramp to-morrow, Miss Imp!" she exclaimed. "I won't have you round any longer. You'll have to go off with your daddy."

"Good!" cried Jig, jumping upon the back of a chair, and balancing herself there for a moment. "I just liv's go as not. I don't like this dirty nest."

The next moment she was seated quietly, by the low, dirty, window, trying to look out into the filthy back yard. Mammy Israel grinned again, and then bent her head forward in a listening attitude.

"I guess your dad's coming," she said, in a knowing voice, as Shiner gave a low growl and jumped from her lap. "Guess that's what makes you so knocked and still, little bird. You know how to play your games, and make your tracks, don't you, you little fiend? But you can't keep my tongue still. I'll tell how you threaten to run. I'll tell all you say, Miss Imp."

"You'll tell, will you?" cried Jig, springing to her side, and clasping her arm with her strong, bony little hand. "Tell, if you dare, and I'll tell dad something that will be the means of breaking the very neck upon your shoulders. I know something to tell!"

Mammy Israel gave a quick look into the child's determined face.

"Will you tell, now?" asked Jig, putting her lips close to her ear. "Quick! Dad's right to the door. Will you tell?"

"No; go 'long—who wants to tell?" was the dogged answer.

"You want to," answered Jig, under her breath, and taking her seat by the window again.

The next moment, the man known as Daddy Israel entered the room, bearing upon his broad shoulders a huge hand-organ, which was partially enveloped in a green baize covering. He deposited his burden in a corner, without speaking, and then, seating himself before the table, drew a cotton bag from his pocket, and commenced counting over the gains for the day. Mammy Israel watched him with an eager face. Jig did not once take her eyes from the filthy yard.

"Awful poor bizness," began old Israel, at last, pocketing his money with a greedy hand. "Can't do nothing without Jig. Jig must go to-morrow. Folks all are asking or Jig; for the gal what dances and acts;

the gal that sings and carries the tamb'rine. Oh, yes; Jig must go to-morrow. Hi, Jig! wake up—yer asleep?"

Jig turned around, but did not answer.

"What you been doin' to her, Mammy Israel?" he asked, glancing towards his wife. "What's she been doin' to you, little Jig?"

Jig shook her head; but Mammy Israel turned and squirmed in her chair as though she were in great distress.

"Oh, I hain't been doin' anything to her," she whined, fumbling her hand about in her lap. "Jiggy and I have been having a nice time here with each other; Jiggy's been dancing and playing, and I've been watching her, haven't I, Jiggy?"

Jig showed her white teeth, and wrinkled up her brown forehead while mammy was speaking. She knew too much, however, to betray her, and so the woman went on.

"Old Suke giv'd me some candy, and I giv'd it every single stick to Jiggy, didn't I, Jiggy?"

Jig nodded her head, still showing her white, even teeth.

"Oh, Jiggy can dance like a top, good Israel. Her heels are as light as shavings, and she's as quick as a fish in the water, ain't you, little Jiggy?"

"Yes, that I am," grinned Jig, clapping her hands together. "Nobody can't catch me, can they, mammy?"

"No-o-o," answered mammy, with a quirk of the head.

"And they can't hit me, either, can they?"

"No!"

Contented with this, Jig looked again from the window, and Old Israel, suspicious that something was wrong, watched his wife from under his shaggy brows.

CHAPTER II.

FINDING that nothing could be learned by his vigilance, old Israel began to think about his supper; and, in a few minutes the atmosphere of the little room was made still more stifling by the smoke and heat that arose from the cooking-stove, over which Mammy Israel was anxiously bending.

"I hate bacon!" coughed Jig, hiding her face in her coarse apron. "I wish I could"—

Whatever the child wished, she evidently

thought it wiser to keep it to herself, for she turned her face to the low, dirty window, and moved her lips silently. Out in the wide world, out of that filthy street where so many miserable creatures were packed and crowded together, it was May, rare, sweet May. In the market places might be seen bunches of spring blossoms. In the trees upon the parks and commons, the birds sang in the sunshine; the sky was blue, and the grass green and tender. The country was full of flowers; clusters of lilacs trembled in the breeze; the fruit orchards were rich with clouds of delicate bloom. The maples were covered with crimson tassels; and by cool, shady brooks, and in quiet, unthought-of nooks, the sweet-mouthed arbutus blushed beneath its shelter of rough leaves. Out in the country, out of that loathsome place, May was leaving her tracks of blossoms and sunshine; but there the atmosphere was always choked, and the bit of sky brooding over the narrow alley dark and misty, sunless by day and starless by night.

Perhaps, Jig, as she sat silently by the window, was thinking of a place where the air was sweeter and fresher, or imagining a place, I should say; for, aside from the street, she knew little of the world at large. She had been in the country with her father several times, singing and dancing from door to door, but of its cleanly homes and bright hearthstones she was as ignorant as need be. She knew that the sky was broad; that the grass was green, that the brooks and birds sang together outside of the city—that was all.

"Yes, Jig, we'll go off to-morrow," began old Israel, after he was well seated at the table. "We'll dance and sing for 'em till they are tired."

"Yes," answered Jig, moving stealthily towards the door.

"Where are you goin' to?"

"Into the yard."

The child answered without turning her head. Old Israel watched her admiringly.

"Very smart little piece!" he said to mammy.

"A little fiend!" was the retort, spoken in a hard, gruff way.

"So are you!" ripped out Israel, giving Shiner an angry shove with his foot.

The alley was full of children. Without looking to the right or the left, Jig made her way through them. In vain they called after her and caught at her dress, begging

her to stop and play—she walked along as though she were deaf and blind. At the extreme end of the dusky court, she paused before a door which was more filthy—if such a thing could be—than those she had passed. Giving a quick glance up to the narrow windows, she sprang into the hall, and was just starting up the stairs, when a low, crooning voice arrested her attention.

"Who is it?"

"It's me," faltered Jig.

"Oh, it's Jiggy; little black Jiggy. You have come to see old Suke, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't; and I ain't black!" answered Jig.

"Ho-ho! You ain't black! No, that you ain't. You are white—jist as white as daddy and mammy. Come down, little crow. Perhaps I'll tell you something."

Jig hesitated. Times without number, Suke had lured her into her room with that same indefinite promise.

"No you won't; you alwus say that. I won't go."

"Oh, now, do come," crooned the woman, moving closely to the foot of the stairs, and holding up her skinny hands.

Jig shuffled her feet uneasily.

"Do come," persisted Suke, seeing that she hesitated.

"I don't want to," flouted out Jig, stepping down heavily upon the next stair. "I never can go to any place, but what you nab me. I'm alwus getting nabbed, just coz I don't want to. I won't stay if I go in with ye. I won't be nabbed long."

"No, no, no," answered Suke, in a voice that she intended should be particularly soothing. "Not long—not long."

She hopped along and opened the door of her room as she spoke. Jig followed her slowly.

"Little crow's got lame feet, hasn't she? It takes her so long to walk a step or two!" she said, her small, gray eyes twinkling sharply as she spoke.

"I ain't no sort of a crow, and yer needn't say I am," answered Jig, dragging like a hearse, inside the door.

"Toot, toot, toot! Now what's got your temper, pretty? Don't you want to hear something?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Jig.

"Where's daddy and mammy, to-night, little goody?"

"Don't know—don't care," was the reply.

"That ain't good, little mouse! That's

cross. You make old Suke want to cry and wheeze, when you do so."

"Cry and wheeze, I don't care."

"Don't you want to hear something that I know, little bird?" reiterated Suke, putting her face down close to Jig's. "Wouldn't you like to be a lady?" she continued, in a whisper.

The child stood quite still, with her great eyes fixed upon Suke's face.

"A lady—a lady in grand clothes!" she said, after a moment's pause. "A lady with gold dingers in my ears, shining things 'round my throat and arms, and fiddle-de-jigs all over my bunnit? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, and a great lot more, too. A lady has crackling dresses—shiny satin boots—a much of gold and silver; horses to ride, and goodies to eat—that's it, for a lady, little crow!"

Jig looked down upon her coarse dress and shoes, and then up through the duskiness into Suke's face.

"Wouldn't you like to be a lady, little pretty?" crooned the old woman.

"Mebbel" answered Jig, moving away from her. "I wish you'd make a light."

"Oh, the crow's 'fraid, ain't she? Yes, little black shall have a light."

"I ain't 'fraid!" contradicted Jig. "I ain't 'fraid o' nothing. I want to see if yer lyin', that's all."

"Toot, toot!" said Suke, striking a match on the hearth. "You'd like to be a lady fast 'nough, I guess."

"What if I should?" asked Jig, sulkily, throwing herself down upon a box, and leaning her head against the gray wall.

"Oh, you might be some day, per'aps," answered Suke, in an insinuating voice. "I know a way—that's what I want to tell you."

Jig bent her head forward quickly; and then, as if afraid that she was betraying too much eagerness, leaned back again, and played with the ill-shaped hem of her apron.

"You might be some day, perhaps," repeated Suke. "I know a way, a nice way; that's what I want to tell you."

"Tell, then," said Jig, still assuming an air of stolid indifference.

"I'm afraid of daddy and mammy, little crow. They'll kill me, if I tell."

"Kill you!" repeated Jig, contemptuously. "You're 'fraid, ain't you? 'Fraid of

old daddy and mammy. Oh, you're a big woman! 'Fraid!"

"If I tell you, what'll you give me?" asked Suke, rubbing her hard palms together. "Will you make me a lady, too?"

Jig nodded; but her mouth twitched convulsively, and her eyes grew bright with laughter, as she looked upon the shrunken face and figure before her.

"You'll make me a lady!" mused the old hag. "You'll give me piles of gold!"

Jig nodded again. This time her white teeth grew visible. She raised her brown hand to her mouth to hide her laughter.

"Grin, grin, if you want to—grin!" cried Suke, in sudden rage. "I won't tell a word, not a word."

"Well, you needn't, and I'll go. I won't be nabbed no longer," answered Jig, springing up from the box, and going towards the door.

"Oh, oh! toot, toot! don't go, pretty!" called out Suke, suddenly changing her tactics. "Stop and I'll tell you. I know something about you. I know how you can get to be a lady."

"No yer don't—yer lyin'!" exclaimed Jig, raising the latch.

"No I ain't; 'tis true I ain't. Just stop a minute. Come, little crow—come and sit down on the box, again."

"I won't! I won't! I'm going."

"I know something about Daddy and Mammy Israel," whispered the woman, going close to Jig, as if afraid that the very walls would hear. "Will you stop, now?"

The child's eyes flashed, and her lips parted. Her hand dropped from the latch, and she took a single step forward.

"Stay," whispered Suke. "Stay."

"Yes, if you know anything about them, I'll stay. I'll stay alwus if ye'll only tell me!" she said, eagerly, following Suke back into the room again.

"Don't you like 'um, pretty? Toot, toot! don't you like 'um? Don't they feed yer? Don't they work yer?"

Jig frowned. "Tell me!" she said, impatiently.

"Don't you like to live with 'um, little crow? Didn't you *alwus* live with 'um?"

"Did I? Did I alwus?" asked Jig, nervously. "Can't yer tell me?"

"And if I could, what would you do? Give me gold and silver? Would you steal old Israel's money for me some time in the dark?"

"Yes," answered Jig, promptly.
 "Every bit o' it—every silver bit—every copper bit?"

"Yes—tell me."

"And would you help me bang mammy, too?"

Jig hesitated.

"Yes, after I stoled the money, I would."

"That's a bright little goodie. Now she's like a new sixpence. Now the crow's wuth something. Toot, toot! what a bright crow it is."

"Then, tell me," persisted Jig.

"Do you 's'pose you alwus wore such rags as these, little birdie?" began Suke, taking hold of Jig's apron. "Do you 's'pect you alwus did?"

"I dunno," answered the child, glancing alternately at Suke and the apron. "If I didn't, what did I wear? Did I go 'thout clothes?"

"No, I guess not, goodie. I guess not. Do you 's'pect you alwus lived in a place like this? Do you think you never saw'd anything but black walls, pretty?"

"Dunno!" replied Jig her eyes opening wider and wider.

"Do you 's'pect that you alwus lived with Daddy and Mammy Israel?" continued Suke, her voice sinking to a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, if they bought me, I did. When I didn't live with them, I guess I didn't live much."

"Guess you did, goodie; guess you did—guess you did."

"Where?" queried Jig, in a whisper.

"Do you know anything at all, little crow? Do you remember anything?" asked Suke, giving a frightened glance towards the door.

"Know—remember?" repeated Jig.

"Guess I got banged—know that; danced and sung—know that; pounded—know that!"

"Toot! Think hard, goodie. Don't you remember nothing else?"

Jig grasped her tangled hair with both hands, and raised her big eyes to the ceiling. Suke watched her keenly.

"What do you remember?" she asked, at length.

Jig did not answer. Two or three minutes more slipped away.

"What?" persisted Suke, pulling at her sleeve. "Posies and ponds?"

"Posies and ponds!" repeated Jig. "Posies and ponds! Oh, how I aches!"

"You ache, do you, little crow? I'll

show you something that'll make you ache wuss. Look here! git off 'rom that box. But wait; you'll steal all o' daddy's money for me—every silver bit, and every copper bit?"

"Yes," answered Jig, drawing a quick breath.

"Then you'll help me bang mammy, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Let me see."

"You are sure you'll bang mammy for me?"

"I'll help!" said Jig, sharply.

"That's it, birdie. And you'll never tell, never?"

"Never!" gasped the child. "Let me see!"

"Yes. Now hold the light. You'll never tell," queried Suke, in a whisper, "never?"

"No—I—won't—tell—I say. Now show me."

Suke knelt down upon the floor, and raised the lid of the wooden box carefully. Jig watched her in round-eyed wonder. At first there was nothing to be seen but a mass of old, ragged clothes. With a quick hand the woman pushed them aside, bringing into full sight, as she did so, the top of a covered willow basket.

"What's that?" asked Jig.

"Wait and see, crow," was the curt answer.

CHAPTER III.

JIG moved nearer to the box. Suke laughed and shook her queer little head.

"It's in a hurry, isn't it? The goodie's in a hurry. Does it want to be a lady, and does it know that it has something to do first?"

"Don't wait; show it to me," said Jig, nervously. "What makes you hold on ter the baskit so?"

"Time 'nough, time 'nough. Baskit's safe," answered Suke, sitting quite still, regardless of Jig's wishes.

"I don't care, I'll go, then; I won't stay," said the girl, her under lip curling perceptibly. "If I go, I'll"—

"What?" demanded Suke. "Tell—is that it?"

"Didn't say so," was the sullen answer.

"No, no; the crow didn't say so," said Suke, in a different tone. "The crow likes old Suke; the crow won't tell of her, coz

she's going to tell it how it can be a lady. Toot, toot, toot! Now look, pretty."

Bidding the child look, was a superfluity. She had not once turned her eyes from the basket, and every moment they seemed to grow larger and sharper. Suke raised the lid of the basket, slowly, and disclosed to Jig a little, rough, pine box, which, to all appearances, was nailed fast together.

"Hark! Didn't you hear some one?" whispered the woman. "Hain't there a pair of feet stopped at my door?"

"No," answered Jig, impatiently.

"Isn't daddy and mammy out? Go look. Look sharp. Go to the out-door and look up the alley and down the alley."

Jig did as she was bidden without uttering a word.

"I can't see nobody," she said, coming back. "Daddy and mammy are to home."

Suke listened again, and then proceeded to move the little box from its resting place. Jig breathed hard and fast.

"You can't open it," she said. "Won't you smash it?"

"Smash yer head first, crow. But tell me, do you want to be a lady? If I should say that your mother was a lady, would yer want to be one?"

"She wa'n't," answered Jig, bluntly.

"Oh, wa'n't! Are you sure, goodie? Who giv'd you clothes to wear?"

"Old mammy," said Jig, clutching at her dirty apron, again.

Suke looked thoughtfully towards the light. Her wrinkled face took on, of a sudden, an expression of real anxiety. She grasped the box tightly in her hard hands, as though fearful that some one was about to wrest it from her.

"Yes, she's born for a lady, but I must have gold—gold for it," she said, to herself, seemingly forgetful of Jig's presence. "Cuss the old daddy and mammy; I know; I'll play it, but I must have gold."

As she spoke, her face grew harder and sharper than ever. An expression of deadly hatred swept over it like a quick flame, then died gradually away, leaving her features darker than before.

"What yer talking 'bout?" asked Jig, nudging her with her elbow.

"'Bout you—you, the little crow that had a lady mother once."

"I—I—"

"Yes, you, pretty, you! When you com'd here, you wore—I know"—

"Tell me, tell me that," cried the child, grasping Suke tightly by the arm. "I'll die if you don't tell. I'm aching to death this minit; I'll scream, I'll fight, I'll o-o-o-h! if you don't tell."

"Toot, toot, toot, little crow. Shall I show you what's in the box, now?"

Jig stood without answering; but her eyes were large with eager entreaty.

"Toot, don't pinch my arm so, little goodie. Don't pinch. I can't do nothing when you pinch!" cried Suke, wresting her arm away from Jig.

"I'll fight if yer don't hurry," said Jig, shutting her teeth close together. "I'll fight, I'll scratch, and I'll pinch."

"Toot, then, I'll let you see. The crow'll fight old Sukie,—poor old Sukie!" she whined, working her fingers under the lid of the box.

"Wheeze, I don't care!" said Jig, contemptuously. "Let me see."

"I shall have lots of gold if you see, and you'll bang mammy for me."

"I'll help bang her, if you'll only hurry!" screamed the child, losing all patience.

"Don't holler. The crow'll raise everybody. Stop screaming, goodie, and I'll show you. There; look quick and sharp. See what you used to wear, when you was the child of a lady."

She ripped up the cover, and held the box for a single second before Jig's eyes, then snatched it quickly away. The child caught a glimpse of something white, that was all, but her curiosity was raised to the highest pitch.

"Let me see longer," she cried, snatching at the box. "Let me see, I say!"

"You've seen 'nough, crow, seen 'nough," answered Suke, poking the box out of sight.

"No, I hain't; I will see more!" screamed Jig, darting upon the old woman. "I'll kill you, I'll fight if yer don't," growled Jig, grasping Suke by the hair. "I'll"—

"O-o-o-h, toot, o-o-o-h!" tuned up the woman. "Git out, git off, you fiend of a crow! Yer scalping me."

"Give me the box, then."

"No, I won't, you brazen; no, I won't, yer picking crow. Toot, toot, how like the deuce you pull. Oh, oh!"

"Let me see, you old cheat! Let me see, and I won't pull. If yer don't, I'll kick!"

The words had hardly escaped from Jig's lips, when she commenced pushing her toes

into Suke's back, as mercilessly as she had into Shiner's ribs a few hours before.

"Hi-yi-jig-jig-jig,
This is the way to hold a pig!"

sang the impish creature, keeping time with her feet and hands. The song was joined in by Suke, who commenced giving vent to a series of little, short, sharp screams. As her voice was raised to its highest pitch, the door of the room was softly opened, and a pale-faced little girl came into the room. At sight of the strange tableau, she held up both hands in astonishment.

"Dear, dear me! What it, Sukie—what is it, Jig?" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other. "I'm sorry," she added, in a low, soft tone, resting her hand on Jig's shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"Kicking and pulling," answered Jig, bravely, and immediately lowered her eyes from little Elsa's white face to the floor.

"What are you doing, Sukie?" was the next question, asked in the same gentle way.

"Gittin' bused and kicked for my kind doings," said old Suke, rubbing her eyes with a very dirty handkerchief. "It's all Jig. She wants to kill me, and bang me, coz I'm her friend"——

"She's lyin'," interrupted Jig. "She made me bang her, coz she wouldn't—wouldn't"——

"Wouldn't what?" queried Elsa, drawing one of Jig's hands between both her own.

Jig glanced towards old Suke. She shook her head fiercely, and began rocking back and forth on the floor.

"I don't want to tell," answered Jig, lowering her eyes again.

Again little Elsa looked from one to the other, trying to comprehend the cause of their difficulty. But both turned their faces from her, and remained silent.

"Come up-stairs with me, Jig," said Elsa, taking a step forward, and pulling at Jig's hand. "I have been waiting for you ever and ever so long."

"She nabbed me, and I couldn't go," answered Jig, a little spitefully. "I wanted to go before it was half dark."

The children were just stepping from the door, when old Suke raised a loud outcry, moaning and groaning as though her heart were breaking.

"Yell!" exclaimed Jig, as Elsa stopped short. "Yell, I don't care!"

"Don't do so, Jig," whispered Elsa, "hear the poor thing."

"Guess I can't help hearing," laughed Jig, putting her fingers to her ears, and shrugging her shoulders.

"The lily's going off 'thout sayin' anything to old Suke!" moaned the woman, nestling her face in her handkerchief. "The lily hates me, coz the black crow does."

"No, I don't hate you, and Jig doesn't," Elsa answered, putting her pale face down close to hers. "You don't hate her, do you?" she continued, turning to Jig.

"Yes, I do; and I'm going off to-morrow. Hope I'll never come back ag'in; hope I'll never see her anyhow—that's what I hope."

"Going to-morrow; hates old Suke!" moaned the wily creature. "Oh, toot, toot, toot! I'll never see the crow again; never never!"

"Never ought to," retorted Jig, crossing her feet and balancing herself on the tips of her toes.

Little Elsa's cheeks flushed, and an expression of real anxiety rested for a moment upon her face; but only for a moment—the next she was like sunshine again, bright and cheery.

"Jig will come back again; Jig don't mean it," she whispered in the ear of Suke. "Don't cry. I'll come again in the morning. Jig'll say good-by; I know she will."

"Toot, toot! No she won't; no she won't say a word to poor old Suke."

"Say good-by to her, Jig," pleaded Elsa, softly. "You are going off, say it now."

"Good-by, and I'm glad of it," called the little witch, balancing herself towards the door, as she spoke. "Shouldn't wonder if yer didn't see me, nor never got a chance to nab me again. I've got two feet, and per'aps I'll"——

"Don't," whispered Elsa, quickly.

"Per'aps I'll dance 'um off," added Jig. "If I do, I can't come back."

The two children went up the dark, rickety stairway together. Old Suke listened till their light footsteps died away upon the second landing; then she arose and hopped towards the open door. For a few moments she listened silently, then she began muttering to herself, and beating her hard fists together.

"Gold, toot, gold! Guess I hain't worked all these years for nothing. There'll be a

squirming and fighting when I tell; but I never found it out to keep still—not I. She'd like to be a lady, and I come nigh showing her something that would make her eyes bigger than ever, the crow! Toot! I'll have piles of money yet. But the pretty mustn't go to-morrow. She must bring me old Israel's silver bits fust—what am I cacklin' 'bout?"

She asked the question of herself, suddenly, and straightway turned into the room again. Perhaps it occurred to her that some one might be listening, some one shrouded by the darkness, that she could not see. She did not latch her door, but stationed herself behind it, preserving unbroken silence for a full half-hour. She looked so strange and witchlike standing there, her eyes twinkling, her hard mouth firmly shut, the flesh so wrinkled at its corners that it seemed to lie in folds, the scraggy neck bent forward unnaturally, as if it were trying to work itself free from the stooping shoulders that supported it. She seemed so old, so wrinkled, and, indeed, so full of evil cunning and wicked malice, that it was a hard thing to imagine that she had ever been young; that in her whole lifetime her heart and head had been free from subtle intrigues and wily schemings.

When she was convinced that no one had been listening to her outspoken soliloquy, she withdrew from her hiding-place, and hopped back and forth across the room. Hopped, for no human being who was not trying to imitate the locomotion of a frog or toad, ever moved about as she did. Her feet were not oddly formed, forcing her to this peculiar movement. They were like other feet, good in their proportions, and perfect in their make-up. Throughout the alley she was known as "Hopping Suke," an appellation which, by the way, she did not submit to with a very good grace.

"No, the crow mustn't leave me to-morrow," she began again. "I must have the gold, the silver bits. Won't the old curs whine and whimper when they lose it? Ah! good for old Suke; she owes it to 'um. She knows what she's got to do to 'um 'fore she steps out of the world. She's got something wuss than curses for their heads; something tougher than blows. She hates 'um—oh, how she hates 'um! Toot, toot, toot! But I must nab the crow when she comes down; I must wait for her, and she hates 'um as much as I do. What eyes she has got in her

high head! Toot! She's the one to help me!"

Upon a low, miserable bed, opposite the door, old Suke threw herself to await Jig's return. But the hours went along slowly, the lamp burned dimly, and before she was conscious of sleepiness or weariness, she was away off in the land of dreams. Dreams—what must they have been to her?

CHAPTER IV.

ELSA'S home was bare and destitute of the common comforts of life, yet there was an air of neatness and refinement about it. In the window—and there was but one—a rose-tree, starred with crimson blossoms, gave out its tender fragrance. Over the rough mantel a pictured face hung, in a plain, unvarnished, wooden frame. To be sure, it was little better than a wood-cut, but, nevertheless, it was a picture, and in nowise out of place with its surroundings. On one side of the room a table sat, minus one leaf. Opposite these was a thin, starved-looking bed, which, thin and lean as it was, seemed altogether too heavy for the shaky bedstead which upheld it. There were no chairs in the apartment; small wooden boxes, pasted over with newspapers, served in their stead. But the uncarpeted floor was cleanly swept, and the covering of the lank bed smooth and tidy. The one curtainless window was free from dirt, although there was scarcely a whole pane of glass to be found in it.

"We'll have to sit in the dark, because we haven't any light," said Elsa, as she led the way into the room. "We can go close to the window and look out; perhaps we can see a star."

"There ain't no stars," answered Jig, holding fast to Elsa's hand. "If they was, what good would they do?" she continued, feeling disposed, as older persons many times have, to take the most unfavorable view of everything.

"Oh, we could see, and then the stars are so bright and pretty," replied Elsa, soothingly.

"Where's yer aunt?" Jig asked, looking around sharply. "Won't she come 'fore long, and send me off?"

"Why, Aunt Jane never sent you off," replied Elsa, in a grieved voice. "She's good, and she likes you; she does, truly."

"No, she don't; she hates me. And I hate old Suke, and daddy and mammy, and"—

"Me?" queried Elsa, getting ready to cry.

"No, I don't; I like you, and I'm going to tell you something, coz you'll never tell. I'm going to run away!"

The child gave utterance to her cherished secret in a low, impressive tone. Its importance she seemed to realize fully.

"Are you sure, certain sure that you will go?" asked Elsa, in a whisper. "Do you want to go ever so much; and won't you get hungry?"

"I don't care if I do; I'll go—I'll run. I won't be banded; I hate daddy and mammy. I want to be a lady. Do you know what a lady are?"

"Aunt Jane is a lady," Elsa replied, zealously.

"No, I don't mean her; I mean a real, great lady, with lots o' money and gold and a big house?"

"Aunt Jane used to have a big house, once," answered Elsa, proudly.

"Did!"

That one word from Jig's lips expressed volumes. She had heard the same a score of times, but never before had given it the least thought.

"Yes; and it was full of everything that was pretty and nice and grand. I used to live with her."

"Did! And did you have chairs, as many as you wanted to sit in?" asked Jig, eagerly.

"Yes, and a great many more; and they were all covered with velvet, and made soft just like pillows."

"Why didn't you stay there?" was Jig's next query.

"Coz I couldn't. The house was sold, Aunt Jane said."

"What! and the chairs?"

"Yes, every chair; and we got to be very poor," Elsa said, in a low voice.

"Was that what made you come here to live? Do all poor folks live in this alley?"

"We hadn't any better place, and we couldn't help it."

The children sat together without speaking, for some minutes after this. The house swarmed with inhabitants, and as they grew silent, all manner of sounds fell upon their ears—the crying of children; the coarse wrangling of men and women; the moving of heavy feet; the slamming of doors; the

shoving about of furniture; and, now and then, a peal of laughter, joined by snatches of ribald song.

"You'll learn to read if you do run away, won't you, Jig?" asked Elsa, her thoughts breaking out into sudden speech.

"Yes, I will, certain," answered Jig. "I'm sure I will," she added, as if afraid that her first affirmation was not sufficiently strong.

Jig nestled her head down upon Elsa's shoulder as she spoke. Hard and destitute of feeling as she had been taught to appear, every sign of affection, from her earliest remembrance, spit and scoffed at, underneath the outward bravado there was a strong, true current of love and tenderness. To be sure, it seemed to her—and she could not help it—something to be ashamed of, something weak and puerile; and when Elsa drew her arm about her waist, it was several moments before Jig yielded to the impulse of her own heart, and covered the pale face of her little friend with kisses.

"I'll give you my little book before you go away, and then you can read your syllables over every day, said Elsa.

"But I sha'n't have anybody to tell me how; nobody in the world!" Jig answered.

"Poor little Jig, not even Jack! Ain't Jack good, Jig?"

Jig ducked her head, and said "Yes," very faintly. Jack was a newsboy of thirteen, who lived on the opposite side of the alley—a firm friend of Elsa and herself.

"He's coming, I guess, to-night, before Aunt Jane comes home, faltered Elsa.

"Is?"

"And you must tell him all about running away; poor Jack!"

Jig hesitated.

"What for?" she asked.

"Poor Jack!" reiterated Elsa. "He ought to know. He'll be so sorry."

"No, he won't; he'll be glad. 'Coz, Elsa, I sha'n't get nabbed or banded any more. When I get rich, I can come back after you both."

"But you mustn't do that! Old Israel Potter will catch you. Oh, you mustn't ever do that in the world!"

"I guess they couldn't!" Jig exclaimed, indignantly. "Can't I fight and pinch and scratch and kick, now—and couldn't I fight and pinch and scratch and kick a great deal more when I got growed big? Couldn't I? If I got to be a lady, couldn't I?"

"Ladies don't do such things," answered Elsa, demurely. "Aunt Jane don't; and she never did."

"Don't? Then I won't never be one! I won't be one, if I have to stop kicking and pinching and scratching. 'Coz, if I did, what could I do when I was banged and thumped?"

"Oh, ladies don't get banged and thumped, ever," answered Elsa.

"What do they do, I'd like to know?"

"They are good and still and pleasant. They wear pretty clothes, and keep sweet and bright all day long."

Jig clasped her hands together, and was silent for a moment.

"Ain't you a lady, Elsa?" she asked, suddenly.

"I? Oh, dear, no. I—don't talk so, Jig!"

"Could Hopping Suke ever be a lady, I wonder?" inquired Jig, beginning to laugh. "'Coz she wants to be."

Elsa did not answer. Instead, she said, demurely, "I believe I can hear Jack coming," but a roguish light crept up to her blue eyes. They both listened intently for a moment; and the next, Jack's step was heard at the door, and his hand upon the latch.

"It's darker than thunder!" exclaimed the boy, as he entered the room. "Miss Blue-eyes, where be you?"

"I'm here. Aunt Jane's gone off with her work, and"—

"The lights are all gone," added the boy, quickly. "Guess I'll run down to the grocery and spend my three cents for a candle;" and before Elsa could interpose, he was half way down the stairs. He was not absent long. When he returned, he struck a light, and as he did so, discovered Jig crouched down by the window.

"Oh, you're here, then, Miss—Miss—Crow! That's what the hopper calls you, ain't it, Jig?"

Jig pouted her lips, but did not answer. She bent her head forward, and her thick, black hair fell over her face.

"What a shaggy head you've got," teased Jack. "It's like a dog's head; say, Jig, do you hear? Where's daddy and mammy tonight? have yer slipped 'um?"

"Don't plague poor Jig, Jack," pleaded Elsa, her lip trembling. "You'll be sorry if you do."

"What for, shall I? Make her look up, Elsa, so I can see her face. What's the matter?"

"She'll never tell you, if you act so, Jack. She'll never look at you again."

"Yes she will, too," protested Jack. "Ain't I the boy that's helped her out of rows a great lot of times? She won't huff off and never look at me again, I know. Will you, Jig?"

Jig raised her face towards the light. It was flushed and heated; from it her eyes shone out more brightly than ever.

"What eyes!" gasped Jack. "They're as big as a p'liceman's watch."

As he said this, Jig got up from the floor, and walked straight towards the door, without looking to the right or the left.

"No, you don't, Miss Jig," said Jack, placing himself directly before her. "Guess I'd stay awhile. Elsa's going to cry, if you go."

"She ain't, neither. I want to go home!" said Jig, spitefully. "Good-by; and now let me go," she continued, trying to pass him.

"What's the good-by for?" inquired Jack, wonderingly.

"Don't; don't do so. Don't plague her, Jack. You'll always be sorry if you do. Poor Jig's going to run off!"

"Run off—faugh!" said Jack. "You're foolin'! I'd like ter see Jig run off! Where'd she go to, and what would become of her? Where would she sleep nights? What would she eat days? And, besides, that old daddy and mammy of hers would track her like demons. Say, Jig!"

Jig stood quite still, looking thoughtfully down to the floor.

"I don't care. I can sleep on the ground and starve. I won't stay here any longer! I won't be banged and 'bused; and I won't run round any more with an old hand-organ, I won't!"

"That's spunk, little Jig!" answered Jack, taking off his worn hat, and giving a quick scratch at his head. "When are you going?"

"When I can git a chance. I'm going with daddy to-morrow. When we're 'way off together, I'll run."

"Run? Yes, but he'll catch you. When will you come back?"

"Don't know as never. Now let me go."

"Won't you come again in the morning?" asked Elsa, wiping her eyes.

"No," answered Jig, stolidly, turning her back that she might not see her cry.

"Here's the little book to read in, then."

Keep it always, and remember poor Elsa."

"And here's my old wallet," said Jack, trying to be very brave; "it's all I've got."

Jig took the book and wallet, and wrapped them carefully in her apron together. Then she glanced over her poor clothing, as if searching for a gift for them. Her hair fell over her face again. With a swift motion of her strong little hand, she tore a lock of it from her head, and held it out to them.

"I hain't got nothing else—it's shaggy and homely like a dog's; but you can have it—it's mine."

With this the child sprang from the door, and down the dark stairway, unmindful of the pleadings of Elsa and Jack. When she stood at the head of the lower flight of stairs, she thought, suddenly, of Suke and her secret.

"If I could only find the box, myself, and take it away with me!" she whispered, under her breath. "If I could get into Suke's room, some way!"

She crept softly down the stairs. A faint light streamed out into the dark hall. Suke's door was ajar. Tiptoeing closely to it, she peered in through the narrow opening. Old Suke was lying on her bed asleep. Dropping upon her hands and knees, Jig pushed

her way into the room. Suke breathed long and heavily. Jig stopped a moment, to make sure that she had not aroused her, then went forward again. Creeping stealthily along like a cat, she gained, at last, the side of the large box, in which the coveted treasure was lying. Just as she raised her hand to push the cover aside, Suke started up, looking wildly about her. Jig dropped flat upon her face, quieting the very beating of her heart, fearful that it might betray her.

"Guess it's late, and old Suke has slept. Toot, toot! I'll lock my door. Toot! Where's the crow?"

The old woman hopped to the door, and turned the key in the rusty lock.

"Toot! old Suke slept; but she hasn't lost her silver bits, not she. Toot! where's my pretty—where's my lily? Toot!"

She rubbed her eyes, and then peered eagerly about the room; first in one corner, then in another, then towards the box, behind which Jig was lying.

"Guess I'll put out my light, and go to bed. Old Suke wants to sleep."

She drew the key from the door and put it under her pillow; puffed out her light, and without undressing, hopped upon the bed again. Jig was caught!

[To be continued.]

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

METHOUGHT I saw the Old Year, bent and gray,

Pass like a fitting shadow from the land;
He bore no sceptre, emblem of his sway,
But feebly grasped a rude staff in his hand.

And as he tottered toward a mighty throng
Of shades as dim as he himself had grown,
There rose upon my ear the voice of song,
Solemn and sweet,—a requiem in tone.

The portals of the past had opened wide,
Moved by the power of an unseen hand,
And guardian angels stood on either side,
With faces strangely calm and sweetly bland.

And as I gazed I saw a long, long train
Follow the Old Year and the picture fill;
Grief that is past, and hopes that were in vain,
And joys that now no more the bosom thrill.

But suddenly the vision seemed to fade,
The sweet yet mournful music died away;
And where across my path had been a shade
The glory of a wondrous brightness lay.

I looked, and saw the misty folds that shroud
The secrets of the future from our ken

Part like the breaking of a tempest cloud
When light and beauty clothe the world again.

The young year, beaming, beautiful and gay,
Smiled on me with a promise full and sweet;
And ah! such influence who could gainsay?
Or fail to trust the words such lips repeat?

Hail to the New Year, that for some is fraught
With youth and health and blessings manifold;
For some with nobler life and freer thought,
And with a glimpse of Heaven for the old.

Who knows what precious privilege will come
To gild with joy's own brightness all the year?
Who knows what happy hearts will find a home
That now are wanderers and oppressed with fear?

The bird that flutters on with wounded wing
Finds time a healer, and aloft can soar
When come again the rosy days of spring,
To sing as sweetly as it sang before.

The future beckons, and the past is not;
The sunshine brightens and the sky is clear;
Be every bitter pang of grief forgot
In joyous welcome of another year!

PEARLING.

WHEN Shakespeare makes Clarence talk of seeing at the bottom of the sea

"Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,"

he gives expression to the old world idea that the ocean concealed strange treasures in its depths. Probably this idea had its origin in exaggerated accounts of the eastern pearl-fisheries. Pearls are, in fact, the only gems drawn from the depths of the sea, unless coral shells for cutting cameos can be counted as such. The real treasures of ocean are those that are gathered in such marvelous abundance by the fisherman's net; and they bring in from the sea more valuable spoils than all the pearling fleets of the world.

But while the fisherman's net seems very prosaic, there is something of romance about pearling; so, at least, it seems to us; but to those engaged in the actual work, it soon becomes as monotonous and matter-of-fact a business as any other. There is, however, always just the chance of a big "find;" but even here the popular mind is full of exaggerations. Thus, the author of "Festus" talks of the "two points in the adventure of a diver,"—

"One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl."

But pearls are not diamonds, and single pearls that are in themselves a fortune, are rare indeed; what is more, the case is rarer still where they would become the diver's property. Pearling has now been organized into a regular business, in which the diver works for a fixed pay, and what is found in the shells he brings up belongs to his employer.

The oldest pearl-fishery in the world is that which has been worked from time immemorial on the shores of Ceylon and the opposite coast of Southern India; but at the present day the region where the pearling business is carried on most systematically and successfully lies more to the eastward, in the seas between the north-western coast of Australia on the south and Borneo and the Philippines on the north.

Pearling began on the Australian coast not quite twenty years ago, and, like many

great and successful enterprises, it began in a very small way. At first, the shells were simply picked up on reefs left dry at low water; then rowboats with a few native divers began to work in the shallows near the shore. Now, the work is carried on in deep water by a considerable number of schooners and other smaller craft which can venture out of sight of land in search of shell-bearing reefs. The work can be carried on for only about six months in the year. The stormy season with its occasional hurricanes, puts an effectual stop to pearling, and at that period of the year the pearl-ers find some work on shore, generally sheep-farming. In the fine weather, the pearling fleet is at work at various points along the two thousand miles of coast from the North-west Cape to Torres Strait. The day's work on board a pearling schooner is a hard one. Her crew usually consists of a few white men—made up of the owner and his partners, and, perhaps, some hired hands—and a much larger number of black men, these being, generally, native Australian divers, though, on some of the ships, Malays, Soolorese, and other natives of the Indian Archipelago are employed. The day begins at six A. M., when the pearl-shells collected on the previous day are examined. The shells are opened and cleared out, the body of the fish being carefully examined for pearls, the best of which are usually found wholly or partly imbedded in its soft substance. The shell itself is carefully scrutinized for pearls adhering to it; and, if there are any suspicious-looking blisters on its surface, it is split up with a chisel, the result sometimes being the discovery of a pearl imbedded in the coats of the shell. Pearl-finding, is, of course, very uncertain work. Sometimes hundreds of shells may be opened without finding anything. But the pearler has the consolation of knowing that even in such a case his work is not labor lost. As the shells are cleaned, they are piled up on the deck, to be packed, later on, in big barrels, to be sent to England.

And here, as in so many other things, slow and sure gains ultimately bring in more than chance strokes of good luck, and the pearl-shells pay better than the pearls. Thus, in

1883, while the value of the shells raised was thirty thousand, three hundred pounds, the value of the pearls was only six thousand pounds.

After the work of cleaning and searching the shells has been completed, there is a substantial breakfast, and then the day's fishing begins. The boats are manned, the full complement for a schooner being half a dozen. Each boat carries a white man, and a number of black divers. The white man sculls the boat, and superintends the day's work; the divers plunging in, coming up with the shells held in their hands, or grasped with the toes, or sometimes under the arm. They climb into the boat, rest awhile, and then go down again. The day's work lasts eight hours. Each diver's shells are piled apart in the boat, for they are paid by piecework. The diver works well if one dive in eight produces a pair of shells—that is, one shellfish; and his day's take will range from ten to twenty-five. A man has been known to bring up a hundred in a day, but this would be exceptionally successful diving.

Late in the afternoon, the boats pull back to the schooner; perhaps they have been as much as six miles away from her during the day. The shells are piled on the deck, the number brought by each diver being noted to his credit. The boats are cleaned and secured for the night, and then there is dinner, after which the blacks set to work to clean ooze, mud, etc., off the shells. The opening of them is done by the white men in the morning.

Mr. Streeter, whose book on pearls contains a rich store of information on the modern fisheries, keeps a number of schooners employed in pearling on the Australian coast. His fleet was specially built for the purpose, and have not only worked on the old fishing-grounds; but they have made successful prospecting voyages for the discovery of new haunts of the pearl-oyster. His agents have also introduced the use of the diving dress, one of the chief advantages of which is that it completely does away with

the peril from sharks. But, notwithstanding this, the old methods seem still to hold their own in the fleet, and most of the work is still done by naked, native divers.

Some of the best divers employed by Mr. Streeter, come from the Sooloo Archipelago, between Borneo and the Philippines, where there is a very successful native fishery. Here the natives employ several ingenious devices for getting the oysters out of water too deep for diving. One of the simplest of these is a kind of wooden rake, with long, curved teeth, which is sunk to the bottom by means of a heavy stone, and then towed after a canoe, and hauled up occasionally to be examined.

The oyster lies on the bottom of the sea with his shell slightly open, which closes with a grip like a vice on anything that is put into it. Thus, if any of the teeth of the rake enter the opening of a shell, the oyster seizes it immediately, and holds on to it till he is forcibly pulled off in the boat. Young pearl-divers not unfrequently come up with oysters gripping their fingers in this way. The older men know better how to handle the shell with safety.

America possesses pearl-fisheries in the West Indies and the Gulf of California; but, at present, the best pearling-ground of the world is the sea-bottom to the north of Australia. Most of the pearls now supplied to the European market come from there. The supply from India and Ceylon seems to have fallen off; it is largely absorbed by India itself, where the numerous native courts alone absorb a considerable quantity of pearls. The old fisheries of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf produce but little now. The north-west Australian coast, and certain portions of the Indian Archipelago will, probably, long be the happy hunting-ground of the pearler. A pearl weighting forty grains was found in the Montebello Archipelago on December 26, 1884. This magnificent pearl is of the finest quality ever seen. It is perfect in shape; and, it may be added, came from a very inferior shell.

TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

WE were all seated round the fire, toward the close of one Christmas day, in that delightful half-light when it would be positively sacrilegious to light either gas or candles. The coals had settled down into that red glow which just sheds a warm tinge upon the faces of the half-circle gathered around the hearth, and leaves the remainder of the room in obscurity.

Now and then a sudden flash of light pounces into the farther corner of the room to see what those busy little fellows—the mice—are doing. For an instant, a smile, painful and forced, flickers upon the stolid countenance of a carved oak table leg, or a periwigged and lace-ruffled ancestor in a gold-laced waistcoat, glares out of his frame, and then, as if ashamed at being caught eavesdropping, sneaks back into the shadow again.

There is a merry twinkle in the bright, steel eye of the tongs—some untidy male has propped him up in the corner—and he evidently seems highly amused at something. The poker, on the contrary, looks uncompromisingly severe and respectable, as all pokers, with a proper sense of their immense importance and dignity should. He looks upon the tongs as a mere trifle, a review soldier, a despicable sinecurist; whereas he is a warrior, always under fire.

As we are also in the secret, we will divulge to the reader the cause of Mr. Tongs's mirth, on the express condition that he, or she, promises not to tell anybody else. You promise? Well, then, one of the young men, taking advantage of the gloaming, is squeezing the hand of his fair neighbor behind his back, and she, pretty creature! all unconscious of the fact, is looking the tongs full in the face with a look of injured innocence. He catches my eye, and winks in the boldest manner imaginable at my fair companion; and then, his feelings getting beyond his control, he slips down into the fender with a loud clatter.

A dead silence had fallen upon us—a silence in which all were intent upon studying the faces in the fire which their fancy conjured up. One saw the face of some dear, loved one, who had crossed that dark and

mysterious river—Death. One saw the face of a loved one who did not know a heart was aching for him, and would be his for the asking. One saw in the glowing coal the happy face of one who sat beside her. Some saw faces, once dear, which had proved fairer than their owner's hearts were true. Some the ideal of their dreams; and all something pleasant, for when the firelight leapt up so questioningly into the ruddy faces round, as if saying, "Do you see the face you seek?" the answer was evidently satisfactory, for all looked happy and content. To put the matter tersely, in the beautiful words of Wordsworth, we were all

"In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts,
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

A good, cheerful fire like this will never engender disagreeable thoughts. If you seek the face of your bitterest enemy, with your mind filled with thoughts of vengeance, wait till the wind is whistling outside, till the fair, fresh young faces have left the fire-side; wait until some *fresh coal* is put on! Then sit *alone*, and gloat over the past. Then the fire will yield you enough of bitter memories and melancholy as will make you look over your shoulder, and regard that venerable, but scowling ancestor with suspicion, and make you wish the furniture would not assume such awkward shapes in the half light.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness, and we all return to things mundane with a start. The young lady immediately became conscious of the hand speaking so eloquently to her, and a sly glance at her companion, accompanied by a maidenly blush and a slight, returning pressure of the aggressor's hand, were the outward and visible signs of her indignation. Grandfather, who had been slumbering peacefully in his arm-chair, peered forth from the shadow, and inquired whether he had been asleep. Upon being laughingly assured that he had so fallen away in grace, he was sleepily incredulous, and again relapsed into the arms of Morpheus. Grandmother gently laid a silk handkerchief over his face, and folded her hands in her lap again. It is the sole occupation of

grandmothers, this folding of hands and looking stupid.

That sacrilegious voice has demanded a story from the lady in the opposite arm-chair, who, after many protestations and excuses, and a great deal of urging from the young folk, consented to tell us one.

"Is it to be a love story?" is the general exclamation, upon learning that the fort has capitulated.

The lovers exchanged glances and smiled; the lady looked across at her spouse, who was, also, fast asleep, and answered:—

"Yes, it is a love story; not a very romantic or exciting one, but perfectly true."

The brass fire-dogs looked at one another as if they would like to poke each other playfully in the ribs, and were only restrained by the presence of the ladies. They had listened to so many true stories, that I don't wonder at their being a little sceptical; but the fire seemed to wax more jolly and warm, and gleamed up impatiently into the lady's face, and showed us a plump little body, once evidently a very beautiful woman, and still attractive.

We lived next door to each other, a musical voice began, and were both fatherless. He had two sisters. I was an only child. We had known each other for years, when he was an awkward "sixth form" boy, and I was still in short frocks, and addicted to dolls, and our mothers always regarded it as a match. I had never thought of him in any other light than as a very dear friend—almost as a brother. His features were very plain. I was the acknowledged belle of the locality, and thought not a little of myself. I was very fond of dress and the glitter of a London season; he was a student and avoided society.

One morning, very early, he came as his own postman, with a letter, and asked to be allowed to wait for an answer.

It was a proposal! Here was a strange conquest to make, I thought, as I hurried down to receive my visitor *en déshabillé* in the morning-room.

"Really, Mr. Denham"—I saw his face fall at the formal coldness of my words—"really, this is very sudden—very unexpected. I never looked upon you as a possible—that is, I always regarded you as a brother; but I—well, I'm very much honored by your proposal—very much obliged to you, and—all that—but"—

"But you cannot love me? Does it seem so strange that I, who have known you so many years, who have admired your goodness and virtue, should, at last, feel a passion for you—should crave you for my own? Tell me, is there any hope for me? You cannot learn to love me, you can give me no hope?"

"I'm afraid it would be dishonorable in me to bid you hope, when"—

"There is some one else?"

I, in my turn, studied the carpet. I heard him murmur something about "Happiness—hope you—good-morning," looked up, and placed my hand in his outstretched palm.

"I am very sorry to have given you pain, Mr. Denham. I hope we shall remain good friends, and that you will find some one more worthy of the honor you would confer upon me."

"God bless you!" was all he could trust himself to reply. He bowed his head in answer, and was gone.

"When I heard the front door close upon him, and, peeping from behind the curtain, saw his tall form retreating down the street, I almost felt I loved him. For a moment he seemed positively handsome. There is nothing grieves a woman more than to see a strong man in great sorrow, especially when she is the cause of it. His last look, at parting, seemed to haunt me, as no words could have done. All his love, his soul, was in his eyes, and they spoke a language untranslatable, but which sank into my inmost being. I almost felt inclined to rush out and call him back, but sat down and read and re-read his letter, with tears in my eyes. What must it be, thought I, for a man like John Denham, who can love but once in a lifetime, to be rejected?"

An hour later, a beautiful bouquet, with some verses attached, came from young Oscar Carson, my *beau idéal* of all that a lover should be.

He had rich, dark hair, dark eyes which looked a thousand unutterable things at once, a musical voice, which gave to the most commonplace vapidity an indescribable charm, and he wrote poetry. This latter charm has somewhat lost its aroma for me, now. I remember his effusions were of the Byronic, sinister and passionate order, and I am much afraid they would not bear re-perusal to-day. But then, how conceited I was! Though my Oscar's audience was confined to myself, yet I was a thousand

readers for him. I read and re-read his odes, epics and lyrics, till I knew them by heart. I slept with them beneath my pillow; I kissed them, I don't know how many times a day; and, finally, they were all consigned to the flames, which devoured them with eager interest, and have never divulged their contents. Neither will I, but you may guess their sentiments.

Some months passed, and John Denham and I never met. I often met his mother and sisters, and occasionally visited them, but he was always absent. I thought it very strange that he should have disappeared so suddenly, but did not like to inquire after him, as I fancied his mother looked upon me rather coldly since his disappointment; but, one evening, she volunteered the information that he was in the United States.

I remember I felt a little pang, half of remorse, half of injured pride, that he should have gone away without saying farewell to me. And so, thought I, he has left in search of forgetfulness; and—shall I own it?—I did not from my heart wish him success. Dominion is so sweet to woman. What woman can honestly feel pleased at meeting an old lover, out of whom time has stamped all passion?

From this time, though young Carson did not declare himself, and no words of love passed between us, we looked upon ourselves as engaged, to all intents and purposes. We drank happiness from each other's eyes over quiet little five o'clock teas, at which mamma presided. We sang sentimental duets, played tennis, got lost together at picnics; and, by a tacit understanding, I always managed to give him the most dances, and we used to sit out a great many.

We met, by some strange fatality, on the Continent, and, coming home on the boat, Oscar declared. It was a warm, summer's evening, but cloudy. We were standing in the stern of the vessel, leaning over the taffrail. He was smoking a cigar; I was listening to the ceaseless wash, wash of the water, and feeling very happy.

Suddenly he turned and threw away his cigar.

"Laura," said he, in a very low voice, "do you believe in fate?"

Whenever a young man, on a moonlight night, begins to talk about fate, you may know that he is going to propose.

Of course, I assented, and turned again to study the vasty deep.

He took my hand—I did not resist—and continued:—

"Do you know, Laura—I may call you so, may I not?—that you are my fate? In you centre all my hopes and happiness. Without you, life would be a blank, a farce. I love you—you must know that. Do you love me? Will you become my wife?"

I gave his hand ever such a little squeeze in answer, and as the moon considerably buried itself in a cloud, our lips met. For a few moments his arms were round me, his cheek pressed mine, his breath came hot and quick upon my lips, and then we sat down, very close together, by the wheel-house, and were eloquently silent.

The sea, be it ever so calm, is a sad tyrant to poor mother, and in a few minutes the stewardess appeared with a small tray in her hand.

"Law, miss, your poor, dear mamma's queer again, and she says it's getting late, and must be chilly out here, and would you go in and see her."

I confess the filial feeling was not sufficiently strong within me, at that moment, to suppress a little outburst of impatience; but, like a dutiful daughter, I did begin to realize that the air was becoming cooler. I waited till the stewardess had gone, and then giving Oscar a hasty kiss, before the moon emerged, followed her to my mother's state-room. Mother was very pleased to hear the news, but the motion of the vessel checked enthusiasm.

We were once more back in London. Jack, too, had returned from America, but still avoided me. Now and then we passed each other in the street, but generally bowed in silence. I now learned, for the first time, that he and Oscar were great friends. I also gathered, from some of those well-disposed persons who delight in keeping one well informed of the deficiencies of one's nearest and dearest, that Oscar was just a little wild; in fact, that he caused his people a great deal of trouble. I was rather glad, therefore, to hear of this friendship; not that I doubted Oscar for a moment, though he certainly was not as ardent as before he obtained the promise of my hand, but because I regarded Jack as a steady, old file, and a good companion for an engaged young man.

Oscar had not called for two or three days, and I was beginning to feel anxious about him, when, one evening, as mother and I

were sitting with a pile of books and papers on the table before us—for a pretence of being occupied—talking about the *trousseau*, Mr. Denham was announced.

He appeared to be quite agitated, and, with a woman's quick sense of premonition, I at once attributed his visit to some impending or existing trouble, and that concerning Oscar.

He read my fears in my face, and bowed his head slightly to avoid meeting my eyes.

"You are wondering, Miss Capel, what has caused my visit this evening. I have a very sad duty to perform"—

I started to my feet, and cried, hoarsely:—

"Oscar—Mr. Carson?"

"Yes, what I have to tell you is about Oscar; but don't be alarmed, it is nothing very serious. He came to my chambers in the Temple three days ago, complaining of fearful headaches, and seemed to be, occasionally, light-headed. I am a dabbler in many things, medicine among them, and I saw, at once, that it was a case of typhoid fever. I trust you will not be alarmed. Indeed it is not serious. He will be about again shortly. Fortunately, his people are down in Warwickshire, so that there is no danger of its attacking any one else."

"Then he is all alone. I will go and nurse him!" I said excitedly.

"Pardon me, Miss Capel, but I have undertaken that duty, and am better fitted for the fatigue than you," said John, rising. "And now I will wish you good-evening, and be off to my patient. He is much better to-night. The doctor says he has a wonderful constitution, and will pull through in grand style."

When he had gone, I realized what a hero he was. He risked his life to save that of his friend and rival, and as cheerfully as if he were working to gain the woman he loved himself, instead of preserving his rival to claim her hand.

He nursed his friend, night and day, with the tenderness of a woman, and by his continual, unrelaxing care and kind firmness of purpose, saved his life. But when Oscar became convalescent, John was stricken down; and, for all his enormous strength, was in more danger than Oscar had ever been. For a long time his life was despaired of; but, at last, he began to mend, and slowly returned to health.

To my intense disgust, Oscar went off immediately to Hastings, and left his friend,

who had so lately proved of what true friendship was capable, to his fate. And this was the man I had loved. He seemed ashamed to meet me, for he simply left me a letter, saying he had gone to recuperate.

Then I began to forget Jack Denham's plainness, or to weigh it at its true value, and see only those great, manly qualities in him which make the true hero. I broke off with Carson, who, on his part, had already wearied of being engaged, and as an interesting invalid in a bath-chair, soon stormed some other citadel and carried it.

After a few neighborly calls upon John's mother and sisters, I was invited to go with them and see the patient at the Convalescent House, whither he had been removed from the hospital.

On the way to the House, in their brougham, they told me how he had insisted upon going to the hospital, so as not to endanger his kith and kin, and many other particulars very interesting to me then, but which, I fear, will only bore you.

He was seated in the nurse's sitting-room, in an arm-chair, when we entered; his "throne of state," he called it, "in which to receive visitors—and *such* visitors," he added, looking shyly at me. He would have risen, but the nurse excused him to us, and his mother chaffed him upon being a broken-down "gallant." His face was worn and haggard; his eyes sunken, but very brilliant. Altogether, I fancied his illness had improved his looks; or, perhaps, my eyes were prejudiced in his favor.

This was the first of many visits, in which I gave him as much encouragement to reopen his suit as any modest girl may, and at last the desire of my heart was accomplished. It was in this way.

Our mothers were chatting in the nurse's sitting-room, and, as Jack was rather stronger, he had been allowed to take a walk in the grounds—with me. It was the first time he had been out, and after a few paces, he leaned heavily on his stick, and turned very pale. I saw it instantly.

"Come, you are faint. You are not strong, and need another staff. Lean upon me."

He smiled nervously, and passed his arm through mine, and I led him to a seat out of the sun.

"You feel better, now?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I am all right, you

know; only a passing weakness. I've a constitution like a horse."

He was looking fixedly at the figures he was tracing in the dust with his stick.

"Then you want your extra staff no longer?" I said in a very low voice, which trembled in spite of my efforts to speak in a light, bantering tone.

He started, drew close to me, and took my hand, then released it.

"Miss Capel—Laura"—He shook violently, and his cheek blanched with emotion. He could not speak, he could only whisper, "Oscar!"

"We are nothing to each other now."

"Then you do love me? You will be the staff of my life—my wife—my blessing?"

"I will."

We sat there talking sweet nonsense—music which for months I had longed to hear, had thought of unceasingly, dreamed of, and now that moment had come, and the words were spoken.

"Well, I declare, it's nearly five o'clock. We must not keep the tea waiting. How the time has flown," I said at last, with a little sigh.

We returned slowly to the sitting-room, where a homely tea was spread. His mother and mine both knew by our happy faces that the murder was out.

"I am very, very glad, my darling," said mother, as I kissed her, by way of confes-

sion. You know it was always my wish."

John, before we sat down to tea, formally introduced me to my future mother-in-law. We all entered into the fun, and I made a profound bow to the dear old creature, and almost smothered her with kisses afterward, upon which Jack pretended to be very jealous.

"Now that you are all formally introduced to one another," said John, in a voice of suppressed mirth, "will you introduce us to the tea, Laura, if you please?"

How happy I was, doing the honors of his table for the first time, and what a dear old soul the nurse was. Really, I quite envied her the pretty compliments Jack paid her capabilities, but I know she deserved them.

And there said the lady, smiling, you must leave us. That's the end of my story. It is very commonplace; there are no great incidents in it. The course of my life was not turned by some downright villainy on the part of Oscar, but simply by his selfish ingratitude. It is generally so in real life. In a novel, a proposal is a terrific affair, and occupies a number of pages. The scene is in some ruined castle, or on the banks of a beautiful river. We plighted our troth in a stuffy little hospital garden, and in this prosaic age a squeeze of the hand as a train moves out from the station, a word in a crowded ball-room, is all the plight that passes.

IN VANITY FAIR.

FLORENCE TYLER.

THROUGH Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a pedlar opened his tempting pack,
Crying, "Oh, my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy; oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a brodered gown;
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair."

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me forevermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
'Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie, dear,"
The pedlar said; "but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair."

"THAT SHIFTLESS WIFE O' JOHN'S."

BY GEORGE A. HARRIS.

MISS NANCY JANE BUTTERCUP came slowly into the big front room of the old-fashioned farmhouse where a dozen or more elderly ladies were busily engaged putting a gorgeous red, white and blue patchwork quilt into the frames, with a very set expression on her face which told to those that observed it that something of more than unusual weight was on her mind.

"Talk about the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job," she began in a thin, rasping voice, as she sank into a basket-bottomed rocker, and fanned herself vigorously with her green gingham sun-bonnet. "It ain't in the nater of enny pesky man that ever lived, to bear and forbear, and get hectorred and aggravated, and never open their mouth to say, ah, yes, nor no. If I hadn't been cooped up in the house on a bed of rumatiz for more than a year, sech dretful extravagance would have been nipped in the bud long ago, you can depend on't. I declare I feel ready to faint, Mis' Lightfoot, and if I hadn't known there wa'n't another woman besides me in the whole neighborhood capable of drawin' a herrin' bone pattern—Mis' Googins was a master hand, but she has been dead these twenty years—you wouldn't have ketched me out to your quiltin', upst as I am in my mind. No indeed!"

"Been up to your brother John's, I s'pose?" interrogated Mrs. Lightfoot, and she shut her thin lips tightly together, shook her head, and rolled up her eyes in the most lugubrious manner.

"Yes; I've jest come from there, and of all the wicked wasteful women I ever saw, it's that shiftless wife o' John's. Poor, dear John is lookin' dretful pale and peaked, and I hate awful for his sake to say it, but if things ain't goin' to destruction in that house, and John Buttercup don't come out at the little end of the horn afore the year is out, I will give up beat."

"It always seemed strange to me what a good-looking, forehanded young man like your brother John could have seen in a little pale, slim thing like Hattie Morrison to admire," observed Miss Loretta Dewgrass, a vinegar-looking spinster of forty, who was

blind in one eye, and wore a false front, and cork-screw curls. "But that's just the way it is with all men now-a-days; they will pass right by a prudent, capable girl, and when they get took in by a bold, forward thing like John's wife, and a plenty of others I could name, it serves them just right. Oh, I declare, if there ain't Mr. Bullfinch agoing by," and Miss Loretta rushed across the room and craned her long neck out of the window to bow to an elderly widower, who was jolting along the road in a hay-rack, drawn by a cadaverous white horse.

"I s'pect its about time for old Bullfinch to go courtin' ag'in," broke in the Widow Tuttle, a thin, waspish woman of uncertain age, who was attired in a much-ruffled pink calico costume, cut low in the neck and elbow sleeves. "His third companion hadn't departed this airth over a six weeks afore the old heathen brought home his fourth—she who was Eunice Belindy Skaggs. Eunice Belindy was took away this spring—the last o' March—and bein' a silly romantic thing that was never jest right in her upper story, they do say she made him promise her solumn on her death bed not to fetch home a fifth until the grass was a-growin' green over her grave. But la, I have hearn he was seen out afore the snow was off the ground a sowin' hayseed on it, and they do say he waters it every day regular with a real sprinkler he bought on purpose. I wouldn't s'pose a woman could be found fool enough to marry the old idjit; but some folks is jest mean enough to hint out that a certain female we all know, who is well along in years, has had her cap set for him ever since the funeral," and she shot a malicious glance at Miss Loretta.

"I don't doubt it a bit," answered Miss Loretta with a bland smile, while an audible titter went around the room, as the two were known to be rivals, and a wordy war seemed imminent. "I've noticed myself, how some women will stoop to the boldest, forwardest arts to entrap a man that is the owner of propputy. 'Specially widders—for bein' sly and cattish, I don't know of ennything on the face of this 'ere airth that will match a widder."

"Nor I, nuther, unless it is a long-nosed, gander-necked old maid," retorted Mrs. Tuttle, spitefully.

"If you are slurring on me!" exclaimed Miss Loretta, wrathfully, "I'll just have you to understand that I didn't come here to get insulted by the envious; and if Mis. Lightfoot will get me my bunnit and shawl, I will get out of the company of backbiters and slanderers as fast as I can!"

And Miss Loretta, who had caught a glimpse of the widower's horse hitched in front of the postoffice, and hastily decided in her own mind to overtake him and enjoy a *tele-a-tete* ride in the hay-rack, gathered up her needles, thread, and thimble, and flounced out of the room in a rage, knocking down the quilting-frames as she went out, and upsetting a heavy, iron weight, which fell with a dull thud on old Granny Gilman's corns, causing that venerable person to shriek with pain, and suffer the most excruciating agony for the remainder of the afternoon.

"Now, Nancy Jane, I'm jest a-dyin'—and I know I can speak for the other ladies—to hear about that shiftless wife o' John's," said Mrs. Lightfoot, after peace had been restored, the quilting-frames set to rights, and Granny Gilman settled as comfortably as possible on the lounge, with a sponge dipped in camphor to her nose, and the injured limb swathed in liniment and cotton-batting.

"I should say it was about time for me to finish what I started to tell before that up-pish Loretty Deugrass began her lingo, that come nigh bein' the means o' killin' poor, dear granny. Where was I? Oh, I remember! Of course, it's something of a secret, and I wouldn't have one o' you ladies mention it to an outsider for the world, but I have good reason to believe my poor brother, John, is comin' out mighty slim this fall when his mortgage money comes due; and you can depend upon it, he won't get a cent of help from me, nor a speck o' sympathy, neither. Everyone knows I was dead sot ag'in his marryin' a strange school-marm that he found in some outlandish place, where he was surveyin' or something for a new railroad. John's got a good eddication, he is twenty-five years younger than me, and bein' the baby, and father gettin' pooty well off 'long to the last of his days, he had it in his will that, no matter what happened, John must be kept

at school until he was twenty-one. But all the good his larnin' done him was to set him up, and make him think he was too good for any of the sensible, hard-workin' gals 'round here. And when I heard he was courtin' a school-marm, I jest took him to do, and talked and talked, and tried to make him understand how a common farmer like him, with a five-hundred-dollar mortgage on his place, needed such a wife as Susan Marier Trott would make—a strong, healthy woman, that could take hold and lift her end o' the beam, and make butter and cheese, and milk and churn, and scrub and scour. But he only luffed at me, and made fun o' poor Susan Marier's big feet, and lack o' front teeth, and paid no more heed to what I said, than if it had been the wind a-blowin'. I jest says to him, one day, 'John Buttercup,' says I, 'you jest wait. I see plain you are bound to marry that slim-waisted, stranger gal; but before five years have rolled over your head, if I don't have the privilege of sayin' 'I told you so,' when you are a-repentin' o' your bargain in sack-cloth and ashes, and the house, with everything in it, has gone to destruction, and the old farm is sold under the hammer, and you are a-travelin' up and down the road, with a hoe or a shovel on your shoulder, a-tryin' to get a day's work here and a day's work there, to provide for a shiftless wife, and, likely as not, a rousin' family of hungry children—then, when that day comes, as I am certain it will—you will wish you had taken my advice, and married a gal that, if she wasn't much to look at, had a powerful pair o' hands for day's work; which, if they was big and red and freckled, would make no more 'count o' liftin' a barrel o' flour, or a wash-b'iler o' water, than the other one would o' shakin' a tablecloth out o' the window. But there, you all know jest how he married the school-marm, and brought her home, and set her up as mistress o' the old farm where I was born and brought up, and I was obleeged to find me a home amongst strangers."

"But, Nancy Jane," interposed one of the younger ladies, "John told me that it was a great grief to himself and wife to have you go away, and they both begged of you to remain in your old position as mistress."

"And do all the drudgery!" snapped Nancy Jane, "and let the school-marm have a fine chance to gad about among the neighbors, and air her white dresses, and pick

great bunches 'o brakes and sech trash to litter up the house, while I was tendin' to the dairy, and keepin' the accounts straight, and helpin' provide a livin'? Not by a good deal! And bein' as the village is a much better chance for my vest-makin' business, which I always found time to carry on besides doin' all my other work, I was bound to give 'em a' opportunity to shirk for themselves; and so I moved up there, and was a-doin' well, until I was took down with the fever and rumatiz, which has kept me in the house, sick a-bed most of the time, for more than a year."

"Didn't John's wife come to see you while you was sick?" queried Mrs. Lightfoot.

"Oh, yes; she come every day, and brought bokays of pesky smellin' laylocks, that I tossed out of the winder the first chance I got; and tumblers of jelly that she made herself, and I wouldn't tech for fear it would p'izen me; for how could a school-marm know how to make decent jelly? And then long towards fall the baby was born, and I didn't see much o' her through the winter, and the first time I've stepped my two feet over the threshold o' the old house sence I left it two years ago come April, was to-day, and if things ain't changed there, and my nerves didn't get a shock they won't get over in a hurry, you may call me a wuss idjit than old Bullfinch."

"Now, Nancy Jane," said Mrs. Tuttle, eagerly, "you've just got to the most interesting p'int of your story, and don't beat around the bush any longer, but give us the pertick'lers. I, for one, don't believe in a brother a-settin' himself and his wife up above his hard-workin' sister, that has been a mother to him all the days of her life, jest because she is old and homely and ain't got enny larnin'."

"People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," quoted Nancy Jane, loftily. "If I was old enough to be a war widder, and was crazy to marry old Bullfinch, but was skeered o' losin' my penshun, and had a nose p'inted like one I know of, and not a dozen wisps o' hair on my head that I could call my own, I wouldn't talk about other folks's looks."

"There now, Nancy Jane," said Mrs. Lightfoot, soothingly. "Dear Mis. Tuttle didn't mean any offence. We all know that you've worn yourself out workin' for that ungrateful brother of your'n; and now go on with your story."

"Well, when I got to John's house this mornin', and the hands on my gran'sire's clock was a-p'intin' to eleven minutes to nine, what do suppose met me at the door?" and here she lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper: "*A hired gal!*"

"*A hired gal!*"

Needles and thread were suspended in mid-air, scissors fell to the floor, while blank consternation was depicted on every countenance.

"Yes; a hired gal! A big, fat thing that lives in behind the mountain, and that looks as if her appetite, to say nothin' o' wages, would ruin enny farmer's income hereabouts. And don't you think that shiftless wife o' John's wasn't out o' her bed; and, as I said before, the hands on my gran'sire's old clock in the kitchen a-p'intin' to eleven minutes to nine!"

"Eleven minutes to nine!" echoed Mrs. Lightfoot, in a horrified tone. "Are you sure she was sleepin' in bed?"

"Of course I am! She come out o' her room, kind o' nervous like, with a white wrapper on—jest think of it, a white wrapper in the forenoon—and pretended she was dretful tickled to see me, and brought out the baby, that was all dressed in white, too, with lace ruffles; and instead o' feelin' ashamed and mortified at havin' a hired gal, she began tellin' what a treasure she had found, and carried me all over the house, and showed me all the fine things, as pert and tickled. And they use the parlor common—only think! the parlor, with my mother's handsome, cane-seat chairs, and copper-plate settee, and floor kivered with no end o' rugs, braided and husk and all kinds. A room that was never allowed to be opened for over seventy years, except in case of funerals. And the handsum paper curt'ins, with great, spreadin' horn o' plentys, and flower-pots, and roses and butterflies on 'em, were all kivered with the baby's finger-marks! She kind o' colored up when she see me lookin' at them curt'ins, and had the imperdence to say that a paper curt'in was in dretful bad taste, and she was goin' to have new ones, real lace, and modern furnitoor, as soon as ever she could afford it. Jest as if what was good enough for me and my mother and grandmother, wasn't good enough for a school-marm!"

"The idee!" exclaimed Mrs. Lightfoot, indignantly. "I don't wonder, Nancy Jaue, your poor nerves are all frustrated up! I

s'pose John is all down-at-the-heel, and goes 'round lookin' as if he hadn't a friend on earth. But there! be's made his bed, and he's got to make the best of it, even if, instead o' live geese down, it proves a nest o' Canada thistles."

"Well, Mis. Lightfoot, I'm ready to own John kind o' puzzles me. I know it's all put on, thinkin' to blind my eyes, but all the time I was in the house he acted and talked as peart and chipper as a robin; and, jedgin' from outside appearance, a person would nat'rally suppose he was the very happiest man in the whole kentry. I know well enough, though, they was both a-feelin' like Jehu, when they see me settin' there, a-viewin' the destruction goin' on around me, for they acted awful oneasy, and kept a-glancin' at one another all the time I was there. I didn't stop long, you may depend, and when I riz to come out, says I, as stiff and dignified as could be, 'In my time, and my mother's and grandmother's time, ten o'clock Monday mornin' found a big, long line o' white clothes, beside calikers and woolens, a-floppin' in the breeze, and wash-tubs, and b'ilers taken care of, and a temptin' dinner a-cookin', instead of the breakfast table a-standin' in the middle of the floor, with the dishes not washed, and the room lookin' as if it hadn't been tetched by a broom for a month."

"What excuse could they make for sech outrageous perceedings?" demanded Mrs. Lightfoot.

"Oh, John muttered over something about Hettie's havin' some very important work that she had to get up airly to finish; and the hired gal havin' no time to clear up on account o' mindin' the baby. Hettie looked as if she was jest ready to cry when I riz to come out; but I ain't got no sympathy for lazy folks, and they can't cheat me a bit, for I know she wasn't out o' her bed at that time o' day."

"I'm dretful sorry John has got sech a shiftless do-little for a wife. He deserves a good partner. But, as for you, Nancy Jane, I can truly say, I pity you from the very bottom of my soul-case. You ain't much like the woman you was two years ago, afore John married and brought all this trouble onto you. We all talked it over among ourselves, and see plain jest how things would turn out, and warned you from the first on't to stand up for your rights, and how you had got ter see sorrer enough if John fetched

home a nasty, stuck-up school-marm. You showed yourself a woman o' sperrit to leave the house when you did, instead o' stayin' to be trod on and bossed 'round by a pert young whipper-snapper. But there! I can see jest how terribly you are failin' every day, and gettin' so weak and narvous, it's my candid opinion if you ain't in your grave afore six months, you will fetch up in a lunatic asylum;" and Mrs. Lightfoot groaned dismally.

"Well now, I vum, I can't hold in no longer!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle, in an excited tone. "I solemnly vowed I wouldn't breathe a word to a livin' single soul, for fear the truth would leak out and give the wicked a chance to flee from a righteous jedgment. But, I swan to man! I am all of a tremble—feelin' it a pious, Christian dooty I owe to poor, tired, feeble Nancy Jane—to tell o' something that will jest clap the climix, and shock the whole boodle o' you clean out o' your seven senses!"

"For the land's sake! What is it? Do tell, quick!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Well," and Mrs. Tuttle glanced cautiously around the room, and lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper, "you know Squire Babcock's wife went to Boston last week, and he had a room and boarded with me while she was gone. One afternoon, he brought down John Buttercup and a strange man with black whiskers and a turn-up nose, with him, and they was all locked up in my front room a good two hours, while I nearly strangled a-holdin' my breath to listen at the keyhole to hear what they was talkin' about. You had better believe I pricked up my ears when I hearn 'em whisperin' about a bank bein' broke into the night afore, and bonds and money stole, and a man shot and nearly killed. And my flesh fairly crawled when I hearn John Buttercup say, as plain as day, 'I have it here in my vest pocket—a thousand dollars!'"

"A—thousand—dollars!" gasped Nancy Jane.

"Yes; and then I hearn 'em read over something on a paper, 'cause I hearn it rattle, and the strange man counted over the money—it was all in fifty-dollar notes—and when they riz to come out, John says, 'Thank God! that weight is lifted off my mind; once more I am a free man!' and then they shook hands all round, and John made 'em both swear to keep something a great secret. And now," said Mrs. Tuttle,

triumphantly, "I've put this and that together, and can give you the whole truth in a nutshell. John Buttercup is nothin' less than the bank robber, and the black whiskered critter with the turn-up nose, is an accomplice, and Squire Babcock has found 'em out, somehow, and they have bribed him not to expose 'em. They are all three pesky raskils, and you may depend, they will get their come-uppence. But John was an honest man, and wouldn't never have broke into a bank and shot a man, if he hadn't been driv to it by that extravagant, shiftless wife o' his. I read of jest sech a case in the newspaper the other day, and it fairly made my blood run cold, and— Oh! my goodness gracious! somebody ketch Nancy Jane quick. She's goin' to faint!"

"Oh! Oh! My heart trouble is a-comin' on! It's clean stopped beatin'! Get me a fan!" gasped Nancy Jane; and she fell back helplessly in her chair, and rolled up her eyes until only the whites were visible. "My poor John a thief! Oh, that dretful woman! She made him do it! Oh! Oh! this shock has killed me. I'm dyin'! I'm dyin'!"

"Yes," cried Mrs. Lightfoot, in a frightened tone, "she is goin', sure enough! Get the camphor bottle, quick! and burn some turkey tail feathers, and hev some hot mustard water ready to clap her feet into—and, O Lord a-massy, what air we agoin' to do? She's gone! She's gone!"

"No, I hain't gone, nuther!" screamed Nancy Jane, and she sprung to her feet, her black eyes flashing ominously. "Not by a jugfull! And I hain't agoin', what's more to the p'int. But you can jest get me my bunnit. I'm bound for John Buttercup's. You needn't try to hinder me. I feel stronger than a lion!"

Clutching her sunbonnet, she rushed hysterically out of the house, while the group of eager, excited busybodies held communion among themselves, and watched her tall, angular figure until it disappeared from sight behind a distant hill.

It had been a breathlessly hot day, but toward twilight a refreshing breeze had swept across the cool waters of the lake, and found its way into the wide, old-fashioned garden of the Buttercup farmhouse, and had set into a gay dance the tall hollyhocks that grew under the windows. The air was full of the perfume of flowers, mignonette,

sweet-scented pinks, and a hundred others; and in a hammock, swinging gently between two gnarled apple-trees, a sunny-faced child was sleeping sweetly.

"John, John!" cried a shrill, female voice, which awoke the babe in the hammock, and brought the young farmer and his wife to the door.

"Why, Nancy Jane!" exclaimed her brother, in a surprised tone, "this is an unexpected visit. We wasn't thinking of seeing you to-night; but no one could be more welcome, eh, Hettie?" and he held out his hand.

But Nancy Jane drew back stiffly, and shook her head.

"Why, sister," he said, anxiously, "what is the matter? You are all covered with dust and perspiration, and pale as a ghost! Come into the house and tell us what has happened."

"John Buttercup," she answered, sternly, "don't ask me to cross the threshold of your door. I'm only a poor, sick woman, but there's got to be a reckonin'! I know all. I—I"—

And then, weak and exhausted with her long walk over the stubby hills, Nancy Jane took one step forward, essayed to speak, threw out her hands blindly, and fainted dead away.

When she came to herself, she was lying on the pretty, white bed in the familiar spare room, fragrant with sweet fern and lavender, while a little woman in a dark, print dress, bent over her tenderly, as she smoothed out the tangled masses of iron-gray hair that lay upon the pillow.

She turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes. She was not ready to go home just yet. Home! The word seemed a mockery. She felt so sick and weak, and the room was so cool and sweet, she would pretend to be asleep, and rest awhile and think.

She heard John come in with the milk-pails, and set them down on the kitchen-table. How many times she had done the same thing. For twenty years—yes, thirty years—nay, forty years, she had milked the cows, rain or shine, night and morning, and set the pails on the same old table that had stood in its one corner of the kitchen through all that time.

How far back seemed the days of her childhood! In a confused, troubled way, she lived over again, one by one, the long

years that had intervened, each one bringing its measure of toil and sorrow and disappointment. Father, mother, sisters and brother, one after another she had laid to rest, until there were five graves in the little churchyard, and only John remained.

Johnny, the baby! The little, dark-eyed boy she had loved and cherished above all else on earth, and of whom she had been so proud.

How happy they had been together, all the way along, until—ah! she remembered it with a pang—the day John brought home his wife; how she hardened her heart against her, and left the old home in anger, vowing never to return.

How many times John and his wife had pleaded with her to come back to the farm since she left it that sunny May morn! Ah! the lonely hours and bitter heart-aches that had been hers since that day! Her rough, toil-hardened hands were clasped convulsively under the snowy sheets, and bitter, burning tears filled her eyes.

She heard John and wife whispering together in the entry, and caught her own name. She raised her head and listened intently.

"Oh, no," Hettie was saying, earnestly, "I will not put it off another hour. You must tell her, or I shall."

Tell her to go! That was what they meant, of course! Hettie was not willing for her to remain under the old roof just one night.

She arose and staggered to the door, her long, gray hair streaming over her shoulders.

"I'm goin'," she said, in broken tones. "You hain't got to tell me. I hearn it all, and I'll go away and won't never trouble you two no more. When I come in here, I felt hard and bitter ag'in you both, but sleepin' in mother's bed, with her pictur' smilin' down on me, has changed all that. 'Pears as if it wasn't only yisterday she put a little, wee, cryin' baby in my arms, and with her dyin' breath whispered, 'Look out for Johnny.' And I allers did. P'r'aps I've been hard and onreasonable, for I couldn't seem to get over John's goin' ag'in me in not marryin' the gal I had picked out for him, who was plain and home-made like me, and seems like it changed my whole nater. I ain't seen a happy minit sence I left the old farm—there ain't no use tryin' to transplant an old tree—and I've worried and fretted and fell away to a shadder. It's

only nat'ral a woman should be jealous, a-secin' another one put in the place she's held for forty years, and when the neighbors come to me with all their stories o' how Hettie hated me, I believed 'em, and said things I'm sorry for, and I hope—you—will—both—forgive me. And now—I'll—go"—

She paused, and gazing around the room in a dazed, bewildered way, whispered in a frightened tone:—

"O Johnny! I hearn somethin' awful! That you was—a—a—thief! Mis. Tuttle seen you hev—a—a—thousand—dollars!"

"Mrs. Tuttle is a confounded old slanderer!" exclaimed John, indignantly. "And, with a dozen others in her neighborhood, deserves to be prosecuted for defamation of character! I was over to her house a day or two ago, me and Gray, to see Babcock, who was stopping there for a few days. The old gossip was probably listening at the door, and heard me say I had a thousand dollars, and drew her own conclusions. It was all Hettie's money, every cent of it. She wanted me to pay up the mortgage on the farm, and put five hundred dollars in the Bolton bank, but Babcock did not consider it safe to do so, as the bank is thought to be in a shaky condition, having been broken into lately and a large sum of money stolen. She probably overheard me request Babcock not to mention a word to anyone about the mortgage being paid, as Hettie wanted to be the first to break to you the good news"—

"The mortgage paid!" broke in Nancy Jane. "And the hain't nobody got no claim on poor father's land? Thank God! I knowed you never—done—nothin' wicked—Johnny," she stammered. 'Cause, if you had wanted money, I'd a-gi'n you every cent I had in the world. But you can have it now. It's almost three hundred dollars. I 'arned it makin' vests; and it's in a little tin box in the chest o' drawers up-stairs to home—and I'll go—and—fetch—it—now—"

She started toward the front door, but would have fallen had not John caught her in his strong arms, and laid her tenderly upon the bed.

"Poor, faithful heart!" cried Hettie, bursting into tears, and she bent down and kissed the thin cheeks. "But it is all John's fault. I wanted to tell you long ago, but he is so sensitive, and didn't want people to know I was working hard to get money to pay off the mortgage. For it was my money Mrs. Tuttle saw him have, every cent of it.

I saved up a little money while I was teaching, and when, after I was married, I found I could write stories and sell them to the papers and magazines, I was overjoyed, and hired a strong, capable girl to do all the housework, as I wanted all my time to write, and could earn enough in one week to pay her wages a month. And when Uncle George, who has been out West so many years, sent me a present of five hundred dollars, I was so happy, because with what I had, it would make us independent, and I have lain awake nights anticipating the time when John could bring you home, and tell you the mortgage was paid, and we would never have to drudge any more, but be all so contented and happy together in the dear old home. And all the time we have been planning to give you a great surprise, the neighbors have been trying to poison your mind against us, and make you think us selfish and ungrateful, and you have been so lonely and unhappy."

And poor Hettie, in her excitement becoming more and more incoherent, broke down completely, and sobbed aloud.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Nancy Jane, anxiously. "Have you missed me, and wanted me back? Oh, you don't know all the hard things I've said and thought and"—

"No," interrupted John, "we only know you have been the most faithful mother a man ever had, and under no circumstances shall you ever leave your old home again. There is plenty of room for all, and now the mortgage that has worried us all so much has been paid, and our future looks so bright, I think we can be very happy together. But we must not forget we owe our prosperity to Hettie—my little wife. But if ever Mrs. Tuttle, or any of the old tattlers belonging to her set, who have made it their business to worry and torture you almost to death, should dare to darken my doors, they will get the dog set on them."

"Yes," said Hettie, smiling through her tears, "John is worried for fear you are

down for a long sick spell, but I know better. All you need is a good, long rest, and you are going to have it. Now, I am going to put the baby in with you to have a little nap, and I want you to drink a little of this nice chicken-broth, and go right to sleep with him, and you will wake up feeling like a new woman."

And Nancy Jane! She hugged the little, blue-eyed babe close to her aching heart, and, as her tears fell upon the sweet face, murmured, brokenly:—

"Johnny's baby! My Johnny's baby! And me never seen it but once before! Oh, when I get strong and well, what comfort I can take among the cows and hens and chickens—me and the baby!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lightfoot, "it's the truth; and I left my breakfast-table standin' right in the middle of the floor, and the poor pig a-squealin' like Jehu for his mornin' meal, to run over and tell you the news. Its turned out that Hettie Buttercup is a great heiress, besides gettin' thousands o' dollars every year for writin' books. And Nancy Jane has gone back to the farm to live, and they do say she and Hettie are jest wrapped up in each other, and Nancy Jane ain't willin' to lose sight o' that young-un' a minit. But Hettie is a fool to have the old maid in the house. I allers said Hettie was too good for John Buttercup, and now its turned out she is so smart and has got sech piles o' money, I s'pect we shan't be able to tetch any of em with a ten-foot pole."

"Bah!" answered Mrs. Tuttle, spitefully. "I don't believe a word on't! Nancy Jane is jest a hateful, meddlesome old cat, and made no end o' mischief between me and Mr. Bullfinch, who has jest married Loretty Deugrass, and me and Mr. Babcock's folks. But I'm real glad Hettie has turned out well, for I allers stood up for her, and thought she was a smart, likely gal, and it's my candid opinion, if it wasn't for her the whole Buttercup family would end their days in the work-house."

He, sole in power, at the beginning said,
 Let sea and air and earth and heaven be made;
 And it was so; and when he shall ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more.

—Prior.

WHAT OF IT?

BY E. H.

IN a room quite remote from the front of the house, sat two persons. One, a middle-aged woman, whose snow-white hair made her appear older than she really was—the other, a beautiful girl of apparently about twenty-four. There was nothing remarkable in the attitude of these two towards each other; there was something remarkable in the long silence between them; anyone entering suddenly would have been impressed with the sense of something mysterious in the air. The chamber in which they were closeted, was a small one, in the second story, at the extreme end of a long L. Through an open window came the fresh spring air sweet with the scent of apple-blossoms. The elder lady sat in a rocking-chair dreamily looking out on a lovely scene of pasture land and sloping hills beyond, with orchards fair between. Dearly she loved this view. As her eyes drank it in, an expression of ineffable peace gradually crept into the pale, thin face; a face that must once have been rarely beautiful, though bearing the traces of both mental and physical anguish.

The younger lady sat motionless as a statue, in a high-backed chair; two fingers of her right hand tightly pressed against her forehead between the brows, and the right elbow supported by the palm of the left hand. The eyes gazing with such delight on the landscape, occasionally wandered with stolen glances at the face opposite, anxiously noting the dark flush that spread over cheek and forehead as if caused by the intensity of some mental effort. At the expiration of about twenty minutes, the young girl unclosed her eyes.

"Aunt Adelaide, our seance is over. Is your belief of pain removed?"

"Margaret, I hardly know how to define my sensations. I can only say as I sat here by the open window, an unutterable sense of quiet content stole through my whole being, but"—

"Oh, my dear aunt," interrupted Margaret approaching her and laying a hand softly on her shoulder, "you are coming into the light—the glorious light of the immortal."

And as she spoke, her face seemed illumined from some inner spiritual flame.

"Stop, stop, child! not so fast! I was going on to say, I do not like your term 'belief' of pain. I am no hypochondriac to imagine myself the victim of torturing aches I would only too gladly forget. Perhaps I have done wrong in allowing you to give me this treatment. I surely have, if you are encouraged by it, in your metaphysical absurdities. As far as the healing part goes, though I am no believer, as I have told you plainly, all along. I am willing to admit there may be something in it, and am willing you should test your powers on me, that you may not have cause to think I reject the thing in *toto*, without looking into it. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, that sooner or later the truth will prevail."

"Oh, aunt, if I could only make you understand the blessing of knowing the truths I know it; the beautiful freedom one enjoys on escaping from all these educated beliefs. You acknowledge that you are not suffering pain, since I carried your error to God?"

"I am anxious, my dear girl, with all my heart to give you credit for any benefit I may have received from you; but I often have such respites from pain, now, and did have, months before you became a Christian Scientist. My good doctor has done wonders for me, and you must not for a moment think I am going to give up his medical advice for anything so new and strange as this. I would rather suffer pain."

"If you will only realize that God is everywhere, that your soul is of God, is God—that God cannot err—cannot create sin, disease or sorrow; that all such evils are mortal delusions, you will no longer feel pain, you will no longer mourn for your friends, who are gone from your finite sight; you will take no thought for the morrow!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, in an ecstasy of religious exaltation.

"My dear child, though I have drunk freely of the cup of affliction, I can truly say, I am glad there is sickness in the world, and sorrow with which to work out God's purposes. What would life be without suffering? Where would our affections and our sympathies be?"

"If you only knew the true God, you

would see that your sympathies would be enlarged; you would love everybody, because God is everybody, and everybody is God."

"It is enough for me to try 'To love my neighbor as myself,' and to my mind, 'my neighbor' means the whole world; but I have no desire to run after strange Gods. I, too, feel God in every pulse of my being. I recognize His presence in every leaf that flutters in the wind, in every flower that blooms in the sunshine; and my heart mounts up in thankfulness to Heaven, that He is around all, in all, and above all."

"Will you not allow me to give you another treatment, Aunt Adelaide, by to-morrow?"

"Perhaps so. You know how well I love you, the only child of my favorite brother. Your very presence has always been particularly soothing to me; but you must not be too sanguine. Above all, be careful about attributing effects to mistaken causes. But come, child, we ought to go down-stairs; and you have not yet changed your dress. Have you forgotten that James is coming to-night? Do you feel no eagerness to see him after such a long separation?"

This last interrogation was accompanied by a searching glance, that brought a faint tinge of color to the girl's cheek.

"Aunt Adelaide, if you only knew what worthless dress it all seems to me—this worry about dress and care for the illusion you call the body."

"Your father wishes you to dress as becomes your station; he is anxious for you to go into society and enjoy the pleasures natural to youth. Go put on your pretty Surah silk. Fanny is coming with her brother James, and I want you to look at least as becomingly attired as she always is."

"My father and you have not outgrown your educated mortal beliefs; but I look forward to a time when the whole world shall be illumined with the light of Christian Science, and shall see that we do not need such things any more than the lilies of the fields, and there shall no longer exist the belief of death, sin, disease or suffering of any kind."

"How dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Adelaide, adding in a tone kindly, but not to be disobeyed. "I shall expect you in the drawing-room, Margaret, as soon as you can make your toilet."

Late in the evening of the day of James's

arrival, after Margaret had taken her leave for the night, quite abruptly, and with only a lame excuse in answer to all remonstrances, and Fanny had also withdrawn to her room, James and his uncle's widow, whom he regarded as a second mother, sat together in the moonlight, absorbed in conversation.

"Aunt Adelaide, what has come to Margaret? There is a curious and painful change in her. You know, when I went away, three years ago, although we made no formal promises to be true to each other, I felt as irrevocably bound to her, as if we had exchanged the most solemn vows. It was a tacitly understood engagement, and I only refrained from saying the words that would make it binding in the light of the world, out of deference to my father's wishes, that I should wait till my return from the long cruise on which I was to embark. She has been the lodestar of my life since we were children, and through all the hardships of our expedition, I have been cheered by her ever-present image in my heart, looking forward to my return to her as rich compensation for any amount of toil and privation. And now the one woman in all the world to whom I could swear allegiance, knowing all the dangers through which I have passed, all the heart-ache of separation, meets me, as if we had parted only yesterday, without even the every-day courtesy of saying, 'How do you do?' that any stranger might claim."

"Ah, James, but you are not a stranger, and it must be excess of emotion or maidenly reserve, that makes her dumb."

"I would gladly think so, dear aunt; to me she seemed perfectly calm and self-possessed, only as far away from me as that star. When I anxiously inquired after her health, her reply was that she had the *belief* of a headache. She appeared relieved, when someone entered the room, and after that studiously avoided me. She is looking ill to me, and very thin; but more beautiful than ever—an unearthly beauty that strikes a chill to my heart. What is it, aunt? What does it all mean?"

"It is useless to keep the truth from you any longer, James. We have been counting on your return as an all-powerful agent in bringing Margaret out of the mental condition in which she has fallen. I did not forewarn you, wishing to leave your impressions of her state perfectly unbiased by my solici

tude about her. I see now that I have been unconsciously clinging to the hope that my eyes have looked at her through the medium of over anxiety, and that to you she would seem the dear Margaret of old." Aunt Adelaide's lips quivered with emotion, but noting the pained look of suspense on her nephew's face, she hastened to explain. "Margaret has become a Christian Scientist!"

"What do you mean, aunt? Your announcement does not sound very dreadful, but you make it as though you were saying she had become a Mormon or a cannibal. What is a Christian Scientist?"

"Ah, I forgot you have been away so long from Boston. It seems hardly possible in these days, when the world has grown so very small, that you should not have heard of the doctrine so-called."

"I am as ignorant as a baby, dear aunt, of anything that has transpired on civilized land, during the last three years; but do not keep me in suspense, I beg of you."

"To be brief, then, as I can, on such a stupendous subject, Christian Science is a theory that has taken hold of the Boston mind with the power of a supposed new idea; and has spread through the provincial cities of New England. It ignores matter, and hence anything appertaining to matter, like sin, disease, accident or death. All such evils are 'errors,' 'mortal beliefs,' that are not of God, as God cannot create that which is not good, and God does create everything. All such ills, then, all baneful effects, for instance, of what we call poisons, of indigestible food, and so on, indefinitely, are educated, inherited beliefs. No calamities (with the proper belief) can happen to the flesh, since there is no flesh for them to happen to. Margaret says there is no need of mourning for one's friends, or of taking thought for the morrow."

"She has, then, become either more or less than human," said the young man, bitterly, pressing his hand to his brow despairingly.

"She thinks that our senses deceive us; in fact, that we have no senses; that life is a dream, literally 'a fleeting show for man's illusion given.' Margaret would think it a sin to employ a physician to cure such a delusion as sickness. She would stand her ground, I verily believe, right in the path of a mad bull tearing down the street, thinking it wrong to run away from a mere belief. I can assure you, she stands by her colors, false as

they are. Looking at her attitude from an artistic point of view, there is something magnificent about it. She is grieved to oppose her friends, yet does it because a higher power bids her. She feels as much called by the Lord as did Samuel of old, or Joan of Arc, and would respond firmly, 'Here, Lord, am I,' were she to die for it. It is the true martyr spirit. She would put her hand in the flames unflinchingly, for conscience's sake. You well know how singularly unselfish and full of Christian good will and kindness to all men, Margaret's short life has been. She now speaks as though 'Love to one's neighbor' were a new revelation, an outgrowth of the Christian Scientists' peculiar doctrine, and so of all the cherished truths of our beautiful Christianity, that we have tried, perhaps in a very poor way, a whole lifetime to practice, as though they had just dawned on the world in the new light of Christian Science. You know how, during the last ten years, one calamity has followed another in the different branches of our family. I think our dear Margaret, incidentally hearing of wonderful cures, and regeneration of character, supposed to be effected by Christian Science, entered into it with the beautiful desire of making all her friends well and happy, besides becoming a good Samaritan to the world generally.

"Having once come under the influence of the high priests of the faith, she has gone into the metaphysical part of it, far beyond her depth, and is now struggling in a very muddy sea of absurdities. She seems to have become blinded to the every-day duties of life, by the dazzling light that shines on the highest peaks of Heaven, as reflected by the magic mirror of the metaphysical books she reads in connection with her Bible. It is painfully strange to me to hear her talk of the terrible railroad accident, that robbed me, in one short hour, of my husband and children, and made me a bodily sufferer, besides, for life, as a delusion—a mortal belief; and to think that the poor child expects to convince me, in time, of my errors, by her insane arguments. She talks the most unmitigated cant, without knowing it. My brother is very bitter against the whole thing, and thoroughly out of patience with Margaret herself. She has been his idol, but now he identifies her with this hateful belief, and so the peace of their home is, for the present, destroyed; but

when the catechumens have time to consult their leaders, they are provided, as far as words go, with an answer for everything; and Margaret would say that Christ came, not to bring peace, but a sword into families; such a perverted application of familiar and easily explained texts, as to make any discord or neglect of duty come under the sanction of holy Scripture. My heart, in spite of all, is full of tenderness for the poor, deluded girl. I have even submitted to a treatment from her, to allow her to test her fancied powers, and to see that I do not condemn without a fair trial."

"Is this not encouraging her in her delusions?" at length asked James, who had, so far, listened in perfect silence to his aunt's long explanation.

"I think not. It seemed unkind to give her no chance to vindicate her views. If there ever was an angel on earth, in singleness of heart and purity of motive, it is Margaret. I have no fear of any occult practice on her part. Christian Scientists claim to cure disease by arguing one out of the belief of a body to be diseased, and disclaim having anything to do with mesmerism. I have told Margaret plainly my opinion, that in most cases of cures, only temporary cures, at that, that mesmerism was the means used—a dangerous power in the hands of an unscrupulous practitioner—and that I would rather suffer pain, than receive such treatment indiscriminately. Moreover, that I had no belief in the efficacy of her art to heal me, excepting so far as her soothing personality might affect my nervous system favorably. She said she should carry my case to God, and pray Him to take away from me my belief of pain."

"Is not this method something like that used in the 'Faith Cure,' of which I heard a few remarkable instances before I went away?"

"Christian Science differs from the Faith Cure in the fact that its adherents ignore the body entirely, while the Faith Cure disciples believe in a body to be cured by the interposition of divine power. Both, I think, overlook the means by which God must work, without overturning the natural laws He Himself has made, and disregard the fact that if we transgress natural laws, we must suffer the consequences."

"Did Margaret relieve you of suffering when she treated you?"

"I think I was neither better nor worse

for the treatment. I am fond of Margaret. Her presence has always been soothing to me: and, this afternoon, I felt wonderfully peaceful and quiet, sitting with her in perfect silence. The whole scene was quieting, as I looked through the open window. Besides, it was one of my 'off' days. I often have days when I am almost free from pain. This has been one of them."

James had risen from his chair, and was walking the room in great agitation.

"What can be done, Aunt Adelaide? What course ought we to pursue? I cannot give Margaret up to this dreadful delusion. I fear that she has already lost her mental balance; but she is more dear to me than ever."

"I can think of no better way than for you to remain here. Do not startle her by alluding too soon to your former relations and hopes for the future; and ignore, as far as possible, her present theories. Old associations will be revived by your daily presence, to which she will gradually become accustomed. She will fall into the habit of companionship with you, and I cannot but think that the force of the old affection will prove stronger than these new ties; though it is her sense of duty in the matter that makes it seem so hopeless," she added, with a sigh.

"You look pale this morning, James; what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing but a headache, aunt. I am not fairly on my land-legs yet. It will pass off soon."

"So you have been saying for the last week. The doctor must look after you."

"There is not the least need of your having these beliefs of headaches, James," suddenly exclaimed Margaret.

"I will gladly part with this one, if you will tell me how."

"It is only your mortal part that is in error. God made you, did he not?"

"I hope so."

"Well, you grant that God is good?"

"Certainly."

"God, then, can create no evil. Disease is an evil. It is an educated, inherited belief of man. What you call your body is only a belief. Part with that belief, and you part with the headache."

Margaret stopped to take breath with the air of having used an overwhelming argument.

"What does it matter, Margaret, whether we call the the body, a headache, or any other ache, beliefs, instead of the good old names, since the facts remain the same? What of it all?"

"Who is that going by?" cried Aunt Adelaide, hoping to turn the conversation.

"Only a soul riding by in a belief," laughed saucy Fanny, who had made rapid progress in the vocabulary of the new philosophy.

Margaret raised her eyes to Heaven, saying, with one of her unearthly smiles:—

"If I could only make you understand the delights of knowing God as He is, you would not speak with such levity. But, as long as man persists in his mortal beliefs, we who stand on a higher plane, expect to be persecuted, as Christ was."

"Will you tell me what you believe God to be?" asked James.

"I know Him to be the one great soul that pervades the universe; that we are God, and He is each one of us."

"You do not, then, believe that each one of us has a distinct soul in an individual body?"

"I have told you there is no body,"—this with some impatience—"only one great soul. Each one of us is a reflection of Deity. You look in the glass and see an image of yourself; but there is nothing there except the reflection."

"True. But the reflection would not be there, if there were no substance to reflect. You think, then, that God is one unbroken prairie-land of soul, no enclosures, no boundary fences between one human being and another to make identity."

"Oh, I believe we shall know our friends after death."

"Why should there be any death, if there is no body to die?"

"I mean the belief of death, which is an educated belief. When the millennium is fully come, and all are Christian Scientists, there will be no death."

"If we are all subdivisions of God, and God cannot err, where do all these erring beliefs of ours, which you decry, come from?"

Margaret, looking a little confused, replied:—

"I cannot answer, now. I am only a novice in the science."

"Another question. How did the first being ever created come to have the belief

of a body, or of death? It could not have been an educated or inherited belief in that instance."

"I cannot say, now. I must consult my books first. It is a most difficult study I have entered upon."

"Still another thing. You say one can take poison, and not be injured by it, if one is not influenced by a belief that it will be injurious. How is it in the case of dumb animals, that are not supposed to have educated beliefs?"

"It is the influence of the educated human beliefs around them, that makes them succumb to things harmless in themselves. God is the great light of the world. If you will come into the light, you will understand these things."

"My dear Margaret, what becomes of the arts and sciences, and all the world-wide industries, by which human brains and human souls are developed, without bodily wants? I think we should soon relapse into a savage state with your creed. God had a wise purpose in giving us these finite bodies, so wonderfully and beautifully made, through which to work out a higher development, not as mere puppets of His will, but as free agents, except with the limitations of the flesh. It is through sorrow and pain of mind and body, that we grow into the higher life; and I, for one, would not be without such discipline. If life is a dream, as you call it, what of it? It is very real while it lasts. Why is it necessary or desirable to institute a new language for facts that remain the same, notwithstanding?"

"I must consult our new Bible before discussing this subject any farther," and the young girl left the room, her aunt remarking:—

"She has been closeted so long with her books already, as to have become almost a recluse; and you see how she has lost flesh and appetite. She is trying to take Heaven by storm, apparently, and to find out—what the Bible says, with all our searching, is past finding out—God!"

"What a vast nothingness this life would be with such a belief," said the good minister, who had dropped in to lunch. "An earthly Virvana."

"It is a belief that can be put into one word, with all its vastness—humbug."

"A great deal of hum and very little bug," remarked practical Cousin David, who acted as Aunt Adelaide's farmer.

"Words, words, but no words-worth anything;" on which atrocious pun from Fanny, there was a general rising from the table.

Days and weeks went on. James and Margaret fell into the old habits of daily companionship. The subject of Christian Science, by tacit understanding, was dropped between them, and Margaret had not seemed so natural for a long time, until a letter from one of her fellow-disciples revived the disagreeable theme. James had not ventured to broach the subject of their engagement until this (of all others) most unfortunate day and hour, when the mischievous letter, that was to play the part of marplot, was actually burning in Margaret's pocket, waiting for an opportunity to be re-read and pondered in private. When James, putting his whole heart into the words, told Margaret, in a manly way, that the happiness of his whole life depended on her sharing it with him, he was met by the objection:—

"In Heaven there shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage; and this earth may be a Heaven, if we only rid ourselves of our mortal beliefs."

These words, like all uttered by Margaret, were accompanied by a smile of seraphic sweetness, but were none the less a crushing blow to James, as nothing could move Margaret to change her decision. James and his aunt longed in vain for every-day trials of character, in keeping with her youth, to appear; and again and again asked each other the useless question, "What can be done?" day after day ending each consultation with, "It is utterly hopeless. We have lost our Margaret as completely as though she had died. Her body is here, but her soul is far away."

"Her sympathies, too, for others' sufferings," said Aunt Adelaide, "so warm heretofore, seem to have died out, and she says it is all folly, for instance, for poor Ann Harvey to worry about the future. Ann is one of her old *protégés*. She is a hard-working woman, with three children to support; and, now her health is failing, it is natural she should feel some anxiety for those depending on her."

The minister's advice was good: "Let us all pray earnestly for her, and leave the result in God's hands."

The doctor's advice was good: "Divert her mind, and do all you can to keep up her bodily health."

It was only too evident that her health was rapidly giving way, in spite of her constant, stereotyped assurance that she was "perfectly well, and so happy."

There came a day when James, in spite of determined resistance, was stricken down with typhoid fever. The case threatened to be severe. Fearing that he might soon become delirious, he said:—

"While I have my senses, I beg you to let Margaret test her powers of healing on me. I am willing to risk my life, if thereby she can be convinced of the fallacy of her philosophy. I positively forbid your calling in a physician until she has had a fair chance to try her new art."

"James, you take your life into your own hands in not having proper medical treatment. Should you die for want of it, I should never forgive myself for my weakness in yielding to your wish," remonstrated Aunt Adelaide.

"My life is not of much value to me, now, Aunt Adelaide. I only ask you to delay having the doctor for a few days."

The dreaded delirium did come on, and James constantly called upon Margaret, reproaching her for her broken faith. The poor girl made pathetic endeavors, out of loyalty to her creed, to listen unmoved, and to feel that there was not the least need of any anxiety on her lover's account. She was surprised that no opposition was made to her proposal to treat him for his "belief" of fever. But even she soon saw that it was a hand-to-hand struggle his strong constitution was waging with the great enemy, and that her treatments had no effect, unless it was that of aggravating the unfavorable symptoms. Her obstinate faith in the powers and truth of Christian Science at last succumbed, and in her despair, with bitter tears of grief and disappointment to find her glorious doctrine sawdust, after all, she exclaimed:—

"I can do nothing! Call in Dr. R—— without delay. Oh, I fear it is too late, and that I have killed him by my presumptuous self-conceit."

It was not too late. The excellent doctor was, naturally, not a little indignant that he had not been summoned earlier; but, late as it was, his skill proved availing, and the symptoms soon began to amend. After weary days of watching the fever turned. Margaret was sitting by the bedside when

the crisis came, and James recovered his senses. He looked at her with full recognition in his eyes, then, with an expression of bitter grief, as the recollection of the gulf between them darted into his consciousness, turned his face to the wall as if to die.

Margaret understood the mute sign of despair. It was too much. In that supreme moment her human heart asserted itself. The love that had only smouldered under the wet blanket of her own delusions, rushed over her with a might that, in one instant, swept away all her artificial theories and affectations.

"James, James, I love you; live for me!" she whispered. "I am no longer a Christian Scientist; only an humble Christian."

James heard the whisper, low as it was; and, turning towards her again, with a sigh of unutterable content, his hand in hers, fell into a refreshing sleep. From that moment his recovery was rapid.

Margaret regained the peachy bloom and roundness of her cheek, and

"In the daily round, the common task,"

as James's wife, found life happier than in the wildest dream of a Christian Scientist.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY L. MAY HEBERLING.

"OH, life is long!" he said,
Bowling his bright, young head
Over some boyish trophy, lately won;
"I shall secure success,
Wealth, fame and happiness,
Ere e'en its roseate morning hours are done."

"The years glide by!" he said.
The halo round his head
Was something softened, for youth's sun had set.

HAVANA, ILL., 1887.

"Ah! I have much to gain;
I have not toiled in vain,
Although my goal is unattained, as yet."

"Oh, life is short!" he said,
Leaning his silvered head
Wearily on his hand, blue-veined and white.
"Joy beckons me no more;
Hope's long deceit is o'er;
Far distant, still, Fame's rainbow-circled height."

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

BY H. E. BARTON.

THERE are few who have not, at one time or another, heard of that famous speculator who sent a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, and made a fortune by the transaction. While there was no market for warming-pans, as such, they proved to be just the thing that was wanted on the sugar plantations, for they made excellent skimmers and ladles. Few readers know much more about him, than this anecdote relates, and yet his life presents a strange catalogue of events, affording another illustration of the old adage that "Fortune favors fools." Though there appeared to be method in much of his madness, and much that passed for luck seemed really the result of shrewd foresight, he was, nevertheless, entitled to the motley garb, though he sported black, and assumed to be "the first in the east, the first in the west,

and the greatest philosopher of the known world."

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, near Boston, in the year 1743, and was bred to the leather-dressing business, which business was almost exclusively confined to Charlestown. This was the time when deer, sheep, and goat-skins were prepared for clothing, and at the period of his apprenticeship, the secret of preparing morocco, similar to that brought from the Levant, was discovered, a part of the monopoly of which Dexter probably enjoyed. Commencing business at twenty-one, he, by industry and frugality, became thrifty, married the widow of a neighboring leather-dresser, and had accumulated several thousand dollars in specie at the close of the war.

At this dark period, when the national paper currency was reduced to a merely



nominal value, and it was sacrificed at a ruinous discount, John Hancock and Thomas Russell, Boston merchants, attempted to keep up the public confidence by buying this money, which attracted the attention of young Dexter, for he believed such men would do no unsound act, and he proceeded to invest every cent he possessed, and all that his wife possessed, in purchasing the government scrip that was in the market. All doubt was soon after removed by the funding system of Hamilton, and Dexter had realized a princely fortune, for that day. There is hardly an instance, in our own season of quick fortunes, that can surpass this for rapidity, but the only claim to shrewdness that can be seen in it is the imitation of Hancock and Russell, that has little more merit than might be claimed for instinct.

With the acquisition of fortune came the craving for distinction, but society at that period was of a kind that no parvenu foot could enter. The accident of wealth gave no entrance card to the merely moneyed, and Dexter found himself shut out. Boston rejected him, Salem treated him worse, if anything, and he alighted, money-bags and all, in Newburyport, which he made the scene of his exalted career. Lands were cheap, and, at that time, the failure of some merchants who had ventured too largely, enabled him to purchase deeply, which he did, buying two "palaces," as they were then regarded, one of which he sold, and the other he occupied. Here he commenced that career of extravagance which won for him the title of "Lord," that he, with his craving for prominence, accepted, an account of which he thus gives:—

"I'm the first Lord in the Yonited States of Amercary Now of Newbury port it is the voice of the people and I cant Help it and so let it goue."

To act in a lordly manner, he commenced a course of dissipation and prodigality. His mansion and grounds he at once disfigured by procuring rudely carved figures of great men, whose names were familiar to him, that he placed in the most sightly situations, outraging taste, but at which the vulgar stared and wondered, while the shrewd laughed. His roof was graced with minarets tipped with gold balls, and everything was resplendent in the glory of bright paint. Directly in front of his door was a Roman arch, on the centre of which stood General

Washington in his military garb; on the left, Jefferson, on the right, Adams. Washington alone was covered, as he would allow none other to wear a hat in his presence. He had some reverence, and always took his hat off when he passed the statue of Napoleon, one of the collection.

On columns in the garden were figures of Indian chiefs, statesmen, military characters, philosophers, and mythology suggested others—to his artists—who, doubtless, made a good thing out of it. He adopted a system of changing the names, occasionally, for his statues, in order to give greater variety—thus the William Pitt of one day became the Albert Gallatin of the next. A little paint made all the needed change.

An account of the fate of these images is given in Samuel L. Knapp's "Life of Dexter," published some years since:—

"These images were all in good repair when Dexter died. The first that time or accident threw down was the gigantic Cornplanter, the mighty progenitor of a race of illustrious sachems. * * * The rest of the columns stood the sunshine and storms until the great September gale, which happened in 1815, when most of them were thrown down in that tornado. The three presidents rode out the storm. The executor of the estate sold the images at auction. The goddess of Fame sold for the most money. She brought five dollars. The image of the great premier of England, William Pitt, was sold for one dollar, and an ecclesiastic, who had been named the 'Traveling Preacher,' brought only fifty cents."

The image of Dexter himself prominent among the rest, was not bid on at all. It is estimated that the cost of these images exceeded fifteen thousand dollars.

His family consisted of a wife and two children, a son and daughter, attended by a princely retinue of servants. The dissipation and tyranny of the father affected the whole house. The wife would one day be driven from home with blows, the next paid a large sum to come back. His son was a drunken profligate, his daughter not much better. This house, fitted in the extreme of elegance, became filthy through the domestic orgies that were held in the fine rooms.

This description of one "unstable as water," is unpleasant to write, and we therefore give some of the facts illustrating the better side of his character.

He embarked in commerce, and at the

close of the Revolutionary War, with the growing energy of the land, there were the rarest facilities for making money, of which it would seem he was capable of taking advantage. He was engaged extensively in trade with all parts of the world, and in all his ventures was successful. And in this connection are given those tales of what is regarded as luck, but which Dexter himself claims, in his quaint and bungling way, as foresight. A captain of one of his vessels wanted some "stay stuff," which Dexter construed to mean whalebone. He purchased all there was in the market, caused a "corner," and made a strike. The purchase of warming-pans for the West Indies resulted in the employment of the lids for strainers, the pans for ladles, and a large sum was made.

There are other things named that were equally wild, but the one thing that gives character to his shrewdness was his investment in the Newburyport bridge, the construction of which he favored, and in which he largely invested. This stock yielded a grand return, the shares in which formed a principal feature in the bequests made in his will. He left two thousand dollars to be put at interest for the benefit of the poor not in the workhouse; and also gave the town of Malden three hundred dollars for a bell, and the sum of two thousand dollars, the interest of which, for a hundred years, was to be devoted to the support of the Gospel.

The bequests, put to their respective uses, are hardly known even in the towns that were to be the recipients of their benefit; but that given to Newburyport for the aid of those who managed to keep out of the almshouse, has an original tone to it that commends it to the reason as a very sound provision, but whether it is employed for the purpose we do not know.

He appeared before the world as an author, and published "The Pickle for the Knowing Ones," which contained descriptions of the improvements about his premises, and matters personal to himself, occupying a goodly sized pamphlet, but without a punctuation mark from the first page to the last.

In a later edition he gives the following direction to the printer:—

"Fonder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put A Nuff here and thay may pepper and salt it as they plese."

Then follows a page of stops, quotation marks, etc., for the use of the reader.

Of this work he published and gave away a large edition, understanding that the noblemen of England did not sell their literary works, but sent them as presents through the land. Another performance of his was to build his mausoleum. This of itself was not strange, for millionaires in our day have done the same; but Dexter was resolved to see his own funeral. He accordingly had his coffin made, and sent out announcements of his death, with cards of invitation to the funeral. His wife and son and daughter were arrayed in mourning, and, after the burial service was read, the procession moved from the house to the mausoleum, erected in his garden. There the coffin was deposited in the vault, and the party returned to the house, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and the choicest wines flowed like water.

Dexter had watched, with great satisfaction, the whole performance from an upper window. He expressed himself pleased with everything, except that the bells of the town had not tolled for his passing soul, and his wife had not shed a tear. He rectified this latter disappointment by giving her a caning that caused her to shed tears in abundance. The son had performed his part to admiration, being sufficiently drunk to weep without effort.

In his relations with those under him, Dexter was liberal, and no workman ever had cause to complain of him in the matter of payment, but he would show great wrath and would often shoot at them if they did not do as he explicitly wished. Like other eccentrics, he would sometimes have fits of religious fervor, and would make great presents to churches and clergymen, but would soon lapse into wild courses again. In this way he continued his course of life until October, 1806, when he quietly expired in his splendid mansion, having reached the age of sixty-three.

With this we close our account of the life of this singular being, who illustrated in his life the futility of wealth when not judiciously directed. Though he was charitable, the recipient laughed at or pitied him, the thoughtless scoffed, the few were grieved; and when he died there were none to do him reverence. His children died childless, his estate was divided; and there is little that is worth remembering about him.

JACK HAVILAND'S LOVE.

BY MRS. MASIE PRESTON.

CHAPTER I.

JACK HAVILAND was a fair specimen of public-school training. He had spent six years at Eton, and had been successively "plucked" in three examinations—for the University, the Army, and the Civil Service of India. To the examiners of Oxford he had declared that Moses was the son of Adam; to those of Chelsea that Heligoland was an island in Africa; and to those at Burlington House, that the leader of the first crusade was William of Orange. These brilliant answers having failed to convince the authorities, he had made up his mind that the public services had entered into a league against him, which it was vain to resist.

This resolution was the easier to keep as Jack Haviland had no one to goad him to active exertion. His only living relative was a maiden aunt. But this lady, having viewed with extreme disfavor the results of his scholastic trials, and Jack having heard from her own lips that the provision intended to be set down for him in her will would probably amount to one shilling sterling, he had wisely reflected that an aunt of this kind was as good as having none at all; and he had made all his arrangements accordingly.

Happily for him, he was not altogether destitute of means. He enjoyed two hundred pounds a year of his own, and a cottage by the sea. But this was all he had in the world; and his prospects of ever obtaining more were excessively slender. However, he was of a gay, light-hearted temper, always ready to take the bright view of things, and looking upon life as a sort of game of football, in which it was absurd to mind a few kicks on the shins. Disappointments which would have hopelessly soured less happy minds than his, had left his soul as calm as a summer lake. He really did not know what it was to be put out; and the hardest epithet he ever applied to the numerous ills which checker life was, that this or that was "rather awkward," an ejaculation he used rather indiscriminately on the breaking of a meerschaum pipe, the being stumped out in a county match, or the losing of fifty pounds.

With such a disposition it was but natural that Jack should have many friends. He was a universal favorite with all who had ever known him, and in the snug seaport where his dwelling was, there was no man so thoroughly popular. He was always doing a good turn for somebody. His mission on earth seemed to be to oblige people. If any service was to be rendered to man, woman, or child, any commission executed, any important errand run, he was the person to do it. He belonged to every soup and clothing-club in the place. Beggars knew him by name, and touched their hats to him in the street. Stray dogs followed him home at night, with the certainty of being housed and fed. He was an out-and-out good fellow—that was the truth of it; and he had as pleasant and cheery a face as it was possible to meet with in any town of England from Land's End Point to Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Of course he was young; and this fact, added to his vigor of limb and handsome features, made him the abject slave of woman-kind. In the morning he was to be seen rushing, breathless and hot, along the Marine Parade with six or eight parcels under his arm; these were worsteds he had been sorting for Mrs. Curry-combe, the rector's wife. Two hours later, he might be detected on his way to Mrs. Maydew's villa with a heavy cargo of sensational novels in tow. In the afternoon, it was Miss Bohea who wanted to consult him about her parrot. In the evening, Mrs. Colonel Bowlemdown expected him to tea. Jack Haviland was anywhere and everywhere when wanted. All the ladies of the town had a joint-stock interest in him; and it was a sort of rivalry among them as to which should lay the most frequent taxes upon his ever cheerful readiness.

Under these circumstances, it was not without a certain emotion that the female population of Shingle-super-mare began to reflect that for six weeks past and more Mr. Jack had been much less frequently seen than formerly. His appearances upon the parade had become unaccountably few and far between. The projected picnics had been given up from his inability to attend them; and three dinner-parties had actually

taken place without his having been present among the guests.

The ladies of Shingle began to murmur. This desertion was something quite novel and strange. It could not be put up with at any price; and something must be done to find out the why and the wherefore of such highly censurable conduct. An ambassador—in the person of Thomas, Mrs. Maydew's "Buttons"—was despatched to the shirker's abode, to inquire if any mishap had befallen him. But Thomas returned no wiser than he had gone. Mr. Haviland, he reported, was not at home. His housekeeper had stated, upon cross-examination, that of late he had taken to leaving the house at ten A. M., and not returning till night; but whence and from what cause such a vagabondizing humor, neither Mrs. Nuffin (the housekeeper) nor he (Thomas) could explain.

This news caused a mighty commotion when Mrs. Maydew gave it out at Mrs. M'Hotscone's tea-party. The whole party burst into exclamations. Mrs. M'Hotscone declared it "very strange, now;" Mrs. Maydew pronounced it "incomprehensible;" Mrs. Currycombe thought it "unkind;" Miss Bohea hoped that "nothing might come of it."

And then all these ladies remained for a moment silent; for the same thought had traversed all their minds—a horrid thought—which caused them of a sudden to bridle up together, and each, in secret, to vow vengeance upon the culprit. If Mr. Jack Haviland was nowhere to be found, it must surely be that he had been enthralled. But none save woman could have done this deed; and so—logical but bitter conclusion!—Mr. Jack Haviland was, no doubt, in love!

CHAPTER II.

ALAS, poor Jack! Not even upon him had the elfin god had pity. Right in the centre of his good, stout heart had the barbed arrow struck; and it was of no use trying to pull it out. There it was, and there it must stay through sorrow and joy, through day and night, till gray old years and Father Time deemed well to close the wound.

He had fallen in love! Yes, one day on the beach, whilst picking up pebbles with the little M'Hotscones. The weather was

cloudy, and the sea was running high. The wind, like an ill-bred urchin, was romping about over land and water, covering people with spray, and casting up seaweed in gigantic handfuls, to throw at the passers-by. The little M'Hotscones were merry and soused. Jack Haviland had seen his hat disappear in the gust, and sail in triumph up the British Channel. Everything was going on well, when, of a sudden, *br-r-r-oum!* crash! and a monstrous wave, as big as a house, burst foaming, raging, and splashing on the beach.

Away, with howls of terror, rushed the little M'Hotscones, abandoning a whole fortress of pebbles to the fury of the elements. Away, also, rushed a whole bevy of nursery-maids, children, and startled young ladies, like leaves in autumn before a south-west wind. Screams and laughter mingled with the noise, and—*br-r-r-oum!* crash! down came a second wave.

This time, the last remaining stragglers took to flight, but not quite fast enough to prevent two pretty maidens, who had been wandering too near the shore, from being overtaken by the treacherous tide, and bathed up to their waists in water. In ten seconds, Jack, who had been on the lookout, was bearing them both up in his arms. There was a great deal of pretty crying, a great deal of sudden paleness on the little pink cheeks; but, on the whole, there was more fright than hurt.

Before the third big wave had burst its bounds, both were standing high and dry, and not very much the worse for their wetting. As was natural, however, Jack protested strenuously against their going home in their wet clothes. His own cottage was a hundred yards off. They must come there and dry themselves, whilst he sent up to their house to get them other dresses. The two young ladies began to stammer their thanks to their rescuer; next they began to laugh at their own wretched plight; and, by the time the cottage was reached, the accident had become a joke, and they were little geese to have ever felt so frightened at it.

This was the beginning of Jack's misfortune. The two young ladies were cousins, and both of about the same age—eighteen. One was Miss Lucy Chatfield; the other, Miss Annie Heywood. It was Miss Lucy who spoke to Jack, and told him this. Her father, Mr. Chatfield, was a rich, city merchant, who lived in London all the week,

and only came down to Shingle from Saturday till Monday. Miss Lucy had no mother, and Annie Heywood was staying with her on a visit. Miss Lucy hoped that Mr. Haviland—whose card she put into her muff—would come and call on them; papa would be delighted to see him; and “Annie and I”—this was said with a blush—would be very glad to thank him again. The address was Beauchamp Villa, on the road to the cliff.

When Miss Lucy Chatfield and Miss Annie Heywood had come out of Jack's room, where they had put on the warm dresses brought them by their maid; when they had shaken hands with him, and gone away smiling in the most prosaic of four-wheeled flies, our hero felt as though two rays of sunshine had left his dwelling. The cottage seemed dark, and Jack felt miserable. He picked up a tiny, wet glove, which he knew to be Miss Lucy's, and kissed it. After that, he ran to the almanac to see what day it was, and almost swooned with joy to find it was Friday, and that, consequently, as Mr. Chatfield would be at home on the morrow, he might call, with perfect propriety, at Beauchamp Villa. That evening, he absented himself from a party where his presence was indispensable for the getting-up of charades, and wandered about on the beach till twelve o'clock, just near the spot where he had saved Miss Lucy. In a word, he behaved most irrationally, and took no breakfast next morning from sheer excitement of mind.

Mr. Chatfield received him very well, and invited him to dinner on Sunday. Jack feared he should go mad when he found himself seated at table next Miss Lucy. In the drawing-room, she presided at the urn, and he thought he had never tasted anything so delicious as the tea she had brewed with her own hands. He took three cups of it. Mr. Chatfield, finding him a pleasant guest, asked him to call again, which he promised to do, with every intention of keeping his word. On his way home, he indulged in a delirious hornpipe by the sad sea waves, to the mute stupefaction of a local policeman.

Love never does anything by halves with such gentlemen as Mr. Jack Haviland. By the end of a week, Jack found he could think and dream of nothing else but Lucy Chatfield. He was like a man who has stared too hard at the sun, and sees a luminous spot continually dancing before his eyes.

He passed his days in alternations of giddy bliss and pitiable wretchedness, according as his suit seemed to prosper or fail. He was “gone, gone all over,” as he expressed it; and as flame, when it rages so hotly as this, is contagious, Miss Lucy herself began soon to wonder how it was that her heart fluttered so fast whenever she met Mr. Jack. At first, the meetings were confined to chance encounters on parade, once or so every other day. Gradually, the meetings grew more frequent and prolonged, until, at last, “chance” became so complaisant, that the lovers met twice a day.

And then it was that the habit of long walks set in—long walks on the cliff, in country roads, on the desert parts of the beach; anywhere where they could be alone. Lucy, no longer timid as at first, leaned innocently on Jack's strong arm, accepting the plea that it was prudent to do so, lest another wave should come and sweep her down. Annie Heywood, who was the constant companion of these walks, had a true feminine tact for straying a few yards before or a few yards behind, that those adorable nothings, so sweet to exchange when there are only two to hear them, might not remain unspoken from the presence of a third.

Jack was happy, and Lucy was happy too. No thought of to-morrow came to mar the naïve illusions of their dream; they lived only in the present, loving each other more and more every day. And once, when Jack had allowed his lips to whisper the first trembling confession of his heart, he drew his arm round Lucy's waist, and kissed her; and she, happy at what he had said, and not afraid to show her happiness, did as he bade her, and returned his kiss.

CHAPTER III.

TWO months had passed since the day when they had first met, and Jack Haviland's protracted absence from all the festivities of Shingle had begun to sow bitterness and wailing in the female camp. The most terrible suppositions had already been set afloat by the joint ingenuity of Mrs. M'Hotscone and Miss Bohea. The local journal had solemnly announced the arrival at Shingle of Mademoiselle Gredinette of the *corps de ballet* of the Paris Opera; and putting this fact together with the other fact of Jack's desertion, Miss Bohea inquired

whether it were not possible to deduct therefrom a most scandalous conclusion.

But it is fair to say that Miss Bohea remained alone of her opinion. The other ladies could not bring upon themselves to suspect Jack Haviland of so much blackness. Besides, Mademoiselle Gredinette had not remained in Shingle for more than two days, and she had been escorted, both on arrival and departure, by the Right Honorable the Earl of Wheezylung, a peer of the realm.

Whilst queries and wonders, suggestions and exclamations, were still running riot, Mrs. Maydew appeared one Sunday morning at St. Marigold's Church, with a look of triumph in her countenance. During the whole time of service she cast looks of intelligence at Mrs. M'Hotscone, Mrs. Curry-combe, and Miss Bohea; and, as soon as the service was ended, she hastened out, so as to meet her friends, and tell them all about it.

"Oh! would you believe it, my dear Mrs. M'Hotscone, after all our kindness to him, to abandon us all for a girl like that?"

"Who can it be?" inquired Mrs. M'Hotscone.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Curry-combe.

"Who?" gasped Miss Bohea.

"Why, none other than that little Miss Chatfield, the child with auburn hair, who lives at Beauchamp Lodge, and has a father too proud to call upon any one."

"Mr. Chatfield the banker?"

"No; he's a timber-merchant, or a dry-salter, or something of that kind. He's immensely rich, and I can't make out how he can accept such a man as Jack Haviland for his son-in-law. Mr. Haviland hasn't a single sixpence."

"Not a penny," muttered Miss Bohea.

"But is it all settled, then?" asked Mrs. M'Hotscone.

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I suspect it must be. Mr. Haviland no longer comes to St. Marigold's on Sundays. He doesn't like to lose sight of his little, waxy-flaxy miss for a single minute. I met him on parade this morning, going with a smiling face to Mr. Jumper's tabernacle."

"A dissenting chapel!" exclaimed Mrs. Curry-combe, in horror.

"That young man has no regard for his soul," cried Miss Bohea.

"I shouldn't have believed it of him," said Mrs. M'Hotscone.

And the four ladies, mortally shocked at what they had heard, wended their way all chattering together.

"We must agree to cut him," began Miss Bohea, who, from being the tenderest of Jack's admirers, had become, of late, the bitterest of his foes. "We must scratch him off our visiting-lists."

The word scratch was pronounced with singular vehemence; so much so that the other three ladies gave a start, then looked at each other, and finally smiled.

"After all," said Mrs. M'Hotscone, who had a warm, Scotch heart, "Jack's a gude laddie, and he couldn't always remain a bachelor. He'll make a canny bridegroom, and we'd best think of wishing him a bounny wife and a fair armful of bairns."

Miss Bohea felt it binding upon her to blush.

"If he'd only not chosen a dissenter!" observed Mrs. Curry-combe, relenting.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Maydew; "but we'll get him to convert his wife. You and Mr. Curry-combe will manage that, dear. What a delightful sermon that was the rector gave us this morning!"

Mrs. Curry-combe's brow cleared up entirely.

"I'm glad you liked the sermon, dear; William and I worked at it together. But, dear me, here he is in person!" exclaimed the rector's wife, glancing down the street.

"Who? William?"

"No, no; Jack Haviland."

And so it was. Mr. Jack, making fearful gestures with his arms, and walking at a breakneck pace, was looming in the distance. He seemed to be unconscious of surrounding objects, and was frightfully pale.

"Why, what can have happened?" cried Mrs. Maydew; "he looked so happy this morning."

"He's not himself at all, now," said Mrs. M'Hotscone, terrified.

"I think he is in a state of inebriation," observed Miss Bohea.

"Mr. Haviland! Mr. Haviland! Why, don't you intend to speak to us?" cried out Mrs. Curry-combe, as Jack, with his eyes cast down, seemed about to rush by without stopping.

Jack looked up startled, raised his hat mechanically, and stared vacantly at the group.

"Good-morning, ladies," he stammered,

in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon; I had not seen you."

He spoke absently, scarcely knowing what he said. Mrs. M'Hotscone took pity on him.

"The puir fellow's ailing," she whispered; and the ladies—with the exception of Miss Bohea—nodded kindly, to give Jack an excuse for going his way.

He made a second bow, and continued his course without looking to the right or left. Something was clearly the matter with him.

"I wonder what it can be?" exclaimed the four ladies, together; and they parted with every variety of conjecture and surmise.

"It's not very difficult to guess," said Miss Bohea, with an intonation of triumph. "That little Miss Chatfield must have jilted him."

At all events, not of her own accord, poor girl; for if Miss Bohea's suspicion was right in the letter, it was quite incorrect in the spirit. Jack had not been jilted; he had only been told that his dream of happiness was at an end—that was all; but was it not enough? And had he not reason to clasp his fists as he went, to vow that he was the most miserable being alive, and to plan throwing himself into the sea that very night, as soon as ever the moon should have risen?

This is what had happened. Jack, that morning, had got up as usual, without a cloud to dull his heart. He had breakfasted confidently off two poached eggs, and had set out for Mr. Jumper's place of worship, righteously purposed to attend to that reverend man's exhortations, and to make himself a cheerful soul by looking as frequently as he could during service at Miss Lucy Chatfield in the pew opposite him. He had arrayed himself in his best, had stuck a bright moss-rosebud within his button-hole, and had drawn on the choicest pair of dog-skin gloves, quoted at four shillings and sixpence in the market. His chin new reaped, his hair well brushed, and his whiskers trimly combed, had all created the most favorable impression upon the congregation at the tabernacle. Mr. Jumper, who had detected in him a proselyte, eyed him approvingly from the pulpit; and Mrs. Jumper, who had had him shown into her pew, presented him with her hymn-book. Albeit, as the service progressed, Jack's brow began to over.

At a quarter past eleven, neither Lucy, nor Annie Heywood, nor Mr. Chatfield had yet appeared. Twenty minutes, twenty-five, half an hour elapsed, and yet no sign of the party. Jack's brow became overcast. The sermon commenced, and Mr. Jumper, with fervid eloquence, began prophesying unpleasantries to the "miserable sinners" around him. It became evident that Lucy would not appear that day. Jack felt himself oppressed with all the terrors that the human mind, when suffering from the pains of love, can forge. He felt himself stifling in the close-packed chapel. His fears grew apace, and, to the speechless scandal of the congregation, he rose in the very midst of the sermon—at the pathetic point where Mr. Jumper, with a view to his special conversion, was describing the joy of the black sheep who has been washed—and bolted out.

When once outside, however, he had a moment's hope. Susan, one of the housemaids at Beauchamp Villa, was standing on the chapel steps; and, as soon as he appeared, drew a letter mysteriously from her pocket, handed it to him, and, without saying a word, disappeared. It was not in Lucy's handwriting, this letter, and Jack heard his heart throb again with all its fears as he tore open the envelope. This is what he read:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAVILAND:—All has been discovered. Mr. Chatfield came home last night in dreadful anger, having been told by somebody, we do not know whom, that you were in the habit of going out walking with us every day. He scolded poor Lucy all the evening yesterday, and again this morning. He is the more furious as she held out bravely that she loves you, and will marry no one but you. I believe Mr. Chatfield will call upon you to-day, but I am afraid he will be very harsh, for he speaks most bitterly, and talks of sending Lucy to France, and putting her in a convent, if she will not promise never to speak to you again. We are both very unhappy. Lucy has cried all the morning. I send this by Susan; and am, my dear Mr. Haviland, very faithfully yours,
ANNIE HEYWOOD."

Jack grew cold as he finished this letter, and we know the state in which he ran home. Fortunately, it was Sunday, and the chemists' shops were closed, or else there is no telling to what lengths he might have

run, had any one been found to sell him, upon his own recognizances, a dose of prussic acid. He ran so fast, and was so entirely absorbed in his own reflections, that he did not notice the frowning features of Mr. Chatfield, who was mounting guard outside his cottage, and who, as soon as he had rushed in with his head downcast, strode menacingly after him, and banged for ten good seconds at the door with a furious double knock. Jack had not yet taken off his gloves. He opened the sitting-room door, and heard a vibrating voice inquire of his housekeeper if he were at home.

"He's just come in, sir," answered the terrified Mrs. Nuffin, who had never heard anything like that knock before.

Mr. Chatfield, without waiting to be announced, walked straight into the room where Jack Haviland was, and, confronting him with an angry stare, began abruptly:—

"Do you consider yourself a gentleman, Mr. Haviland?"

"I hope so," stammered poor Jack, growing very red, and feeling very guilty.

"Ah! you hope so. Well, I am glad there seems to be some doubt of the fact in your mind; for I should like to know, sir, whether you consider it becoming a gentleman to make love to a young girl during her father's absence—to profit by the circumstance of my being in London six days of the week, to sing your maudlin love-songs in a mere child's ear—and to encourage that child to open defiance and disobedience of me? I ask you, sir, do you consider that conduct becoming a gentleman?"

"I love Miss Chatfield," faltered Jack, not finding anything else to say.

"You love Miss Chatfield!" repeated the merchant, waxing more indignant as he continued to speak. "And may I ask, sir, who you are who pretend to love Miss Chatfield? What are your means of existence? How do you live? What are your claims to the hand of a young lady in my daughter's position? Are you a peer of England?"

Jack shook his head despondingly.

"A millionaire?"

Jack gave a sigh.

"A man of talent? A great author? A painter? A rising barrister?"

"I am nothing," murmured Jack.

"Are you even an honest man, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Chatfield, raising his voice till it shook the room, and crossing his arms contemptuously.

"Ah! there, yes," cried Jack Haviland, with a red-hot glow on his face; "I may have been thoughtless, Mr. Chatfield, but I am an honest man."

"That's very easily said, sir," rejoined the merchant, coldly. "How much have you a year?"

"I've only two hundred pounds, and this cottage," answered Jack Haviland, humbly. "But you do not intend to judge of my honesty by the extent of my fortune, I hope?"

"But indeed I do, Mr. John Haviland," answered Mr. Chatfield, with a sneer; "for if you had been the honest man you pretend yourself, you would assuredly have known, sir, that a man lays himself open to very ugly suspicions, when, having but twelve shillings a day to live upon, he makes love to the daughter of a man who has a hundred thousand pounds at his banker's."

"I swear I never thought of your fortune!" cried Jack, impulsively. "Had you been poorer than I, it would have been just the same. You cannot think, Mr. Chatfield, that there was ever a single mercenary wish in my love for Miss Lucy?"

"Prove it!" said the merchant, sternly.

"How?" faltered Jack, feeling his heart droop within him.

"That is a strange question, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Chatfield, pronouncing each of his words with terrible conciseness. "You tell me that you ignored the extent of my fortune. Well, I reveal it to you, now; my daughter will, at my death, have ten thousand pounds a year. If your views have been so disinterested as you now affirm, you cannot but be struck with the immense disproportion that exists between Miss Chatfield's position and yours. And if you wish me to hold you guiltless of any unworthy measures, of any fault, indeed, save that of thoughtlessness, you know very well how you must act."

Jack became deadly pale, and drew his hand across his brow.

"Yes," he said, in a broken voice, "you want me to promise that I will not speak again to Miss Chatfield."

"I wish you to swear, upon your word of honor as a gentleman, that you will break off all further connection of any sort with my daughter. Do you promise?"

Jack hesitated a moment, and cast an imploring look at the merchant, whose features remained impassible.

"Very well," he said, sadly, "I give you my word. But I think it will be better if I go away. I will leave England to-morrow, and not return until—until—yes, until Miss Chatfield be married."

The merchant nodded; but he looked more attentively at Jack after the latter had spoken these words. There was even something like a trace of emotion on his face, and it was in a much softer voice that he said, holding out his hand:—

"I accept your word, Mr. Haviland, and confess that my estimate of you was a wrong one. But you must not bear me a grudge for the way I am acting. If you were in my place, you would understand that I have the welfare and happiness of my child to look to, and that I am bound to follow the promptings of my reason and my judgment."

"If I were a father, I should, no doubt, act as you are doing," said Jack, mournfully. "I am sorry I did not think of this before; but I will go away to-morrow, and you must tell Miss—Lu—Miss Chatfield to forget me."

The merchant did not feel so satisfied with himself as he had done a moment or two before. He ought to have taken his leave, and yet he stayed.

"It will be a great inconvenience to you to go away so suddenly," he said, with hesitation; "you have, probably, many matters to settle; debts to pay, perhaps. Will you allow me to take these off your hands?"

"No," said Jack, quietly; "I have no debts, whatever. I have nothing to settle, either. I shall give this cottage to my housekeeper, who used to be my nurse, and I can start the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Are you in need of money?"

"No, thank you. I had laid by a little store for a rainy day, and the rainy day has come."

He opened his desk, and showed the merchant a little heap of five-pound notes. Mr. Chatfield had become thoughtful.

"You have no debts," he said, pensively, "and with two hundred pounds a year only, you can manage to lay by. That speaks well for your training."

"I was very idle at school," said Jack, reddening, "and I know next to nothing; but whilst my father yet lived, that is, whilst I was still a child, he taught me two maxims, which he said contained the measure of

all earthly wisdom, 'Don't tell lies, and don't get into debt.'"

"And you have observed these maxims?"

Jack's eyes beamed truthfully at the merchant.

"Yes," he said, simply.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CHATFIELD left Jack's cottage with a host of new reflections in his mind. For the first time in his life, he began to suspect that there was something on earth as honorable as birth, great wealth, or famous talent, and that was plain, unboasting honesty. He had never been a hard man; on the contrary, he passed for generous and feeling. But, in common with most men in this mercenary age, he shared the idea that human merit was always to be measured by the standard of gold, and that where gold was wanting to prop it, virtue could never be very strong or very steadfast. He had always felt a certain contempt for poor men, and he grounded this feeling on the incontrovertible fact, that those who are obliged to battle continually against want must become narrow-minded at last, from the perpetual struggle and contact with petty miseries. It had never yet occurred to him that wealth was only a relative condition, and that some men could be richer with hundreds than others with millions. But, above all, it had never yet struck his mind that a man who brings to his wedding contract a spotless name, a rigid inflexibility of principle, and a cheerful heart, happy with little, and freed from greed, has more to offer than any wealth that can be expressed in figures.

After wandering about some time, and nearing his house, he turned suddenly back, and went again towards the town. He knew several people amongst the leading families, and he called upon them all, one after another, to gather information about Jack Haviland. Everywhere he heard the same thing. If ever a man had a good, honest, and amiable character, it was certainly Mr. Haviland. No man was so ready to do good; no one was so kind and even-tempered; no one so thoroughly unselfish, and so completely indulgent for the failings, vices, or caprices of others.

The world is not altogether so ungrateful as it is painted. People do not always

delight to repay kindness and service by slander. The astonished merchant saw more than one eye glisten with genuine tears of emotion while Jack's honest virtues were being descanted on. It began to be remembered that on no one occasion had Jack ever been heard to say an unkind thing of any one; while on the other hand, it was everywhere confirmed that he was invariably first to take the defence of those who were accused or maligned. Again, many acts of rare and touching delicacy were quoted of him; quarrels had been appeased by his means, reconciliations effected, and deeds of large and generous charity were attributed to him, the more surely as he had always evaded mention of them.

Mr. Chatfield returned home towards evening in a silent, thoughtful mood. He found Lucy with her eyes very red, and her pretty face quite sad from weeping. He kissed her, and told her not to cry; but, during dinner, he scarcely said a word, and as soon as he rose from table, he shut himself up in his study, and remained there walking up and down for nearly two hours. When he came out, his face bore an unusually serious, though mild expression. He held a letter in his hand, and rang the drawing-room bell.

"Take that to Mr. John Haviland, at the Cliff Cottage," he said.

When the servant had gone out, and he heard the house door close on him, Mr. Chatfield heaved a sigh of relief, like a man who has done a good action, and has reason to be pleased with it.

"Come here, Lucy," he said, in a gentle voice. And when the poor child had begun to weep again at hearing him speak so kindly, his lips quivered, and it was almost in a whisper that he spoke his next words: "Do you think, my darling pet, that I would ever willingly cause you a moment's pain? Do you not know that you are my only treasure on earth, and that there can be no joy or pleasure for me in life unless you have your share of it? Do you think that anything could compensate me for shedding one of your precious tears? And do you not feel that for a single one of your smiles I would do all that is humanly possible? Then trust to me, dear child, and never fear but that your happiness will be the sole guide to my actions, the only end to which I shall look."

Lucy went to bed a little comforted, but

with her heart still very heavy. Mr. Chatfield waited till the footman had returned from the cottage; inquired if the note had been delivered safely, and then retired, too. For the first time for many years, he retired to rest without reading the money articles in the weekly reviews, a task he always reserved for Sunday night. The fact was, his mind was very far from scrip and share that evening.

Jack was silently and sorrowfully packing up his boxes, when Mrs. Nuffin, who had been apprised of his departure, and thrown into a state of trembling wonder by it, brought up the merchant's note. Jack broke the seal without much excitement. The letter contained only these words:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAVILAND:—I should be very glad if you could call at Beauchamp Villa to-morrow, towards eleven, for I have something to say to you.

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT CHATFIELD."

Jack put the letter in his pocket, and continued to pack. He did not go to bed at all that night—sleep would have been impossible; so he passed his time in looking over all his domestic treasures, laying by a number of things which he intended to send as "keepsakes" to the numerous children by whom he was known and loved. He wrote, also, a few letters to different friends, ascribing his departure to a desire to travel—which, indeed, was strictly true, for he could no longer have borne to remain at Shingle.

When all this was done, he slipped out of the house towards midnight, and went down to the beach, to the most deserted part of it, where he had taken his last walk with Lucy. He remained there listening to the monotonous but soothing roll of the waves till daybreak; and no one who had met him, as he returned home peaceful and composed on the morrow, could have guessed how deep and real was the sorrow that lay under his placid features.

One of his most trying moments was the parting with Mrs. Nuffin, who was not at all to be comforted with the gift of Jack's cottage and furniture. The good woman invoked all the principles of common law and equity against the abandonment of an old nurse. It was contrary to the justice of the land, she affirmed; and, as she was an old woman, and had but little more time to live, Jack might very well have waited until she

died before beginning his ramblings abroad. Jack, who could not trust himself to remain calm a single moment where others were crying, was obliged to snatch himself away without listening.

"Drive to Beauchamp Villa," he said to the driver, on whose fly his boxes were piled; "and, after that, you'll have to take me to the station."

On reaching the villa, Jack Haviland's heart began to beat so fast that he had scarcely strength to knock. He was shown into an empty parlor; but, a minute after, the footman returned, and requested him to walk up to the drawing-room. Jack followed, hanging his head despondingly, and wishing he had been spared the last trial of coming to that house, into which he never more would enter. The servant announced him in a formal tone and withdrew. Jack raised his eyes doubtingly, and then turned ashy pale. He was in the presence not only of Mr. Chatfield, but of Lucy. His first impulse was to rush forward; but he remembered his promise, and remained motionless; only he was obliged to lean against a chair for support—he had not been prepared for this emotion.

Lucy looked at him wistfully, but at a gesture of her father's she walked slowly towards him, and held out her hand.

"Papa says I may shake hands with you, Mr. Haviland," she said, faltering.

He looked up at her, and a look of pain flitted across his face.

"Good-by—Miss Chatfield," he sobbed, with a desperate effort to control his voice.

Mr Chatfield appeared moved.

"Mr. Haviland," he said, quickly, "I have sent for you to propose that instead of leaving England, and so abandoning the chance of ever bettering your fortunes in this land, you should come with me to London and enter my office. We can find plenty for you to do there, and you could begin at a salary of three hundred pounds. By-and-by, there is no knowing, you might become my partner. I have heard a great deal about your uprightness and steadiness of conduct, and you are just the sort of man I should be pleased and proud to work with. Do you accept?"

Jack looked inquiringly, first at the merchant, then at Lucy, who seemed as much astonished as he.

"Ah, by the way, though, there's a condition I forgot to mention!" added Mr. Chatfield; "but it's a condition about which I hope you'll make no difficulty."

"What is that, sir?" asked Jack, in amazement.

"That you agree to marry my daughter."

ENTREATIES.

IF thou, at any time, shouldst want a friend,
 To cheer thee in thy weary walk through life,
 To speak for thee or aid thee in distress,
 And, in thy brightest moods, to laugh with thee,
 To guard thee from the slanderous tongues of men,
 To stand by thee, and all thy burdens share,
 To soothe thee when, in strife to gain the end,
 Thy heart breaks down in sorrow: Then bethink
 Thyself of one whose strength is never spent
 When in thy cause 'tis given, whose love for thee
 Will bear forgetfulness, distrust and scorn,
 And, strong beyond all other changeful loves,
 Will still be thine when earthly things are past.
 O friend, so loved! I ask no more than this:
 That it shall always be as it has been
 With thee and me; that thou remember not
 My weakness and mistrust, and only know
 My love for thee shall last beyond all time.

CAPTAIN DARRELL'S WARD.

BY W. H. MACY.

I AM, in this instance, telling a story, not making one; in fact, I am trying to repeat one, as it was told to me. My townsman and neighbor, Captain Darrell, is now an elderly man, in comfortable circumstances, of the strictest integrity, and not at all given to romancing. The Jessie Cameron of the story, the happy matron who presides over his household—ask her, if you will, whether Priam's word is to be relied on.

Thirty years ago, I was second mate of the *Warsaw*, lying in the port of Auckland, New Zealand. As we were bound to Japan the next season, touching at the Sandwich Islands, we received on board as passengers, a Scotchman, who had been for several years a resident of the colonies, and his only child, a little girl of twelve.

David Cameron had recently lost his wife, who had long been in delicate health; and closing up all his affairs, determined upon a change of residence, with a view of pushing his fortunes elsewhere. He had been a seaman in his youth, and was, of course, able to adapt himself easily to such accommodations as we could offer him in a whaler. He was tenderly attached to his daughter, who soon became a favorite with every one on board.

It needed not the assurance of the stricken widower to satisfy us that Jessie had been in the hands of an excellent mother. She was an interesting and intelligent child, and had made the most of her opportunities, in a situation where educational advantages were necessarily very limited.

Thrown into daily contact with her, as I was, it was not strange that I found a strong attraction drawing me to her. She was a study to me; for I could not help contrasting her, every hour in the day, with a little sister of mine, about the same age, whom I had left at home. It is true, Maria was a bright and pretty child, and so proud and fond of me, her sailor-brother! She believed that Priam Darrell was the incarnation of all that was grand and noble in manhood. But she had nothing of the quiet self-reliance to be observed in this child, who had been thrown so much upon her own

resources. In book knowledge, as well as in the thousand little graces and arts acquired in society, she was, of course, the superior of Jessie Cameron; but in strength and force of character, she might well have been several years the younger.

When near French Rock, we encountered a gale of wind, which exceeded in violence anything which I have ever experienced, before or since, in the Pacific. But our little passenger was quite at home on ship-board, and appeared to have little fear or uneasiness. She remained on deck nearly all the time, until the wind and sea increased to such a degree that her father was compelled, by fears for her safety, to order her to keep close in the cabin.

The old, *Warsaw*, owing to her stiffness, was a very ugly sea-boat in a gale. And on the second day of the blow, all her storm canvas having been torn from the bolt-ropes, she lay wallowing at the mercy of the elements. It was found quite impossible to bend and set any new sails, and our situation became really dangerous.

We lay thus for several hours, occasionally shipping the top of a sea, but no material damage had been done. Towards night, we were favored with a lull, and advantage was taken of it to set a new mizzen-staysail, that we might have something to keep her head up to the sea.

All hands were above deck at the time; and I myself was on the mizzen-stay, half way up the mainmast, doing the last work of bending the sail to its hanks. The halyards and sheet were strongly manned, and every one in readiness waiting for the word to "hoist away."

I was just about to slide down from my perch, when a great wall of water came roaring down on us, and I knew, by the feel of the ship under me, that she would not rise clear of it. On it came. I clung involuntarily to the stay, hearing confused cries of "Hold on!" "Look out!" It met us with a shock that seemed to have driven in the whole broadside of our stout craft.

It combed in nearly the whole length of the ship, fore and aft, giving no one time to escape, or to do anything but cling instinctively to the nearest support. All below me

was a raging gulf of water, in which men and inanimate objects were promiscuously dashed about. I had enough to do to retain my hold where I was, looking down upon the dreadful sight. I felt that my fate would be decided in another minute or two. It must be the same as that of my shipmates, who were vainly stretching their hands towards me for succor, while here and there a cry rang in my ears, breaking the ceaseless roar of sea and wind. We were all to die together, unheard of; the simple record attached to our names, "Probably foundered at sea."

But, shuddering in every timber of her ancient fabric, the Warsaw rose again triumphant from what seemed her death-struggle with the elements. Her bare deck came into view as she shook herself free of the burden; for nearly all the bulwarks were swept away on both sides, as well as everything of a movable nature. But not a human being was to be seen, as, still clinging in my elevated position, I looked about me. All had been swallowed up and gone to their final account.

I had no time for sentiment; indeed I think the leading emotion in my mind was one of astonishment at feeling the ship still buoyant for I had had no idea that she could ever rise again. I slid down to the deck, and, watching my opportunity, darted below into the cabin. Everything was afloat there; for the companion-way had been dashed into splinters, and the sea had poured down in a cataract. I stood in the doorway leading into the after-cabin, drenched and shivering, looking up at the now open hatchway, and wondering how long it might be ere I should be engulfed; for the next sea that boarded us would, probably, fill and water-log the already shattered hull.

"Where's father?" said a tremulous little voice, behind me.

Until then I had not thought of the child. I turned at the sound, and saw the bright head protruding from the narrow opening of a state-room door. The blue eyes were unnaturally expanded with wonder and anxiety; but there was none of the childish weakness of fear that might be looked for under the circumstances.

"Mr. Darrell, where's father?" she repeated.

How could I answer the question? Only by a sign to her to keep close within her room, as I moved forward out of her range

of vision, that my telltale face might be hidden.

Powerless, as regarded any effort I could make for safety against the storm, I awaited the moment when the ship should be engulfed, with little Jessie and myself. But, as if the demon of wrath had been satiated, she now appeared to make better weather of it than she had done for hours before. Hope again revived, and I hastened to explain our position to the orphaned girl.

I knew not how to begin, rough seaman that I was, to break the sad intelligence to her. But I found it unnecessary to speak; she had already guessed the truth, in part, and a single look in my face was sufficient for her quick comprehension to take in the rest.

After the first burst of grief, which I suffered her to indulge unchecked, she became calm, wonderfully so, and was prepared to look the matter squarely in the face with a coolness and resolution far beyond her years.

"Do you think we shall be drowned, Mr. Darrell?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "At least, I have strong hopes that we may be saved. I think the worst of the gale is over; and if we only don't happen to ship an unfortunate sea like that which"—

"My dear father! He was all that I had!" she moaned; and once more her miraculous fortitude gave way, and she broke down again.

The gale abated at midnight, and though the ship labored terribly in the tumbling swell, for want of canvas to steady her, we shipped no more heavy seas. I stayed near my young charge all through the night; for, of course, neither of us could sleep. I promised her that I would ever be as a father to her, and that, come what would, she should share my fortunes, and be to me as a sacred legacy.

With the morning light came the necessity for effort, and a sense of responsibility new and strange to me. I sounded the well, and found only two feet of water in the ship, this having worked down from above. I did not attempt, alone, to pump her out; but rejoiced in the assurance that I still had a tight craft under me; for, had she sunk, I should have had no dependence beyond such a raft as I could have extemporized. Every boat had been swept away.

I loosed and let fall the foresail, and suc-

ceeded in setting it, with the child's assistance and the power of the windlass. The spanker I could easily manage with the brails; and these, with the lower staysails, were all the canvas that I intended to make use of. I could do nothing with the loftier sails without more help.

The sun had come out brightly after the storm, and the aspect of the skies indicated a continuance of fine weather. I took observations, and shaped my course towards the Hervey Islands, hoping to make Manglea or Baratonga. I had a good general knowledge of navigation, though I had little practice, and was unused to anything like responsible control of that department.

Of course, I was obliged to be at the helm most of the time. But I soon taught Jessie, so that she could steer well enough in fair weather, which gave me time to attend to many other matters. But as we could not steer all day and all night, the ship was necessarily left to her own guidance some part of the time.

I soon discovered that my knowledge of navigation, though it might tell me where I was, would not enable me to go where I wished. The winds and currents headed me off, so that we were making a drift to the westward; and it was impossible to remedy this, unless the ship were manned so as to be well steered and enabled to carry all sail. Spite of all that the child and I could do, she must go nearly where the elements might carry her. We should be more likely to make land somewhere among the Tongas or Feejees than in the direction I had hoped at first.

There was no fear of our running short of provisions or water, as we had more on board than we two could consume for years. The weather continued fine, and we were daily drifting into milder latitudes; but no sail could be seen. A dozen times every day I climbed to the masthead, in the vain hope of descrying a ship; and as often descended to cheer up my little shipmate with the hope of seeing one to-morrow.

Thus week after week wore away monotonously, while Jessie and I were all the world to each other, and every hour served to fasten the tendrils more firmly about my heart, as she leaned in her childish dependence upon me. I thought how miserable I might have been if entirely alone in a similar situation; and in return, clung to her, and gave thanks as for a blessing, Heaven-

sent, to become a part of my whole future life and being. I do not think I could have entertained the thought of parting with her.

My observations satisfied me that we had passed beyond the latitude of the Tonga and Feejee groups without having seen them. This knowledge was rather a relief to me; for we should, most likely, have fallen into the power of savage cannibals, who would have shown us no mercy. We could hardly fare worse by drifting on towards the equator; while there was still the possibility of meeting a ship with civilized men on board.

At length, on going aloft as usual, one beautiful morning, the horizon line along under our lee presented the irregular, broken appearance which I had often seen before, and knew so well. The bunches or tufts of cocoanut trees growing upon very low land were the first objects that came into view; so that, as we neared them, the slender stems seemed to be rooted in the ocean, and to shoot up directly from its watery bed.

We were setting, by the force of a current, directly towards the island, and there was no possibility of propelling the ship away from it. But there was a chance that it might be uninhabited. If so, we could not land upon it, for we had no boat, and it was out of the question to think of managing a raft in the intricate channels of a coral reef.

But we had been seen, as it appeared, even before we discovered the land. For, within an hour, the triangular sails of half a dozen large canoes rose into view, coming rapidly up towards us. To escape with the ship was simply impossible. But it occurred to me that the savages could know nothing of our defenceless condition, though the appearance of the ship, under so little canvas in fine weather, must be strange and suspicious to them. They would not attempt any foul play with us, if they believed the vessel to be fully manned and armed. They had come off to drive a barter trade with the white men, as was their usual custom.

I at once set to work, with the help of the child, who showed a ready comprehension of the situation, to manufacture a crew for the vessel. Seamen's clothes were abundant, and in a short time, every handspike was rigged up in a motley suit. These were all stuffed out into shape, and topped with hats or caps. I disposed them in the most natural positions about decks, in various parts of the ship, so as to give the whole the most lifelike appearance.

I loaded all the firearms we had on board, which amounted to only three muskets; and then went aloft to loose the mainsail, which had never been set since the gale in which the crew were swept overboard. I had felt unable, alone, to control such an immense sheet of canvas. But I must have it ready for use now, in case I should want to give the vessel more headway.

While on the mainyard, engaged in loosing it, a sail appeared in sight over the point of the island. Not a canoe—one could not be seen at that distance in range of the trees—but a ship! My heart leaped at the thought that help and deliverance were within a few miles of me.

"Bring up the ensign from the cabin, Jessie!" I shouted, as I let fall the bunt of the mainsail, and hurried down on deck. I caught it from her eager little arms, bent it to the halyards, and ran it up—half-mast, as a signal of distress.

I brailled the spanker, while the child put the helm up, and by the power of the foresail wore the ship round so as to be on the same tack with the strange vessel. I could not steer directly at her, without running the ship ashore; nor could she work to windward much against the force of the current. But my hope lay in her sending boats, as soon as those on board should see my flag of distress, and the strange trim of my sails.

I managed to swing the headyards round, and set the foresail, after a fashion. But, meanwhile, the savages were fast closing with me, and I had not sufficient confidence in my sham seamen to believe that I could long deceive their sharp eyes. I might gain a little time; but the trick must be discovered, and I feared this would be before succor could reach me from the strange ship.

I kept Jessie at the wheel, steering as much off the wind as I dared; but I was fearful of getting embayed, and not having room to clear the point. I let fall the mainsail, and gave it a kind of flying set, as well as I could. The ship felt this added power at once, and gathered headway, which I determined she should not lose; for if the barbarians once succeeded in getting on board, it would be too late for any attempt of boats to rescue us, even if we were not instantly put to death. It was no time, now, to think of the question whether I could ever get the sails in again. I must have the use

of them now, at once; and I sprung aloft to loose the topsails.

I had only time to do this and let go the gear, so that they filled and bagged out in mid air; for, of course, I could not hoist the yards up. The leading canoe was now drawing very near me; and the ugly-looking wretches stood staring in silent bewilderment, as the ship drove past them. I saw by their gestures as they pointed at the hands-pike men, that they were already suspicious; probably from having noticed that they did not move about. But they rested on their paddles to confer with the next comers, and I had thus gained so much time, while I was doing what I could to push the Warsaw ahead.

I knew these people well enough to be sure that they would never attack, unless all the circumstances were overwhelmingly in their favor. They would move warily in reconnoitering; but, as soon as certain of the true state of things, they would make a dashing attempt to board the ship by force.

I had thus shaken off the first canoes, and left them in the wake. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, though their canoes would sail much faster than the ship could, under her bags and festoons. But other pursuers were fore-reaching upon me, and fresh reinforcements putting out from the shore as we neared the land obliquely. None seemed to care to visit the other ship; but all were attracted by the manœuvres of mine.

A large canoe, which contained one whom I judged to be a leading chief, placed herself in my track. I was obliged, necessarily, to pass her so closely, that their suspicions, already aroused by telegraphic signals from their baffled comrades, were rendered certainty. Our real weakness was now understood, and almost instantly communicated through the whole flotilla. All those which had been left in the rear, gave chase under full power of sails and paddles; while five or six late arrivals, who had the advantage of position, disposed themselves for boarding the ship on both bows at once.

There was no alternative for me but to stand boldly on my course; and I had time, before closing with the enemy, to run up in the main rigging, and cast an anxious glance towards the ship, which was hugging the wind under all sail, in the endeavor to come to my relief. Better than all, I could see that two boats had left her side, and were pulling towards me.

But a crisis must come before they could arrive on the stage. I sprang on deck again, seized a boarding-knife, a terrible, two-edged weapon, which would be far more effective at close quarters than any firearms, and took my stand on the fore-hatches, where I could jump quickly to either side. The bulwarks, as before said, had been nearly all swept away by the sea that boarded us. But this circumstance was quite as much in my favor as in that of the assailants.

I watched the approach of two canoes, which were nearly abreast the fore-chains, one each side. It seemed that they would both attack at the same instant. If so, I might be overwhelmed by one party boarding in my rear, while I was upsetting the other. I dropped the boarding-knife, and, seizing a musket, the only reliable one I had, I took a hasty aim at the man in the head of one of the canoes and fired. He dropped his paddle, struck, as I suppose, in the arm. I was safe on that side, at present, as the confusion and loss of headway would be sufficient to cause her to lose her chance of grasping the chain-plates.

I rushed across the deck just in time to meet the other canoe as she fell alongside. One of my Quaker mariners with a hickory backbone stood conveniently near at hand. I lifted it and dashed it full upon the heads of the savages, felling two of them. They also lost their hold and drifted astern. But, by this time, a third and fourth were almost upon me. I was ready, with weapons on both sides; and, now that I was fairly in for it, felt far less anxiety than when the fight was only in anticipation.

One of them made clumsy work of it, dashing her prow violently against the ship's side, and being thrown adrift on the rebound. But while I was observing this, the other, on the starboard side, had secured a firm hold, and two grinning warriors had made good their footing on the plankshear. A rush, with the thought that I was striking for my own life and the child's, a single sweep of the keen boarding-knife, and the two mangled barbarians fell backwards upon their comrades. I was clear of that crew, by a single cut dividing their warp of cocoanut cordage. I had received a wound in the side from a spear thrown at me—a ragged cut by a series of shark's teeth—but I hardly felt it then.

Meanwhile, the brave little girl had stood at the helm, steering the ship as well as I

could have done it myself, and carefully noting my orders, conveyed to her by a wave of my hand. There were still two more canoes ahead; but I led one of them into a trap by directing Jessie to make a broad yaw, and then suddenly bringing the ship back to her former course. Taken by surprise, he had no time to get clear from under our bows. The canoe was crushed and sunk instantly, though it was quite impossible to drown her amphibious navigators. Her consort kept out of reach, and fell in abeam of us at a safe distance, not daring to make an attack unsupported.

I felt now comparatively safe; for, although all the canoes astern were steadily gaining upon us, they must approach at great disadvantage; and, besides, they had lost confidence and prestige; for, with savages, the first surprise is everything. I could now take my stand aft, near my little companion; and could use firearms with deliberation.

But, while doing so, with deadly effect upon the man whom I supposed to be the high chief, as before mentioned, I was startled by a cry from Jessie; and turning, beheld the shocky head of a stalwart savage rising into view on the other quarter. He had poised his spear for the act of darting at me, when, quick as thought, the little girl, who had let go the helm, slung a small billet of wood directly in his face. He was thrown off his balance and fell backwards, while the spear dropped harmlessly in on deck. I was on the spot before another man could climb up, and the danger was over.

The breeze was freshening a little, and the two boats were now plainly in view and fast nearing us. I directed Jessie to keep a little more off, so as to head directly for them; for I had more sea-room now, and felt that I could afford to laugh at the whole bloodthirsty pack, who, now in full cry, were hovering in our wake.

The warps of the two fully-manned whale-boats were skillfully thrown up to me, and with those twelve resolute seamen on her deck, the Warsaw might bid defiance to any number of piratical canoes. The topsails were hoisted at once, and everything trimmed. We closed rapidly with the other ship, and I soon had the pleasure of shaking by the hand my former shipmate, Baylies, now in command of the Calypso, and of presenting my heroic little lieutenant, Jessie.

A gang of men were spared sufficient to

work the Warsaw, and together the two ships bore away for Sydney. Here the damages were repaired, a crew shipped, and the consul put me in charge of her to take her home.

The little Scotch girl, thus left upon the world, became a member of our family. My mother and Maria would have assented to any arrangement, if I had suggested it; but their whole hearts were enlisted in the orphan's welfare, when they learned the whole story of the adventure which she had shared with me. The small sum of money found among her father's effects, was carefully applied towards her clothing and education; and, bidding her a tender farewell, I left her, to follow up my profession.

I made two long voyages after this, and at each return I found Jessie all that the fondest and most careful guardian could desire. In all respects she was equal, in some, superior to my sister; and, had they been twins, they could not have loved each other better.

Jessie was twenty years old at the time I arrived home in command of the Greenwich. I know not at what particular time during that voyage I began to think it possible that she and I might love each other. I think this feeling came upon me very gradually. Perhaps it may have been something in the tone of her letters; for she always wrote to me, much as a sister might write to an elder brother; but her letters, on this voyage, were not quite as affectionate as at first. There was a little embarrassment in the manner and style.

Yet this was but natural, when I reflected upon it. But it must have been this very change that put me in the way of reflecting. There was, after all, nothing very awkward or anomalous in our position towards each other. She was simply a member of our family; an adopted daughter, as it were, of my mother. But, wishing to support herself, she had found employment as a teacher, and insisted upon paying her board. This I had learned from the various letters received; and, of course, I admired her independent spirit.

I kept pondering upon this matter until it formed the chief subject of my thoughts through many a long night-watch. I did not know of any other woman whom I could love so well. I was only thirty-three, even though I had been a bearded second mate when she was a wee sprite of a child.

After all, the disparity of age was not so very great, and, perhaps—

But I could not bear the thought of having her marry me—as perhaps she might, if I asked her—from any feeling of gratitude or obligation. Though I am satisfied since that I wronged her, even in thinking that she might do so.

She had developed into a beautiful woman when we next met. She was evidently as fond of me as ever, for the tears came into her eyes at sight of me. But she did not, of course, rush into my arms and kiss me with the old, childish *abandon*. All of which was natural enough, when I came to consider upon it.

I took occasion, very soon after my arrival, to speak to my sister, alone, about Jessie. I think I asked if she had any suitor. And, perhaps, I was transparent enough to betray a little of the interest that I felt in Maria's answer. At any rate, she looked at me very roguishly.

"No," said she, "none that I know of. I wish she might have—that is, an accepted or acceptable one. I didn't mean to say that no suitors had applied—only that she has none now."

"Is she so hard to suit, then?" I asked.

"Very," said Maria. "Yet I think I know a man whom she would not refuse."

"Indeed! Who is the favored one?"

"You are the last person who ought to ask that question. Go look in the glass," she added, as she rose to leave me.

"But I am too old, Maria." This in spite of having long ago argued myself into the belief that I was not.

"Too old to look in the glass, do you mean?" asked my sister, innocently. "*She* doesn't think so," mischievously, again.

"Stay!" said I, detaining her, and becoming very imperative and serious all at once. "I am your brother, Maria. Do not jest or trifle with my feelings."

"Not for worlds!" she returned, even more seriously than I myself had spoken. "Neither with yours, Priam, nor with hers, for is she not as my twin sister?"

"But how do you know all this?" I persisted.

"Oh, the unreasonable inquisitiveness of man! To ask a *woman* how she knows, in a case like this! There, let me go, now. But, Priam," added the dear girl, turning back and striking a tragic attitude, "thou canst not say I did it!"

Of course I couldn't; but I thought I might do it myself, on this hint. And I think I was hardly happier myself than were Maria and our mother, when they learned that Jessie and I were to sail the voyage of

life together. She doesn't know, any better than I do on the other hand, at what particular time she found out that she loved her old guardian. But we both agree that it is of no great consequence.

THE END OF THE STORY.

BY G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

YOU were standing alone in the silence,
When I passed down the stair that night,
Alone with your thoughts in the shadow,
Away from the fire's soft light;
And never a greeting you gave me,
Not a word your lips let fall,
As I came from the light to your side, dear,
That night in the old oak hall.

But I knew, ah, so well! the secret
You fancied you kept unseen;
And I hated the pride that was standing
Like a shadow our hearts between.

So I told you, that night, a story, .
And you listened as in a spell,
Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
Of the story I tried to tell.

You fain would have silenced me then, dear,—
To leave it untold were best,—
Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
To your heart, that you knew the rest.
And the shadow passed by from between us,
Forever beyond recall,
As you whispered the end of the story
That night, in the old oak hall.

TREES OF THE FAR WEST.

BY ELIJAH CHANEY.

FIRST in size is the Red Wood. It is found only in that part of the United States known as California, and only on the Sierra Nevada range, west of the Coast Range Mountains. The Red Wood forests commence at Smith's River on the north boundary line of the State, and continue to Francisco Bay on the latter range. Then there is a gap, and afterwards they continue on through the State via Santa Cruz. The trees are all straight, commonly from four to twelve feet in diameter, and clusters, or groves of them much larger are found. One near Crescent City I measured. It was fifty feet in circumference; many others about as large were close by. They usually are about two hundred and seventy-five feet in height; the bark is often ten inches thick. The wood is soft, brittle and durable; the leaves resemble those of a cedar, and are few and scattering. These forests on the last mentioned range are located on low hills, com-

posed of stiff yellow clay, with about two inches of soil for a covering, totally unfit for agriculture. A person on traversing over any part will encounter a continual jungle of fern and bushes, in places partially relieved by patches of delicious berries; in others he will see exposed to view the giant trunks which fell many centuries ago, and whose limbs have continued to grow downwards as well as upwards ever since, forming often as many as six or seven large trees on a huge root, that once was a mighty tree growing the upright way. Many of these old trees having fallen crosswise, of each other, deep and dangerous pits are formed between them, the bottoms of which, on account of the fern and the darkness, cannot be seen; and as the sun is seldom visible, owing to the dense fog that ever prevails here, it is consequently wet or damp every day in the year. Few care to traverse these forests for pleasure's sake.

Next is the Red Fir, by some called Spruce, and which rightly merits the name of the Monarch of the Forest. Its general shape is like that of all the fir family, cone or sugarloaf shape; the color of the wood is nearly like that of the Red Wood, a thin girdle of white on the outside, the central reddish; its foliage is dark green, very thick; in some localities it grows to a height of three hundred feet, and is ten to twelve feet in diameter. It is one of the most common, valuable and beautiful of all the trees that grow west of the Rocky Mountains, and is found on all the mountain ranges.

Picea Bracteata, Larch, Balsam, White, and several other perhaps nameless kinds of fir, in common beautify and grace the gorges on all the different ranges; and in various shades of color mingling together, they are truly beautiful ornamental trees; but the wood is so soft, wet and perishable, that they are considered worthless for other purposes.

The Silver Fir is said to be found only in a few localities in the Sierra Nevada range. It is much like the Balsam, except that its leaves are tipped with white, caused by a gummy ooze, which makes them appear as if glittering frost ever remained, mingling white with the green. By some this is considered the most beautiful of trees.

Sugar Pine is found only on the heights of the different ranges, from Rogue River south. Its wood is soft, nearly white, and valuable as timber. It has thin bark, needle-like leaves growing in short bunches, and generally the trees grow about two hundred feet high, are from four to five feet in diameter, and on burning one side a delicious sugar is formed from the baked sap.

Yellow or Pitch Pine trees of three different kinds are found in all the ranges from Alaska south. Two of them are very valuable as timber, and in size and beauty nearly equal the Red Fir.

Norway Pine is common. It grows on all the ranges north of California. It grows straight, and seldom more than one hundred feet high, and one foot in diameter. Trappers in former years have often observed a bald mountain from some unknown cause suddenly bristling for miles with the young trees. They grow rapidly for about thirty years, and then all together, within two years' time, they are dead; remaining a vast dead forest for about four years, at which time the roots are decayed, and the

first winter storm that comes blows them down pretty much all one way, and it appears that they never grow again on the same land.

The White Spruce is found only in the western Red Wood range. Its wood is soft, coarse-grained, white and valuable. Its bark is thin, and partially covered with short scales; its leaves are like fine grass, and grow in a few scattering bunches about a foot in length. The limbs and knots, unlike the trunk, are so hard as to frequently break the best of steel axes.

Tamarac and Black Pine are found on the ranges in Washington Territory. The trees are all tall and straight, and generally the limbs are covered with moss, presenting a singular appearance, particularly so when the sun shines on them.

The Myrtle is found only on the western slope of the Coast Range Mountains, and between the Columbia and Klamath Rivers. Its general height is one hundred feet, and it attains a diameter of three feet. Its wood is white, solid and heavy, and always accompanied by a pleasant, gratifying odor. It is much valued for furniture, as the wood, it is said, neither swells nor shrinks; also, the leaves held to the breath immediately break or relieve a cold.

The Madrone, or Mountain Laurel, is found on all the highlands of the mining districts, from Rogue River south; this variety, as well as all those before named, is evergreen. Its general height is about seventy feet, and it is two in diameter. It has thin, smooth bark, of a purple color. Its wood is white and solid, almost grainless, and is valuable for engraving purposes, etc.

The Water Maple is a native of Southern Oregon, and grows only immediately on the water courses. Its foliage is of a dark green, and very thick; and its general appearance at a distance is like an apple set on a stake. It is about sixty feet high, and of all the wild trees that grow west of the Rocky Mountains, there is no more beautiful variety.

Oaks, Black, and a specie of White, are found in a zone or belt of country commencing at the Wallamet Valley, and extending on through the Umphqua, Rogue River and Sacramento Valleys. They commonly are eighty or ninety feet high, and are wide-spreading, ornamental trees; but the wood is so open, porous and brittle, that they are considered worthless for all other purposes

except fuel. In the last named valley hundreds of oaks are stripped of their limbs every year for fuel, which is packed in flat-boats and sent to the cities below. The boat with wood is placed in a vat, fastened, and then all is completely covered with water, the boat is removed, and a calculation made of the number of cords of wood it contains, upon the principle that so many inches of wood displace so many inches of water, which is a very just mode.

The birch grows to perfection on Koatine River, and the other tributaries of the Upper Columbia. Within a few miles of "Little Dalls"—a romantic place near to the north line of Washington Territory, where there are natural troughs thirty or forty feet deep, cut slantwise in the bed-rock across the river, over which its clear, pure waters

madly rush, rumbling and dashing, presenting a wild and fearful looking sheet of foam—I have seen Birch trees growing six to eight feet in diameter, and the first sixty feet in height without a limb. I saw also two Indians making the portage around those magnificent rapids, one carrying a birch-bark canoe, purchased at Koatine, which measured twenty-five feet in length, and its weight was estimated at less than one hundred pounds. They are made by first shaping a tree into a mould, binding the green bark to it with withes till dry, then it is trimmed, and a few light braces like those of a basket sewed inside. When under headway on the beautiful Columbia, it is astonishing with what speed the Indians propel the birch-bark canoes.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

THERE are very few homes whose inmates have not, at some time or other, suffered more or less severely from the effects of a burn; there are few persons who ever forget the severity of the pain that succeeds a bad burn; and yet there are very few who make any provision for the proper treatment of such wounds. This neglect arises from indifference or from ignorance, but chiefly the latter. A burn treated in time, does not take nearly so long to heal, and generally heals better than it otherwise would.

The best thing to apply to a burned or scalded part is Carron oil spread on lint or linen. The main object in the treatment of a burn is to keep the affected part out of contact with the air; but the part of the treatment to which our attention should be first directed, is that which will lessen or remove the pain. Ice or cold water is sometimes used; and sometimes water moderately warm, or a gentle heat, gives relief.

Carron oil can be prepared in a very simple way. It consists of equal parts of olive oil and lime-water. Olive oil, or salad or Lucca oil, is the oil best suited for the purpose; but if not easily obtainable, linseed oil answers the purpose very well. Lime-water can be easily made by any one, if it cannot

be procured otherwise. About a teaspoonful of the lime used by builders—if the purer kind is not obtainable—added to a pint of water and well shaken, is all that is required. It is then allowed to settle, and the water, when required, is drawn off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. Pour the oil on the lime-water, stir or shake well, and the mixture is ready for use. It is poured freely between two folds of lint, or the lint dipped in the mixture; the lint applied to the wound, and held in position by a bandage. The wound may be dressed twice a day; but in dressing, the wound should be exposed to the air the shortest possible time. If the lint adheres to the wound, it must not be pulled off, but first moistened thoroughly with the oil, when it comes off easily. In some cases, it is not advisable to remove the lint. Under such circumstances, the best way to proceed is to lift up one fold of the lint, drop the oil within the folds, replace the fold as before, and secure the bandage. Carron oil is one of those things that no household should be at any time without.

Considering the simplicity of the cure, how easily olive oil and lime-water can be obtained, let us hope that for the sake of relieving even a few minutes' pain, no reader will be without a bottle of Carron oil.

FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.

THE snake was a large cobra, four feet and a half inches in length, the most formidable cobra I have seen. He was turned into an enclosed room or veranda about twenty by twelve feet, and at once coiled himself up, head erect, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, and began to hiss loudly. The mongoose was a small one of its species, very tame and kind, but exceedingly active. When the mongoose was put into the rectangle, it seemed scarcely to notice the cobra; but the latter, on the contrary, appeared at once to recognize its enemy. It became excited, and no longer seemed to pay any attention to the bystanders, but kept constantly looking at the mongoose. The mongoose began to go round and round the enclosure, occasionally venturing up to the cobra, unconcernedly.

Some eggs being laid on the ground, it rolled them near the cobra and began to suck them. Occasionally it left the eggs and went up to the cobra, within an inch of its neck, as the latter reared up; but when the cobra struck out, the mongoose was away with extraordinary activity. At length the mongoose began to bite the cobra's tail, and it looked as though the fight would commence in earnest. Neither, however, seemed anxious for close quarters, so the enclosure was narrowed. The mongoose then began to give the cobra some fierce bites, but the cobra, after some fencing, forced the mongoose into a corner, and struck it with full force on the upper part of the hind leg. We were sorry for the mongoose, as, but for the enclosure, it would have escaped. It was clear that on open ground the cobra would not have bitten it at all; while it was the policy of the mongoose to exhaust the cobra before making a close attack. The bite of the cobra evidently caused the mongoose great pain, for it repeatedly stretched out its leg and shook it, as if painful, for some minutes. The cobra seemed exhausted by its efforts, and, putting down its head, tried hard to escape, and kept itself up in a corner. The mongoose then went up to it, and drew it

out by snapping at its tail, and when it was out began to bite its body, while the cobra kept turning round and round, striking desperately at the mongoose, but in vain.

When this had continued for some time, the mongoose at length came right in front of the cobra, and after some dodging and fencing, when the cobra was in the act of striking, or rather ready to strike out, the mongoose, to the surprise of all, made a sudden spring at the cobra, and it seemed much weakened. It was easy now to see how the fight would end, as the mongoose became more eager for the struggle. It continued to bite the body of the cobra, going round it as before, and soon came again in front, and bit it a second time in the upper jaw, when more blood flowed. This continued for some time, until at last the cobra, being very weak, the mongoose caught its upper jaw firmly, and holding down its head, began to crunch it.

The cobra, however, being a very strong one, often got up again and tried feebly to strike the mongoose; but the latter now bit its head and body as it pleased, and when the cobra became dead and motionless, the mongoose left it, and ran to the jungle. The natives said that the mongoose ran to the jungle to eat some leaves to cure itself. We did not wish to prevent it, and we expected it would die, as it was severely bitten. In the evening, some hours after the fight, it returned, apparently quite well, and is now quite as well as ever. It follows either that the bite of the cobra is not fatal to a mongoose, or that a mongoose manages somehow to cure itself. I am not disposed to put aside altogether what so many intelligent natives positively assert. This fight shows, at any rate, how these active little animals manage to kill poisonous snakes. Upon open ground a snake cannot strike them; whereas, they can bite the body and tail of a snake, and wear it out before coming to close quarters. This mongoose did not seem to fear the cobra at all; whereas, the cobra was evidently in great fear from the moment it saw the mongoose.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

GILBERT BLANCHARD'S SECRET.

BY SARAH F. BRIGHAM.

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

ALLOW me to introduce myself, Gilbert Blanchard, son of Rev. John Blanchard of Ambrose.

Though my father was a clergyman, who was beloved and honored in his calling, and the blood of several clerical ancestors ran in my veins, I was not moulded after a clerical pattern. I had little predisposition to sobriety and sacred things. Not that I was really inclined to be vicious, but the good and evil within me was so evenly balanced, that my associates, who had great influence over me, could easily tip the scale.

One bright June morning, as I stood near the garden gate, two of father's parishoners and staunch friends came slowly up the road talking earnestly.

A large spruce tree close to the fence hid me from their view, while each word of their conversation as they approached and passed by, reached my ears distinctly.

"Mr. Blanchard is a truly good man, and a most acceptable preacher," said Deacon Rush to Mr. Huntington, in his slow, monotonous tones, "but it is a dreadful pity he can't rule his household better. He lets his son Gilbert have his way completely. It's bad for the boy. He needs control or he will come to grief."

"Oh, Gilbert will come out all right in the end. There is a good deal in him that is praiseworthy; given a little too much to fun and frolic, but I like him. I am sure he'll get over his boyish pranks before long."

"Don't know exactly which way he is going to take. Just as the twig is bent the tree'll incline, and unless he is better managed, I fear he'll grow up a crooked tree. He is smart enough, if he is trained rightly to make something."

"Yes," responded Mr. Huntington, "he is a bright boy."

"Mr. Blanchard can tell others how to bring up children, but it is far easier for him to preach than to practice," said the deacon.

I could hear no more, for the two men

had passed on; but I had listened to enough to kindle hot anger within me. I rushed into the house, and finding father in his study, excitedly repeated to him the conversation which had passed between Deacon Rush and Mr. Huntington.

"Deacon Rush is an old hypocrite!" I exclaimed. "He'd better stop slandering us. He said it is far easier for you to preach than to practice."

Father looked grave.

"The deacon said what is quite true," he replied. "He has spoken honestly, and you ought not to call him a hypocrite."

"Well, he is not a friend of ours," I said, excitedly.

"You are mistaken. He is a *true* friend to you and me. Nothing would make him happier than to see you act well. The words you overheard are worth heeding, and true of both of us in the main. You have some excellent qualities, but you are too impetuous; and unless you control your hasty temper it will surely lead you into trouble."

"I don't see what Deacon Rush has to do with my faults. Wish he'd mind his own business. He isn't perfect any more than anyone else."

I went out and sat on the doorstep in a bitter mood.

Deacon Rush had always appeared extremely friendly and interested in me, but the opinion he had expressed to Mr. Huntington galled my pride and troubled me. The week before I had applied to Mr. Huntington for a place in his store, and was waiting his decision, and I feared the deacon had influenced him against me.

That same evening, Joseph Huntington called to tell me that his father had hired his nephew, Henry Philips, and would not need me. To enter a store and work my way up till I became a successful merchant was my boyish dream. Mr. Huntington had given me real encouragement that he would take me, and the loss of the situation was a keen disappointment. I went to bed in trouble, and thought the matter over till I went to sleep. It was now plain to my

mind, it was Deacon Rush, who, by talking against me, had caused Mr. Huntington to change his course, and take Henry Philip instead of me.

The next morning one of my best friends overtook me, as I was on my way home after doing an errand for my father. I was about half a mile from the village when Harry Denning called from behind:—

"Stop, Gilbert!"

I turned quickly around and waited till he came up.

"Want you to go fishing with me," he said. His hook and line were in his hand.

"Can't," I replied, "father wants me to work at home this morning in the garden."

"Too bad; fish nibble gloriously down by the bridge. I caught twenty right off yesterday."

We continued to talk, and soon came in sight of Deacon Rush's house. He was then on the roof of his barn, and was patching it with shingles. The sight of him quickly inflamed my resentment.

"Deacon Rush is a hypocrite," I exclaimed, angrily, "if ever there was one. I just hate that man!"

"What for?" asked Harry.

"Reason enough. He's been slandering me to Mr. Huntington. He said he was afraid I would grow up a crooked tree. I need control or I'll come to grief. I wish he'd mind his own business; I do. I know it's because he's been saying mean things of me that Mr. Huntington did not take me into his store."

"Mr. Huntington told father," replied Harry, "that he had decided to take you, but had altered his mind and was going to take his nephew, Henry Philips."

"What reason did he give for changing his mind?" I inquired quickly.

"None that I know of. He said nothing about you. I heard them talk."

"Well, I know it's all Deacon Rush's doings that I've lost that chance. I wish he'd hold his tongue about me. It's mean the way I have been used. I'd like to pay him off."

"If you are anxious for that, I guess you can find a way," said Harry, laughing.

The road here divided, and Harry and I parted. He had said just enough to stimulate my bitterness into a desire for assault. When I was alone again I looked towards Deacon Rush on the roof of his barn, and felt as if I wanted to let some hot

words fly in that direction. I longed to accuse him of doing me an injury, but hardly knew how to shape what was a load in my heart into words.

The deacon's back was from me, and he did not see me, as I stood uncertain and angry in the road. Up and down went his hammer, pounding nails into the shingles which he laid down.

In a moment a malicious impulse seized me. I noted with a keen eye, a ladder leaning against the barn, and I knew it was placed there for Deacon Rush to go up and down on. To take this ladder away and leave him to get down as best he could was the wicked purpose which dashed across my mind. I glanced cautiously around to make sure no one was seeing me, and then crept cautiously up to the barn, and took a tight hold of the ladder. It was no light task to lower the ladder without letting it fall heavily to the ground, but with great care and skill, worthy of a better purpose, I succeeded in getting it down and slid it away unknown. The noise from the deacon's hammer prevented him from hearing me.

"There, old meddler, I've fixed you," I thought, exultingly. "Get down now as you can."

I went off a short distance and hid behind a hedge where I could watch his movements, and enjoy his annoyance. In a half-hour the roof was well patched, and having finished his work, the deacon slowly and carefully descended to the edge of the roof where he had left his ladder. Great was his surprise to find it gone.

"Martha!" he shouted to his wife in the house, "come here; the ladder has fallen on the ground and I can't get down."

No answer; Mrs. Rush was busy in the kitchen and heard nothing but the noise from the dishes she was washing.

"Wife, wife," cried the deacon, in a louder tone, "come and help me down."

Well, she did not hear, and the deacon, after waiting a few moments, grew nervous at her non-appearance. He was in a hurry to descend from the roof. The hired man was in the cornfield, and there was no one about to help him.

None of the neighbors lived within hailing distance, and no one happened just then to be going over the road. I watched him closely, and was well pleased to see his nervousness was fast growing into irritation.

"Good, good enough for you," I laughed,

and thought: "I've fixed you in a tight place. You'll get your pay for your meanness to me; yes you will."

Presently a horse and covered buggy came in sight. Esquire Jones was driving by.

"Stop, stop!" yelled the deacon, "help, help me."

But Esquire Jones did not catch his words. The noise from the wheels was too great for him to hear anything else, and he rode on, unconscious that anyone was calling him.

"Ah, old fellow," I chuckled, in my hiding place behind the hedge, you are getting just what you deserve. Good, good, hurrah!"

I saw with delight that his irritation was increasing, for he looked around in helpless longing for some one to come to his aid. Several minutes more passed. The deacon had waited and shouted in vain, and his eyes were wandering uneasily about, as if some plan to descend was now in his brain. Soon I saw him turn towards a large ash tree, growing near the barn, one branch of which projected a little over the roof. What was he going to do?

I saw him take hold of the projecting branch and pull it as if testing its strength. Surely he did not intend to swing himself into that tree, and let himself down that way? I now grew somewhat anxious as I watched him. Evidently he had become desperate in his impatience. I had not foreseen that my trick could drive him into danger. With real concern, I saw him seize hold of the limb as if designing to leap into the tree.

"Stop, stop!" I shouted, "stay where you are. I'll put the ladder up."

My words were too late. The leap was taken. In an instant the limb bent under his weight, and before he could get a foothold in the tree. There was a crash. The branch broke, and the deacon fell to the ground. I reached him almost at a bound. He lay motionless and speechless, with an ugly cut on his head, caused by striking a sharp stone when he fell.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

No answer. I tried to lift him up, but could not. I bent over him in agony, and again spoke to him, but his face was white, and no sound issued from his lips. Then I rushed into the house for help. Mrs. Rush was scouring the kitchen floor.

"Deacon Rush—has fallen—off the barn." That was all I could say.

She hurried to the spot where he was lying.

"Husband, where are you hurt?" she cried, in anguish.

Her voice did not arouse in him any sign of life. At her command, I ran for the hired man, and the deacon was tenderly carried into the house and laid upon his bed, while I ran for Dr. Holbrook. Fortunately he was in his office, and in a short time stood by the poor man's bedside and examined his injury.

Deacon Rush was not dead. The fall had stunned him, and one of his legs was broken, and besides the cut on his head, there were bruises on his body.

"He has had a narrow escape," said Dr. Holbrook. "If the lower branches of the tree had not checked his fall, he must have been instantly killed."

A groan of pain when the doctor felt of his broken limb, was the first sign of returning consciousness, and when the bone was set, the poor man fainted under the operation. Dr. Holbrook remained with him two hours, attending to his injuries; directing the necessary applications and treatment. By that time, he had so far revived as to be able to talk a little, and expressed gratitude that he was saved.

When I reached home, my parents had heard of the accident, but did not know the particulars.

"What have you heard about Deacon Rush's getting hurt?" anxiously asked father. "Joe Winslow was just here and he said he had fallen from the roof of his barn, and was badly injured."

"Yes, he did," I answered, with averted eyes.

"But how did it happen?" inquired mother.

"The ladder he went up on—was gone—gone when he wanted to come down—and—he tried to get into the tree, and fell."

The words came slowly. It was all I could do to speak them, and it seemed as if there was a great lump in my throat.

"Ladder gone?—fallen down, had it?" said father. "How happened that?"

An exclamation from mother mercifully saved me from telling a lie.

"Were you there? Joe Winslow said Dr. Holbrook said so," she added, quickly.

"Yes, mother, he fell—fell!"

"Why, Gilbert, how white you are. The excitement of such an accident has been too much for you. You are not used to such scenes."

"Oh, I shall soon get over it," I answered, and hurried up-stairs.

Never was a boy more wretched than I, during the remainder of the day, and when night came I could get no soothing sleep. My uncontrollable spirit of revengeful mischief had nearly cost Deacon Rush his life, and he might never fully recover. The thought filled me with agony. Never before had I endured such terrible mental torture. The next morning, at an early hour, I hurried over to Deacon Rush's house to learn how he was. He was as comfortable as could be expected, and a load was removed from my heart, when I was told the doctor said he was "doing well."

It was two months before he was able to be about again. Meanwhile, I went often to call upon him. I improved every opportunity to give him little kindnesses. I devoted myself to him in all my leisure hours; went on errands for him, gathered berries to tempt his appetite, read aloud to him whenever he could hear me; in short, nothing was left undone that it was possible for me to do. I had been the sole cause of the accident, and his injury, and I strove in these little ways to atone in a small degree for the great wrong I had done him. But oh, what a bitter secret I carried! No eye but God's had seen me take away the ladder, no one but He knew my guilt; yet never had any act of my life made me so inexpressibly miserable. It haunted me constantly, and I could not flee from its stinging rebuke.

Deacon Rush and his wife heaped upon me warmest expressions of affection and interest for my friendly attentions. Their words only made the wound in my heart rankle all the more, and I would gladly have shut my ears against them if I could.

One day Deacon Rush said:—

"Gilbert, you are a noble, self-sacrificing boy. I never knew what splendid qualities you possessed till I was hurt. You have been more of a comfort and blessing to me than you can know."

My eyes fell on the floor, and I could with difficulty keep back the tears which filled them. It was hard for me to receive praise I did not merit; it was torture.

"Gilbert, I feel as if I must do something for you," continued the deacon. "I've ordered Mr. Austin to make you a thick, nice suit of clothes. Step into his store on your way home, and give him your measure.

I'll pay for them. I've a hundred dollars I can spare, and mean to use it for you, as you need. Martha and I are getting old, and there'll be enough to carry us through, and give you a little help now and then. I can't think of a boy anywhere I care as much for as I do for you."

The tender affection in his words and tones added fresh remorse to my penitence.

"I can't—can't take your money, Deacon Rush. It would kill me," I gasped. "I do not deserve the least favor from you. I am a miserable, wicked boy. I wish I were dead."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished deacon.

"You'll despise me if I tell you, I am sure you will," I sobbed out, but I can't keep this dreadful secret any longer. I—I took that ladder away, and laid it on the ground. I did it because I was angry with you, and I wanted to tease you, but I never thought of your trying to get down by the ash tree."

The greater grew the surprise of the good deacon. My words seemed to silence him, for he did not speak for some time. Then he questioned me in a grieved voice.

"Why were you angry with me, Gilbert?"

"Because you talked against me. I stood behind the spruce tree in the garden, one morning, and saw you and Mr. Huntington walk by. I heard you tell him"—

Here I stopped, for I could not bear the deacon's steady gaze. I wished the floor would open and let me through. I felt as if it would be impossible to get through this painful confession.

"Go on, go on," said the deacon, kindly and encouragingly. "Tell me just what I said about you."

"You said I 'needed more control, or I'd come to grief; that father ought to rule his household better, and unless I was better managed, you feared I'd grow up a crooked tree.' Mr. Huntington was going to take me into his store, and when he wouldn't give me the place, I supposed it was all because of the bad things you told him about me. The next day, when I went by your house, and saw you at work on the roof of the barn, a wicked thought slipped into my mind—to take the ladder away to tease you. Oh, dear! I have felt dreadfully about it! It seemed as if I should die!"

An expression of sadness and pity overspread the deacon's face. After a long silence, he said, in a low, kindly voice:—

"What's done, can't be undone now, so I shall not reproach you, Gilbert. You have greatly misunderstood me, but this will teach you a lesson never to judge any one by a *fragment* of conversation you chance to hear. If you had heard *all* I said, you would have formed a far different conclusion. True, I said you needed more control; just what you heard. But I also spoke in the highest terms of your ability, scholarship, willingness to oblige, and unusual truthfulness. I urged Mr. Huntington to take you; that I was sure you would suit him better than any boy I know. He afterward told me the only reason why he changed his mind, was because he felt it his duty to aid his nephew, who is in feeble health, by giving him some employment."

"Was that it?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes."

I sighed.

"Gilbert," said Deacon Rush, "recent events have convinced me you are a better boy than I thought you. Your honest ac-

knowledgment of error, and earnest effort to atone for wrong, show the elements of a nature which will make a noble man."

"O Deacon Rush, can you ever forgive me?"

"Fully, fully, dear boy! Only profit by this trial, and never allow a spirit of hasty resentment for a real or *imagined* injury to get the better of you."

Many years have come and gone since that severe experience of my boyhood. I am thankful to say I did profit by its teaching. My struggle with my passionate nature and headstrong ways was a long one; but, with God's help, I have subdued much that was censurable within me. During all these years, what a true, devoted friend I have had in Deacon Rush! He has aided me with his counsel, with his money and influence. Dear, noble old man! It is the joy of my life that I am now able to make some substantial return. Yet with all I can do, I feel I owe him a heavy debt of gratitude.

BUTTERFLY AND THE FAIRY.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

ONCE, a long, long time ago, there was a shepherdess who wore a broad-brimmed hat, and carried a crook, like shepherdesses you have seen in pictures. And every morning she guided her woolly flocks into the sunny, mountain pastures, and there she must bide with them, or some of the sheep might stray away and be lost.

I cannot tell what her true name was, but everybody called her Butterfly, because her coarse, peasant's dress was always of bright colors—yellow and scarlet and purple. To have seen her walking at a little distance, one might have imagined that a piece of a rainbow had fallen, and was floating about in the fields. Then she was an idle, careless little thing, and went loitering about amid the flowers, and dreaming in the sunshine, like a very butterfly, all the day long. And very often, like little Bo-Peep, she "fell fast asleep," and her sheep strayed away in every direction, many never to be found again; and how her poor, old father,

who was ill and infirm, and possessed nothing in the world save a little thatched hut, a few gray geese and cackling hens, and these flocks, would lament over his loss! And Butterfly would be very penitent for a little while, and spend the whole morning in good resolutions, but they didn't amount to very much, after all. She would soon forget them, and let the sheep loiter away again, no one knew whither. Altogether, she was the most discontented and unfaithful little shepherdess I ever heard of. All she wanted to do in the world was to dream, and pick flowers and make them into wreaths and garlands with which to deck herself, for she was as vain as vain could be.

"Oh dear, dear!" she would say to herself, "how happy the world would be if there were no such thing as labor in it! And delicious lives they must lead who have nothing to do but fold their hands forever, if they please; have no sheep to look after, no spinning to do, no suppers to get or water to

bring, and can wear satin gowns and jewels and ribbons.

And so Butterfly would sit down on a grassy knoll and imagine herself to be one of those favored persons, perhaps the queen. She would plait a chaplet of roses for a crown, and make believe that her crook was a gilded sceptre, and would wave it with such an air over her imaginary subjects! Then she would let her head sink lazily on to a perfumed pillow of violets, and indulge in all sorts of dreams of rosy futures, till the tinkle of bells grew fainter and fainter, and was lost in the distance, at last; for the sheep seemed to know when she was deepest in her day-dreams, and took their time to steal away into the forbidden grounds, some in one direction, some in another. And missing the familiar sound, even then, she would start up and look about her in a state of bewilderment, all the pretty air-castles she had builded melting away like mist.

Then such a chase as she would have to bring her truant flock together again, forcing her way through briars and brambles, tumbling against sharp rocks, leaving bits of her gaudy dress on the thorn bushes, and scratching her face in the thickets. For there was nothing she feared so much in the world as her father's displeasure; and then they were so poor! Butterfly sometimes had to go without a new dress for more than a year, because she had lost two or three sheep. Very often she stayed out on the gloomy hills until long after nightfall, because she dared not tell him that a lamb was missing.

One bright, June morning, when the song larks were almost as plenty overhead as the daisies underfoot, and the brooks were in such high glee that they splashed their spray into the very faces of the roses as they danced along, Butterfly started for the pastures, determining in her own mind to be very faithful that day. Only yesterday she had fallen fast asleep in one of her rosy reveries, and one of her choicest lambs had been lost by the means; the rest of the flock, for a wonder, were content to stay where they were, grazing in the sunshine, but this one was not to be found when she awoke. Probably it had strayed away into the dense forest, and the wolves had devoured it.

But such a thing should never happen again, if she could help it! She would not dream any more, but keep her mind, as well

as her eyes, always upon her flock. So she guided them into a fresh, green valley, dotted with sweet, yellow cowslips, and cool brooks, and seating herself under a shady tree in their midst, determined to watch their every movement.

The leaves whispered to each other in a drowsy way overhead, the brooks rustled lazily through the grasses, the birds piped dreamily on every twig, and Butterfly fell into a dream before she knew it. But still she kept her eyes on the sheep. Then a company of farmers' daughters, all bedecked with ribbons and jewelry, came along on their way to the fair which was to be held in the neighboring village that day. They came across the fields, probably to keep their red shoes from the dust that lay like powder over the highway, but Butterfly was both surprised and indignant that they should cross her path in that way, and would not even look up until they passed, though they accosted her, laughingly.

"Pray, Butterfly, how many sheep have you lost this morning?" said one, provoked at her incivility.

Another said: "Why don't you fly away to the fair, Butterfly? Your fine clothes might gain you a sweetheart!"

"Because she would forget where she was going before she reached there, or fall asleep on the way," said another. "But it is a pity that she shouldn't be able to show her fine clothes," she added, looking back mockingly at Buttercup's tattered petticoat.

And they went on, laughing merrily, leaving Buttercup in a perfect passion of rage and envy.

Oh, why should she not be dressed up in ribbons and jewelry, and go to the fair? What had she done that she should be tied forever to a flock of sheep, while other girls were so gay and without a care? And then she threw herself down on the bed of grass, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. And there she lay without a thought of her flock, until the noon-bells rang in the village beyond the hills. Then, suddenly remembering them, she raised her head, and looked around. But there was neither a sheep nor a lamb to be seen in any direction, and never the faintest sound of their bells to be heard!

Butterfly was dismayed. Probably one was here, and one was there, and one in another place. How should she ever be able to get them together again? Then the sun

was so scorching, and the rocks were so hot to her bare feet! They must all be very far away, too, else she might hear their bells, for the day was as still as still could be. Perhaps, if she climbed the hill, she might spy some of them wandering below amid the bushes. So she seized her crook, and clambered up the steep rocks as fast as she could. But when she reached their summit, she could see nothing but the sky, with its flashing white clouds, the green vales, and the wood. But at last she did discern, far, far below, toward the forest, something white that moved; and, hurrying down into the valley again, she started away in that direction.

While she was hastening along the brambly path, her feet full of thorns, and her mind full of bitter thoughts, she discovered—what she had never seen before, though she was so familiar with that region—the fretted towers of a castle peeping over the tops of the trees at the edge of the wood. At first she was frightened, and hardly dared to go on towards it; for, only a few moments before, when she had been looking down from the hills, she was sure there was nothing of the kind there. Then they looked so airy and mist-like, like towers and pinnacles that she had shaped in the clouds and in the bright coals and embers of an evening, when the fire was almost down. Truly, it was very strange, but still she must go on, for night would come soon, and she would never dare to go home without her flock complete.

So she put on a bold face and hastened forward, and as she drew near the castle, she saw that it was as fine a one as ever was seen, grand and stately, and didn't her heart give a great leap with joy as well as surprise, when she saw her sheep, every one of them, standing patiently at its gate, as if they awaited her coming.

Then she thought, what if it were an ogre's castle, and the sheep had been lured there in this way, that she might serve as a feast for its horrible proprietor! It was very still all around, and not a person to be seen, and Butterfly, with her heart in her mouth, made a sign for the obedient flock to follow her, and was turning back again, when a shrill, high-keyed little voice said, "Good-afternoon, Butterfly!" And looking through the open gate beside her, she saw an ugly little old woman, in a coarse, ugly dress, watering and weeding the flower-beds in the beautiful castle garden.

"Good-afternoon," said Butterfly, stopping, and looking at her inquiringly.

"So you don't like being a shepherdess?" said the little woman, still busy with her flowers.

"No," said Butterfly, wondering very much how she knew it. "It is very tiresome. But how delightful it must be to do what you are doing, if one had nothing to do but that from day to day! How I should like to be in such a beautiful garden!"

And she looked wistfully up the rosy avenues, where so many silvery fountains were leaping and singing amid the roses, forgetting the fear that had possessed her a moment before.

"Humph!" said the little old woman, with a swing of her watering-pot. "You think you would like taking care of flowers, then?"

"Oh, yes!" said Butterfly; "better than any kind of work, I'm sure. Then it need not take up the whole of a person's time to keep the flower-beds moist and free from weeds, even in a great garden like this."

"Not if one works with a will while they are about it," said the little old woman. "And if you are sure that you will not neglect the plants, I will give you my place. You shall tend the flowers as long as you please, and for pay you shall have comfortable and suitable clothing, not rags like those," pointing with a look of disgust at Butterfly's gaudy and tattered garments, "plenty of wholesome food and shelter."

Butterfly looked delighted, and was going to accept the offer at once, but then she thought, who would keep the sheep? What would her old father do without her?

So she told the little old woman how glad she would be to do so, but she could not, because her father would have no one to keep the sheep.

"Oh, I'll see to that," said the little old woman. "I know a boy who will not let them go astray, I'll warrant; and I'll send him to your father bright and early to-morrow morning, if you wish to come here, and I'll see that he is well paid for his services, too."

Butterfly overwhelmed her with thanks, and promising to make her appearance at the castle as soon as the sun did in the morning, she hastened home with a lightened heart.

And what a delightful change it was, truly! She had a nice little room all to herself in the castle, and the work seemed so

light at first. There were few weeds to pull, and some days she was not obliged to water the flowers at all, for the showers did it better than she could. Then the garden was such a pleasant place to wander and dream in, where such crowds of dainty blossoms blushed, and so many silvery fountains were murmuring their sweet, mysterious stories to the sunshine.

But, after a while, it was astonishing to see how fast the weeds grew; for, you see, Butterfly had neglected to pull them out by the roots; it was a good deal of labor and trouble to do that; so she had only broken them carelessly off at the top as soon as they peeped through the ground. The lilies were choked with a perfect tangle of witch-grass, and many of the delicate little flowers were quite hidden with its coarse blades before she noticed that there were any weeds at all. Butterfly nearly broke her back over them every morning, now, but they seemed to diminish scarcely at all, and were grown so strong and tough that it took all her strength to pull them. Her task began to look discouraging, and she looked back to the old days when she kept her sheep on the mountains and in the valleys, with something like regret. They were not very hard days, after all, she thought.

One morning, who should appear in the garden but the little old woman who had given Butterfly the situation. Butterfly had never seen her since, until now; and, indeed, she had never seen a soul stirring about the castle, save one brisk little servant who brought her food to her. She was afraid and ashamed when she saw her approaching now, for of late she had allowed the weeds to have their own way, almost entirely, and the garden, for all its blossoming roses, snowy lilies, and foamy fountains, was such a waste-looking place that no fastidious bird would sing in it.

The little old woman looked about her with an expression of great displeasure, her sharp, black eyes twinkling angrily. Then something like a smile gleamed over her face. Butterfly hid in a thicket of laurels, but the little old woman knew well where she was, and went straight up to her.

"Ah, Butterfly, how is this? I thought you were sure that you should like to take care of the garden, and would perform your task faithfully? Do you think you have done so?"

"It is so hard!" faltered Butterfly, never daring to raise her eyes for shame.

"All things are hard to such idle, careless, unfaithful persons. They make it so for themselves. But how should you like to have nothing at all to do but just to amuse yourself?"

"Oh!" said Butterfly, "nothing could be so delightful as that! I should ask for no happier lot, only I should wish fine clothes to wear, and a fine house to live in."

"Would this castle be fine enough?" said the little old woman, pointing to the gray towers whose shadow slept on the garden.

"Finer than I should even dream of," said Butterfly, looking longingly at the great, lofty windows, where the silken draperies were swaying in the breezes.

"Well," said the little old woman, "you shall dwell there, and wear fine clothes, and have servants to wait on you, if that will make you happy and content."

Butterfly could hardly believe her own senses. Surely the little old woman could not be in earnest!

But without waiting for more words, the little old woman took her hand, and led her up the gleaming, marble steps into the splendid castle, and made her mistress of it all, at once. The silken robes and satin slippers in the wardrobes, the jewels, and ribbons, and laces scattered about so lavishly in every luxurious chamber, were only waiting for her to use them. The trim, obsequious servants that tripped through the hall, and over stairway, were ready for her commands.

With what satisfaction she viewed herself in the gilded mirrors, when she was dressed to her mind in satin and jewels and floating ribbons. With what an air she reclined on her silken couch, listening dreamily to the fairylike music that was forever floating through the castle halls. She had found bliss at last.

The people stared at her when she rode out in her elegant carriage, with almost as much awe as if she had been the queen. All the village folk rushed to their doors and windows whenever her coal-black horses came in sight, but none of her old friends recognized in the splendidly-dressed lady the idle, little shepherdess Butterfly. Sometimes she would stop and make herself known to them, but they were too much awed by her presence to heed her words,

and all they would do was to courtesy and courtesy until she was out of sight.

Butterfly enjoyed it all to her heart's content, for awhile, and then she began to grow weary and lonely. And when sometimes she met the farmers' lads and lasses, and the young shepherds and shepherdesses, going to the fair, all so rosy and blithe, the shepherdesses as happy with a bit of new ribbon as she was over all her jewels, she envied them their light hearts.

"I was never born to be happy; nothing brings me happiness!" sighed poor Butterfly.

She was beginning to realize that a life all holidays wasn't quite as sweet as she used to imagine it would be. One must labor if one wishes to enjoy rest and pleasure. And when the little old woman came to her at the end of the year, she begged her to let her go home and be a shepherdess again!

She consented, with a queer sort of a smile.

"But, Butterfly," she said, "be faithful and diligent, for your father is poor and old, and what will become of him if you keep losing your sheep?"

Butterfly promised she would do so over and over again, but the little old woman looked as if she were rather doubtful of it.

"Remember," she said, as Butterfly was about leaving the castle, once more in her coarse, peasant's dress, "that patience and industry have their own reward."

Butterfly did remember it, and when she took her crook and guided her flock through the sweet, daisied pastures the next morning, she felt happier than she had done for a long time. She sang blithely all day long, and came home at night just weary enough to enjoy her rest. She had lost her inclination to loiter and dream; and, as month after month went on and she still tended her flocks faithfully, and looked neat and gay and happy, every one said, "What a change has come over Butterfly! She's as smart and pretty a lass as can be found in all the land." All the lads, especially, seemed to be fully convinced of this, and by-and-by she married the handsomest and cleverest youth, and began housekeeping in a tiny cottage of her own.

But, alas for poor Butterfly! Scarcely was her honeymoon over before her husband got seriously injured in the forest by a tree some woodcutters were felling. It fell on his

shoulder, and he was unable to work at all for nearly a year. They were so poor that Butterfly was obliged to work night and day to keep them from starving, and pay the doctor's bill. But she never murmured. She went about patiently and contentedly; for, long ago, she had learned a wise lesson.

One morning, when the bitter winter was beginning to leave its frosty breath on the window-pane, Butterfly sat at her spinning, wondering, sadly what they should do through the long, icy weeks that were coming, when, all of a sudden, there came a loud rap at the door, and before she had time to open it, in walked the little old woman of the castle.

"Butterfly," said she, "I did not expect such good things of you. Your conduct has pleased me beyond measure, and now I am come to reward you."

Whereupon she struck three times on the wall with the little black cane she always carried, and in a breath the wee cottage was converted into a great, cosy farmhouse, with smoking chimneys, and as full of good things as full could be! The little strip of a garden stretched away in broad acres of meadow and woodland and pasture and lawn, and close by the house stood a great barn, crammed with sweet-scented hay and yellow grain. A row of sleek horses were feeding in their stalls, contented cattle were quietly chewing their cud: great flocks of hens and geese and ducks clucked and waddled in the yard, and two or three brisk, cheerful servants were tripping about the premises as if they were quite at home. Oh, what a comfortable-looking home it was, so full of plenty and thrift and peace!

"There, Butterfly," said the little old woman, reviewing the scene with a pleased face, "this is all yours and your husband's while you continue to be as cheerful and contented and industrious as you have been thus far. Don't thank me, but if you ever want anything more, or are in trouble, rap on the hearth, and call for the fairy Glorinda, and I will come and help you, if I can."

But they never had occasion to call upon her. They lived all their lives in peace and contentment, thinking gratefully of their strange benefactress every day.

"Who would ever have thought that ugly, little old woman was a fairy?" Butterfly would say, musingly, after having told the wonderful story to her rosy children.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

MENUS FOR JANUARY.

Cabbage Soup.

Fillets of Flounder. Potatoes, Brabant Style.

Beef and Pork with Cabbage.

Plum Pudding Fried.

From these *menus* directions will be given for making such dishes only as have not previously been described in BALLOU'S.

Put two pounds each of beef and salt pork into a soup kettle with six quarts of water, and a very little salt; bring to a boil slowly, and as soon as the scum rises skim carefully; simmer for one hour; add a Savoy cabbage, cored and quartered, one medium-sized carrot, one turnip, a good-sized onion with three cloves stuck in it, and half a pound of Bologna sausage. Boil slowly two hours longer; strain the soup, skim off the fat, and pour into a tureen over some slices of French bread that have been dried in the oven. Add a portion of the cabbage. Dish the vegetables and sausage; place the beef and pork on top, and serve for the meat course.

POTATOES, BRABANT STYLE.—Mix one quart of nicely-mashed potatoes with a tablespoonful each of minced shallots and parsley, four of grated cheese, and salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste. Mound up in dome shape in a buttered pudding-dish; strew grated cheese over the top, and bake until slightly browned in a moderate oven.

Rice Soup.

Boiled Cod with Flemish Sauce.

Cutlets of Chicken à la Villeroi.

Beet and Cabbage Salad.

Apple Fritters.

RICE SOUP.—Chop an onion and fry with two ounces of butter, but do not brown; add a pint of rice, and fry a little longer, until all turn yellow. Moisten with a quart of weak broth, and boil for twenty minutes; then add two ounces of butter, and four of grated Parmesan cheese; cover the stewpan, and remove to the back of the range. Allow ten minutes for the rice to absorb these ingredients, and send to table in a vegetable dish with two quarts of consommé in the tureen.

COD should be boiled in salted water, slightly acidulated with vinegar. For the sauce, mix together over the fire an ounce each of butter and flour; dilute with a half-pint of boiling water, and add very slowly two egg yolks well beaten. Do not let it boil while you season with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and a little made mustard, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and another of minced parsley. Put in two ounces of butter,

cut in bits; and as soon as it melts, send to the table in a boat.

CHICKEN CUTLETS.—Mince fine two cupfuls of cold roasted or boiled chicken with a half-cupful of mushrooms, canned or otherwise, and four tablespoonfuls of cooked beef-tongue. Heat a little butter with a teaspoonful of chopped onion; sprinkle with two ounces of flour; dilute with a pint of chicken broth, and thicken with the yolks of two eggs. Pour half of this sauce into a dish until wanted, and add the minced chicken, mushrooms, and tongue to the rest of the sauce. Stir and boil a minute, and pour into a dish to cool. Strew the table with fine bread-crumbs, and divide the mixture into parts, molding them the size and shape of a mutton chop. Roll them in the remaining sauce—which has been kept warm; cool again; sprinkle with crumbs; immerse in beaten eggs, and roll again in crumbs. Brown lightly in plenty of hot fat, and serve garnished with parsley, and accompanied with tomato sauce.

RABBIT STEWED WITH ONIONS.—Cooked in this way, rabbits are a very dainty dish. Skin and joint one or more rabbits. It is a good plan to use only the joints for this dish, and save the rest for soup. Soak the meat in skimmed milk and water for an hour, which will make it tender and juicy. While this is being done, boil a large Spanish onion for an hour in salted water; drain, chop fine; put it in a saucepan with a half-pint each of milk and water, and the joints of the rabbit; season with salt and pepper, and stew, closely covered, until perfectly tender. Dish the meat, and thicken the sauce with an ounce of butter, cut in bits and rolled in flour; add a tablespoonful of parsley, and as soon as the butter is quite melted, and the sauce smoothly thickened, pour over the rabbit.

A COLLECTION OF TOASTS.

PLAIN TOAST.—Cut slices of uniform thickness from a loaf of stale bread; trim off the crust closely, and toast over a clear fire, turning until brown and crisp. Butter and serve at once. Another way is to dip it in boiling water, seasoned with salt; dot with bits of butter and set in the oven for a minute.

MILK TOAST.—Melt four ounces of butter in a pint of new milk brought to the boiling point; season with salt and pepper, and pour it over a dish of toast.

HAM TOAST is a breakfast or lunch in itself. Stir four tablespoonfuls of minced ham into a pint of boiling milk or cream; season with pepper, mustard and butter. Add two beaten eggs, slowly, and pour over the toast.

FRENCH TOAST is a nice dessert. Add three beaten eggs to a pint of cold milk containing a pinch of salt. Dip slices an inch thick cut from a stale loaf into this, and fry in hot butter. Sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg.

TOMATO TOAST is nice with boiled ham for a lunch. Strain a quart of stewed, thickened and seasoned tomatoes, to take out the seeds; melt in them two ounces of butter, make hot and pour over buttered toast.

SARDINE TOAST.—Bone and skin some sardines, and quickly make them hot in the oven; spread over toasted and buttered bread, shake cayenne pepper over them; add a few drops of lemon-juice, and eat hot.

OYSTER TOAST.—Boil a half-pint of oyster liquor, and add a cup of milk or cream that has been heated separately; a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt; pour over nicely toasted and buttered bread, and set in the oven for three minutes. Lay three broiled oysters on each slice, and send at once to table.

APPLE TOAST.—Fry slices of stale bread cut round with a cake cutter. Lay on each a slice of fried apple, put a bit of butter on top, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and serve hot with cream sweetened and flavored with nutmeg.

GERMAN TOAST.—Soak some slices of bread in sweet milk, but do not leave them in long enough to break; add two eggs to the milk that is left (there should be a cupful), a spoonful of melted butter, and a dessertspoonful of corn-starch dissolved in cold milk. Dip the slices of bread in this and fry brown; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

BOMBAY TOAST is a favorite lunch dish with gentlemen. Wash, bone, and chop fine an ounce of anchovies; mix them well with as much butter; put in a saucepan, and when warm add the beaten yolks of two eggs; stir until cooked; season with salt and cayenne, and spread on buttered toast.

HOW TO BATHE THE BABY.

It may seem unnecessary to give directions for this simple process which goes on daily, in a more or less satisfactory manner, to thousands of helpless mites of humanity. Like everything else, there is a way to do it, and a way not to do it, and the right way is to not only get the baby healthfully clean, but to make him like it. A prominent physician says that no baby naturally dislikes his bath. Hence, when a baby cries during his bath, you may be sure that there is some cause for it—the water is too warm or too cold, or he is handled roughly, or the soapy water gets in his eyes, or he is washed when hungry or sleepy. Some regular time should be chosen, a morning hour being preferable, and after a few mornings he will get used to the hour, and you will find him awake at that time. Boiling water

one part, and cold five parts, will give the right temperature; to this add a half-teaspoonful of borax, and use a silk sponge and a fine, scentless soap. Have everything ready before you begin, and do not, as a prominent journal advises, bathe him at once after nursing. You would not yourself take a bath on a full stomach. Wet and wash the head first, and use great care not to get water in his eyes or ears. After the bath, remember that the thoroughness of the drying and powdering are what keeps his skin from chafing.

For those who cannot afford to give their children and babies the benefit of ocean baths during the summer months, the suggestion that it is possible to take these at home may be a welcome one. Buy the boxes of sea-salt that are sold at drug stores, and add a small quantity to the daily bath. It is a well-known fact, that if after a bath for cleansing purposes, a quick sponge bath of cold salt water be given, to a child or adult, and the body then quickly and briskly dried with a Turkish towel, there will seldom be any of the aggravating colds in the head from which many, especially infants, suffer.

At a recent mother's meeting, the question, "How many mothers give their babies a drink of cold water every day?" and only a dozen hands were raised out of three or more dozens gathered there. Not once, but several times a day, should mothers offer their babies one or more teaspoonfuls of cold—not iced—water. Especially in the summer, babies are often restless from thirst caused by the heat. While teething, the fevered gums may be cooled by giving frequently bits of ice picked off with a pin.

In regard to feeding babies that have passed the milk period, it is, perhaps, fortunate that mothers do not recognize the full extent of their terrible responsibility, or the crow's feet would grow apace. It certainly is a cause for tender solicitude, since it may make or mar a future statesman or author. Without Carlyle's dyspepsia, it is difficult to guess what might have been the nature of his writings. It is certain that both his own life, and that of his much-trying wife, would have been happier. While it is not a good habit to encourage eating between meals, a young child needs a light, easily digested lunch between every two regular meals. A peevish child, who will not be comforted with toys or play, is often suffering from faintness and the nervous torture caused by an empty stomach. Do not feed him cake at such a time. If he is really healthfully hungry, give him a piece of good bread and butter, or a graham cracker. Remember at all times that his small digestive apparatus was not meant to wrestle with lemon pie and cheese, or cabbage and corned-beef. Feed him with food convenient for him, and save yourself and him much after misery.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

A MELLIFLUOUS MADRIGAL.

My Madeline, my Madeline,
 Mark my melodious midnight moans;
 Much may my melting music mean,
 My modulated monotonies!

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
 My mental music magazine,
 My mouth, my mind, my memory,
 Must, mingling, murmur "Madeline!"

Muster 'mid midnight masquerades—
 Mark Moorish maidens, matrons, men—
 'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids
 Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
 Much melancholy music mine;
 Many my motives may mistake,
 My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
 Much mollifies my mind's machine;
 My mournfulness's magnitude
 Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Matchmaking ma's may machinate,
 Manœuvring misses me misween;
 More money may make many mate—
 My magic motto's "Madeline!"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
 'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine;
 Meet me 'mid moonlight—merry me,
Madonna mia—Madeline!

LADY-BUG'S HISTORY.—Almost any boy or girl can tell you what a lady-bug (or lady-bird, as they call it in England,) looks like, and there are very few who cannot and do not repeat the old rhyme:—

Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
 Your house is on fire, your children will burn,
 whenever they see one; but there are not many, if any, who know why the bug is called lady-bug, or why her house is always supposed to be on fire.

I remember asking a very clever man once if he could tell, but he only shook his head and said he did not know, and he did not think any one knew. Lately, however, I have discovered that there is a little of lady-bug's history known, and, although incomplete, it is very interesting.

Lady-bugs are supposed to appear suddenly on St. Barnaby's Day (the eleventh of June), and for that reason were first called St. Barnaby's bees. Now, St. Barnaby was noted for his good works, and for administering comfort to the afflicted, and it was thought that he sent the bugs, and taught them to be useful to man by destroying plant lice and other insects that feed upon trees and flowering shrubs.

After some time they became known as Bishop Barnaby's bees, and it was discovered that there was a likeness in the insect's garb to the full-dress gown of the Oxford doctor of divinity, which is scarlet with black velvet sleeves; and I have no doubt there is many a little English girl who remembers the old rhyme:—

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
 Tell me when your wedding be,
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.

In the winter months lady-bugs congregate by thousands in barns, and if you look in the cracks along the beams you will find them tucked away for their long slumber during the cold weather.

I believe it is not known, or has been forgotten, why they are connected with cows and burning buildings; but that they were is proved by the numerous rhymes that are still sung by the boys and girls of the West Riding, of Yorkshire, England, where they are called *cush-cow-ladies*; and in the North Riding one of the children's songs says:—

Dandy-cow, dandy-cow, ride away home;
 Thy house is burnt and thy bairns are ta'n,
 And if thou means to save thy bairns,
 Take thy wings and flee away.

There the most mischievous child is afraid to hurt a dandy-cow, for it is thought very bad luck.

In other places they are known as "*Our Lady-bird*," evidently called after the Virgin Mary; also *golden-bug*, *May-bug*, *blessed bee*, *golden-knap*, *lady-cow*, *barn-bee*, *cush-cow-ladies*, and *dandy-cows*.

One of the old rhymes says:—

Lady-bug, lady-bug, sigh thy way home;
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all roam,
 Except little Nan, who sits in her pan
 Weaving gold lace as fast as she can.
 Then fly to the East and fly to the West—
 Fly to those that I love best.

There are several species of these little bugs, and all of them are said to be useful in destroying insects so small that the human eye cannot see them. One variety, found very far south, is said to entirely destroy a scale insect that feeds upon the orange tree.

But no matter whether they do good or not, I think there are very few children who would willfully kill a lady-bug, or forget to say whenever they find one:—

Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home;
 Your house is on fire, your children will burn.
 —*Harper's Young People.*

HIPPOPOTAMUS STORIES.—After reading the story of the hippopotamus at the Paris Zoologi-

cal Gardens, and hersavage and fatal attack upon a man, the superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens said to a *Pall Mall Gazette* writer:—

"I am not a bit surprised that the man's throat was cut. Presently I will show you the head of one of our dead hippos, and you will see for yourself that it is possible. Have we ever had any accidents with our own hippos here? Never, though we have had one or two narrow escapes. Obach, the first hippopotamus that came to the gardens, was presented by the Viceroy of Egypt in 1851. He died in 1878. Well, for some reason or another the brute got attached to me; I believe it was because I talked to him whenever I saw him. We were the greatest of friends, and he was so docile that I used to ride on his back! In 1852 I was engaged in mounting a specimen hippo for the Crystal Palace, and went into Obach's den to make some measurements. Thinking no evil, I was busy with my tape, when it suddenly slipped, and the brute turned round on me with a furious snort, gnashing his jaws fiercely. I rushed for my life, and escaped through the rails, the keeper, who was with me, doing the same. It was a very near thing, indeed, for both of us.

"I remember one or two other stories of our hippos here. Well, one day a stray dog strolled casually into the gardens and stopped before the rails of the hippo's outside enclosure. The day was warm, the pool was tempting, so the dog wriggled through the rails and sprang into the water to his doom. The hippo rose to the surface, and, roaring, took the dog into his great jaws, scrunching him up to bits, which he disgorged. It may surprise you to know that our hippo (and all hippos) is a very intelligent animal. She hates the sight of the shabby clothes of a workman, but is unmoved by the garments of a lady or gentleman. But, though intelligent, she is very sulky, and often spends a whole day in the tank.

"The other case that I remember is that of a keeper who came to the gardens very late one stifling August night. He was slightly tipsy and very hot, so he stripped off his clothes and plunged into the pool. Unfortunately, the hippo was also in the pool, dozing away in the dark solitudes. The keeper, of course, thought that he was locked up in his cage. He did not discover his mistake till his hands came into contact with the back of the huge amphibian. The hippo swam after the man, but he was not quick enough. The keeper just escaped by the skin of his teeth, and when he wanted a bath afterward, he took it elsewhere. Had the brute got at him, only his mangled remains would have been found to tell the tale."

WATCHES WITHOUT HANDS.—The construction of watches without hands has lately attracted some attention, the usual hands being replaced by figures denoting the hour and minute, which appear at openings in the dial plate; the mechanism is simple, and only a few more parts are required than in an ordinary watch. Two wheels are used to denote the minutes—one, which moves forward once a minute, being geared to a second one, marked with the ten-minute figures, and every ten minutes a tooth on the first wheel engages with the teeth on the second, moving it forward one figure. Thus, every minute of the hour is shown on the face of the watch, and at its completion, both minute wheels show two ciphers and are ready to begin the round again; the hour is shown on a separate wheel, and an ordinary hand indicates the seconds. Of the advantages of this kind of watch, it is remarked that few people read the time of an ordinary watch accurately; and, if the experiment is tried of glancing at the face in the usual manner, and then naming the time, it will be found that an error from half a minute to three minutes will be generally made. With the new watch, it is claimed, no error can possibly occur, and there is the added advantage that, at the end of every minute, an additional click is sounded as the number of changes, by which one can measure short intervals of time, even at night.

CANALS.—The first canal on record was one constructed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, for the purpose of opening a communication between the Nile and the Red Sea. The great canal of China, extending a distance of 825 miles, was commenced in the ninth century. Canals were introduced into England by the Romans, who formed one from the river Nyne, a little below Peterborough, to the river Witham, three miles south of Lincoln; and in 1134, during the reign of Henry I., a canal was made to effect a junction between the Trent and the Witham. The first canal regularly constructed with locks and sluices, was made in 1563, near the city of Exeter. The aggregate length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2200 miles.

We are struck with the beauty of the Velutina, "an improved velvet-pile fabric." This material is shown in various colorings, and it is an excellent illustration of the high pitch of beauty and richness which has been reached in the manufacture of this description of cotton dress material. Mere inspection of it with the eye alone, would fail to detect any difference between it and the much more costly velvet made from silk.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

Answers to November Puzzles.

59.—Harmattan.

60.—F R	61.—Starch, charts.
C A B C U T	62.—Spore, pores,
F A V O R U N I C	ropes.
B O G E T I E	63.—Static, attics.
R E B E C	64.—Gnarled, dangler.
L E T E D A B	65.—Psalter, plaster.
R E L I C A T E R	66.—Ransom, manors,
T I P B E T	Romans.
C R	
67.—S	68.—C O R N E T
S O B	O L E A T E
S A L A D	R E A D E R
S O L I C I T	N A D I R S
B A C O N	E T E R N E
D I N	T E R S E R
T	

69.—Perpendicular.	70.—Commendation.
71.—Examination.	72.—Communication.
73.—Incomparable.	74.—Statistical.

75.—Happy hours.

1.—*A Charade.*

The *first* is a measure, the *last* is a snare,
The *WHOLE* is a headdress once worn by the fair
Sex, and physicians, though now very rare;
Should anyone wear it now, people would stare.

Each Syllable Reversed.

The *first* was a bird which the ancients took
pride in.

We read of a man whom it once took a-riding.
The *last*, which is used by a boy multiplying,
Seems a cross to the scholar, his efforts defying.

MAUDE.

2.—*A Hexagon.*

1. A word of respect to a king. 2. Images
worshipped. 3. Setons. 4. To raise up. 5.
Extinguished. 6. A horse. 7. A collection of
poetry containing the Scandinavian Mythology.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.—*An Octagon.*

1. The beak of a bird. 2. A quadruped. 3.
Produced by nature. 4. To vie with. 5. Abus-
ed. 6. Slower. 7. Guided.

MARQUIS.

4.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

In searching, not in find;
In reason, not in mind;
In scramble, not in jump;
In fountain, not in pump;
In lightning, not in rain;

In highway, not in lane;
In loosen, not in bind;
A river, now please find.

K. NUCK.

5.—*A Pentagon.*

1. A letter. 2. To incage. 3. One who ac-
cumulates. 4. Recounts. 5. To vex. 6. A
memorial. 7. A denomination.

MARQUIS.

6.—*An Hour-Glass.*

Across.—1. One that thinks. 2. A pronoun.
3. To urge on. 4. A vowel. 5. Unwell. 6.
Any kind of sound. 7. A kind of vessel.

Center down.—Ensigns of royalty.

Left Diagonals.—A thief.

Right Diagonals.—Recovers.

CYRIL DEANE.

7.—*Numerical Enigma.*

A kind of silk is 1 2 3;

And then a gas annex

In 4 5 6, and you will find,

If I am right, to fix.

MARQUIS.

Decapitations.

8.—Behead a husk, and leave healthy.

9.—A subterranean fungus, and leave to dis-
order.

10.—Knobs of cannon, and leave paltry
wretches.

11.—To engrave by means of dots, and leave
to drink to excess.

12.—A low tract of land, and leave a ridge.

13.—A shipmaster, and leave lean and unfit
for use.

CYRIL DEANE.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the first complete or largest list of an-
swers to this month's puzzles, received before
January 10th, we offer a book of beautiful po-
ems; and for the next best list, an illustrated
novelette.

Solvers.

Answers to the September puzzles were re-
ceived from Amy Graves, Vinnie, Katie Smith,
Mufti, Bert Rand, Teddy, Marquis, Birdie Lane,
Cora A. L., Jack, Bridget McQ, Tedder Boy,
Ida May, J. D. L., Good Hugh, Kate Murphy,
I. O. T., Birdie Browne, Ann Eliza, Nicholas,
Tellie Phone, Lillie Lee, and Black Hawk.

Prize-Winners.

Mufti, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the largest list of
correct answers; Teddy, New Haven, Conn.,
for the next best list.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

MISS JENNIE JEMIMA.

BY FRANK A. BROWN.

Miss Jennie Jemima I met at a ball,
Exceedingly handsome and gracefully tall;
So charming she looked that I vowed in my heart,
I would try every means and try every art
To make her my own,
The bone of my bone,
And the flesh of my flesh; in fact, to unite
The charming Jemima to me, Mr. Wright!
To further which end I would work day and night.

With a winsome air and a marvelous grace,
With soft, shining hair and a beautiful face,
With her lips just parted to show you a set
Of as pearly white teeth as you ever met,
Jemima she stood;
And look where you would
You saw all the fellows were looking that way;
And were gazing on her, as much as to say,
"Miss Jennie Jemima's the belle of the day."

She moved around with a skip and a bound,
And a very mischievous trick she had found
In a very long glass, she very well knew;
Which her lady's maid told me quite *entres nous*.
The trick of itself
Was enough to enguelp
The heart of St. Dunstan and every saint;
And even sufficient to cause a complaint
In the toe of the pope—and "give him a faint."

Her fingers she held like a kangaroo;
Precisely as if she had cut one or two,
And feared she might trickle the blood on her dress,
And make a most terrible, heart-rending mess,
Or as though she thought
They had just been bought,
And ought to be handled with very great care,
As something exceedingly precious and rare,
And quite unaccustomed to wear and to tear.

I pull out my duster, and blowing my nose,
And wiping my eyes, now to you I'll disclose
The tale that was told me by Jemima's own maid,
Enough to disturb the remains of "Jack Cade."
How bitterly sold

I felt, when she told
Her mistress was fifteen years older than I,
Instead of nineteen; and I thought I should die,
When she whispered Jemima wore a glass eye!

Her hair was not hers, nor, alas! were her cheeks,
In fact she had painted for weeks upon weeks!
And so simple was I, I never had heard
A lady could stuff as well as a bird!

But I never thought
Her teeth were all bought!
And that cotton composed the bulk of her form;
Which I fairly confess so took me by storm,
That my sensitive heart became bleeding and torn.

So great was the fright that a day or a night
I wandered about, a disconsolate sight,
A warning to every marrying man,
In choosing a wife, *never pick out a sham!*
For mind, if you do,
You'll always be blue;
And murmur in vain you wish you had died,
Before the preposterous knot became tied,
And maybe buy poison, and try suicide!

A COOL CONDUCTOR.—It has been hinted at quite generally that of the hundred and one conductors on the Haw-Kaw railway, not one of them were strictly honest. It has been said that a few of them, on moderate salaries, have, like members of Congress, succeeded in saving from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year. Some of them have built fine houses, purchased horses, carriages, fine clothes, fashionable jewelry, expensive watches, some United States bonds, and a few shares in the road. There are some men who are cruel enough to say this property has been acquired, not by honest labor, but with money abstracted, by a sort of conductorial strategy, from the earnings of the road, and invested by the conductors rather than by the directors. Not long since, while regulating the road and its branches, it was decided, in solemn conclave, to regulate the conductors a little. Everybody said, and everybody must know, that conductors, like unruly children when visiting, helped themselves. Acting upon this basis, the manager undertook the job of correcting the evils existing among the conductors, or supposed to exist; and, after having estimated that they had bagged enough during the last five or six years to build a double track over half the route, decided to have them disgorge. With this view, notices were sent to many of the old conductors, who reside at various points on the line, ordering them to report forthwith to the superintendent's office, on important business. The other day, one of the conductors, whose name it is not necessary to give here, was called down, ushered into the superintendent's office, and from there into the manager's room, when, it is reported, the following conversation took place:—

Manager—"You are a conductor on the Haw-Kaw, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been on the road?"

"Fifteen years."

"Had a passenger train all that time, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Worth some property, I learn?"

"Some."

"Have a very fine house—cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?"

"Yes, sir."

"Own a farm near where you reside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?"

"Nothing to speak of, only a home for the future."

"Made the property since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been at work for no other parties?"

"No. But I have been saving of my money; invested it from time to time to good advantage."

"Well, sir, what will you give to settle? Of course, you cannot pretend to say that you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the road—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars? Now, sir, what will you give to settle, and not be disgraced, as you certainly will be, if a trial is brought, and you are compelled to give up the property you profess to own, but which, in reality, belongs to the company?"

"Well, Mr. Manager, I had not thought of the matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing anything wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors have; tried to earn my salary and get it—and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the company anything. If you think I do, why, there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother; relatives all people of good standing—they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me in the world, and the idea that I, her husband, would take so little as a penny that did not belong to me, would send her broken-hearted to the grave. I don't care anything for the matter myself, but on account of my family and relatives, I want to make it right with the road and the officers, and if you won't say anything more about it, *I'll give you a dollar!*"

The conductor was told to leave. He was too cool for the manager.

"What do you ask for this oil painting?"

"That is worth three hundred and fifty dollars, madam."

"It is beautiful! And how much is this?"

"That it worth four hundred and twenty-five dollars, madam."

"And this?"

"That is worth five hundred dollars, madam."

"How beautiful!"

"Were you thinking of buying, madam?"

"Yes; I have been thinking of purchasing some pictures."

"I would be happy to sell you a few of these. They are among the finest brought to this city."

"They are beautiful!"

"This six hundred dollar pastoral is exquisite!"

"It is, indeed! Have you any of those pictures that come on cards for five cents a dozen?"

"No; we are out of them. But we've got in a new supply of one-cent postage-stamps this morning, which we are selling off at cost; you'll find them on the fifth floor. The elevator isn't running."

Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among those relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:—

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by "How's your father?" which was answered much after the same manner as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover,

"Quite well, both of them."

This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat, and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came:—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

Immigrants from the East are very merry at the expense of their Missouri neighbors in Kansas. In a street discussion a loungee was defending as correct the rural Southern phrases,

"We 'uns" and "You 'uns." One of the bystanders asked him:—

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Which?" was his bewildered inquiry.

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Why, no, I'm a Missourian!"

It was a distinction with a difference. But the fun is not all on one side. I remember an old Missourian who was brought in contact with many Eastern men by the establishment of a new stage line through the neighborhood. Said he:—

"I've lived on the frontier all my life. I know the English and the sign language, and have picked up a smattering of French, Spanish, Choctaw and Delaware; but one language I can't understand, and that is this infernal New York language!"

They had just returned home from prayer-meeting, when the wife said to her husband:—

"I've lost one of my overshoes, somewhere between here and the church. Now you hurry right back and look along in the snow for it, and don't you dare to return without bringing it with you."

After searching up and down the hill for an hour or so, the husband returned with the information that he could not find it.

"Of course you could not, stupid!" snapped the wife.

"I searched diligently for it, I assure you," explained the husband.

"I suppose so; but you might as well go to bed."

"But how about the rubber?"

"Oh, I found it."

"Where was it?"

"Why, I put them both on one foot, and did not notice it until I was removing my shoes."

A mouse, ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, and appealed to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied:—

"It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you up."

The mouse replied that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer.

The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out.

"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in *liquor* at the time."

An Irish judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court, they were found not guilty. As

they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor said:—

"Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these two respectable gentlemen until seven, or half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have, at least, two hours' start of them."

An old gentleman in Arkansas recently presented himself for registration, with his two sons, and the elder of the latter was asked if he could write.

"No, sir," chimed in the old man. "I am happy to say my sons cannot read or write. When I was a boy, my parents sent me to school, and after I had got a little start in the world, I endorsed a note for a man, and it cost me all my property. I then made up my mind that no child of mine should learn to write."

A well-known foreman of a large, New York newspaper composing room—although austere inside the office, and favoring nobody, and a decidedly good fellow outside—was very fond of a good joke, which usually partook of a rather practical nature.

Some years ago a "chapel" meeting was held on the question of having too many compositors on the paper, and a committee of six was appointed to wait upon the foreman, and try to get him to consent to reduce the force. A gentleman who is still known among New York printers, was chosen chairman of the committee and spokesman, and he and his associates waited upon the "old man" and stated the case, saying that if the force were reduced, those remaining could make a decent living, when the following colloquy took place:—

"How many too many men do you think are on the paper?"

"We have considered the matter, and think six is about the number."

The foreman glanced, with a twinkle in his eye, from one end of the line to the other, and said, with a wave of his hand across:—

"Well, you six can go." And they were discharged.

FASHIONABLE CHURCH SINGING.—The following is a photograph of some of the music heard in our fashionable churches:—

"Wa-haw swaw daw aw daw,

Thaw saw thaw law aw-waws;

Waw-haw taw thaw raw waw-yaw braw,

Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw-awa."

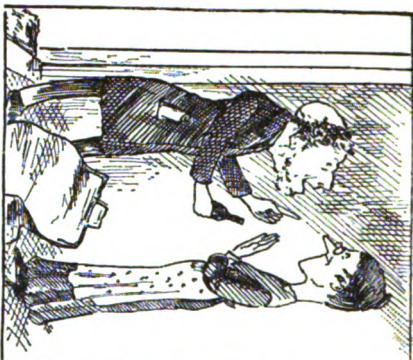
Key to the above:—

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,

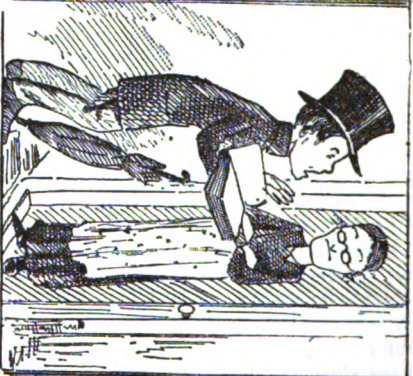
That saw the Lord arise;

Welcome to this reviving breast,

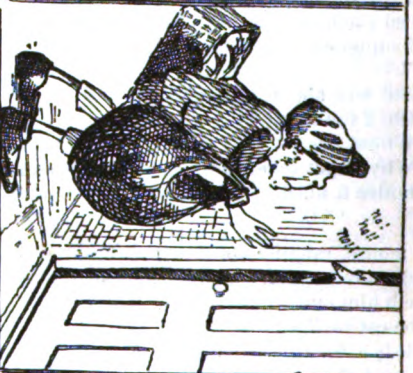
And these rejoicing eyes."

Miss Snags's Experience trying to be Polite to Peddlers.

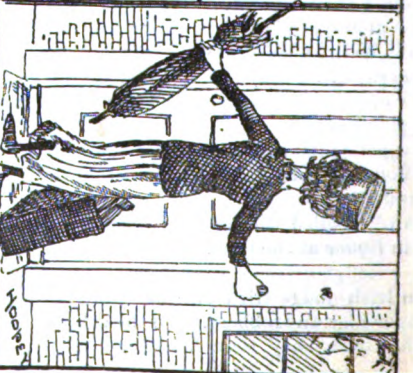
The first one has patent medicine. She consumes one hour in politely refusing.



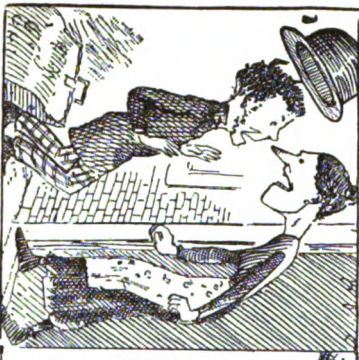
The second is a book agent. She gets rid of him in about fifteen minutes. But



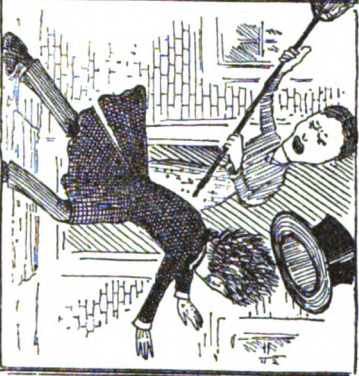
She finds it takes too much time to be polite, so to the ol' clo' man she says "NO!"



This was too much. The fourth is a woman. She bolts the door.



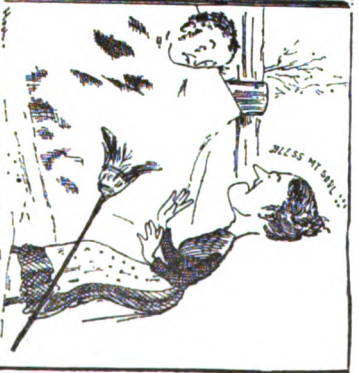
When the fifth wants to sell her some hair restorer, she talks of paralyzing him.



When the sixth came, she did n't stop to examine him, but met him with the broom,



Chased him across the street into a snow-drift, beat him well, and when at last



His head appeared, she recognized him, with his hat on, as THE MISSTINK!



BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1888.

WHOLE NUMBER 398.

THE LASS O' LOWRIE LIGHT.

A TALE OF HEROISM.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.



A LONG, narrow sweep of silvery sand as smooth as a floor, overhung on one side by dark, frowning ledges of granite, worn and fretted by the salt sea spray below high-water mark, covered with moss and lichen above, bound on the other hand by the never-sleeping tide, now creeping hungrily in, anon receding sullenly; a small bay encircled by outlying arms of reefs and rocks where the sea chafes and froths like some huge monster deprived of its liberty, breaking forth in its wrath into a deafening roar; picture to the mind's eye such a scene, with an expanse of water beyond and a rugged landscape ascending from the shore, dotted here and there with fishermen's huts, and you gaze in imagination upon the dreary coast of Lowrie.

Where the rocks lift their dark-gray fronts in closest contact, and the breakers fling their white caps the highest, stood Lowrie light-house, kept, as long as any

one on the coast could well remember, by Donald Kempton. He was a tall, spare man, erect of carriage even in his last years; and had it not been for his thin, gray locks, he would have appeared much younger than he really was, so well did his countenance retain the freshness of youth.

When somewhat late in life he had taken unto himself a wife, the wise men shook their heads, and said that old Donald would quit the light-house. His love of duty seemed stronger than the ties of home, for he remained at his post, while the ready gossipers whispered that he was not over-kind to the gentle woman whose smile was the first ray of sunshine to enter his lonely life. We are glad to believe that his neglect and coldness was not intended, but rather the natural consequence of his isolated existence.

In a few years the rose he had transplanted to his humble home faded and drooped, whether from the chilly atmosphere of its walls, or disease, is beyond our ken. But a bud

was left which was to blossom into a more beauteous womanhood than her mother.

If old Donald was in any measure faithless to his wife, he was not forgetful of his child. A more indulgent father never lived, and her every wish was anticipated as far as it lay in his power.

She had inherited enough of his nature to love the sea and its changeful moods, passing much of her time upon its bosom or in his company at the light-house.

This pleased him, and when they were separated he would watch for hours the light she placed in the window for him, and dream of her; while she would gaze upon Lowrie's beacon, building, in its cheerful glow, the castles of childhood's careless years.

We pass these scenes by, however, to the stormy night when Ollie Kempton was to prove herself a heroine in the fullest sense of the word.

Her father had gone out to the light-house earlier than usual that afternoon, for dark threatenings of a storm hung over sea and land.

As night came on apace Ollie grew nervous, something uncommon for her; and as the sky grew darker and the water took on that peculiar leaden hue which precedes a storm, vague forebodings of evil possessed her mind.

She breathed somewhat easier as the light from Lowrie streamed across the murky tide, telegraphing to her the safety of her father.

The sight of a ship beyond the offing caught her attention a moment later. Her interest was quickly aroused, and in order to get a plainer view of the distant water, she ascended a slight eminence of land directly back from the house, wondering what ill-starred vessel could be beating up that dangerous coast at such an inopportune time.

She had barely reached her look-out when the sound of voices was borne to her ears.

Not caring to be discovered there alone, she darted into the shadows of a neighboring thicket, just as two men appeared.

She recognized them as a couple of desperate characters living down the coast. The foremost was speaking in a low, guttural tone, and at the sound of his voice she trembled.

"Ay, Barney, 'tis easy enough done. We've only to get the old man out of the way, put out the light, an' the storm 'll do the rest."

"Hal so 'twill, Mort; an' ye think there'll be lots o' waluables?"

"I am sure of that, an' you can have it all. I am working for revenge. Some one, I'm thinking, will have cause to remember this night. It won't be Donald Kempton, either!"

His dark face looked unusually forbidding, and he ground his heel into the earth as he spoke. Ollie trembled as she listened to his words, knowing that he was thinking of her whom he had once professed to love, but whom she could not otherwise than fear.

"Are ye sure the gal is not with him?" asked the one called Barney.

"Ay, of that I'm certain, for I saw her as we came up sitting by the window an' never dreaming of—but come, we've no time to lose. See, the darkness has hidden the ship from view."

Ollie breathed easier as she saw them pass on, though she could not throw off the fearful effect of their words. She realized that her father's life was threatened; and the ship, too, was imperiled by the plans of these wretches.

What should she do? As quickly as the startling question flashed through her mind it found an answer. Her father must be warned. She must go to the light-house.

Without giving a thought to the danger of the undertaking she darted away towards the shore, knowing that every moment's time was precious to her.

Choosing the shortest route she soon reached the spot where her boat was moored. Never had she undone its fastenings so nervously nor scanned the water so anxiously.

The sea surged madly at her feet, while over the reefs the foam-flecked breakers tossed high their clouds of spray. The storm was gathering its hosts rapidly, and a night of inky blackness was fast settling over the wild scene.

No wonder had her heart failed her then, for it seemed impossible that a boat could live in such a gale.

At that moment the minute gun from the distressed ship rang over the stormy waters. Glancing wildly up the coast, a low cry quivered upon her lips as she saw in the distance Morton Flagg and his confederate pushing their boat out from the shore and heading towards the light-house!

Apparently they had not discovered her, and in a few minutes she knew it would be too dark for them to see her. Her only hope

was in out-distancing them. Could she?

The light from Lowrie gleamed more brightly than common, guiding her on her stormy course, and lending, with thoughts of her father, greater strength to her arms.

Fortunately no one was more adept with the oars than she—not even old Donald himself—and with so much at stake she rowed on and on, while the tempest increased in fury, and the gloom deepened to midnight blackness, concealing Morton Flagg's boat from her gaze, shutting out the rocks of Lowrie.

Above the tumult of the gale rang the vessel's regular firing.

Tossed like a feather on the throbbing bosom of the storm-driven waves she kept upon her course, praying that she might not be too late, until at last the light of Lowrie shone clearly above her.

"Pon my soull!" said old Donald with unfeigned amazement, as he caught sight of her boat in the glare of the beacon light, "what means thy coming, lass, at this unseemly time? Ye mus' be cl'an daft, for no sane person w'u'd have 'tempted the passage o' the bay in this storm. An' I doubt me if there's another in Lowrie c'u'd have done it. Ugh! it's an ugly!"

"Am I in season, father?" was all that Ollie could say as she sprang out upon the rock.

"In season? What d'ye mean, lass?" and he started back at the sight of her white face.

In a few words the brave girl told her story, which was listened to by him with deep surprise.

"Mort Flagg in sich work, an' we never wronged him! But ye have outwitted him, lass, so come in; an' if he comes, which I very much doubt in the teeth o' sich a storm, we'll be ready for him."

"What ship is that outside, father?" as the heavy door closed behind them and they stood within the light-house.

"The Annette; I saw its light."

"And Walter is on board!" she exclaimed, turning pale, though she had anticipated his answer. Walter Monford was her lover.

"Nay, lass, ye are too brave to give away so. I dare say she is quite safe. Do ye not mind that she has almost stopped her firing? Ha! what is that?"

Heavy footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and before either of them could bolt the door it was flung violently open, when

Morton Flagg and his companion stood before them!

Ollie uttered a low cry as she shrank back to the side of her father's protecting arm.

"Zounds!" cried old Donald, fiercely, "why break ye like a robber into Lowrie light-house, Mort Flagg?"

The reckless intruder did not stop to make reply, for like a cat he sprang at the throat of the old light-keeper.

Donald Kempton had seen the day when he could have defied both the assailant and his confederate. But at three score and ten years one loses the strength and elasticity of early manhood. The onset was so sudden, too, that the old light-keeper was thrown back against the wall before he could offer resistance.

He struggled desperately, then, but the iron grip of Morton Flagg's burly arm was not easily shaken off.

"Unhand him, wretch!" cried Ollie, springing to her father's assistance; and so effectually did she battle in his behalf that the assailant might have found it necessary to relinquish his attack had not his henchman come to his aid, tearing the heroic girl away.

At that moment old Donald fell back against one of the windows, and lifted in the arms of his enemy, he was hurled head first out upon the rocks far below, the crash of the sash and his despairing cry mingling with the thunder of the tempest as a gust of wind beat in through the opening.

"Better give up quietly," sneered the ruffians, as they overpowered the maiden after a short struggle.

"Oh, Morton Flagg!" she moaned, "you have killed father! Why?"

"Stop!" he interrupted. "I intend to spare you upon one condition. Promise me you will be my wife, which you once refused to do, an' I will not harm you."

"No—no! I loathe you more than ever. I!"

"But your refusal signs the doom of another. On yonder ship is your lover, an' 'tis in my power to send him, with all on board, to the bottom of Lowrie waters! For his sake!"

"Spare him, I beg of you! Do with me as you will, but do not destroy the ship!"

"Ha! I thought I could bring you to terms. So you will become my wife? We will return to the shore at once to have the ceremony!"

"Never, Morton Flagg! rather death a hundred times!"

An oath left the ruffian's lips, and then he dashed the beacon lantern into fragments!

He laughed hoarsely as intense darkness enveloped their forms, while the wind whistled more discordantly than ever without, and the roar of the breakers grew more ominous and deafening.

The boom of the minute-gun came faintly to their ears.

"What do you think of the ship's fate now—of his?" asked Flagg, grimly. "Missing Lowrie light it will be sweep upon Lowrie's Jaws of Death! An' *you* are responsible for it all!"

He chuckled to himself, like the fiend he was.

Poor Ollie cried aloud in her anguish.

"Be my wife," continued the wretch, "an' I will try an' find another lantern which shall be lit at once."

Overcome with the horror of her situation, the unfortunate girl sank upon the floor—senseless.

"Hark!" cried Barney in a voice of terror, as a renewed blast of the gale dashed against the light-house, making it tremble to its very foundation. "The old building is goin' down! Ye know it has not been safe for a long time!" and he fled down the stairs as fast as he could go in the darkness.

Left alone Flagg, the arrant coward that he was, followed, though having enough presence of mind to lock the door behind him.

Ollie's stupor lasted but a few moments, and she returned to consciousness with the tumult of the storm sounding more terrible than ever. The light-house shook from base to turret as if threatening to fall at any instant. She, however, paid no heed to this, her mind being with the ill-starred ship whose fate depended upon Lowrie light.

She knew there was a lantern in a room below; if she could only get that she might save the vessel. She tried the door to find herself a prisoner! Its strong frame defied her utmost strength. With a despairing cry she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, praying for help.

Quickly overcoming her weakness, she remembered that there were some matches on a shelf near at hand. With them she might kindle a fire whose light would warn the ship off the perilous rocks.

The thought gave her strength, and a

minute later she had the satisfaction of seeing a jet of flame leap up from the fireplace where her father had left a lot of combustible matter ready to start a fire.

The dry wood kindled rapidly, and soon the glare of the fire shone cheerily out through the broken window upon the stormy sea.

It was a gladsome sight to her, and her heart beat high with hope, as she piled whatever she could find of a combustible nature upon the fire to feed its blaze.

Then footsteps upon the stairs warned her of the return of her enemies, when she quickly pushed the strong bolt into its socket, effectually barring the heavy door against entrance.

"Put out that light, girl!" commanded the hoarse voice of Flagg, as he tried in vain to burst open the door. "Do you hear me?"

The merry crackle of the flames as they leaped higher was his only reply.

"Curse you!" yelled the infuriated wretch, "are you going to obey me?"

Feeling secure from him Ollie was peering anxiously out into the gloom in the direction of the poor vessel, whose firing had ceased, but whose light was plainly seen, telling her that it was safe in spite of the storm and that her lover was saved.

A murmured thanksgiving went up from her lips, in the midst of which broke in upon her joy the harsh tone of her persecutor.

"You have saved him, but you shall not live to exult over your triumph. You shall have all the light you want."

A moment later the crackling sound of flames reached her ears, when the horrible truth became evident to her.

He had set fire to the light-house!

So rapidly did the flames kindle that in a moment the whole lower portion of the building was filled with the seething, roaring element.

The terrors of the tempest were lost when compared to this new danger.

Already the smoke had begun to creep in at the crevices and openings wherever it could find one. She tried the door to find it still locked and herself yet a prisoner in the burning building! The crackling of the flames grew louder, and peering through an aperture in the wall, she saw that the stairs were in a light blaze! It was but a few minutes before the light-house was wrapped in a tower of fire which streamed to the

very sky, sending its lurid glare far out over the storm-ridden sea!

Once she fancied, as she tried to get a breath of fresh air at the window, that the exultant cries of her foes were borne to her.

Her sufferings could not be of long duration. Soon the fire broke through the floor, licking up everything in its reach. Then the timbers trembled, and she knew that in a moment she would be precipitated into the fearful crater below!

What a horrible death to die!

The thought maddened her, and in her frenzy, blinded by the smoke and nearly suffocated by the heat, she rushed for the last time to the window.

Any death was preferable to that by fire, and with a wild, agonizing cry she leaped out into the flame-lit space, going down, down into the murky depths, until all was darkness.

Fortunately for Ollie she had stood on that side of the light-house where the tide beat at its very base, and carried out over the rocks by the force of her passage, she fell into the water where it was deep enough to save her from being dashed to pieces.

Stunned by her fall, she came to the surface helpless and must have perished, had not succor been near at hand.

Her father, when thrown out of the light-house by Flagg, had escaped death, though he had been nearly killed by his fall, and he had not returned to consciousness until after the breaking out of the fire.

In a dazed, bewildered way he had got into the boat and pushed it off from the rocks to escape the overpowering heat.

He saw Ollie when she reached the water, and he succeeded in saving her from drowning, when, overcome by his exertions, he

allowed the boat to drift away into the darkness.

Meanwhile those on the ship had seen the burning light-house, and a boat, commanded by Walter Munford, was sent to the rescue at once. They came in the nick of time to save the helpless castaways.

Soon after the doomed light-house was seen to reel to and fro, and then to fall with a loud crash, sending up a cloud of sparks and cinders high towards the black vault above.

A loud, hissing noise, and then darkness settled over the ill-starred place.

Ollie's recovery from that night's fearful experience was speedy, though the memory of that terrible ordeal might never fade from her mind.

Her father had received more serious injuries, from which in time, however, he recovered, thankful to have escaped with his life.

The praise due Ollie was bestowed upon her without stint, and a purse was made up for her benefit by those on the ship who had been saved by her heroism.

The plotters, strange to say, were both lost, their lifeless bodies being washed upon the shore the next morning.

Of course the lovers were married, "to lead ever afterwards a happy life," as we know they deserve, for the brave are ever true of heart.

The light-house was eventually rebuilt, but old Donald was no more its keeper, having found the comforts of home necessary for him in his declining years. His chief delight was to repeat with kindling eye the thrilling story of the LASS O' LOWRIE LIGHT.

NIGHT.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature; for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.

THE MAN FROM DOWN RIVER.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

HE was discovered at Knowles' tavern one night when the men went out from the lumbering camp to a dance.

"He had come along between sunset and dark," Knowles said, "travelin' afoot with a pair of snowshoes and a middlin' hefty bundle slung onto his back. He looked kind of seedy and wore out, and hadn't much to say for himself; but he ate his supper hearty, and paid for it like a man, and he said he was tryin' to get work at some lumberin' camp."

"That little pidgin-breasted feller! He'd better be twiddlin' a yard-stick than tacklin' an axe. He looks uncommon like a plucked chicken," said Sile Ransom.

But Sile was a huge, brawny fellow, and fond of his size and his strength; proud of his good looks, too. He was "red-and-white complected," as they said at Number Eight, and had a smile that was effectively compounded of dark eyes and gleaming white teeth. His head was leonine, with a mass of long, tawny hair. Sile was distinguished not only as a lumberman and river-driver, but was also a great social success. Many were the damsels who had suffered pangs of jealousy and despair on his account; for although he was very gallant, it was his proud boast that "girls was all alike to him, and he never see one that he thought was really of as much account as a chaw of ter-backer—till he come to Number Eight." Now it was the general opinion that Sile would be willing to barter all the tobacco in the universe for the smiles of Lucy Kyle, the school-mistress, largely, perhaps, because she did not see fit to smile on him.

The stranger was sitting beside Lucy Kyle, and talking to her with the air of wishing to make himself very agreeable when Sile arrived, which fact may have caused him to appear to Sile more "pidgin-breasted" than he really was.

The dance was going on in the great living-room, which was also, so far as the Maine law allowed, the bar-room of the tavern. The lumbermen were out in great force, some in red flannel shirts, and beards guiltless, for months, of razor; but the younger ones generally arrayed in "store clothes"

and gorgeous neckties, and fragrantly barbered.

Gay youth had come in sleighs and sleds upon the frozen river from a dozen villages and settlements, for a dance at Knowles' was very enticing. And not gay youth alone; there was, here and there, a grizzled grandfather of a light-hearted turn, or a jolly matron who had come, not as a chaperone, such things being unknown to the social economy of that region, but with a keen and half-starved appetite for "something goin' on."

Number Eight (that was its number as a township; it had not yet arrived at the dignity of a name) was regarded by Brown-bush and other "down-river" towns, as the "jumpin' off place of all creation." It was "clear'n into the woods and it warnt on the road to much of anywhere." Nevertheless, Number Eight had a strong hold on life, having the river for its lungs, and the primeval forest for its sinew, and Uncle Pliny Knowles, of the tavern, was fond of saying that "go where you would you couldn't find no stronger human nater than there was at Number Eight." Uncle Pliny had a great interest in "human nater." In spite of his duties as host he embraced every opportunity to "get the hang" of the most reticent specimen that ever come in his way, the stranger, whom as yet there seemed no way of describing than as "the man from down river."

As soon as Sile Ransom had drawn Lucy Kyle into the dance, Uncle Pliny seated himself on the bench beside the open fireplace where the stranger was sitting, and with "Squire" Hitchings, the "boss" of Sykes' lumbering camp, endeavored to draw him into conversation; but he was gazing, somewhat mournfully at the dancers; he showed a mild astonishment at the boldness with which Ransom had spirited Lucy away from him.

Another person was astonished, but not mildly; that was Little Ferrin, a fellow-camper with Sile at Sykes', and a rival for Lucy's favor. Gorgeously arrayed in his father's wedding vest of black satin brocaded with purple roses, and a scarlet necktie

which he had (secretly) walked seven miles on snow-shoes to obtain, Little Ferrin had wistfully hung around Lucy, waiting until her conversation with the stranger should be ended; and Sile Ransom strode in and carried her off. Little Ferrin ground his teeth and kicked a log in the fireplace until it sputtered out shower of angry sparks.

Uncle Pliny set a convivial pitcher and mug on the hearth, then sat down and crossed his legs, with a social air.

"Been trampin' too fur to feel like shakin' a leg to-night I expect," he remarked to the stranger, who still watched the dancers meditatively. "Or never learnt, mæbbe? I tell 'em 'taint every place down river that hes sech social priverliges as Number Eight. Oh, haint too pius to darnce, be ye?"

"I'm no dancer," said the stranger briefly.

"Middlin' good pair o' legs of your own," remarked Uncle Pliny, meditatively. "But everybody haint got the gift of light heels, no more'n of a light heart, or a good understandin' or any other blessin'. Jehosaphat! when I was young!" and Uncle Pliny surveyed mournfully his ancient, shrunken limbs. "Mebbe they didn't make no account of good times your way. That's a great mistake, and I jest as lives tell a minister so to his face; where there aint no good times there's alwus a sight of evil brewin', for human nater has got to let off some steam."

"Lemme see—where was it you was tellin' us you was from?" said Squire Hitchings with elaborate carelessness, Uncle Pliny having confided to him that it was "like drawin' teeth" to find out anything about him.

"I came from down river," said the stranger, composedly indefinite.

"Clear'n down is consid'able fur, and there is places that aint so fur. I've been consid'able of a traveler, myself, but I haint never been clear'n down river," remarked Uncle Pliny.

"Rockland, mebbe, or Camden," suggested Squire Hitchings, whose methods were more direct than Uncle Pliny's.

"I have been in both places," answered the stranger, beginning to show a slight trace of nervousness under fire.

"When I was down to Bangor, last Spring, I come acrost a feller that favored you consid'able; kind of middlin', he was, and taller-complected; his name was Meachem, and

he kept a Sailors' boardin' house. Some relation o' your'n? or mebbe you haint any down to Bangor?"

"Not that I know of."

The Squire heaved a sigh. Uncle Pliny chuckled a little. The Squire had "calc'lated he could find out."

Suddenly the stranger opened his mouth of his own accord. Uncle Pliny and the Squire both leaned towards him, holding their breaths to listen.

"I hear you are the boss of Sykes' gang?" he said to the Squire. "Do you think I should be worth my keep as a chopper?" I have more muscle than you would think, though it hasn't had much chance to develop lately."

"There's work enough and room enough for another, but I declare, you don't look as if you was cut out by nater for a lumberman."

"I—I haven't been very well lately," said the stranger stammering slightly. "But I think I should be worth all I cost, and I don't ask any wages."

"Well, that sounds fair," said the Squire. "You'd better go long of us to-night, for it looks like a big snow, and you couldn't find your way to the camp so dretful easy through six miles o' drift. Used to roughin' of it, be ye?"

"Well, not exactly in that way; but to roughing it—yes."

And then he arose and walked over to a settee where Lucy Kyle was sitting.

"I declare, Squire, I don't know as I should 'a' took him, if I'd 'a' been you," said Uncle Pliny. "A bottle that's corked up so tight as that is apt to have some cur'us workin's goin' on inside on't. Why don't he tell who he is and where he come from if he haint nothin' to be ashamed on? And what's he goin' to lumberin' for, when he haint never done no sech work and his health's poor? See how slim and genteel he looks in the back. M'ria she said the minute she clapped her eyes onto him that I'd oughter asked him to set down in the comp'ny eend."

The "company end" of the room was fitted up in more modern style than the "fireplace end," with an air-tight stove, a strip of red and green carpet, a marble-topped table, with a photograph album upon it, and some chromos and funeral wreaths upon the wall; it was as grim and unsocial as the every-day end was cheerful.

"I don't know but what I was hasty," remarked the Squire, meditatively, "but he took effect on my mind jest like a story in an old paper that one of my boys had. Jest at the interestinest part it up and said, 'to be continered,'" and it actilly wore on me, senserble man as I pertend to be, tryin' to figger out who kerried off the heiress, and whether the young Earl got out of that dun-gin where they'd locked him up. Kind o' seems as if 'twould worry me jest the same if I didn't find out about this feller. If he's a rough character, and I don't like his cut no more'n you do, why I don't calc'late he can demoralize Sykes' camp! He'll be terrible apt to find his match there. The boys ain't a bad lot, ye know, but they're the kind that holds their own and don't put up with a great deal. Some on 'em, Dave Jenkins, and Eph Goldin, and Sile Ransom, and them, was up to the supply camp when 'Liph' Pillsbury got that trick served on him. What lies 'Liph' would tell! And for pilferin' there warn't his match this side o' the Kenebec. The boys couldn't keep a knife or a chaw of terbacker. It was one Sunday 'Liph' was a-readin' in the berth, with his feet stretched onto the deacon's seat, front of the fire. Them boys tied a rope on to the limb of a yaller birch close side of the camp—you know how lithe and springy a yaller birch is—and drewed the rope down through the smoke-hole; 'twas a double camp, ye know, that supply camp, and the smoke-hole was about six by seven; they made kind of a noose round 'Liph's legs, unbeknownst to him, and they jest let go o' the rope. He shot out o' that smoke-hole as clean as a whistle, and there he was a-danglin' head down'ards from that yaller birch! And they never let him down till they'd made him solemnly swear to quit lyin' and stealin'. Ye see, let this feller from down river be what he will, it ain't the boys gettin' hurt that I'm afeard on!"

The stranger had slipped into a vacant seat beside Lucy Kyle, and was evidently making himself agreeable to her.

"He's taken a shine to the school-ma'am, anyhow," said Uncle Pliny. "Little Ferrin looks as if he wouldn't make but one chaw of him, and Sile haint got no forehead to speak of; that's alwus the way when he's mad. See there! the school-ma'am is introducin' on him to the other gals, and I vum if they haint got him to dancin' Look at 'em pushin' on him through the figger, and

him as awk'ard and flustered as a pig with a porringer! Ain't used to serciety. I knew he didn't b'long in the comp'ny eend, for all o' M'ria."

When the dance was over in the small hours, and the "boys" from Sykes' had prepared their equipage, a large sled drawn by two huge Canadian horses, for the return to camp, the man from down river with his bundle on his back, quietly joined them. The Squire had endeavored to break the news gently to the boys, but their dissatisfaction with his company was evident; reserve was not a striking feature of the manners at Sykes'.

"Take care of him. I won't agree to keep my hands off'n him!" growled Sile Ransom.

"He ain't your size; you won't pitch into him, Sile," said the Squire.

"He won't be no size when I get through with him," declared Little Ferrin, whose soul was apt to be possessed with the divine rage of battle.

"I snum, I don't know what he's done 'thout its to have a takin' way with the gals, and that comes o' nater and is dretful apt to bring its own punishment 'long with it," said the Squire, who was (for dark and deadly reasons, as he was always hinting) a bachelor.

The Squire invited the stranger to a seat in the front of the sled, and hospitably tucked a bear skin around him.

"I don't know as I exactly made out your name, now," he said.

"My name is Martin," replied the stranger with an accent which suggested that no more questions were expected.

"Martin from——?" said the Squire, with a lingering interrogative pause, which drew forth no response. "Well, there is Martins most anywhere."

The men were all stowed away on the sled wrapped in skins. The snow crunched under the runners, and the stars glittered frostily. Little Ferrin had his fiddle, with which the festivities had been kept up after the Brombush fiddler was exhausted, and he was plaintively picking out "The Girl I Left Behind Me," with his elbow aggressively sawing upon the stranger's back.

"Stop that noise, will you? and let a feller get some rest!" growled Sile Ransom.

It was not long before all the men were resting, more or less articulately. After they had turned into the woods-road, even

the Squire, who was driving, allowed the horses to take their own way, and dropped his head upon his breast. The man whose name was Martin looked curiously around upon the sleepers. He drew a pack of cards limp and grimy, from the leg of his boot, and shuffled them over and over.

"Ace, king, queen, jack—or is it *two* jacks?" he murmured. "I ought not to feel so defenceless, so utterly at their mercy," he said, half aloud, and again he turned the cards over with an anxious brow.

"Ace, king, queen, jack—one jack!" he repeated.

The camp was wrapped in slumber when they arrived. Some of the sleepers awaked sufficiently to grumble, with strong expletives, at the disturbance; a few inquired, with good-natured, if inelegant jests, about the dance. In an almost incredibly short space of time the new-comers were bestowed beside their sleeping comrades in the wide berths, and the interrupted silence settled down again. The huge logs in the fireplace had fallen into red coals; through the smoke-hole the stars could be seen growing pale; the air was strong and sweet with forest freshness and fragrance; the beds were made of pine boughs that had a luxurious and slumbrous scent. The stranger alone was awake, too restless and anxious to sleep.

"Poker? Seven up? Euchre? Ery-one that suits you, Martin; but there ain't none of them new-fashioned games that I like so well as good, old-fashioned high-low-jack," said the Squire.

It was the evening after the stranger's arrival, and he and the Squire had already become quite friendly.

Not that the Squire had discovered just where he came from, or that he had ceased to resent the fact that he could not, or that he was free from a vague suspicion, which the man's appearance had aroused at the very first; but his sympathies were wont to go out, as he was always declaring, to the under dog in the fight, and the men all disliked the man from down river. His manner had become easy, even a little rough; he "warn't pickin' his words out with the tongs no more," the Squire remarked; he had never been heard to use an oath, but there were other men at Sykes' who did not swear—except on great provocation. He showed some muscle and great pluck at

wood-chopping, and an astonishing affinity for pork and beans; the suspicions as to his "gentility" were weakening.

The great snow that the Squire had prophesied had come on, and the men were all in the camp, and card-playing was in order. Nobody asked Martin to play until the Squire appeared from the hovel where he had been taking the skin off a moose that he had shot.

"I'm not much of a card-player, but I can play high-low-jack a little," said Martin, modestly, as he drew from his boot-leg his worn, old pack of cards.

"Them look kinder business-like, now!" said the Squire. "What you goin' to play for? We don't go for no high stakes up here."

"I never gamble," said Martin, laying the cards down, with decision.

"Never gamble and don't care nothin' about whiskey! Well, I didn't take you for that kind of a chap, and none of us didn't. I calc'late, now, that piety o' your'n is something new, or else it don't go clear'n through!" said the Squire, with a wink. "But la! I can play for nothin', if you want to; cards is cards, anyhow."

"Land o' Goshen, if he ain't a one for lettin' on!" said the Squire, to a group of the "boys," after the play was over. "Pur-tended he scarcely knew one card from another at fust, but he played a master hand afore we got through! He's a showin' his colors kinder gradooal; by day after to-morrow he'll clean the whole camp out at poker!"

"If he shows me any nonsense——!" said the valiant Little Ferrin, impressively imitating the click of a pistol with his tongue.

But Martin declined to play poker. The two stormy days he spent in writing shorthand—a fact which was discovered by the men, and aroused still deeper suspicions—and in sleeping. He was, apparently, much fatigued by his unusual exertions, and on the first pleasant day the Squire, mindful of the fact that he was working only for his "keep," proposed that he should take a half holiday. He spent it in walking, on his snow-shoes, over six miles of drifts to the settlement, and came back in a very social mood, and talked freely of the visits he had made at Knowles' and at the school-house. He "wanted to see how school-teaching was carried on in that region."

This statement was received with laughter, and some of the men openly charged him with being attracted by the pretty school-ma'am; whereupon he winked, facetiously, and expressed the conviction that she *was* pretty.

Sile's forehead "went clear'n down into his eyes," as the Squire said, and he took the first opportunity for a private interview with the stranger. That occurred the next morning as they were preparing to "break out," and haul some logs to the settlement.

"Look here! I've got a few words to say to you," said Sile, with his brawny fist extended before the astonished young man's face. "If you're a-hangin' round—round the school-house meanin' fair and square I haint got nothin' to say, but if you're such a character as we kind of think you may be, and jest mean to fool round an innercent country girl that don't know nothin' about such as you, then you jest quit, and don't go nigh her ag'in!"

Wrath flashed from the young stranger's eyes.

"I shall suit myself about this and all other matters," he said.

The next moment Sile's huge fist had come into play. Martin was not much more than half as large as Sile, but he was evidently practiced in the manly art of self-defence. He parried heavy thrusts and bestowed unexpected ones in a manner that was very astonishing to Sile.

Little Ferrin, peeping from behind the hovel, was exultant.

"Pitch in, both of you! I like to see both of you catchin' it!" he muttered.

"You're a mean-spirited little cuss, anyhow," remarked the Squire, who was also in retirement behind the hovel, a remark which Little Ferrin, with all his valor, thought it wise to ignore.

The contest ended in Sile's downfall, by means of an utterly unlooked-for movement on the part of his antagonist, who composedly walked away, and mounted one of the teams to drive to the settlement.

"I haint got nothin' to say," said Sile to the sympathizers who surrounded him, as he picked himself up, "only if he ain't a professional I'm mistaken."

"See what I picked up side o' the berth where he was layin'!" Little Ferrin produced a small, leather-bound book. "All full of hiroglyphicals, like what he writes—ciphers, or *something* secret!"

The book was examined, critically, by every one in the group.

"Mebbe it's only a furrin language," suggested the Squire.

"Furrin languages ain't wrote in crow's-tracks, like that," said Little Ferrin.

"He might be one o' them Rooshin' or Fenian fellers that blows things up," remarked one of the men.

"It's my belief he belongs to a gang of counterfeiters or bank-robbers, or such as that," said Little Ferrin, darkly.

"I s'pose you think they have their doin's all printed out in a book!" said the Squire, scornfully.

Little Ferrin put the book into his pocket, and ran off to his team, whistling cheerfully. It was exhilarative to see Sile's overthrow, and as for that other fellow—with that book as evidence he would soon give him his "come-up-ance!"

Sile refused to go to the settlement bearing the scars of battle, and preceded by the story of his defeat, which was likely to lose nothing by Little Ferrin's telling. He went deep into the woods and chopped fiercely all day. He did not go out to the singing-school that night, a festivity which he had never before been known to miss.

Little Ferrin came home in high glee. He had, for once, found a fair field in which to woo Lucy Kyle, for Martin was not at singing-school.

"He said he was goin' down to C. to get some letters that he expected, and we needn't wait for him, for he might be late, and he'd foot it back. And he ain't here yet! Mebbe you don't think them's queer doin's!" he said. "I'm blessed if I believe he'll ever turn up ag'in!"

"O land, I hope he ain't 'to be con-tinered!'" said the Squire, pathetically. "Jest time, now—the interestinest part!"

Two hours behind the teams, Martin walked in, evidently fatigued and dejected, and went to bed in silence. He kept by himself the next day, as much as possible.

Sile spoke to nobody, but went about, gloomily, with a scar on his face where he had hit a log when he fell.

Little Ferrin came home from the river at night-fall, the next day, his small gray eyes dilated with importance and mystery. He drew Sile Ransom out of doors, and explained his great secret to him.

"You know about them Canady burglars that's been a burnin' and shootin' and

stealin' round? Well, last night up to Carson's Dam two houses was broke open, the safe in Jerry Carson's store was busted, the store was burnt up, and his house and barn 'long of it! Jerry lost more'n twenty head o' cattle, and four or five valerble horses, to say nothin' of what was took out of the safe. They tracked the burglars down towards the settlement. Now I ask you where was that feller Martin last night? He left the school-house before dark—he was there all the afternoon with Lucy Kyle; cur'us how that slick kind of a scamp can alwers get round a girl!—and he never turned up here till two o'clock! Well, I jest sent word of my suspicions to Jerry Carson to-night. I didn't say a word more'n the truth, but that's about enough! Jerry and the man that's huntin' with him will be here before daylight! They won't trouble about no sheriff; you know what Jerry Carson is; he's half Injin and whole devil; that feller's life ain't wuth a toss-up! There ain't no need of sayin' anything about it to the other men; some of 'em's kind of soft, pertikerly the Squire, and they might think bein' he's eat and drunk and lived amongst 'em they'd orter stand up for him. I guess there ain't no danger of your interferin' with the course of jesticel!"

Sile brushed Little Ferrin aside as if he were an insect, and strode right into the camp.

There was a jovial group around the fire; the men were helping the cook to make the flap-jacks for supper; a dexterous turn that sent them flying as high as the smoke-hole was thought to impart a particularly delicious flavor. Martin tried his skill, but his flap-jacks all came down into the fire; his hand was certainly unsteady. Sile declined the sport; he sat on the deacon's seat and glowered at the fire. The men talked of the robberies at Carson's Dam, and Martin asked questions about it, in a careless, off-hand manner.

Long after all the others had retired to their berths, Sile sat on the deacon's seat and stared at the fire. Once he arose and went to the door, fancying he heard a noise. The great forest lay in darkness, and in a silence that was broken only by a moaning in the tops of the tall pine trees, or the dreary creaking of a snow-laden bough. And Sile went back to his vigil.

An hour or so later he arose, as if with a sudden resolution, and went softly out to

the hovel, unfastened his own horse, and led him to the door of the camp.

A gray, ghostly dawn was struggling with the darkness and the forest seemed stirring with a vague sense of life.

Sile went noiselessly to Martin's side and awakened him.

"There's a horse waitin' for you at the door, and you'd better get on to him and clear out!" he said. "You can ketch the cars down to Junkin's Crossin' and you leave the horse there. I don't expect you will, but I can't stand it to see a man ketched like a rat in a hole! Jerry Parson's got to shoot somebody when he's mad."

"But I had nothing to do with"—

"Mebbe you hadn't; it don't seem to me to be just your cut; but Jerry ain't one to wait for explernations. You take my advice and go."

"It seems cowardly—but perhaps it is the best way. It has all been a failure!" said Martin, dejectedly.

"I don't know anything about your failures, but you'd better make a success of steering clear of this camp hereafter!"

And while darkness was still keeping the dawn at bay, the stranger turned his back, for good, upon Sykes' camp.

The next Sunday the camp was early astir, and great toilet preparations absorbed everybody. News had reached them that there was to be preaching in the school-house; a stranger in the region—somebody had said a half-brother of the school-mistress—was to officiate.

"Whether it's gospel privileges, or the gals, or what, 'tain't best to inquire too clost, but Sykes' alwers does turn out to meet'n'," the Squire was wont to remark.

They were a little late, and as they entered the school-house the minister arose in the desk, saying, solemnly, "Let us pray."

They all turned and looked at him, as was the fashion at Number Eight; in immaculate broadcloth and snowiest ministerial cravat there stood—the man from down river!

"I snum!" exclaimed the Squire, aloud.

Little Ferrin silently turned away and spent the whole time of service whittling, in the wood-shed.

"I was glad to shake hands with them all, especially Sile Ransom—he's a *man*!" said the young minister, as he walked homeward with his half-sister, Lucy Kyle. "But I

feel humiliated to have made such a failure, and it rankles that they were all so sure that my piety 'didn't go clear'n through.' My health was improving; it was better for me than all the physical training I've been through, as Dr. B—— said it would be, but I thought I was going to do the men good. I had seen ordinary methods of very little effect with that class, and I thought missionary effort would be hopeless, if they knew I was a minister. My theory was to make myself one of them—I even learned to play cards!—and gradually to win their confidence. I can't quite understand why, but the plan didn't seem to work!"

"I knew something was to pay when that horse came back," said Sile Ransom, who had suddenly acquired what the Squire called "a middlin' high forrud." "But it docs tickle me about that Greek Testament that Little Ferrin carried to the sheriff for everdunce!"

"It ain't accordin' to nater but what we should feel kinder small, some on us more so than others," said the Squire. "But it's consolin' that he turned out somehow, and ain't 'to be continered.' There's such a terrible sight of things in this world that is."

WHAT IS A DAY ?

A SIMPLE question enough, and one that admits of various simple answers each correct as far as it goes. In one sense in which it is commonly used, "day" indicates the period of light as distinguished from darkness, denoting, therefore, any length of time under six months, according to the latitude of the observer and the season of the year.

Another popular meaning is the space of twenty-four hours, including a period of light and another of darkness. This, again, is not the same all the world over, as the times of its commencement and termination vary in different countries, some reckoning from evening to evening, others from morning to morning, while modern civilized nations count from midnight to midnight.

Astronomers also have their various days; the absolute solar day, ranging from about half a minute under, to the same amount over, at different times of the year; the mean solar day, being our common day of twenty-four hours; the lunar day of nearly twenty-five hours; and the sidereal day, of about four seconds short of twenty-four hours.

These different answers, and the phenomena to which reference must be had for their explanation, would provide material for a long article. But there is another aspect of the question which is not less interesting, though not so frequently alluded to; we refer to the duration of each day on the surface of the earth, and place and time at

which it is first seen, and at which it finally disappears.

The succession of day and night depends on the rotation of the earth on its axis; and since the earth is of a globular shape, it is evident that the whole of its surface cannot be turned to the sun at one and the same moment; in other words, that it cannot be noon all over the earth at once.

A little thought will show that whenever it is noon in any one place, it is midnight on the opposite side of the earth; and at the different places between, all the times of day are at one and the same moment to be found. Take a particular example to make it clearer. When it is noon at London, the countries on the opposite side of the earth—say New Zealand and its neighborhood—are turned directly away from the sun, and therefore have midnight. Paris, being a little further east than London, will have been brought directly under the sun a little earlier; that is to say, at London noon, Paris noon has been gone a few minutes. Go to Egypt and Constantinople, farther east; their noon has been gone an hour or two. Farther on, again, India is approaching her eventide, and China and Japan have already sunk in darkness. Turn your face west, however, across the Atlantic; you will find they have not yet reached their mid-day, in fact are thinking in New York about breakfast, and out west in California are hardly yet getting up. Still to the west, we come round again to New Zealand, where the

day—which was only just dawning in California—which was high noon at London, and afternoon in India—this same day, say the 1st of July, is, as we saw, on the eve of departing altogether, to give place to a new one, the 2d of July. It is clear, then, that while the 1st is still young in America, and long before it is over even in England, the 2d will be well started in New Zealand and countries in that longitude, and will come round the world from east to west, as all its predecessors have done.

The question then arises: where did this day, the 2d of July, first begin? It was not in America, for we saw the folks there just about to rise on the 1st. Yet it was beginning in New Zealand. Therefore, it must either be in New Zealand, or some place between there and America. The fact is that there is no defined place where the day can be said to appear first of all. Civilization originally spread across the Old World, from east to west, and then across the New, carrying its calendar with it. The day came from the east, and traveled across to the west, and no one asked whence it originally came or where it ultimately died. Thus, the common usage, treating the day as first appearing in the Old World and then proceeding to the New, left no place for the new day's birth except the wide Pacific Ocean; and when traffic began to cross that ocean, and the question was forced upon men's minds in a manner which we shall soon see, a sort of understanding was arrived at that the day should be deemed to begin there.

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the new day dawns upon is Easter Island, about two hundred and thirty miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, the 2d of July breaks here within a few hours of the first having broken on the American coast to the east, and the two days run on alongside—the 2d in Easter Island and places west, the 1st in all places on the American Continent. We may therefore realize this idea—that at twenty minutes past seven in Great Britain, the next day is commencing on the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence in due course it will travel round to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find they keep the day there under

a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their time. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east to west this wonderful magic line where the day begins, he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up with the times.

To put the matter another way. In sailing round the world eastwards, the days are each a little less than twenty-four hours, according to the speed of the ship, as the sun is met every morning a little earlier. These little differences added together will amount in the course of the circumnavigation to twenty-four hours, giving the sailors an extra day, not in imagination, but in sober truth. On the other hand, in sailing westward, the sun is overtaken a little each day, and so each day is rather longer than twenty-four hours, and clocks and watches are found to be too fast. This also will amount, in sailing round to the starting-point again, to one whole day, by which the reckoning has fallen in arrear.

Colonies and settlements have occasionally had strange experiences in this matter of dates. Great nations have a tendency to make all their possessions follow the institutions of the mother-country as far as possible, and with respect to the calendar this rule holds good. It is indeed the reason why most of the islands of the Pacific keep Asiatic dates, although some of them are much nearer the American than the Asiatic coasts; the fact being that these islands were discovered and settled by mariners sailing from Asia, who took their calendar with them and never thought of altering it.

The system, however, of carrying a foreigner's reckoning into another country has not always worked so successfully. A few years ago, Alaska, having been settled from Russia and being owned by Russia, kept its calendar as it had been brought round from the west by Russians; on the other hand, the rest of America kept the date which had come round to them with the discoverers from the east, which was of course a day behind the former; so here were two different dates close at hand. When Alaska was ceded by treaty to the United States in 1867, the inconvenience of continuing this was evident, and the Alaskan calendar was forthwith summarily altered to agree with that of the United States.

More curious and anomalous even than this is the case of the Philippine Islands; for, although these lie so near to the Asiatic coast, it was by Spaniards who sailed eastwards from America that they were settled. Did they revise their calendar when they crossed the magic line, and strike out a day, to keep themselves abreast of the times? No such thing: the Spanish Dons of that day were a proud and fiery folk, and if their calendar did not agree with the times, then so much the worse for the times. Anyhow, the fact remains that, when they arrived at the Manila or Philippine Islands, they still reckoned by the calendar which had been taken from Spain to America, and from America by them on their voyage. They were, of course, a day in arrear; but as there were not then any important settlements of civilized nations thereabouts with whom the date could be compared, the error was not noticed; the reckoning took firm hold, and in consequence, the inhabitants of Manila keep plodding along one day behind all their immediate neighbors.

Even so far as British settlements are concerned, it is in many cases by pure accident, and not by preconceived design, that their calendar is kept in accordance with the general rule. For example, the first settlers of Botany Bay—the place where for many years involuntary emigrants from England found free quarters—went out in 1788 under orders to sail round Cape Horn westwards to their destination. Stress of weather, however, forced them eastwards round the Cape of Good Hope, and so they reached Australia with eastern date, which of course they ought to keep; whereas, if they had followed their orders and proceeded by Cape Horn, they might easily have fallen into the same error as the Philippine Islanders. A few years later, a missionary expedition to the South Sea islands met with a similar accident, and so took eastern date with them, thus falling in with the recognized rule. The French, however, sent an expedition in the early part of this century westwards to Tahiti, who took their own date with them, and, in accordance with the emulative spirit which runs so high between Frenchmen and Englishmen, refused to conform to the calendar they found then in use on the islands, and kept their own, holding their Sabbaths and festivals the day following those of the English residents.

By way of showing in a practical manner

what a day is according to the view we set before ourselves, let us suppose it agreed that bells should be rung all over the world for the whole day on some particular anniversary—say, Christmas Day. This chime, then, would first be heard at Easter Island, and that at twenty minutes past seven by Greenwich time in the morning of the 24th of December. After the ringing had been going on there for three hours, the bells of the Sandwich Islands would join in chorus. Two hours later we should hear those of New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. Rather more than another two hours later, and Adelaide and Japan would “salute the bonny morn” with their tintinnabulations. But while all the rest of Polynesia and Australasia was thus vocal with melody, an ominous sullen silence would reign in the Philippine Islands for full twenty-four hours yet. Disregarding these belated Spaniards, the music reaches the Asiatic continent; Bombay takes up the tale four hours after Adelaide; St. Petersburg, four hours after Bombay; and London “Bow Bells” would peal forth two hours after St. Petersburg—that is, sixteen hours and forty minutes after the first clang at Easter Island. The Azore Islands would commence their ringing last of all European bells, being a full hour and a half later than London. New York would follow five hours after London; and Denver City about two hours after New York—that is to say, just about the time when the bells of Easter Island, having rung through their twenty-four hours, would be stopping. Alaska, still farther west on the continent of America, steps forward three hours after Easter Island has finished; and finally, the Philippine Islanders commence to wake the echoes when all their neighbors are sinking into silence, five hours after Alaska has begun, and about eight hours after the last note on Easter Island. It is now about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th in London, and as the Philippine bells have still their twenty-four hours to ring, Christmas Day, which began at twenty minutes past seven in the morning of the 24th, will not be over till four in the afternoon of the 26th.

Thus, to the various definitions of a day which we hinted at in our opening remarks, we may add this, that, considered with reference to its first appearance on the earth and its final departure from it, a day is a period of about fifty-six hours and forty minutes.

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER V.

FOR a long time Jig lay upon the floor, hardly daring to breathe. She tried to devise a plan whereby she might escape, but none came to her active brain. She more than half believed that old Suke was conscious of her presence, and was lying awake to watch her movements. She listened attentively to her breathing, which was quick and even; but was not convinced, from it, whether she were sleeping or waking. In this way, an hour slipped by, at the expiration of which the old woman snored so loudly, that Jig had no doubts as to the soundness of her slumbers.

At first, the child thought only of freeing herself from the trap which she was in; but becoming, by degrees, accustomed to the darkness and silence, the old desire to possess herself of Suke's treasure took possession of her mind.

"If I could only get the little box and run!" thought Jig, crouching down again. "I wouldn't care if I only just stoled what was in it. I could put it in my sleeve, and nobody nor nothing would ever see it. And if I *could* only get the key and get out, I wouldn't care for nothing—nothing."

She drew herself up closely to the box, and remained there, upon her knees, for several moments, lacking courage to put in practice her daring plan. The real meaning of the word fear, the child had never known before. She trembled from head to foot, and found it a hard matter to keep her teeth from chattering. After awhile, she put one hand upon the cover of the old box, softly, bending her head forward, the while, to learn if old Suke stirred. The woman breathed as lustily as before. Encouraged by it, Jig proceeded to lift the cover, slowly, softly and steadily. Her heart beat so loud, that she was fearful it would betray her. Every sound, however slight, breaking upon the silence, seemed a thousand times louder than it really was.

Holding up the cover of the box with her left hand, Jig proceeded to ferret out the hiding-place of Suke's treasure with her right. In a second's time she found the

basket—in another, threw up its right lid; one motion more, and her fingers would rest upon the object which she was seeking. Her heart leaped to her throat—old Suke began to move. Jig grew as motionless as a statue. The woman yawned and groaned, threw her hands above her head and was silent again. Five minutes—which seemed like so many hours—passed, and Jig did not stir one jot from her position. One hand held the cover of the box firmly; the other lay within the little basket.

"I'll wait 'nother minute," thought Jig, "then I'll have it. I'll crawl under the bed until morning, then I'll scoot out the door, the first chance I git!"

The minute slipped by, and the child grasped, with her trembling fingers, the bit of a box with which old Suke had so tantalized her. She made a movement to displace the cover. As she did so, the old woman began crooning to herself again.

"Can't sleep—can't sleep—toot! The devil's here—he's after—after—hark! what's the devil after?"

"I'll have it!" thought Jig, making a bold push for the inside of the box.

In doing this, the lid of the basket, in some way became displaced, and made a slight noise against the side of the old chest. Suke sprang up instantly.

"Toot, toot! what's here?" she cried, springing to the floor. "Fiends, thieves, toot! what's here—what's here? What's into my box—what is't I hear?"

At this, Jig beat a hasty retreat, making a great deal of noise as she did so, and terrifying old Suke more and more every moment.

"Toot! I smells something! toot! Is it a mouse in the chist? Who's 'fraid? I ain't, not I!" said Suke, in a shaking voice, fumbling along towards the box. "Is the devil here? If he is, has he run off with anything?" continued Suke, quite unmindful of the plain solecism.

While she was running on in this desultory manner, Jig found herself a hiding-place under the bed. To be sure, it was no easy matter for her to force herself through the heaps of rubbish there collected, but in her

fright she found new strength. A moment after she was well settled, she suddenly remembered that old Suke had placed the key of her door under her pillow, before she laid down to sleep. If she could only gain possession of that, she thought; if she could, she should soon be able to free herself. Whatever she intended to do, must be done quickly. Suke was running about the room, in the dark just then, but in a minute more she might strike a light. So Jig crept softly from her hiding-place, running the imminent risk, by so doing, of immediate detection. Hearing the slight noise which she made in crawling from under the bed, Suke gave vent to three "toots," in a high pitch.

"Toot—toot—toot! The devil's after old Suke! Old daddy and mammy sent him, 'coz they hate me. Toot! Where's my light?"

Without heeding the outcry, Jig persevered in her attempt, and was rewarded by grasping the key tightly in her fingers. Not contented with having done this, she caught at old Suke's lamp, and, in a twinkling, disappeared with it under the bed. She would have made her escape then, but she feared, if she did so, that she would find the doors of her own miserable home fastened against her. The old woman struck a match against the wall, and by its brief, flickering light looked sharply about her. She groped her way to a chair where she had set her light before retiring, but not finding it there, as she expected, gave a hoarse "Toot!" and then was silent.

"Devil's got my lamp!" she cried, in her astonishment. "Where's my light?"

She went close to the bed and lighted another match; then stooped down to see if there was any one concealed beneath it. Jig grew frightened again—her breath almost stopped. "If she had but run!" she thought; "now she was nabbed fast!" But fortune favored her. Suke's light was of brief duration. She had not run her eyes over half the rubbish about Jig before it went out.

"Toot, I'll see!" she said, rising to strike another match upon the wall.

Jig did not wait for the light to crawl out by, but beat a hasty retreat without its assistance. Suke listened. Jig, emboldened by her silence, fumbled about the door, trying to fit the key into the lock.

"Toot, toot! It's the crow, the crow!" cried out Suke, hopping forward and catch-

ing Jig by the arm. "I could hear it breathe. Toot! what's the crow after? What is it here for?"

"'Tain't here!" retorted Jig. "I'm going home."

"No, not yet; it must wait till morning. Tell old Suke, what did the crow find in the box?"

"Box?" repeated Jig, wondering.

"Yes; old Suke wants to know. Did it find the?"

"What?" asked Jig.

"Did it open the little box? 'Coz if it did, it can never go out of this room till it has gin it all up—all up. Toot, toot, toot! Can the crow tell?"

"No, she won't!" was the curt answer.

"Then it can't ever be a lady!" blustered Suke, with an oath.

"Can't I? Oh, but I can. Daddy and mammy can make me a lady."

"Can they? What's the crow thinking 'bout now? What put that idea into her head?"

"None o' yer business. I won't tell. Yer lied to me. Yer didn't let me see what yer said you would."

"I was afraid," whimpered Suke. "What if they should kill me, crow?"

"Wish they would; 'coz you lied," was the unsympathizing reply of the child.

"Do you want to go? Does the crow want to go?" whispered Suke.

"No, she don't."

"Will the crow tell old Suke what it stole? What it was after in the chist?"

"No, she won't! No, she won't!" Jig replied, moving off, and speaking in a low, mocking tone. "I was after what yer promised ter show me. But yer lied!"

"Did it find it? Did the pretty—the dear pretty find it?" purred old Suke.

"Look and see. How should I know? I'm going to run off to-morrow. You can't never git it again. Now, toot, if yer want to."

"Yis I can git it again!" hissed Suke, hopping close after Jig. "I'll tear yer red heart straight out of yer body before you leave this room, but what I'll have it."

"Tear it out!" retorted Jig, coolly, taking care to keep out of her way.

"Oh-ho, toot! good crow, dear crow! tell the old woman?" pleaded Suke, starting off upon a new policy. "Oh, toot, pretty; how old Suke loves it. She wishes, pretty"

"That she could tear my heart out,"

interrupted Jig, pushing a chair in her way.

"Toot, pretty, toot!" cried out Suke, tumbling over the chair, just as she was in the midst of her tooting. "Oh, you she-tiger, you've broke my neck; you've broke my back; my arm!"

"Glad of it," chuckled Jig. "Now let me out. I won't come again."

"No, oh, no—stay! Tell Suke what you have got?"

"Nothing; hain't got nothing! Don't want nothing. Come in to sleep under yer bed."

"Oh, that you did. What's yer inter the chist for?"

"Thought's my chist—forgot. Didn't touch a single thing there, I didn't. Look and see 'f I did."

"I can't see; the light's gone," whimpered Suke. "Where's my lamp?"

"It's under the bed," answered Jig, promptly.

"What did the crow do that for? What made the crow put old Suke's light away?"

"Guess I had to hev a light to go to bed with, didn't I?" asked Jig, ingeniously. "Don't you want it?"

Suke crept under the bed and brought out the lamp, and in a few moments a dim light shone through the room.

"Won't you give me what's in the little box?" pleaded Jig, as old Suke hopped along towards the chest.

"What'll the crow give me, if I will? What'll the crow give me?"

"Lots o' money."

"Where'll she git it? Steal it?"

"She'll git it—*she* knows!" answered Jig, twisting about, and keeping her great eyes fixed on the door.

"The crow wants to go, I guess. Where's the crow goin'?"

"Goin' to run off."

"Toot! But didn't she promise old Suke something—something bright? Sha'n't old Suke have it?"

"Yes, if she'll give me the box, first."

"Old Suke's 'fraid!"

"But I'll run off. Daddy and mammy sha'n't ever know. I'll run!"

"Look here, crow," said old Suke, cutting her short in her sentence. "Toot! look here, and remember all your life what I say," she continued, emphatically, reaching out her skinny hand to grasp Jig's arm. "If yer ever want to know anything about yer-self, when you get to be growed up, come to

old Suke. She knows all. There's something in that box," she went on, pointing to the small box which she had stooped to lift from its hiding-place in the basket, "something that nothin' short of money can buy. Toot, piles of gold! It's something about the crow, for old Suke knows. She knows all—all; and she hates, hates, *hates*, daddy and mammy!"

Her lips quivered as she spoke; her bad, bent form grew straight, and she held up her gray head firmly, as though she were standing face to face with those she hated; and, as though ridding herself of the words that nearly blistered her shrunken mouth, put new life into her veins, and gave new vigor to her poor, withered heart.

"Did I always live with daddy and mammy?" asked Jig, softly, completely subdued by old Suke's manner.

"No, crow; and remember that—old Suke knows."

"Then I'll run to-morrow! They stole me, and I'll stole myself!" cried Jig, clapping her hands together.

"Who said so, crow? Toot! ask old Suke; she know all—all about it. You must come back again, sometime, crow."

"Y-e-s," hesitated Jig. "I'll want to see Elsa and Jack."

"Toot! the lily and boy, yes. Toot! old Suke knows."

"I can't steal the money if I go now, to-morrow," Jig said, thoughtfully.

Old Suke clenched her hands together and straightened up again.

"The deuce! I must have their money," she said, from between her set teeth. "Where is it?"

"It's in—a bag—and the bag's—in a hole in the wall. Old daddy hooks it up with a hook."

"Toot! don't talk so loud. Don't you want to run, now? I'll let you out."

"It's dark," said Jig, looking towards the window. "I'm afraid of the watchman."

"Toot, coward! The crow's a coward! Will it go?"

"No, I won't. I'll wait. I'll go when it is light. When I git lots of money, I'll come back."

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning had broken, fresh, bright and clear, before Jig crept out of old Suke's room into the narrow alley. She

stood for several moments upon the crazy doorsteps, looking up and down, to the right and to the left, that she might know which was the safest path for her to pursue. She thought of the wide streets, and how fast her feet would fly if they could but once gain them. Her mind ran towards the country, because it seemed so far, so very far from the dangerous town. She wished, as she stood there, that she might look upon little Elsa's face once more; dear little Elsa, who had given her her first lesson in human kindness! who had always been so tender with her, so true to her. She drew her faded sun-bonnet over her face, and ran down the alley. Poor child! there were tears in her eyes, and she was ashamed of them. She was flying away like the wind, when a hard, cruel hand clutched her shoulder, and a rough, brutal voice cried out:—

"Hi, hi, little fiend, where are you running to? Where've yer been all night?"

"Daddy!" exclaimed Jig, giving a frightened glance into the face of old Israel. "I'm going home," she added, breathlessly.

"This ain't the way ter go home, fiend!" answered the man, jerking her round, and dealing her a heavy blow upon the shoulder. "That's the way."

He caught her by the arm again, and shook her furiously. Jig did not speak or cry out. She shut her small mouth firmly together, and grew very pale. Her eyes were like two flames.

"Run off 'gin, won't you, devil? Run! Take that—and *that*—and *THAT*!" he called out, striking her blow after blow. "Now git into the house with you. I hain't half paid you yit; not half."

Jig did as she was commanded. Once inside of the door, she met Mammy Israel's frowns and curses, just as she had expected.

"Where've you been?" screamed the woman.

Jig did not answer.

"Where've you been?" she repeated, at the top of her voice. "Why don't you answer?"

Still no answer from the child.

"What, can't you make the cuss speak, mammy?" asked old Israel, pushing open the door, at which he had been for a moment standing, and entering the room. "There's nobody 'round; nobody to hear it, little fiend! Now, where've you been?"

"To see old Suke," was the low answer.

Old Israel and his wife exchanged glances,

then looked at Jig as though they would read her heart through.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" spoke up the man, his face darkening. "There's where you went to; and here's what I'll gin yer to pay for it."

He took a hard, knotty stick from behind the door, and beat her over the arms and shoulders till he was out of breath; then, not satisfied, he struck her in the face with his large, rough hand; and when weary of this, motioned to his wife to take her part in the punishment. This the woman did, with right good will; for she had many an old score to pay off on her own account. Still, Jig not speak or cry out; but her eyes seemed to grow brighter and fiercer, as though they were protesting mutely against the silence she kept.

"There, I feel better," said Mammy Israel, pausing from her labor. "I feel better; don't you, little Jig?"

The child unfastened the sleeve of her apron, and rolled it up from her arm. Something was trickling down her shoulder. She drew her hand over it, and her fingers were stained with blood. Her face grew a shade paler, as she looked at it; then she went to the window and wiped her hand upon the glass. They looked so strange, the crimson crosses that she made, over the besmeared, filthy pane.

"Guess you'll stay ter home, next time, won't you?" exclaimed old Israel, gruffly. "Guess you'll let old Suke alone, won't you?"

"Yes," answered Jig, showing her white teeth as though she wanted to bite.

"Can yer dance much, to-day? How's yer feet?"

Her feet were well enough. She did not say so, but crossed them lightly two or three times before him.

"Can yer pound the tam'brine, and sing a little?"

Jig looked at her hands. They were bloodier than ever.

"Wash 'em," growled Israel. "Then see if yer can sing."

Jig did as she was bidden, and from her bruised hands and arms washed off the bloody stains. After she had done this, she commenced singing, in a low, clear voice.

"What makes yer voice shake? Sing louder."

Louder, and still clearer, the voice of the

poor child rang through the narrow room:—

"For bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die."

It was the beautiful melody that she sang with the old organ accompaniment, day after day, in the street. She grew weary of it; so very, very weary, that the words seemed to fall with a sort of mechanism from her lips. But once in a while she awoke from her stupor, and sang as the robins do at a June day-break.

"Now eat your crusts, and come along," said old Israel, pointing to the table where the miserable breakfast was spread. "We must git a pile to-day."

But Jig had no relish for the stale repast. Her throat was dry, and her lips parched. Sitting before the table, she thought that it was for the last time; that never again would she sit there; never again go out with old Israel into the street to sing, or stand silent while he beat her. Her heart was full of deep, bitter anger, the stronger because so well suppressed. If she could have laid her tormentors dead at her feet, she would have done it, and then heaped indignities upon them after they were dead. But she knew this could not be done; she only wanted to get into the street, out of the narrow alley, where she might free herself. She was too much of a child to have any definite plan for the future. It lay vague and dream-like before her. She should be a lady sometime—a fine, nice lady; and then she should come back after Elsa and Jack; that was all she thought.

Into the street she went with old Israel, singing and dancing along, as she had done a thousand times before. Upon the route she had firm friends, and many a good-sized silver piece found its way into her tambourine, that would not have been given to any other of her profession. No one danced like her. People never wearied of watching her graceful motions, or listening to her clear, flute-like voice. Some who were kind at heart, wondered, as they saw her, what her future would be, and others thought it strange that the rough, sodden-eyed organ-grinder, should have so handsome a child.

It was nearly noon that she stood singing, upon the shady side of a wide, commercial street, with a crowd—such as she always collected there—about her. Her coarse straw hat was tipped from her forehead, around which her heavy black hair fell. The heat had sent an unusual glow to her cheeks,

and the excitement of the morning still burned in her large, black eyes.

"What a pretty piece she is!" exclaimed a nicely-dressed, dandified young fellow, standing by, to his companion. "She quite takes the half-dollars out of my purse. I guess I'll speak to her when she passes her hat this way. She has got an eye like a queen."

Just then Jig commenced dancing to the quick tune that old Israel turned out from the organ. The dandy could not restrain his delight.

"By Jove! if I could only steal that creature, I'd give half I'm worth!" he exclaimed. "I wish, upon my soul, that she was mine. What feet! what ankles! what eyes and hair! Jove! I wonder if the old dolt would sell her!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Frank," answered his companion. "I don't see as you are in need of any such addition to your already large stock of feminine favorites. Choose an older victim."

But the young man answering to the name of Frank, could not quite give up his suddenly wrought plan; and when Jig went that way with her tambourine, he put on his blandest smile, and drew a shining half-dollar from his purse.

"Here, my pretty," he said, as she bounded past him, up a flight of stone steps, before which he was standing. Those in the immediate vicinity looked on smilingly. "Here!" he repeated, as she hesitated a moment, before going back to him. He held up the shining silver-piece. Jig's eyes brightened. "That's for you," he said, dropping it into the tambourine; and, bending his lips down to her ear, he added something in a whisper, which no one but the child heard.

She stood for a moment, as if she did not fully comprehend his meaning; then a swift crimson shot across her face, and her eyes flashed fire. With a quick hand she gathered the few silver pieces from the tambourine, dropped them into her pocket, and before the young man could understand the meaning of her movements, gave him a hard blow over the head with her musical instrument.

"There! take that!" she said, slipping down the steps, while the dandy sneaked away amid the shouts of the crowd.

But there was one who did not approve of Jig's bold method of avenging herself, and

that was old Israel. He made an angry gesture, bidding her to his side; and when she obeyed him, poured a volley of oaths into her ear.

"Come 'long," he said, hastily, throwing the green covering over the organ. "I'll show you how to act," he muttered. "I'll give it to ye tough and hard, when you git home. I'll show ye what a banging is!"

Had she then to endure another beating? was the thought that flashed through Jig's brain. Could she not escape from her tormentor, then—slip away from him into some by-street, leaving him to search for her in vain? The man was walking ahead of her at a rapid rate, looking back, once in a while, to make sure that she was following him.

Her resolve was taken instantly. A narrow street was close at hand. She ran down it without daring to look behind her. Like the wind she went, on, on, on! Soon she turned a corner; soon another, and still another, but without slackening her pace. She went past doors full of children; past men and women upon the sidewalks, and teams in the streets, on, on, on! Her hat lay back upon her shoulders, and her thick hair was blown over her face. Her coarse dress fluttered in the breeze as she went, sounding sometimes in her ears like the far-off calling of a human voice. On, on, on! till at last completely out of breath, she paused at the extreme end of a shady, quiet street. There were but few people to be seen there. The doors of the buildings were closed solemnly, as though they never opened but for the gathering of funerals. Jig could not remember of ever being there before. She knew that it was not safe to remain there then, but she did not know which way to go. As she stood bewildered and amazed, she heard footsteps near by. She started to run again, but some one called her name.

"Jig, Jig, I say, where are you goin'?"

"O Jack, Jack!" she cried, springing forward in glad surprise. "Don't tell, but I'm running off. I was going to get banded, and I run. Oh, how I run!"

"Good!" exclaimed the boy, his blue eyes lighting up. "Run like the deuce, but don't let 'em catch you, if you do!"

He finished the sentence by an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"But where shall I run? Where?"

"Run out of the city. Can't you remember where you've been?" asked Jack, im-

patiently, giving an uneasy glance up the street.

"No, not which way. I'm so scared I can't think."

"Here, come with me," said the boy, starting along. "I'll show you. Drop your old tam'brine."

Jig hesitated.

"Can't I keep it?" she asked, looking wistfully down upon it.

"Yes, if yer want to; but don't wait," urged Jack, getting more and more impatient every moment. "I'm afraid the old fiend will catch you. He'll hunt till his feet drop off—the old cuss. This way, Jig!"

He led the way, and Jig followed him at a rapid pace. As they went through street after street, it seemed to her that she was going directly back to the spot from which she had first started.

"He'll catch me, if I go here, Jack," she said.

"No, he won't, if you use your feet like lightnin'. You see here—that street! Well, go down that, and then turn the first corner on this side; do you hear? Then follow the street which you go on to just as far as it will carry you. Now, run! If I see old daddy, I'll lie like the deuce to him. Run! Good-by!"

"Elsa," began Jig, but Jack pushed her along before she could finish the sentence. It was well that he did so, for, retracing his steps up the street, he met old Israel face to face.

"Hang it! where's that little she-tiger?" asked the old man.

"Who do you mean—Jig?"

"J-i-e-g!" mimicked Israel. "Tell me where she is, or I'll break your head."

"Now, don't don't, old Israel Potter," said the boy, naively. "How should I know where she is? I see her up the street, as much as a whole hour ago."

"Oh, did! where? Show me, show me! Hang her, I'll break her cussed bones, if I catch her!"

"Up the street, the next street," said Jack, honestly. "She was to play with her feet."

"Her feet! Oh, I'll show her how to play with her feet!" he exclaimed, running on ahead of Jack.

"Guess likely; but she'll be apt to show you, first," answered Jack, under his breath, turning leisurely away.

As Jack had directed her, Jig went

straight down the long street, without turning to the right or left. By degrees, as she recovered from her fright, things began to assume a familiar aspect, and she remembered, after a while, that she had been that way many times with Daddy Israel. She had stopped before such a house to sing and dance, she knew; had been showered with coppers at another; and at still another had been driven away with frowns and hard words. If any one should recognize and betray her! she thought. But she was too sanguine to allow the fear to trouble her much.

By-and-by, when the May sun was low in the west, Jig found herself free from the city; and out where the air was sweet with the smell of flowers, and the grass was like velvet by the roadsides. She was weary and disheartened, not knowing where to go for food or rest. She thought of little Elsa, and could hardly keep the tears back. Still she wandered on, until the sunlight crept out of the west, and the shadows began to settle heavily down upon everything; then she sat down by the wayside, with her tambourine upon her lap.

A little distance off, she could see lights glimmering about, in a tall, splendid house; and, as she watched them, a sound of music floated out from the open windows. The child had never heard anything like it before, and with a feeling of awe stealing over her, she arose and went forward, touching the tambourine lightly with her fingers, in sympathy, as she went. As she neared the house the song changed, and her own "Annie Laurie" was sung and played, as she had never dreamed it. Half concealed by the thick hedgerow, she joined in the song, almost unconsciously.

"What! I wonder who is singing here?" exclaimed a pleasant voice, near by. "Who is this under the hedgerow?" And then, the speaker, bending forward, gave a little cry of fright, and said, "Mercy! what child are you—and where did you come from?"

"I'm Jig Potter," she answered, trying to retreat as she spoke.

"Jig—Potter—oh! Jig Potter! And who is she, pray?"

"Jig Potter," was the repeated answer.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"What are you after?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, where did you come from? Are you running away?"

Jig cowered down at the last question. Perhaps the handsome, pleasant-voiced lady would betray her. What could she do, or say?

"Don't be afraid, child; tell me. I won't harm you."

"I run away 'cause they bang me so; when I don't do nothing, either. I want to be a lady."

"A lady!" was echoed with a smile. "Won't you come up to the house? I'll give you something to eat."

"Won't you tell that I run away? Won't you let daddy know?" queried Jig, anxiously.

"No, no; never fear. You are safe with me. No one shall see you."

The lady led Jig to the kitchen, and ordered the servants to give her a plentiful meal, and make her a comfortable bed for the night in some unused room. She would look to her before the hour of retiring came, she said, and then turned to leave her. But Jig, watching her with jealous and admiring eyes, could not bear to have her go from her sight.

"Don't go!" she cried, springing forward.

"I like you!"

The lady smiled.

"I will come back again," she said.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she pleaded.

"You look just like—just like"—

"Whom?" queried the lady, still smiling.

"Like little Elsa's Aunt Jane; and *she's* a lady, too!"

"Aunt Jane, did you say? Little Elsa!" repeated the lady, going back to Jig and taking her by the arm. "It is strange, child," she mused, half to herself, adding, quickly, "What nonsense to be so startled. There, let me go, now. You shall be taken to the bath-room, after you have had something to eat; then I will come back again."

She came back, true to her word, just as a servant was leading Jig to the bath-room, and brought with her a bundle of clean, white clothes for the child's weary limbs. At the sight of her bruised arms and shoulders, she gave a cry of pity.

"How wicked! how cruel!" she said, tenderly. "How did it happen, child?"

"Daddy did it because I stayed somewhere all night," answered Jig, with a downcast look. "He was goin' to ag'in, but I run."

"Thank goodness for that! I'm glad you did run; and I'm glad I found you."

Jig looked up wonderingly into her face.

"What for?" she asked.

"Because—because; I can't tell you that quite yet, my child. You shall hear more in the morning, when you are rested. Tell me, now, can you read?"

"Just a little. Elsa showed me, and I promised to read every day. I've got a book in my sleeve that she giv'd me."

She drew the soiled primer from the sleeve of her dress, which was lying upon the floor at her feet. The lady turned over its leaves curiously.

"Elsa again!" she said, half sadly. "Can you tell me where Elsa lives?"

"With her Aunt Jane, at the end of the alley; in a room up two pairs of stairs."

"What alley?"

"Our alley; where I used to live."

The lady smiled and turned away, holding her hand to her head.

"Will you tell me what your name is?" asked Jig.

"When I was young, like you, child, they used to call me Lucy," was the answer.

"Lu-cy—Luc-y," repeated Jig, in a puzzled way. "I heard that once."

If the lady heard Jig's remark, she did not heed it, for she said, immediately:—

"In the morning I have a great many questions to ask you. I don't know but that I shall want to keep you here with me, always. I can make a lady of you, I think. That's what you want to make, I believe?"

"Yes, oh, yes; 'cause old Suke, old Hop-ping Suke, says that she knows everything, and she guessed that my mother was a real lady."

"Guesses, poor child, are frail foundations for such a belief. But let Hannah take you to your bed, now. Good-night."

The lady left the room, and in a moment after, Jig, in a clean, white night-dress, followed the servant into the hall. As she was pattering along, her eyes big with wonder at what she saw, a side-door was suddenly opened, and a young man in dressing-gown and slippers came out upon them.

"What! What have you got here, Hannah?" he exclaimed. "Where in the world did it come from?"

"It's mistress's gal, Master Frank"—began Hannah, in answer; but she was sud-

denly interrupted by a cry from Jig, at the same moment that the young man, looking the child over from head to foot, exclaimed:—

"The deuce! my pretty, it's *you*, isn't it? Sweet dreams to you, my fair! Don't stop; take her right along, Hannah. Good-night!"

So saying, he retraced his steps, while Jig, trembling with fright, followed the servant to her little room at the extreme end of the hall. When she was left alone, a terrible fear came over her, which, if she had tried, she could not have expressed. She lay quite still in the clean, sweet bed, listening keenly to every sound. She tried to think of the pleasant-faced lady, and what she had said to her; but other words of deep and fearful import crowded all happy, hopeful thought away. The sentence that had been whispered in her ear in the morning by the smooth-faced youth, returned to her, full of meaning. She was under the same roof with him now, and her childish instinct taught her, more than words could have done, the dangers of her position. If she could but escape, again! she thought.

She crept from her bed softly, and fumbled about in the dark for her clothes. These she found with but little trouble, and in a few moments was dressed, and quite ready to go again. She went to the door and opened it softly. The hall looked long and frightful to her, and she drew back again. Then she turned to the window, which was open, and put back the light, airy curtain. To her great joy, she discovered that it was but a few feet from that to the ground. She could easily make her escape from it. She tied the strings of her hat tightly, tucked the gifts of Jack and Elsa into her sleeve, thought of the kind lady and her tambourine (which she had left in the kitchen), at the same moment, and then jumped lightly from the window to the ground. Down the hard, smooth path she ran, as fast as her feet would carry her. Faster, faster, until she gained the road; then she looked back a moment to the beautiful home she had left, and a feeling of sadness settled down upon her heart.

"I shall never be a lady!" she said, going on again, into the darkness.

And poor little Jig was again a wanderer.

[To be continued.]

SONG TO GERALDINE.

BY BRITOMARTE.

THE snow is white, the stars are bright,
The sleigh-bells ring so clear;
The moon puts on her softest light,
To shine upon my dear.

The frosty air is calm, and yet
The wind it seems to blow,
So fast the flying runners glide
Across the pallid snow.

The moon doth shine in vain, my love,
So bright your smiles they beam;
So brilliant are your eyes, my sweet,
In vain the keen stars gleam!

The bells, my dear, that ring so clear,
But mock thy merry tone;
Their silver voice is sweet to hear;
Yet sweeter is thine own.

HOW A NEW WORLD WAS FOUND AND LOST.

IF, in any average assembly, the question was asked, "Who discovered America?" probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, "Christopher Columbus." Nevertheless, the opinion of the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus did not discover the New World—he merely recovered it. At the time the bold Genoese planned his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward route, documents were in existence giving particulars of several visits to the North American continent five hundred years before. Whether Columbus knew of these voyages, is a point which can never be determined; but, judging from the course he steered and the object of the expedition—to reach the East Indies, the *El Dorado* of the Middle Ages—it seems very unlikely he had derived any information whatever from this source.

All honor is due to the man who first resolved to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by boldly steering his bark for the regions of the setting sun, and who carried his attempt to a triumphant termination, despite of his many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact remains that Columbus only regained a world well known to Europeans five centuries before his day, a world with which a continuous intercourse was maintained for upwards of three hundred years, and which was then inexplicably abandoned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten for well-nigh a couple of centuries. How and when the North American continent was discovered, previously to its re-discovery by Columbus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

When the Roman galleys circumnavigated Britain, the farthest land they descried to the north was named by them *Ultima Thule*—the end of the world. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year 874 A. D., that any settlement was made in Iceland. It seems to have been first visited by Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

Not long after the colonization of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named *Eric'sfiord*, after himself. One of his companions was an Iclander, named Bardson, who had a son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow him. Contrary winds drove him far out of his proper course, and for many days his ship was enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all reckoning as to his whereabouts. At last the fogs cleared away, and he perceived land a short distance off. The nature of the coast, however, not corresponding with the description he had got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not on the right track, and steered his ship to the northward. Two days afterwards, land was again sighted; but being flat and covered with trees, it was evidently not the land they sought, and was accordingly left to windward.

Still sailing on before a south-west breeze, in three days' time they came to a mountainous island covered with ice. This also was

passed without landing; and in four days more, the coast of Greenland was sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the honor of being the first European to discover the shores of North America.

There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the accounts of this voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of the trip and the description of the lands sighted, that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of America was reached. No landing was made on the continent, and Biron contented himself with making all possible speed to his destination, coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

Several years after this, Biron was again in Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his voyage and the new lands he had discovered. The hardy Norsemen, at this time, were the most daring of mariners, and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red took command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twenty-five men. In four days' time, they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores being composed of slate, *hella* being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went ashore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it, and resolved to winter there and explore the neighboring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir.

A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and, having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come

across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlement—the first on the American coast—is, of course, a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland; and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessors' experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald continued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there.

On landing they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or Skraelings, as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in after years between the settler and the savage. The natives, seemingly, were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white men, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, however, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, em-

barked along with his wife; but, after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died, and in the following spring, his widow brought the ship back to Eric'sfjord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year, (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his "forebears" are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida—Thornstein's widow—and she, having evidently forgotten her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessaries were taken on board ship, including live stock and domestic animals of every description.

At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southward to more favored lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach, till they came to where a fjord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called *Straumey*, or *Stream-island*; and the firth, *Straum-fjord*.

The island is conjectured to have been

that now known as *Martha's Vineyard*; and the firth would probably be *Buzzard's Bay*. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country round about, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, *Thorhall* by name, was despatched with the smallest ship, to look for the settlement of *Leif*, in *Vinland*; but a most untoward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, *Thorhall* had the honor—though against his will—of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that the first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude, should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the New World to the Old!

Meanwhile, *Thorfinn*, with the rest of the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here *Thorfinn* erected huts, and passed the winter season. To the Norsemens, however, it would hardly appear winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous parties of the natives were seen, and, in the beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them.

At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America. *Gudrida*, the wife of *Thorfinn*, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of *Snorré*, and among his lineal descendants are included *Thorwaldsen*, the famous sculptor, and *Magnussen*, the well-known Danish savant.

After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures,

including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland, and the grandson of Snorré, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Although there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was kept up. There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, although no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World seems to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably, this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

Such is a condensed account of the contents of the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners, and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles, little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the North, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's play to run a few hundred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent.

The most extraordinary circumstance in

the whole affair is not their finding, but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony—distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder, would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries.

Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts, and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilized race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted, the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortez and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage which gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilization of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race, or people, the native races of America might have retained the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old.



THE GHOST OF THE GRATE.

BY SARAH F. E. HAWTHORNE.

"This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature was
ever conduct of; some oracle must rectify your
knowledge."—*The Tempest*.

SOME twelve years since, the wealthiest man in Orange County disappeared. I say disappeared, but it was feared that he was murdered; and, as a detective, I was employed to ferret out the case. I was a young man then, and had suddenly risen to prominence by bringing a gang of skillful counterfeiters to justice.

Solomon Rothmore, the missing man, was a widower with an only child, a daughter, aged eighteen, of whom I shall have more to say.

The most singular and suspicious part of the case was that he left a will, bequeathing his vast wealth to his only brother, one James Rothmore. A small legacy was left to the daughter, and a trifling sum to an old servant.

I had an interview with Miss Edith Rothmore before I decided on any course of action.

She was a tall, queenly girl, with eyes like the reflets of pansies, and hair of the true golden hue about which artists rave, and in whose meshes men's hearts are caught. Calmly, and with perfect self-possession, she gave me every detail of the case.

In the grounds, adjoining Rothmore Lodge, was a summer-house, where her father often sat to read or smoke. On the day of his disappearance, the servants were off on a two days' leave of absence, with one exception; old Jabez, the gardener, to whom the small sum had been willed, was somewhere on the estate. Miss Rothmore herself was spending the summer at Newport. When the servants came home, they found Jabez nearly wild at his master's absence. His hat was found in the summer-house, and on the seat was a stain of blood.

That was all.

"But, O Mr. Curtis, I know papa was murdered; and I do not know where his poor body is laid!" she cried, clasping her hands in an agony of grief.

Her forced composure broken, she gave way to tears.

"You may rely on me," I said, nervously. I can't bear a woman's tears.

"I have not told you all," she continued, raising her dewy eyes to mine. "I do not believe papa made that will. It was forged."

"And whom do you suspect?"

"I cannot tell you," she said, decidedly.

After a few more words, I left her. If the will was a forgery, it put a new light on the case. And the one benefited by it might have been the murderer; but he was the man's own and only brother. It was more probable it was Jabez, the gardener.

Following this clew, I "shadowed" the man for months, without learning anything that gave me the slightest foundation to that theory.

One morning, early in the fall, an artist sought an entrance to James Rothmore's house, and asked to be allowed to sketch the Lodge, and a view of the river and falls from there. I—for I was personating an artist, did not like the looks of Mr. Rothmore. He was a grizzled, wiry man of fifty, with small, restless eyes that were never at rest.

After some haggling about the price, I obtained his permission to occupy a few rooms in his late brother's residence for a month.

In a few hours, I was comfortably seated in a room in the dead man's house. Many believed him to be a suicide, or a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

As I ascended the wide stairs and stepped softly on carpets into whose rich pile my feet sank, an unaccountable something struck a chill to my heart. Room after room did I open, but all seemed too luxurious for my occupancy. The very portraits on the walls seemed to frown at me as I passed by them.

At length, I came to a large, unfurnished room in the west wing. Three French windows gave it a good light, and a grate offered means for warmth. Ascending still higher,

I found a small room, tastily furnished in blue, and there I left my portmanteau.

With fuel from the shed, I soon had a good fire in the unfurnished apartment mentioned. From a lovely *boudoir* I brought a table and arm-chair. By the aid of my spirit-lamp, I made a cup of tea; and, opening a can of tongue, I made a good supper with the roll of bread I had brought.

The wind came up as the sun went down, and I was getting a trifle lonesome, when I bethought me of a library, such as ought to belong to this establishment. With a book and my cigar, I could enjoy myself anywhere.

In the library, a large, sombre room, I saw a small portrait of Miss Edith, painted on ivory, and I took that also to bear me company.

The cigar was of the best flavor, the arm-chair easy, and the book calculated to put a man to sleep. I awoke with a start. The gray ashes of my cigar powdered my knee; the lamp had burned low. I looked at the fire. It had burned down to coals. From those dying embers arose a thin, gray vapor. Faint at first, it rose in sinuous curves, like a sea-serpent, higher—higher! now faint, now darker in hue, until, widening, it took on shape.

From this ghostly veil of vapor the form of a man was evolved. A man past the prime of life, with gray hair dabbled in blood, and a gaping wound in the throat, which had the leanness and outstanding cords of age. Never can I forget the expression on that face, the anxiety in those sunken eyes.

Frozen with horror to the spot, I neither stirred nor moved until it faded away in a cloud of diaphanous vapor.

Sleep did not visit my eyes again for the night, and in the morning I began a search for that face. I found it on the wall of the music-room. *It was the face of the missing man.*

The room I deserted for a lower one; and, indeed, I tried every grate in the house during the next week, but no such vision greeted my eyes. Then I tried that grate again, with a like result. From the ashes always arose that ghostly figure.

I had to carry out my pretence of painting, and had some pictures for show, which I bought for the occasion. I had arrived at one conclusion: The late tenant of Rothmore Lodge was not only murdered, but his body was burned in that grate. From the

ashes of his casket of clay arose the man, or his image. I carefully cleaned the grate, but found that by so doing my unearthly visitant had deserted me. From the siftings of the ashes, I saved a little bundle of relics which fully proved my supposition; some— But I will spare the reader's sensibilities. It is enough to say that *what* I found was indisputable proof that a human being had been cut in pieces and burned there.

It was necessary for me to see the will of Solomon Rothmore. I did so, and found it correct. The handwriting was an exact copy of his name as I saw it on the fly-leaf of books in the library. But a peculiar water-mark in the paper, and sign manual, I might say, of the maker, was of a form only two years old. By the date of the document, it was six years since it was written, and the witnesses were dead.

Here, indeed, was another strong point in the evidence pointing to James Rothmore, the morose, younger brother of the murdered man. I soon paid Mr. Rothmore a call. It was in the evening, and lamps were lighted, for his home boasted none of the elegancies of the Lodge. We had a quiet game of chess, then over our cigars we became talkative.

"Singular about your brother!" I said, carelessly.

Rothmore darted a quick, suspicious look at me.

"Not so very. He had been insane before, and he probably wandered off and killed himself," he said, in a dry tone.

Word by word and slowly, I told him of the ghost of the grate. A deathly pallor settled on his face, his hands twitched convulsively as his eyes fixed themselves on my face in a steady stare. As I closed, I arose, threw my cigar in the fire, and, laying my hand on his arm, said:—

"I arrest you as his murderer!"

Before I could read the warrant, he sprang at my throat, at which he caught with his long, yellow teeth like a hound. I would not have given much for my life had not two trusty minions of the law been beneath the window, awaiting my call. Even against three he fought like a madman; and glad enough was I when he was safe in the Tombs.

There are many who will remember his trial and sentence—a sentence he never lived to endure.

Miss Rothmore was his only heir, and inherited not only her father's estate, but that of her uncle. I received a handsome sum for my services, but was not satisfied.

Ahem! I hardly know how to tell the rest. But Miss Rothmore was very lonely in spite of her wealth, and married the man she loved in defiance of Mrs. Grundy. Not her coachmen? Oh, no! A detective—in short, *me!* And very happy we have been for ten beautiful years. Little children use that telltale room now for a play-room. They are Edith's babies and mine; but I can never look at that grate with its polished bars, without a shudder.

Never again say that "fire tells no tales." It is not true. Listen. Possibly I have not made all the details of this tale as clear to my readers as they would like.

Between Solomon and James Rothmore an estrangement had existed for years. Their father, dying, left the lion's share of his property to the elder, who prospered in every undertaking; *vice versa*, James was

always unfortunate. Both fell in love with fair Edwina Leroy, their father's ward, and Solomon was her choice. The younger killed his brother in a fit of ungovernable rage; concealed the body until the servants fled the house; then, in the dead of night, reduced it to ashes.

The forged will was an afterthought, and he found a lawyer vile enough to aid him in his designs. For his niece he had always entertained a sort of fierce hatred, because she resembled the woman he had loved and lost.

Explain it as you will, savants or students of psychometry, I know that he came to justice by the aid of, not a fabrication of my disordered brain, but through the agency of the soul of the owner of the Lodge, the *fac simile* of whose corporeal frame rose, phoenix-like, from its own ashes.

I had never been a believer in the supernatural, and this was my first and only experience with the great unexplainable. Neither do I wish to make any converts to that faith.

HER SONG.

BY MARY KNAPP.

"MY Bonnie has gone o'er the ocean;
My Bonnie lies over the sea."
So sings my girl, whose eyes of tender brown
Have lit the world these few sweet years for me.
Alack! I wonder who might "Bonnie" be!

There is a look within her earnest eyes
That tells her song finds echo in her heart.
She loves, or will love shortly, peace is gone;
'Tis only love such feeling will impart
As thrills that bird-like voice,—poor little heart!

It is the common lot. A woman's woe
And crown as well. From love none may go free;
Happy are those who for a little space
Clip the bird's wings. Such may her portion be
Who sings, "Bring back my bonnie to me"!

PALMYRA, N. Y., 1888.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

SIX o'clock on a November morning at Tynemouth. All night a heavy gale had blown from the east, driving before it the cold, gray waves of the North Sea, and piling them upon the bare coast of Northumberland. Their foam flew up over the low cliffs, and mingled with the chilly sleet, dashed against the windows of the houses built on the verge, making every separate pane of glass rattle in its fastenings. A bleak morning, truly, and one on which even the stern medical professors, who are so fond of warning us against the comforts of life and their enjoyment, could not but have allowed that, till daybreak, at least, bed was the best place for a tired man. So thought Dr. John Wynyard, as he half awoke from his sleep, heard the noise of the wind and rain with a feeling of blissful enjoyment of the contrast, and turned on his pillow, to fall anew into that morning slumber which is the most enjoyable of all.

But the thought of the wild weather without had entered the secret chambers of his brain and set him dreaming. In his dream it seemed to him that he rose and looked out of the window towards the old priory and its wave-worn peninsula of rock; and there he saw a strange sight—a gravestone was approaching the edge of the cliff with a slow, stately, gliding motion. Not a pause it made, but continued its course down the slope and into the foaming caldron of water that boiled beneath. Another and another followed. It seemed as though the whole of those sad memorials had grown tired, at last, of standing in the cemetery, recording on their faces the praises of the dead, which kindly hands had graven upon them. "Faithful and loving wife"—"Tender husband and father"—"Dear and only child." It was all very well to say so when they were gone; but would any have said such words of them while they lived? Here, in dreamland, where all things are possible, it seemed scarcely strange that the very stones should have rebelled at last, and be ready to hide themselves forever under the ocean. A wild strain of music seemed to keep time to their stately march towards oblivion, rising and falling, as though the

storm played upon the strings of a great Æolian harp.

"I wonder if any stones will be left—if even one bears a true inscription?" Wynyard thought, and woke, the question remaining unsolved.

As his senses came back to him, he became aware of the unpleasant fact that the sound which his sleeping imagination had exalted into music, was merely a persistent whistling from the speaking-tube which terminated in the wall close to the head of his bed. Evidently, he was wanted; and the idea of turning out breakfastless into the howling storm that still raged without, was not a pleasant one. However, with a sigh of resignation, he withdrew the stopper from the tube, and called down it to know what was the matter.

"Captain Brock, of Cullercoats, seriously ill; wants to see you at once—carriage waiting for you at the door," were the words he heard.

The doctor promptly jumped out of bed, and prepared to dress himself with as little delay as possible, after shouting down the tube that he would be ready immediately.

"They must have sent a sensible man for once," he mused, as he fumbled at his collar-stud, which was always slipping out of its proper place. "Some fellows would have insisted on giving me a complete history of the whole business from beginning to end. But what on earth can Captain Brock want with me? I have not been attending him, and Cullercoats is not in my practice. It may be a good opening for me, perhaps. Who knows? I have not done so well here that I can afford to throw away any chance that offers."

Being a thoroughly practical man, he thought no more of his dream, by which a more imaginative mind might have been impressed, but hurried on his clothes, and in ten minutes from the time of the summons was in the carriage and driving along the cliff towards Cullercoats, a little village within a mile of Tynemouth.

Captain Brock's residence was a semi-detached house, forming part of a terrace which was in rapid process of construction, the builders having hopes that they would succeed in due time in making Cullercoats the watering-place for the north.

It was still dark, and the dawn had only just begun to break as he entered the house. Gas had not yet been laid on the new terrace; but its want was supplied by a large, bronze lamp, which stood on a pedestal in the hall, and by its light the doctor saw that some one was there to receive him. It was a girl of some twenty years of age, clad in a close fitting gown of blue serge, relieved only by a gleam of white linen at wrists and throat, and by a simple though valuable brooch, which fastened it at the neck—a single large opal set in a thin rim of plain gold. Her figure was decidedly beautiful; but so much could not be said for her face, which was spoiled by the heaviness of the lower part. However, if not a beautiful, it was eminently a good face and a pleasant one; and the doctor, who was no mean judge of physiognomy, thought he had rarely seen a countenance more to be trusted. She bowed slightly to him as he entered, and said, coldly enough, yet with a ring of feeling in her voice which showed that she was repressing some emotion:—

"You are Doctor Wynyard, I suppose? Will you kindly come up-stairs? My father is very anxious to see you at once."

Wynyard bowed, and followed her, asking as he went, how Captain Brock was, and what was the matter with him; to neither of which questions did he obtain a very satisfactory answer from the lady, who seemed unwilling to say more than she could avoid saying.

Captain Brock's chamber presented the scene that all doctors know so well, when a man is taken suddenly ill. The Tynemouth lawyer stood beside the bed with a bundle of papers in his hand. An old woman, called in to assist in the nursing, was making up anew the expiring fire on the hearth; and on the pillow lay a white face with bushy, black beard, the eyes closed, and the breath coming in gasps from the pale lips.

At the noise of the opening door, the lawyer looked round, and the sick man opened his eyes. Dr. Wynyard approached the bed and prepared to feel the pulse of his patient; but the latter made a motion of dissent.

"That will come later, doctor," he said, slowly and painfully. "You cannot do me much good now in your medical capacity; but as a man you can. Come nearer, and let me have a good look at you."

Wynyard obeyed, and the sick man gazed into his face for a while with an intensity

that in any other circumstances would have approached madness.

"He will do!" Captain Brock muttered, half audibly. "A good face—just such a one as I expected him to have. Doctor, I want a few words alone with you."

The other occupants of the room went out at this, and Wynyard was left alone with the dying man; for dying he was, as the doctor's experience told him.

"Lock the door," said Captain Brock. When he saw that this was done, he put his hand under his pillow and drew out a long, parchment envelope, holding some thick document, and laid it on the table beside him.

"Doctor Wynyard," he said, "I am going to ask a great favor of you—greater than any man has a right to require of a stranger. But I know you, and I have studied your face and I believe you to be an honest and upright gentleman, who will not mind trouble for a good object, and will espouse the cause of the fatherless. Am I not right?"

"I hope so," said the doctor simply.

"Well, I have no relations living except my daughter, and no friends either," said the captain, with some bitterness. "I am only the retired master of a merchant vessel, as no doubt you know; but I have saved enough money to keep Mary from starving, at all events; so, even if you fail in the work I want you to undertake, no very great harm will be done; still"—

His voice failed him a little, and he reached over to the table for a cup standing there.

Wynyard smelt the liquid it contained and shook his head, but passed it to him. He drank eagerly, and seemed revived by the act.

"Doctor Wynyard, I have made you executor of my will, and trustee for my daughter till she comes of age. You will hear all about that when the will is read. Promise me that you will accept the trust. It is a dying man that asks you."

"But, surely, you might have found some one more competent than I am to undertake it," said Wynyard, rather dismayed at the prospect before him. "I assure you I know nothing whatever of business."

"So much the better, sir—so much the better. You can be trusted, and that is all I want. But I know you will not fail me. Here is a sealed letter that I want you to take at once; but do not open it till after the

will be read. It will give you full instructions as to the work I want you to do. You shall not be the loser, sir."

His voice had been growing weaker as the influence of the stimulant he had taken left him, and now he sank back on the pillow, livid and breathless, but pointing to the paper that lay on the table. Wynyard took it up, and put it in the breast of his coat. The dying man gave him an eloquent look of thanks, and then relapsed into the state of torpor which is the last symptom of that terrible disease, inflammation of the lungs. Wynyard hastened to do what he could for him; but the case was hopeless, as he had known long before. Captain Brock never spoke again in this world.

Wynyard, with the lawyer's assistance, gave what directions were necessary for the funeral and the care of the house for the next few days, as Miss Brock was quite incapacitated from attending to such matters. She did not weep or show violent emotion; but the doctor knew well what her pale face and compressed lips meant, and pitied her all the more for her gallant effort to hide her feelings from strangers. He knew that sorrow would find its natural relief in tears when she was alone again, and hastened his departure as much as he could, a delicacy of feeling which the girl fully appreciated, and was grateful for in her own shy way.

Like a sensible man of the world, Dr. Wynyard determined to keep his mind as clear as possible of Captain Brock's business until he should be able, after the funeral, to see what was in reality required of him. Nevertheless, it must be owned that his mind was not altogether free from misgivings as to his very delicate position of trustee to a young lady of twenty years of age. However, trustee did not necessarily imply guardian, and he hoped that the old captain had seen the necessity for appointing some sober matron to act in the latter capacity. Meanwhile, he thought it kinder not to disturb Miss Brock in her first grief, knowing that all possible arrangements had been made for her comfort so far as the present was concerned.

It was a clear, frosty day when the funeral procession wended its way along the cliff, and through the castle gate to the old priory cemetery. Procession, we have called it; but perhaps the word was too grandiloquent a word to use when speaking of the little

knot of mourners who followed the body of the old captain to its last resting-place. His words as to his loneliness in the world seemed true enough, for no relatives had come to attend the funeral or hear the will read.

Miss Brock, somewhat in defiance of the custom of the place, was present at the ceremony, and from underneath her thick, crape veil, a tear or two rolled down, which made, as Wynyard thought, remembering his dream, a better epitaph, after all, than any carved in stone; showing, as they did, that the dead was at least regretted by one person on earth; and that, after all, is something.

After the funeral, the clergyman, lawyer, and doctor, with Miss Brock and the servants of the household, met in the parlor of the dead man's house to hear the will read. The newness of everything, furniture, house, and fittings, seemed sad in its strangeness of contrast with the duty on hand, and the girl clearly felt it so. Wynyard watched her pityingly as the lawyer read the long preamble of the will, knowing that his attention would not be needed till the enumeration of the captain's worldly goods were over. At length came the gist of the document, and he listened with all his ears:—

"And all the above personal property, of every nature whatsoever, I bequeath to John Wynyard, Esq., Doctor of Medicine, of Tynemouth, Northumberland, in trust for my only daughter, Mary Brock, till the said Mary Brock shall reach the age of twenty-one years, when she shall come into personal possession of the same. And I appoint the said John Wynyard guardian of this my daughter; and do will that he expend what money he considers suitable in providing for her subsistence and education during her minority; and for his trouble in the matter I give and bequeath to the said John Wynyard the sum of One Thousand Pounds, free of legacy duty.

"And I hereby request the said John Wynyard forthwith to sell out all stocks, bonds, and other securities standing in my name, and to invest the money realized by the sale of the same in the shares of a certain Company, the name whereof is duly shown in a paper signed by me in the presence of witnesses, and handed over to the said John Wynyard. And no impeachment shall lie against the said John Wynyard for

any loss arising from the aforesaid investment."

"A most extraordinary will, Doctor Wynyard!" said the lawyer, as he folded up the document slowly. "I am not at all sure that it would stand, if any one chose to contest it. He sent for me the night he died, to read it over, to give him my opinion upon it, which I did pretty freely, but to no effect. I suppose you are going to act, and that you have got the document he speaks of?"

"Yes," answered Wynyard, to both questions. "But I foresee that I shall have to ask your advice, Mr. Walker, as I really know nothing about business."

"Very well," said the lawyer. "You will always find me at home from ten to one; and when you come, don't forget to bring your document with you. A great deal may turn upon that. Good-by, Miss Brock. I will leave you to talk over matters with your trustee."

He lifted his black bag and hat from the table and left the room, followed at once by the clergyman and the servants; the latter in high good-humor, having been mentioned in their master's will for small sums, in spite of their short service with him. Dr. Wynyard and Miss Brock were left alone in the parlor.

The situation was decidedly an awkward one, and the young doctor had no idea how he should begin the necessary conversation. The girl, however, saved him the trouble. She raised her veil, looked at him steadily for a moment, and then spoke, in a voice not altogether free from tremor:—

"Do I understand, Doctor Wynyard, that you are appointed my only guardian?"

She did not emphasize the word "only," but the direction of her thoughts was evident, and Wynyard hastened to answer.

"Your only *legal* guardian, Miss Brock. But I have full liberty to use as much of your money as you may require in providing you with a suitable home and congenial society. Would you mind telling me what your plans are for the future?"

"I have none," said the girl, slowly. "I do not think I have a relative living. I was brought up in a convent at Brussels while my father was at sea, and scarcely saw him except in very brief visits, till he retired from the service six months ago and brought me here. Where do you think I had best

go now? I could not live here by myself, could I?"

"Not well," said Wynyard, looking perplexed. "I suppose you would not care to go back to the convent for a year?"

"Not if it can be helped," said the girl, with a quick contraction of her brows. "I was not happy there."

"Well," Wynyard said, as a sudden thought struck him, "perhaps you had better stay here for a day or two, and I will try to make arrangements."

"I am afraid I and my affairs will be a great trouble to you," she said, with a little pitiful smile, which made the doctor's heart go out to her in sympathy. "I will do anything you think best; and"—here she hesitated, and a blush covered her forehead—"could you let me have a little money? There are some bills due to the tradesmen, and one of them came this morning and was troublesome because I could not pay him."

"What was his name?" asked Wynyard, quietly.

"Oh! Heaton, the butcher. But I will pay him myself, if you give me the money. You need not trouble to do it."

"I will pay *him* myself," said Wynyard; "you can pay the others if you wish."

He opened his purse, produced a number of sovereigns therefrom, and laid them on the table with a keen sense of the absurdity of the situation.

"Thank you," said the girl, simply. "I will keep a careful account. There is more there than I shall want, I am sure."

"I hope it will not be many days before I can bring you certain news," said Wynyard, shaking hands with her. "Meanwhile, if you have any difficulty and want advice, write me a note. Here is my address."

Handing her one of his cards, he left the room.

CHAPTER II.

DR. WYNYARD'S first steps were directed in search of Heaton, the butcher. That worthy was standing at his shop-door when the doctor arrived. The latter asked for Miss Brock's account, and paid it, obtaining a receipt in due form. When the last stroke of the straggling *n* was written, the doctor took the paper and put it in his pocket, and then proceeded to business.

"Well, Mr. Heaton, don't you thin

you are a fine specimen of a Christian, going to a dead man's house and worrying his daughter for your paltry money while her father's body is lying unburied upstairs?"

"I'm a man that pays his own debts, and looks to other people to do the same," said the butcher, sullenly.

"Quite so," said the doctor, quietly, but firmly. "That is quite right; but there are proper and improper times for dunning your customers, and in this case you have chosen about the very worst time possible. I do not suppose anything I could say to you would change your opinion; but Miss Brock can change her account to another shop. You need not send your cart any more up to Cullercoats. Good-morning."

As the doctor walked out of the village, meditating deeply on the sudden episode which had been introduced into his life by this dead man's will, he was startled by hearing some one close behind call him by name. He turned, with a start, and saw Mr. Walker, somewhat heated with rapid walking, encumbered as he was with his black bag.

"I thought I should never catch you up, doctor," he remarked. "What a pace you do walk at, to be sure! I had some business to do at Cullercoats; and just as I was starting for home, I saw you coming out of Heaton's shop, and thought I might as well bear you company."

"Oh, I am glad to see you," said Wynyard. "There are lots of things about which I want to ask your opinion."

"Six-and-eightpence, then, if you please," said the lawyer. "You are a moneyed man, now, and a full-blown trustee, and also a guardian with a young lady for ward."

"It is about her that I want to speak, first," said the doctor, gravely, paying no heed to the small professional jest of his friend. "She has no relatives, and no home to which she can go. I was thinking of asking my mother to take her in for the present. What do you say to the plan?"

"An excellent one for the girl, no doubt," said the lawyer. "It has only one fault that I can see. Have you considered that Captain Brock has, most unadvisedly, in my opinion, left you entirely free in the matter of spending money on his daughter during her minority? If your mother should take her in, every one will naturally come to the conclusion that you are paying yourself well,

and making the most of the girl's fortune for your own benefit during the time it is in your hands. Now, if the old man had stipulated the sum to be paid for her board and education, there would have been no trouble at all. That comes of people making their own wills without our help."

"I had not thought of that," said Wynyard, and walked on silently for a few minutes with a somewhat clouded brow. "After all," he said, presently, "if it be clearly best for the girl, why should I mind what people say?"

"And your practice?" said the lawyer, inexorably. "People do not care to call in a doctor on whose reputation even the slightest breath of suspicion has rested. You had better think twice before you act."

"What savages people are!" said Wynyard.

"Granted," said the lawyer. "But, for all that, I am not sure that, did I not know you personally, I should not have thought the view I have just given you the most probable under the circumstances."

Wynyard walked on, meditating on the difficulties of the situation.

"I don't care," he said at last. "I have been intrusted with the guardianship of the girl, and been paid a thousand pounds for my trouble in the matter, such as it is. If people must talk, I cannot help it. I will do my duty as I see it, and make her as happy as I can. I think, if I know my mother, she will not accept one farthing for taking care of Miss Brock."

"All right," said the lawyer. "I admire your spirit, and hope you will succeed in impressing the world in general of your disinterestedness. Here we are at my door; so good-by till to-morrow morning, when I expect to see you, document and all. I own to a little curiosity as regards that same document. Captain Brock was a shrewd-headed man, and I would like to know how he has directed his money to be invested."

"I am going home now to read it," answered Wynyard; "so you may expect to see me in the morning—unless, indeed, I am vowed to secrecy on the subject."

"I hope not," said the lawyer, gravely. "That would place you in a very awkward position."

They shook hands and parted, the doctor going home to find his landlady impatient at his long absence. She was a good old soul, though rather short of temper; and Wyn-

yard easily pacified her, and sat down to a hearty meal, and read his formidable document at the same time. Being a bachelor, he had fallen into a habit of always reading at his dinner-table.

The thick, parchment envelope contained quite a variety of documents. The first that appeared was a roughly drawn plan, apparently of a mine of some sort. Then came a prospectus of the "St. Vrain's Mining Company," on the back of which was pasted a list of prices of shares in the said Company, evidently cut from newspapers. Last of all was a document in the handwriting of Captain Brock, and to this Wynyard turned at once for information. It was long and closely written, and began by an account of the circumstances which led to the writer's presence in Colorado in the autumn of the year previous to that which was now closing. Then came an account of a long riding expedition, taken alone, in search of silver-bearing strata. Captain Brock did not mention with what end in view he had started as a prospector; but, doubtless, he had some idea of forming a Mining Company, and supplementing thereby his small income. Evidently, he had no mean knowledge of geology; even the uninitiated Wynyard could see that, from the remarks made here and there upon the places visited. The paper now took the form of a diary, and at last came an entry marked off from the rest by crosses in red ink. It ran as follows:—

"Found at last. Rich deposit of silver—some gold. Lies pretty deep; only found it by accident. Started for San Francisco with specimens of ore."

Evidently, the lucky prospector had been too absorbed in the thoughts of his find to care to keep up his diary, and a long blank of dates now occurred.

The next entry was dated January, and written in blotted characters, which it was not easy to read:—

"Some speculator before me, after all! St. Vrain's Mining Company started to work the same place as my find. Just my luck!"

Here the diary ended; and after the last words, was written, in the shaky handwriting of a sick man:—

"Dr. John Wynyard, I have appointed you my trustee, as I believe you are a good man, and I have no relations or friends to

whom to turn. This old diary of mine will save me a lot of writing. I need only take it up where I left off. I thought my find was to turn out worthless to me, and took no more trouble about it; but two days ago I received the enclosed plan of the St. Vrain's mine, and I saw my way to a fortune at once. They are working towards my 'find,' and will come upon it in a few months. I got a file of old newspapers and cut out their share quotations for the past six months, and you will see they are going steadily down, which shows they are as yet working a poor vein. The shares are five-pound ones, and they are at one-and-one-eighth now! If only I were spared for a week, I would make a great fortune; but the news has come too late for me. It will be in time for my daughter, though, and she will be a great heiress. Sell out all my stocks and bonds, and invest the whole of the money—and the thousand pounds I am leaving you, if you wish—in the shares of the Company. As soon as the miners come upon my find, shares will go up with a bound. Don't sell the shares till they are at twenty pounds at the least; and if you must consult a lawyer, swear him to secrecy before you do so. And I adjure you, as a dying man, keep the secret from all others except my daughter. Tell her, if you like. I have made my will in accordance with this paper, and given you full security for all you may do; and now I sign this paper in the presence of witnesses, to make everything square and honest. I wish I could have seen the affair out myself; but it can't be helped; and Mary will be an heiress if you be faithful to my trust; and I think you will."

The paper was duly signed, and witnessed by two of the captain's servants.

Wynyard sat and looked at it blankly till the short daylight ended, and the cramped letters became blurred and illegible. Then he gave a long sigh, replaced the papers in their envelope, and carefully locked them up in his desk, after which he sat down in an easy-chair by the fire, to meditate upon the events of the day. The landlady's cat jumped into his lap and lay there, purring and contented, quite unconscious of the worries and difficulties that prevent the nobler animal, man, from ever being thoroughly happy in this world, however much outward circumstances may conduce thereto. And there we may leave our hero for the present.

Next morning, there was a ring at Mr. Walker's door, and his thin, sallow clerk ushered in Wynyard, documents in hand, and with a decidedly grave expression of countenance, which the lawyer at once perceived.

"No bad news, doctor, I hope?" he said, kindly.

"I don't know," said Wynyard. "A good deal of difficulty and perplexity, at all events."

"Ah! How is that? You had best make a clean breast of it, and tell me all that the captain's document contains. Or, let me read it myself; which, will be better."

"I must swear you to secrecy first, then," said Wynyard. "Captain Brock insists on that as an indispensable preliminary."

"You have a right to insist upon that, in bringing me a document for my professional opinion," said Mr. Walker. "And my profession can keep a secret as well as yours, doctor. But, of course, any promise of secrecy that I may give can only be contingent on my not being legally bound to disclose the contents of the papers you show me. If you can assure me of that, I will give you my promise readily."

"I see I must trust you, then," said the doctor; "for really my ignorance of business is such that I cannot give you any assurance at all about it."

And he handed the papers to Mr. Walker.

The lawyer read them carefully through, looked at the plan of the mine, made a rapid calculation on a slip of paper, and then leaned back in his chair and looked at the doctor.

"I do not see your difficulty, Wynyard," he said. "If Captain Brock's calculations be right, and you can buy in at one pound, which, I believe, is the present price of the St. Vrain's shares, and then run them up to twenty pounds, you will realize a fortune of some two hundred thousand pounds for Miss Brock, and twenty thousand pounds for yourself. Unless the old captain were mistaken, you have certainly fallen on your feet."

"Do you think I am bound to invest the money in these shares?" asked Wynyard.

"Why should you not?"

"To tell the truth," said the doctor, blushing a little under the keen eye of the lawyer, "I am not quite clear in my own mind as to the honesty of doing so."

"Where does the honesty come in?" asked the lawyer, with a smile.

"Well, Walker, I thought over it last night, and I cannot see my way clear. If I buy the shares at one pound, those who sell them will get rid of them under the mistaken idea that their property is of no value; while I, the buyer, will know the contrary to be the case. It seems to me perilously like cheating. I think I should write to the directors and let them know what is likely to happen. After all, Captain Brock may be misinformed. At any rate, I am not disposed to force the market."

The lawyer laughed.

"Suppose you see on a bookstall a rare old volume marked sixpence, would you buy it at the dealer's price, or offer him twenty pounds for it?" he asked.

"I don't know. I never considered such a case."

"I will tell you, then," said Mr. Walker. "You would undoubtedly buy the book for sixpence, and quite right, too. What do you suppose makes prices on the Stock Exchange go up and down, except the dealings in them by people who act on private information, and use their knowledge in judging whether prices will rise or fall? I tell you it is one of the most ordinary transactions of business life, and I never knew any one to discover dishonesty in it before. You ask for my opinion, and I give it to you for what it is worth. The St. Vrain's is, I believe, still solvent, though paying little interest on its shares, and therefore you are not likely to lose much by investing in it, even if the captain made a mistake. On the other hand, he was very possibly right, and in that case an enormous profit would be made—not quite two hundred thousand pounds, though, for your buying would send the shares up in the market. I should strongly recommend you to carry out the testator's wishes; and, indeed, I do not see how you can well do otherwise, unless you refuse to act at all."

"I should like to talk it over with Miss Brock before I decide anything," said the doctor.

"Do, by all means, then. If she is not tickled by the prospect of such a fortune, she will be a *rara avis* indeed! And I should say she knows about as much of business matters as you do. Have you written to your mother about her?"

"Yes, I wrote yesterday, and ought to hear from her to-morrow."

"Go, and tell Miss Brock what you have done, then—that is, if you are sure of your

mother's acceptance of the charge. You can talk to her afterwards of the money matters; and when you have settled affairs, come back and see me again; and I will put you in the way of getting a trustworthy stockbroker to negotiate your business for you when the will is proved. I won't interfere in any way with your market; but when you have purchased all your shares, if you will give me a day's grace before writing to the directors, I should like to buy a few shares myself and have a stake in the affair. That is the best practical illustration I can give you, as a lawyer, that my advice is bona fide."

"I do not know what I shall do yet," said Wynyard cautiously. "But I shall certainly go to see Miss Brock at once and ask her opinion."

"*Au revoir*, then," said the lawyer. "I consider the matter as good as settled, and look upon you with respect, as the prospective possessor of six hundred pounds a year."

Six hundred a year! As Wynyard walked towards Cullercoats, the words kept ringing in his ears like a snatch from an old song. Six hundred pounds a year! Six hundred pounds' worth of comforts and luxuries for himself and his parents; a flourishing London practice, the power of attending the lectures of the princes of his profession, and keeping himself well up to the mark in the medical science of the day. What a prospect for a clever, struggling provincial doctor; and all to be obtained by a course which an upright lawyer had just declared to be strictly legal and honorable! His doubts grew fainter and fainter as he neared the village, and by the time he reached the house to which he was bound, they had almost vanished altogether. And yet, curiously enough, when his ward came to meet him in her plain, mourning dress, with her pure face and placid smile of trustfulness, those troublesome doubts began to haunt him again.

CHAPTER III.

DR. WYNYARD began the conversation by informing Miss Brock of his plans for her residence with his mother. She said little, but he could see that she was pleased, and rather wondered why she should be so. His vanity was not sufficient to make him

suspect that the thought in the lady's mind was that the mother of a good man ought to be a good woman; and yet that idea, or something like it, was what passed through Miss Brock's brain.

"You look rather grave, Doctor Wynyard. I hope nothing is the matter?"

"Nothing but a rather difficult question of conscience as regards your affairs," said the doctor. "I want to consult you about it—that is, if you feel equal to talking over money matters."

"I shall be very glad to do so; but I doubt if I can be of much help." Won't you sit down, Doctor Wynyard?"

He did so, and proceeded to give her a concise account of her father's instructions, and his own opinions thereupon, not omitting the lawyer's remarks. Indeed, Wynyard felt that insensibly he was making the best case he could for the expediency of carrying out the will. The girl only interrupted him once or twice, and then her questions were very pertinent. When he had finished, she meditated a little, and then delivered her opinion.

"I think I quite understand now, Doctor Wynyard. You must know so much better than I can. But for my own part, I have no doubt at all upon the subject."

"Have you not?" said Wynyard, hopefully. "Then you think I may invest your money with a clear conscience?"

"Oh, no!" said the girl. "That was not what I meant at all. There is a verse in the Bible that seems to me to be perfectly clear on the subject! May I show it to you?"

Wynyard made a sign of assent, wondering what was coming next. Miss Brock took a Bible from the table, and turned over the leaves quickly.

"Here it is," she said, and read in her clear, young voice the words of Solomon: 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.' Is not that exactly what we should be doing, Doctor Wynyard?"

"I suppose so," said the doctor, rather unwillingly. "But we should not be decrying the value of the shares by buying them; rather the contrary, indeed."

"Well," said the girl, with great simplicity, "I should have thought that the cases were the same; but, of course, you know best."

"I don't think I do, at all," said Wynyard, honestly. "It is very possible that if

there were not so much money at stake, my opinion might agree with yours. But you must not make up your mind all at once like this; I want you to think it over quietly. Your income, if we do not carry out your father's plan, will be a little over three hundred pounds a year; whereas, if we do carry it out, and succeed in selling our shares at twenty pounds each, it will be somewhere near six thousand pounds a year. Do you understand what that means?"

"I know so little of money," answered the girl, musingly. "Even three hundred pounds a year seems a great deal. But in any case, surely, Doctor Wynyard, it cannot alter the question of right and wrong?"

"Certainly not," Wynyard acquiesced.

The simple Christianity of his ward, and a lurking feeling that his own conscience agreed with her, were too strong for him to attempt to argue the point at present. But he determined to gain time.

"Well, Miss Brock," he said, "will you think it over well, and let me know what decision you come to, next time I see you? I hope to be able to bring you a cordial invitation from my mother to-morrow, and then we can decide finally."

"But what am I to think over, please?" asked the girl. "If it be the right or wrong of the matter, I cannot see that there can be any question at all."

"Well, would you mind talking it over with Mr. Walker, the lawyer, asked Wynyard, with a keen sense of his moral cowardice in shifting the burden of argument on to the shoulders of another man."

"Not at all, if you wish it," Miss Brock replied.

Wynyard, not daring to face the lawyer again in person, went into the parlor and wrote a note to Mr. Walker, asking him to call at Cullercoats; and then started himself on a tour of medical visits in the neighborhood, with a mind decidedly dissatisfied with his morning's work, but with a much increased store of admiration for his ward. John Wynyard admired Miss Brock for having conquered him so completely by her simple clearness of conscience.

Next morning, Wynyard, as he had expected, received a letter from his mother containing a most cordial invitation for Miss Brock, and announcing the writer's intention of coming up to Tynemouth that same day for the purpose of making the girl's acquaintance and escorting her down to

Kent. As Wynyard read it, he felt proud of his mother—not for the first time—and he thought with pleasure of the effect which her kindness would have on his lonely ward. He found he would require to be at the Tynemouth railway station about two o'clock to meet Mrs. Wynyard, and rang for his landlady to order dinner to be ready for the traveler. But just as he pulled the bell handle, the door opened and Mr. Walker entered and flung himself into a chair. He seemed decidedly put out about something, and Wynyard guessed what was coming.

"You are a nice sort of a man, doctor," he said, "to send me to Cullercoats to argue with a young lady who is, without exception, the greatest simpleton I have ever met; and that is saying a great deal! I thought you were foolish enough yesterday; but, at least, you did not quote texts of Scripture at me."

"And she did, then?" said Wynyard, laughing.

"Whole chapters she would have given me, if I had let her! But I soon stopped that. I said, if she found fifty texts it would not affect the case in point, which was a matter of ordinary business, and not to be judged by high moral rules of right and wrong. She said, her opinion, which she only offered for what it was worth, was, that every act, however small, was to be judged by these rules. I replied that, in that case, there was no use in my arguing the question further; and that, as she was not of age, she must leave her trustee to act as he thought best. She said, 'Certainly. I am sure Doctor Wynyard will do what is right.' 'I am not, then, young lady,' I said. And so I came away."

"I am not sure that you did not get the worst of it, Walker," said Wynyard.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Walker. "Now, look here, doctor. I have thought the matter over, and I am quite clear upon it. You can do as you like about your own money; but the trust money you must invest as the will directs. You have no option in the matter as a trustee."

Here the landlady entered, and the lawyer fumed in silence whilst Wynyard was giving her his orders. When she left the room, the doctor turned to him, with a grave face, now, and spoke:—

"If I must invest the trust money in the St. Vrain's mine, at least there is nothing in the will preventing me from writing to

the directors before buying instead of after."

The lawyer, for once in his life, was really startled.

"You don't mean it? You wouldn't be such a fool? Don't you realize what that would mean? You would simply make a present of a few hundreds of thousands to the directors and their friends; and probably get about three per cent. interest for your ward out of her shares, at the price at which you would be obliged to buy in. If you do such a thing, you are perfectly mad."

"I think I shall, for all that," said the doctor, quietly. "I agree with Miss Brock. I think Captain Brock's idea is scarcely honest, and certainly not what a Christian man should carry out. I shall see Miss Brock to-day, and if she be still of the same mind, I will write to the directors this evening to put myself out of the reach of temptation."

The lawyer looked at him for a moment, and then took up his hat.

"Good-morning, then, Doctor Wynyard," he said, grimly. "You will regret not taking my advice, or I am much mistaken. Under the circumstances, I suppose you have no objection to my availing myself of the opportunity which you are throwing away? I must be content to be thought a dishonest man by you and Miss Brock, but I do not think that will disturb my digestion."

"Of course you must do as you wish," said Wynyard, rather sadly. "But, Walker, do not let me lose my friend as well as my prospects. You do not know how hard it has been for me to give up such a chance as I shall never have again."

"If I were sure that you were in your right senses, I might be angry," said the lawyer. "As it is, I still hope that you may think better of it. Meanwhile, with your permission, I will hurry off to secure my own shares, and make myself safe in either case."

The doctor watched him as he crossed the street, with a decided feeling in his own mind that Christianity was a hard creed to live up to in the nineteenth century. But he was a man who, having once made his decision, was not easily shaken; and moreover, to tell the whole truth, the commendation for which he looked from Miss Brock was a strong factor in the case. Still, he gave a long sigh as he closed the door.

Mrs. Wynyard's train arrived in good time; and after dinner, mother and son walked out together to Cullercoats. Miss Brock was there to meet them; and Mrs. Wynyard's keen eyes noticed that the girl cast a quick, inquiring look upon the doctor before she greeted her lady visitor. The preliminaries were readily arranged, the ladies having thoroughly congenial natures, and each being only anxious to save the other trouble. Mrs. Wynyard was obliged to return home the next day, and Miss Brock was sure she could easily be ready in time to accompany her. When all was settled, Wynyard begged a few minutes' private conversation with his ward on matters of business; and his mother discreetly withdrew, wondering meanwhile, what the nature of the urgent business could be that required her absence.

"Are you still of the same mind as regards those shares, Miss Brock?" asked Wynyard, when they found themselves alone.

"I am, indeed," the girl answered. "But as neither you nor Mr. Walker agree with me, perhaps I may be wrong."

"I do agree with you thoroughly," said the doctor. "I was not sure about it yesterday; but you have convinced me. Still, as it is a great temptation to both of us, had I not better write a letter to the directors at once, and put it out of our power to alter the decision we have come to?"

"Oh, please do!" said the girl, clasping her hands. "It has haunted me ever since you spoke of it—I was so afraid that you would not see things as I did. And last night, I had such a terrible dream! I thought we had bought the shares, and that I was a rich woman, sitting in a grand drawing-room in a house of my own; and suddenly the door opened, and a long procession filed in of men, women and children, looking so thin and wretched; and something seemed to tell me that all these people would have been living in comfort now, had I not bought their shares and deprived them of their rights. They all stood there and looked at me, and I felt that if they spoke I should die. So I suppose I woke with the fright, and I dared not go to sleep again."

"It was a remarkable dream," said Wynyard, smiling to himself at the idea of what Mr. Walker's contempt would have been for it, had it been told him. "I have brought the papers with me; so if you will let me use your desk, I will draw up my let-

ter forthwith, and you shall post it yourself, if you like."

"I think I will, if I may," said the girl, "It is so nice to feel, once a letter is in the post, that it *must* go, and that you cannot stop it. Here is a pen and ink. May I go and tell your mother about it while you write?"

"Certainly," said Wynyard. "There can be no secret about it now."

As he was writing the last words of the important letter, his mother came in alone and kissed him on the forehead. "I have heard all about it, John," she said. "Of course you were quite right, both of you. She is a noble girl, John; when am I to have her for a daughter-in-law?"

The doctor looked up in his mother's face and, seeing a twinkle in her eye, blushed guiltily. He made no answer, however, but continued his writing.

"There is an end of two hundred thousand pounds," said Wynyard, somewhat dolefully, as he sealed the letter.

A hot July afternoon, and two lovers are sitting under the shade of a convenient walnut tree in an old walled garden in Kent.

"Show me your watch, John," the girl is saying.

"This is about the twentieth time you have seen it, Mary."

"Well, I love looking at it and the inscription; and I am going to read the latter aloud now, to punish you: 'From the Directors and Shareholders of the St. Vrain's Mining Company, as a mark of their appreciation of the honorable and disinterested conduct of John Wynyard, Esq., M. D.' You must feel proud of that; I know I do."

"Indeed I do not feel proud," said Wynyard musingly—"only humiliated that my Christianity was so weak that I ever had

any doubt as to what I should do. You never had, dear."

"It was so much easier for me, John. I never felt the need of money in my life, and three hundred pounds a year seemed absolute riches to me."

"It will be nearer one thousand pounds a year than three hundred pounds, I hope," said the doctor. "Even at the high rate at which I had to buy in, those shares are paying well. Mr. Walker, the lawyer, has made a fortune and retired from business. What fools he must think us, Mary."

"Never mind what he thinks," said the girl quickly. "I do not envy him his money—not in the least. We shall have plenty to live upon, and you will be able to take a London practice now; will you not?"

"I might," said the doctor; "and yet, do you know, it still goes very hard with my pride to think it will be with my wife's money, and not my own, that I purchase it?"

"What *does* it matter, if you love me, John?" asked Mary, simply.

"You are too much for me, as usual," he replied, smiling. "If you give yourself to me and I accept you, I suppose I need not mind taking your money too. But people will talk, you know. A poor guardian who marries a rich ward cannot expect to find much quarter."

"I am not your ward now, at all events," said Mary playfully. "I am lawfully of age, and have a right to dispose of myself and my property just as I think fit; and what is more, I shall expect you to obey me."

"I did that before, if you remember," said Wynyard.

"And never regretted it?" she asked, looking up in his face with an expression of perfect confidence as to what his response would be.

"Never!" he answered.

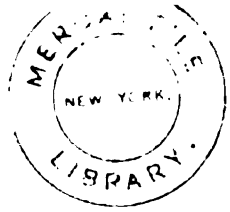
A MORNING PICTURE.

BY LEE FAIRCHILD.

BEHOLD the newly painted east,—
Aurora's blush
Of rosy hue; a wonder feast,
With splendor's flush,

LEWISTON, IDAHO, 1888.

For early eyes that greet the dawn
Of blooming day;
That westward steps o'er jeweled lawn,
In bright array!



DRAB AND ROSE COLOR.

BY HANNAH PURRINGTON.

MURIEL had gone over to Ludlow Farm to see her friend, Jennie Ludlow, and we—mother, and Hannah Frye, and I—were waiting in the twilight for her to come home. She was the light of our eyes; we three elderly people felt as if the house were suddenly darkened when she left it; elderly people, I say, for, though to be sure I had not left my youth so far behind me as mother and Hannah Frye had, I felt as old, as far removed from such bright, fresh youth as Muriel's, as they. We four women had lived alone in this brown house under the hill for so many years that it made me dizzy to look back upon them; almost as many years as Muriel had been in the world; for father died when Muriel was a baby, and Muriel was past twenty. That was the home to which mother had come a bride, and when father died she wasn't willing to leave it; but it was lonely for her with nobody for company but us two children—I was only fifteen, and Muriel, as I told you, a baby—so she sent for Hannah Frye, one of her old friends from Salem—mother was born in Salem—to come and live with her; and as Hannah was a maiden lady, and alone in the world, she was glad to come.

Mother was a Quakeress; that is, she had been brought up in that faith, and now, though she had been "turned out of meeting" for marrying one of "the world's people," she still clung to the quaint drab dresses and poke bonnets, and the "theeing and thouing," for which her soft, meek voice seemed so exactly suited; and she clung to some of her prim, Quakerish fancies more and more closely as she grew older. In summer, when the wind brought the sound of the organ from the Episcopal chapel, where the squire's family, and all the fashionable folk of the town worshipped, she always shut the window of the parlor where she sat on Sunday afternoons, for she didn't like to hear "the Lord worshipped by machinery," and Muriel, who was fond of gay colors, always slipped the ribbons out of her hair before she came into mother's sight, and submitted quietly to wearing grave-hued dresses that mother approved. Hannah Frye was a Quakeress, and that was the chief bond of sympathy between mother and

her: otherwise she was the very opposite of mother—a great, strong, hard-featured, hard-voiced woman, whom nothing ever seemed to move. She went on her daily round of duties unswervingly, year in and year out, and nobody ever knew whether she was sorry or glad.

Well, as I said, we were waiting for Muriel, in the gray, winter twilight. I with folded hands, mother and Hannah Frye knitting industriously. At last, along the path that led through the bare, brown meadow, I saw her coming—Muriel, and a young man beside her. Hannah Frye's eyes were as sharp as mine.

"Muriel is coming," she said, "and a young man is walking beside her. Who is it, Rachel? Thee can see better than I."

Mother got up very hastily for her, and went to the window, and peered out anxiously through her glasses.

"It is Jason, of course," I said hastily.

"Thee has sharp eyes, Rachel, but thee is at fault now. I have often heard it said that there are none so blind as them that like not to see," said Hannah Frye, drily. "It is the young squire with Muriel, and not Jason Eldridge."

Such an anxious, grieved look as came into mother's meek, pale little face! and I could have shaken Hannah Frye, who sat knitting as tranquilly as ever.

"One would think that I would like to see the young squire walking with my sister, Hannah," I said. "It isn't every one of the village girls that he would walk with. And surely I could have no objection to him; a handsomer or better-mannered young man doesn't walk the earth!" I was excited, and determined for once to speak my mind. But mother's soft voice broke in.

"Thee knows, Rachel, that beauty and fine manners go for little with me. I say nothing against the squire, for I know nothing; but he is no mate for Muriel, and the child gets no good from associating with such worldly-minded folk. Thee knows that the young women, his sisters, care for nothing but idle fashions and vanities, and the young man himself hath not the sober, dignified manner that Jason Eldridge hath."

Jason Eldridge! Ah me, what was the use of talking to mother? On that point she was not meek; she had come to a firm determination, and nothing upon earth could change it, that Muriel should not smile upon the young squire, and that she *should* marry Eldridge. And, what was even worse, Hannah Frye had determined the same thing, and in her silent, persistent way she would carry out all her plans, though fire and water stood in her way.

Jason Eldridge was a farmer, respectable and well-to-do, and well-looking enough, too, though his figure was short and a little too stout, and his face had a little obstinate, sullen expression that I did not like. But mother could only see that Jason Eldridge was her ideal of perfection as far as mortal man could attain to it.

All the Eldridges were Methodists, and went to the church on the other side of the river, to which father had belonged, and that made them in mother's eyes, almost as good as if they were Quakers. They were grave and sober, and did not give their minds up to vanity as the squire's family, she said. But they gave their minds up to toiling, and scrimping, and saving, as if money were to be valued for its own sake, and as if it were a sin to spend it. Sometimes I could not help wondering why their lives were not as vain as worldly-minded people's, like the squire's family; but I never said anything, even to Muriel, though I was sure she thought often the same thing; for Muriel was less of a Quaker even than I; she hated our dull way of living and the dull clothes we wore, and looked with longing, envious eyes at the bright bonnet that Miss Lucy Trevelyan, the squire's youngest sister, wore. "Our lives are like our clothes, all drab," she used to say sometimes, half laughing, half serious, "and Miss Lucy's is like her bonnet, all rose-color." But Muriel didn't often repine; she had the sunniest disposition in the world, and spirits that no amount of "drab" could tone down very much.

Now, as she came along the path with her yellow curls—Muriel's hair was not golden, nor auburn; it was just yellow—blown about by the wind, I could see how flushed and happy her face looked, and how her brown eyes danced as she lifted them now and then to Arthur Trevelyan's face. He looked a little vexed. She was teasing him, I knew, arrant little flirt that she was! But she was

born so, and could no more help it than she could help breathing.

What a handsome couple they were, and how well suited to each other they looked; I thought. And wouldn't rose-colored bonnets become Muriel as well as they did Lucy Trevelyan? and could the young squire find a prettier or sweeter wife among all the fashionable, high-bred young ladies that thronged the Hall in summer? and why should mother's prejudice stand in the way of Muriel's happiness?

Muriel's face darkened suddenly when she caught mother's eye, and the young squire looked a little flushed and embarrassed, mother looked at him with such stern displeasure; but he lifted his hat gracefully to her, and bade Muriel good-night at once after he had opened the gate for her.

After Muriel came in there was a silence. We were all a little embarrassed—all but Hannah Frye.

"Did thee ask after Farmer Ludlow's cow that was hurt in jumping over the fence?" she asked tranquilly, as she set the chairs up at the table.

"No, I didn't think of it. I wasn't thinking of cows," replied Muriel, a little pettishly. It was hard to come out of her rose-hued dreams into the "drab" reality of her life, with mother's displeasure to make it gloomier than ever, and no end of obstacles between her and her hopes.

"Thee had weightier matters on thy mind, perhaps," said Hannah Frye, placidly.

Muriel pouted and colored, but made no reply, while mother poured out the tea in a dignified silence that was very unusual for her. She went up-stairs to her room after supper was over—and that was very soon, for we had none of us much appetite—and Muriel, Hannah Frye and I, were left alone. Not for long, however. There came a familiar knock at the door, and Hannah said:—

"I think it is Jason Eldridge. Will thee open the door, Muriel, or shall I?"

"You may, if you like; I shan't. I'm tired of the Eldridges, and I don't want to see him!" And Muriel ran out of the room, not shutting the door very gently behind her. I was half frightened, for I had never seen the child in such a temper before.

I followed her up-stairs, and found her sobbing on the bed in her own room. I stole up to her, and put my arms around her without speaking. She sat up at once, and hushed her sobs.

"I was cross and hateful, I know, Rachel, but I couldn't help it. I have been so vexed to-night!" she said.

"But I wouldn't let it vex me, dear. It may all come out right yet," I said soothingly.

"It won't come out right, Rachel! It can't come out right! Mother has set her heart upon Jason Eldridge; she would never consent to my marrying—Arthur."

"Has Squire Trevelyan asked you to marry him, Muriel?" I asked.

"Yes, long ago; last summer. But of course I told him it could never be. Mother would not consent, and I would not marry without her consent. But he knew that that was the only reason; he knew that—that I cared for him, and I couldn't help owning it, and then he vowed that nothing should separate us, and I promised him that I would try to coax mother to consent; but I knew then that it was of no use. It is just as much use to coax the wind as to coax a meek-seeming little woman like mother when she once gets her mind made up upon anything! And then with Hannah Frye to back her! She is continually talking to mother against Arthur, and praising Jason Eldridge; and she thinks I am too young and foolish to know what is best for me, and she is doing it for my good. As if she knew anything about it! She isn't like me, and doesn't understand. I verily believe she was born in a drab dress with a white kerchief folded over her bosom. So you see, they are both determined that I shall marry Jason Eldridge. But I won't, I never will! You mustn't think, Rachel, that because Arthur is 'the squire' and rich, that I want to marry him. You know how I used to envy the Trevelyan girls, and wish I had a pink bonnet like Lucy's? and I do now; I can't help it, Rachel; but yet, if Arthur were in Jason Eldridge's place, or even a thousand times worse, I would marry him to-morrow, and not care if I never had a pink bonnet in my life! And sometimes, Rachel, I think it would be better if he were poor," she added, drearily.

"Why, Muriel?"

"His life has been so different from mine, and he sees such different people. I can't help being afraid that some of those handsome, fashionable young ladies, that dress so beautifully, and are so accomplished, and know so much more than I, will win his heart away from me."

"I don't think they could. I don't think that need to worry you," I said. And I felt what I said; for, in all the throngs of fashionable young ladies, where was one to be found that could match Muriel? Her face brightened at my words.

"I don't think they can, Rachel, he is so good and true; and I don't worry about it—only once in a great while."

There came a tap at the door, and then it opened softly.

"Jason Eldridge is asking for thee, Muriel," said Hannah Frye's voice. "Shall I tell him thee will come down?"

"Yes, I will come down," replied Muriel. "I must go, Rachel; I cannot see mother look so grieved and unhappy." And she bathed her eyes, and smoothed her rumpled curls, and we went down-stairs together. Mother had come down, and was sitting in her arm-chair, with quite a contented expression on her face, talking with Jason Eldridge.

Jason did not look in a very happy frame of mind. The road from Ludlow farm to our house lay in sight of the Eldridge farm for nearly the whole distance, and it was very likely that he had seen the young squire with Muriel that afternoon. Muriel was very friendly as she always was, but a little flushed and embarrassed, as she could not help being with mother and Hannah Frye watching her so constantly. Jason seemed to take her embarrassment as a good sign, for his spirits rose at once; he was very lively and talkative, and for him, quite agreeable.

Before Jason had been there half an hour, Sallie Liscomb, one of the neighbors' daughters came in. Sallie was a flighty little creature, with a flutter of scarlet ribbons always in her wake, and all the village gossip at her tongue's end. She was not a favorite with mother or Hannah Frye, as a matter of course, but she was continually "dropping in for a bit of a chat," as she called it, though she usually had the talking almost all to herself.

"There'll be gay doings at the squire's next month, I suppose," she began at once. "There's a lot of company coming to spend the holidays, they say; lots of fine folk from the city, and the Ainslees that were there two summers ago. Don't you remember what handsome black eyes the young lady had, and what beautiful white morning-dresses she used to wear? Well, that is

Miss Maud Ainslee; she is the young squire's cousin and he is going to marry her, they say. There'll be an end of the squire's walking home with you when she comes, Muriel." And Sallie's tone was very triumphant, though she looked half frightened at her audacity, when she saw how scarlet Muriel's face was, and that Jason fairly glared at her. Mother dropped her knitting into her lap, and looked at Sallie through her spectacles.

"I do not wish to speak harshly to thee, Sallie Liscomb," she said "thy bringing up has not been such as I approve, and thy ways and manner of speech are different from ours. Thee may mean no harm by what thee says; but I must ask thee not to bring thy gossip to this house again, and not to speak of the young squire as if he were aught to Muriel. And Sallie, for thine own soul's sake, I would counsel thee to run less after worldly vanities, and to put on the garments of sobriety and meekness, much more fitting than vain and foolish ornaments."

Sallie rose, with blazing cheeks, mortally affronted. To be told that she gossiped she might have endured, for it was not the first time that she had heard it; but the fling at her scarlet ribbons was too much to be borne. She was evidently amazed, too; for never before had she heard anything but the softest of tones and meekest of words from mother's lips.

"You needn't be afraid of my coming here again, for I don't go into a house where I am insulted, twice. As for Muriel and the squire, I can't wonder you feel sensitive about it; to have the whole village laughing and talking about her following him up so, when it is plain to see that he is only making a fool of her, and is going to be married to his cousin in the spring!"

There were more words trembling on her lips, but I think Jason's face stopped them. It was perfectly white, and looked hard and rigid like iron. After one glance at it Sallie went out, looking white and scared herself.

There was silence for a few moments after she had gone. Hannah Frye went on knitting placidly, but mother's knitting lay where it had fallen. It was she who spoke first.

"I have something to say to thee, Muriel, and I may as well say it now. There is no reason why we should have secrets from each other, or from Jason. This idle girl's talk, though it has disturbed me, may be for

the best, since it has made me see that it is not best to delay speaking. [Muriel, Jason has been speaking to me to-night concerning thee. He wishes to take thee as his wife at once. He thinketh there are reasons why it should be so. I know that in times gone by thee has set thy face against it, in the foolishness and frowardness of youth; but I trust now that thee has come to a better mind. Muriel, thee will not deny thy old mother the wish of her heart?" And from the stern way in which she had begun, mother dropped into the meek, pleading voice that was natural to her.

Muriel looked like a hunted thing brought suddenly to bay, her face white, but her eyes brighter than their wont; but her voice was steady and calm.

"I told Jason long ago that I could never be his wife. I have told you so, mother, many and many a time, and it is cruel of you to insist. He has been very kind to me ever since we were children, but I do not care for him enough to be his wife."

"Muriel, will thee bring thy mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?" said mother, pleadingly, her lips quivering, tears in her dim old eyes.

"O Rachel, Rachel, tell me what to do!" cried Muriel, her voice broken with sobs.

"Mother, I think you press the child too hard," I said. It was all I dared to say, for I knew that opposition was only likely to make mother more determined.

"It is for her own good, thee knows, Rachel," said Hannah Frye.

Muriel lifted her head defiantly, and anger got the better of her tears. Hannah Frye's interference always aroused Muriel's indignation.

"My good! As if you knew anything about my good, Hannah Frye! I am not a child to be talked to in that way. As if I did not know what is best for myself! You are wicked and cruel to talk to me so, mother! But you may torment me, all of you, as much as you choose, I never will marry Jason!" And Muriel ran out of the room, without waiting for another word. I was angry enough myself, and I followed her, leaving mother, and Jason, and Hannah Frye, to talk over their plans alone.

"You see how it is, Rachel," said Muriel. "Will it ever come out right? They will never let me see Arthur again if they can help it! And mother will coax and plead with the tears in her eyes again; and, Rach-

el, I am afraid that I shall yield sometime! If it were only Jason and Hannah Frye, I would go to the stake first, but it makes me half wild to have mother talk to me so!"

But the next day mother had partially regained her old cheerful looks and ways, and Jason's name was not mentioned, and when he came in the evening as usual, he treated Muriel exactly as if nothing had happened. When I saw how his eyes followed her every motion, with such a sorrowful tenderness in them, and how he hung upon every word she uttered, I did pity him, for I knew he loved her as well as his selfish nature was capable of loving anything.

Muriel was like her old happy self in a few days. Her nature was so hopeful that she could not bear grief long, and now that mother seemed so contented and said nothing more about her marrying Jason, she began to think that her troubles were over—that mother could be brought to look more favorably upon the young squire. Two or three times in the week that followed I saw him riding by the house and looking eagerly at every window, but he never ventured to come in. Muriel had told him that mother never would consent to that. Every day or two, little Sammy Dyer, the housekeeper's son at the hall, brought a note and sometimes a bouquet, from the squire to Muriel, as he had done for months. Muriel was always on the alert to receive him herself, and as yet, neither mother nor Hannah Frye had discovered it, and there seemed no great danger of such a calamity, for he came to the front door, and they sat in the sitting-room at the back of the house, and they never heard his light knock. But, as unkind Fate would have it, one morning only a week after Muriel's decided refusal to let mother and Hannah Frye choose her husband, Hannah Frye was passing through the entry where Muriel stood, receiving from the little messenger's hands a beautiful bouquet. The note was concealed among the flowers, and I thought to myself with delight as I saw the unconcerned way in which Hannah looked at them, that she thought them a gift from Jason, or perhaps from Jennie Ludlow, whose uncle kept a greenhouse. She never would suspect Muriel of such boldness as receiving presents from the young squire. But I thought it might be as well for Muriel to caution Sammy Dyer about showing them.

"There is no danger, Rachel," she said,

when I spoke of it. "Hannah is so open and honest that she would never suspect any one else. I feel dreadfully guilty for deceiving mother and her so, but how can I help it?"

The next afternoon Muriel signified her intention of going over to Ludlow Farm. It was a beautiful day, and she had scarcely been out of the house for a week.

"Thee is right, Muriel; it is a beautiful day, and I think I will go with thee. I would like to get a recipe for making rye biscuit that Betsey Ludlow promised to give me," said Hannah Frye.

Muriel pouted.

"I'll get it for you," she said, hastily.

Could it be possible that it was a gleam of amusement and triumph that I saw in Hannah Frye's steel-gray eyes? The rest of her face was as smooth and unruffled as a stone image.

"Thee is very kind, but thee might forget it as thee did about the cow. I prefer to go myself," she said, in the very smoothest of smooth tones.

So there was nothing for it but Muriel must wait till Hannah Frye had donned her brown shawl and drab silk poke bonnet; and then they set out together. And on the road to Ludlow Farm, either going or coming, Muriel was always sure to meet the squire!

Poor little Muriel! I knew by her face as she walked demurely off—nobody could walk otherwise than demurely by Hannah Frye's side—that she had begun to think that the atmosphere of her life was fated to be "drab," instead of the rose-color she had dreamed of.

It was an hour, perhaps, after they had gone, when I saw the young squire, on horseback—as he usually rode when, as now, the snow was off the ground—and by his side rode a young lady. Was it a presentiment of coming evil that gave my heart that sharp thrill of pain even while they were so far away that I could not tell whether she was one of his sisters or no?

It was not until they passed directly by the window that I saw her face, though long before that I saw that it was not one of the young squire's sisters. They neither of them had so perfect a form, nor sat so gracefully in the saddle. She lifted her eyes to mine as she passed, and I saw the most beautiful face I had ever seen. Hitherto I had been sure, in my foolish, fond heart,

that there was no beauty in the world like Muriel's. Now, even my partial eyes could not fail to see that I had been mistaken.

It was a type of beauty as different from Muriel's as night from day. A bright, dark face, black eyes, large and clear and deep, yet not grave, as such eyes usually are, but merry and flashing; the other features almost "faultily faultless," but by no means expressionless; a bold, bright, bewitching beauty. My little Muriel would have paled beside her like a white morning glory beside a great scarlet tulip.

All that I saw in a glance I had as they rode by, and I saw, too, the admiring gaze that the young squire bent upon her; and my heart grew faint with the first real suspicion I had had that what Sallie Liscomb had said might be true—that he was only "amusing himself" with Muriel.

When Muriel came back, I saw by her face at once that she and Hannah Frye had met them. But she spoke of it to me quite carelessly—it was his cousin, Miss Ainslee; he had told her she was coming; of course it was his duty to be polite to her. But I said to myself, bitterly, that the admiring glance was more than politeness.

After that day there came no more letters, no more flowers, and the squire was always with his cousin when they met; and, thanks to Hannah Frye's sudden fondness for walking, Muriel was seldom alone. Very often the squire rode by with his beautiful cousin, but he avoided glancing towards our windows. I was surprised, yet what was it more than all the village people had expected, according to Sallie Liscomb? He was dishonorable and fickle. I began to have greater confidence than ever before in the wisdom of age, for mother and Hannah Frye were right. Jason Eldridge would never have acted like that!

What Muriel thought or felt I could not tell. She did not grow pale or thin; she went about the house cheerful and calm as ever, yet seldom merry, and then in an unnatural way that half frightened me. Yet no one else saw any change. Muriel was a different person from the Muriel I fancied I knew so well. Instead of weak and sensitive and clinging, she was proud and strong and reticent; of the kind that die and give no sign of suffering.

And all this time Jason Eldridge was constant and devoted, and—I knew by his face—as determined as ever. We heard of

merry-makings at the Hall, and mother and Hannah Frye had an opportunity to groan to their heart's content over the vanity and folly of "the world's people." Once there came an invitation for Muriel to a party at the Hall. She and Miss Lucy Trevelyan had played together when they were children, and the squire's family never gave themselves airs.

Once, only a few months before, Muriel would have been wild with delight, and would have coaxed mother until she, for peace's sake, would have been obliged to let her go; but now she put the note away without a word.

In the last days of February, a dreary time, with snow-storms raging and winds blowing, and dreary indoors as out, mother fell ill. She had a violent fever, and the doctor said it was brought on by mental anxiety—something that had troubled her for a long time. I shall never forget the remorse that poor little Muriel's face expressed when she heard it! In the week that followed, she would scarcely leave mother's bedside for a moment, and the delirious ravings that she was obliged constantly to listen to, were of herself and Jason Eldridge! It was she that had "brought her mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!" That was what the poor child was thinking of constantly, I knew by her white face. But it was not "to the grave." Before the end of the second week she was out of danger; and in a few days more, she was her old self, although paler and thinner with suffering.

On the first day that she came downstairs, Jason Eldridge came, and mother and Muriel and he were together for a long time. When Muriel came out of the room, I knew what she had to tell me. I had seen how it would be. Now she could deny mother nothing.

"I am going to marry Jason, Rachel," she said, her face neither sad nor bright, but as calm and unruffled as Hannah Frye's. "Mother and he wish it to be at once, and it makes no difference to me. Next Thursday they think we had better be married over at the Methodist minister's house. It wouldn't be convenient to have a wedding here with mother ill."

I said nothing. What could I have said? She had chosen her path, and, as she said, she was old enough to choose for herself. And, at least, Jason would never be faith-

less, like Arthur Trevelyan! But when I looked at Muriel's face my heart sank.

It was as beautiful a morning as ever dawned—the morning of the wedding day. Mother, who was childish in her delight, had insisted upon it that the village milliner should make Muriel a white bonnet, and in that and the white furs that were Jason's present, she looked quite bride-like. But oh, such a white, despairing little face! How could Jason look so delighted and triumphant, and mother so childishly happy when they saw this? I wondered.

Jason had brought up his double sleigh, and Hannah Frye and I were to accompany them to the minister's house, on the other side of the river.

"It is a regular spring thaw," said mother, as she stood in the doorway, to which she had insisted upon being helped to see us off. "See how the snow is melting! Thee had better drive around the road and go across the bridge, Jason. I am afraid the river is not safe."

"Safe!" laughed Jason. "Farmer Ludlow came across with an ox-team, last night; I guess it will bear us!" and in another moment we were off.

The air was soft and warm and spring-like, but mother's caution seemed needless. The river was hard enough, I thought, to bear Farmer Ludlow's ox-team again.

It was not more than three miles to the minister's house, and that morning it did not seem to be half a mile. And oh, how soon those words were said that nothing but death should unsay! It seemed to me that scarcely a moment had passed before I was in the sleigh again with Muriel—Jason Eldridge's wife—beside me.

And how happy and triumphant Jason was! He had gained the object that he had pursued so long. Even that morning he had not seemed sure—something might possibly happen to rob him of his prize even then; but now she was his, and nothing could take her from him.

When we came in sight of the river, we saw a merry sleighing party driving along the road that skirted the opposite bank. They were from the Hall, I saw at once, and Jason saw it too, and I knew by his face that a sudden desire seized him to show at once how he had triumphed—to display his bride to the young squire, whom he had feared once would be his successful rival.

We were much further down the river than the point where we had crossed in the morning, but Jason turned off the road on to the river at once. The ice looked thinner than it did further up the river, and a little rill of water rippled over the ice near the shore. I thought of mother's warning, and said:—

"Are you quite sure it is safe, Jason? Hadn't we better go up a little further?"

He laughed, and repeated the story of Farmer Ludlow's exploit, and said something about women being always afraid; and then he chattered to his horse, and we went smoothly over the ice—beyond the middle of the river. Smoothly and very swiftly, for Jason was determined to meet the young squire.

We were only a little ways beyond the middle of the river, when there came a hollow boom like the noise of a cannon a great ways off; then, nearer, a crashing, splitting sound. The ice crackled under the horse's feet, and parted slowly in great fragments. He trembled, slipped, and then sprang! I felt a shock, as if sky and earth had rushed together, and then—I was on the ice, yards away from the great fissure where the swelling water was rushing, mingled with fragments of floating ice; and over the ice, almost to the shore, I saw the frightened horse rushing furiously, dragging an empty sleigh.

I shook with a terrible fear that was only too soon verified. Hannah Frye was beside me, rising slowly to her feet, her eyes dilating with horror as they rested on the great breach where, scarcely a moment before, had been solid ice; but neither Jason nor Muriel were to be seen! I rose to my feet and uttered a cry that echoed from either shore. But the squire was by my side, even then. He rushed to the opening, and looked breathlessly, with a horror-stricken face, over the water. Among the fragments of ice I saw a gleam of white, and he saw it, too. I saw him leap daringly, unhesitatingly, from fragment to fragment of ice, and then I shut my eyes, a deathly faintness coming over me. But when I came to myself, Muriel was in my arms, and Muriel alive, they told me, though there seemed to me little life in the pallid, set face.

Suddenly, Hannah Frye's voice cried:—

"Her husband—Jason Eldridge! Thee will not let him drown!"

The young squire's face was white—rigid.

I saw him glance at Muriel's bridal white as he heard the word "husband," and I saw him hesitate. Thank God, only for an instant! The next he had plunged into the water, fighting his way through the blocks of ice. The young squire was a wonderful swimmer. How often I had heard it said by the village boys without thinking or caring for it, and now it meant life or death!

I left Muriel half senseless upon the ice—all the young ladies from the sleigh, who by this time had reached the ice, were too panic-stricken to do anything but wring their hands—and watched, feeling as if it were a terrible dream from which I must soon awake, that terrible struggle in the water. For the drowning man's arms were around Arthur Trevelyan's neck, and thus encumbered, with the ice blocks crowding upon him, it seemed impossible for either to escape death. Would help never come?

It did come at last, but after what seemed ages of agony. When the two forms were laid upon the ice, there was no semblance of life in either.

But I heard a cry of joy at last. The young squire was alive! But the doctor, who had come at last, held his hand again and again to Jason Eldridge's heart, put his ear to his lips, and then shook his head sadly.

And Hannah Frye, in a voice from which the smoothness and the calmness were gone, cried out:—

"It is the Lord's vengeance—the Lord's vengeance! But why has He left me unpunished?"

Muriel was ill for weeks. It was not until

late in the spring that she was able to hear the confession that Hannah Frye insisted upon making to her. The cold, stern, calm woman had gone forever. Hannah Frye was broken down utterly in spirit. She shielded the dead as much as she could, and took the blame upon herself. Together they had forged a letter to the young squire, signing Muriel's name and imitating Muriel's writing, telling him that she loved and was to marry another, and forbidding him to write or speak to her.

It was strange to see how the brightness came back to Muriel's face as she heard the story. But she forgave Hannah Frye freely. It was a desire for Muriel's good that had actuated her, and a desire to carry her point at all hazards, after she had set her heart upon it.

And Muriel thought pityingly and forgivingly of the dead. She wore her widow's weeds for two years, and then there was a happier wedding than that in the minister's parlor on the other side of the river, and Muriel wore not only bridal white, but a bright, happy face as became a bride. And I think mother was satisfied. For when I asked her if she was not, she said:—

"Thee knows, Rachel, that the match was none of my making, but I will say that the Lord's hand seemed in it, and 'what God has joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

And more than that, the other day when Muriel came home from the city, dressed as the squire's lady and the prettiest woman in the country should dress, I actually coaxed her into acknowledging that pink was more becoming to Muriel than drab.

MY LIVING PICTURE.

BY HELEN WYNNDHAM.

I HAVE a picture, beautiful and rare,
Surpassing even the old masters' art,
Shrined in an inner chamber of my heart;
It is a face most exquisitely fair,
Framed in rich masses of its own bright hair.

This frame of shining yellow far more rare
I deem than if 'twere wrought of solid gold;
Most precious in each sunny wave and fold
That shades the little face so sweet and fair,
O'er which has passed no darkening cloud of care.

I fold my picture closely in my arms,
I fondle it with love's most dear caress,
I gaze enraptured on its loveliness;
For it is full of babyhood's sweet charms,—
God keep it ever from the world's alarms!

'Tis all I have. What wonder that I pray
For choicest blessings on my darling child,
That she may grow up gentle, pure and mild?
O Father, lead her in the heavenly way!
Develop spirit-graces day by day!

CRUISE IN A CHINESE GUNBOAT.

BY I. P. MILLER.

SHANGHAI, China, is not a very inviting place in which to spend a lifetime. In the middle of a low, flat country, intersected by numerous canals, with not even the smallest elevation of land visible from any point, in any direction; with its narrow footpaths, dignified with the name of streets, crowded with a filthy population, all dressed in one style; with vile smells on every hand; and with the dull, dingy color of the earthenware tiles, of which all the houses are built, a less inviting place of residence would be hard to find, without going to some other Chinese city.

This description applies only to old Shanghai, the city proper. "English Town" and "French Town," outside the high, tile walls of the old city, have broad streets, kept scrupulously clean by the labor of petty Chinese criminals, trees, lawns, gardens, and fine, large buildings. "American Town" is but little better than "China Town," as our government never had anything to do with it—our men-of-war took possession of it for a while, to guard our consul and citizens from danger during the great Taeping rebellion; that was all. The danger over, the settlement was deserted by the sailors and re-occupied by the Chinese. England and France held on to their "concessions," as they are called, and have made them really fine-looking towns.

But it is no place—neither English, French, nor China Towns—for a man without money. Chinese labor is so very cheap, that a white man who should attempt to compete with it would starve. So, unless in some manner connected with the consulates, or some of the great trading firms who ship teas to Europe and America, even the cutest Yankee would have hard work to make a living there.

In the year 1865, I found myself adrift in that inviting city. I had been paid off from the ship in which I had lately been second mate, for a very good reason. We had bumped her on a rock on the coast of Japan, and she was now lying—and I believe still lies—a dismantled hulk in the great Kang-tse Kiang, having been condemned and sold. I had but little money. While in Japan, had drawn to a pretty good extent upon

my back wages, to purchase "curios;" so it was with no very enviable feelings that I sat down one afternoon to watch the sunset, the ships anchored in the river, and the innumerable fleet of junks and sampans (small boats) that were constantly passing on this great watery highway of China. The city is some forty miles from the mouth of the river—at least, from the place where the river gets narrow enough to seem like a river; for after the Yang-tse and Hankow join, their united waters stretch to such a width that it is only in very clear weather that both banks can be seen. Shanghai is, in reality, seventy miles from the muddy Yellow Sea—following the windings of the river.

At Pootung, on the opposite side from the city, the resident merchants have erected a lofty lookout stand; from which any "white men's ships" that may be coming up the river are reported long before they are in sight from the city.

On the afternoon of which I speak I was pondering how to get clear of Shanghai—whether to ship before the mast ere my few remaining dollars were gone or not—I observed a flag displayed from the watch-tower at Pootung; and asking a white man—Chinamen are not "white men," in sailors' parlance—its meaning, he informed me that a steamer was coming up the river. This was no uncommon occurrence, as many large river-boats, similar to those in our own waters, traverse the inland rivers of China, or are engaged in the coasting trade; but a second flag was soon displayed beneath the first—a yellow flag with a nondescript red monster depicted on it.

"Ha!" said the gentleman, "she's a Chinaman. It'll be a Chinese gunboat, most likely. All the river-boats that are owned by Chinamen fly either the English or Yankee colors. I haven't seen a fighting John Chinaman up this way for a good while."

An hour later the Chinaman-steamer hove in sight, steaming up the river at a fair rate of speed. She was no very terrible looking craft. A paddle-wheel steamer of less than three hundred tons burthen, with a walking-beam working high in the air; two small

masts, four or five very large, pointed flags, counterparts of the one on the watch-tower; six small guns, of French make, and one long twenty-four pounder for armament, and a crowd of Chinese sailors—this was the imperial man-of-war. She brought up nearly abreast of where I was seated, and lowered a boat, which pulled in for a landing-stage a little down the river.

An officer, evidently "one having authority," jumped ashore, jabbered a little in Chinese to the boatmen (who at once put off for the steamer again), and started at a rapid walk towards China Town, which lies higher up the river than either English or French Towns. I noticed that his brown face had nothing Celestial about it, and that his walk was that of a nervous, active man, wholly unlike the movements of a Chinaman; but he was dressed in genuine Chinese costume, and wore a pig-tail that would have been the delight of a mandarin's heart. As he drew nearer, I turned away to look at the steamer again, and as I did so, I struck a match on a piece of sand-paper which I kept glued in the crown of my hat, a fashion I had had ever since I was a boy.

The Chinese officer abruptly stopped in his rapid walk, stared straight at me for a moment, and then grasped my hand, giving it a most un-Chinese shake and squeeze, as he exclaimed, in such English as never John Chinaman yet spoke:—

"By the Lord Harry! you are either Dick Murray or the old boy himself! How in the name of all that's comical did you come here?"

The man knew me, that was certain; for Dick Murray was a "purser's name," under which I had sailed in a Hobart-Town whaler, ten years before, when I had been compelled to ship under an assumed name, as I had taken French leave of another vessel a few days previously. I returned his cordial grasp with another as cordial, but wholly failed to make out who he was; yet he seemed like an old friend from the moment he accosted me by my old name.

If the reader has ever been in that most lonely of all places, a large city where all are strangers, and has suddenly been spoken to in a familiar manner by some old acquaintance, some idea may be formed of my delight at this unexpected reconre.

"Don't you know me, Dick?" said the stranger, with a laugh. "I knew it must be you as soon as I saw that bit of sand-paper

stuck in the top of your hat. Have you forgotten Si Edmunds? He hasn't forgotten Dick Murray, anyhow."

I knew him then, well enough. Si Edmunds was my mate in the Hobart-Town "spouter," and a good fellow he was, too. His sea-chest happened to be rather empty when he joined, while mine was chock full of good sea-clothes; so we had gone chums, and never had a quarrel from the day we first met till we parted, some seven years before the present meeting—Si to go to India, and I to the Australian gold-fields.

"Look here, Si," said I, after our first interchange of inquiries and congratulations were over, "what are you doing in this rig? What sort of a billet have you got, anyway?"

"Oh, I've got a good billet. Don't you see that warlike-looking craft off there, flying the Chinese colors? That's the imperial gunboat Fueng-li, and I'm her captain! But, come along, if you've nothing to do. I'm going up to old Shanghai on business, and coming right back. But what are you doing, yourself?"

As we wended our way to the old city and through its crowded alleys, I gave Edmunds a sketch of my movements since he and I parted, winding up by saying:—

"What in the world to do now, I don't know."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Edmunds. "When we get back to the English concession, we'll have your traps aboard the steamer at once. There's plenty of room for you there, and plenty of Chinamen to wait on you. I'm going down around Hainan and Formosa in a day or two. The pirates are pretty busy round those islands just now. So you'll have a chance to see some fun; and, perhaps, to make a dollar. Anyway, you will get to Foo-Chau by going with me, and there are always plenty of Yankee ships there, if you want to ship."

That night I found myself on board a war-vessel, for the first time in my life. She was a light draft boat, which had been purchased two years before from an American speculator by the Imperial Government. She was pretty strongly built originally, and her bow had been strengthened since her purchase, by the addition of timber inside and planking without. Her crew were all Chinese; but her chief engineer was an Englishman, her gunner a Russian, and her captain, Edmunds, an American. I had a

state-room next the latter's; and as I sat with him that night, smoking a cigar and talking of olden times, I asked him about his vessel and himself since we parted.

His story was soon told. He had, at first, gone to India, where he left his ship. He had then joined a Macao (Portuguese) "larcher,"—a nondescript craft, half junk and half ship—in the Chinese coasting trade. His adventures in that vessel need not be recounted here. It is enough to say that, at last, he joined the steamer *Pueblo* as mate, had then become her captain, and when she was purchased by the Chinese and her name changed to *Fueng-li*, he had been retained in command.

He had brought more than one lawless junk to grief, and was regarded as a bold and skillful commander, not only by the Chinese, but by the merchants and traders along the coast. This much I learned at a later day, from other sources. He did not seem to think his vessel a match for an iron-clad, but said he should not fear to engage a junk of three times his force in men and guns; "for," said he, "my Chinamen are well drilled, and they fight well enough when they have a white man to back 'em up; but they are not what I depend on mostly. It's our steam I trust to. The steamer's bow is what does the fighting for us. I shouldn't like to put her nose against one of the American or British men-o'-war, but she'll knock a hole in most anything in the shape of a junk. Besides, the Chinamen go overboard like rats, when they see a steamer coming for 'em end on. The only great danger is, if they should happen to hit our walking-beam with a round shot, and disable us; but they use grape and canister, mostly, so there isn't much fear of that. I consider this dug-out of more real service on this coast than the *Asheulot* there is," pointing his thumb in the direction where the American double-ender of that name lay.

Three days later, I looked back over the flat country between Shanghai and the sea, at that city, I hope and trust, for the last time. I never wish to see it again. Soon we were out on the China Sea, but not far. We ran slowly down along the coast, Edmunds and his three Chinese pilots threading their way inside sand banks, and through channels, among rocks and reefs, where only a most intimate acquaintance with every hidden danger could have secured our safety. The captain seemed to know perfectly well

what he was about. Frequently, some apparently unarmed fishing-junk would be stopped and narrowly overhauled, while a heavily-armed trader, with perhaps a dozen or more big guns frowning from her sides and bow and stern, would be passed unnoticed.

I remarked to Edmunds, one day, that a huge junk we had just passed, with twenty-two guns, big and little, in position on her decks, looked much more likely to be a pirate than the one we were making for—a junk not half her size, with no armament, and whose crew were all engaged in fishing over her side, as she lay to under short sail.

"Looked more likely to be a pirate!" said he. "Why, man, they are *all* pirates; only they don't hang out a sign. We can't take 'em because they *look* like pirates—they all look that way to me—but we look for pirated cargo; that's pretty much all we have to go by, for it's hard work to catch 'em at it. That big fellow we've just passed does a little piracy once in a while, when he sees a good chance, I've no doubt; but he hasn't been doing any of it very lately, or he would have tried to get out of our way or to conceal his force. But here we are at the fisherman. We'll have some fresh fish, at all events, for our dinner."

The steamer was stopped, and a boat, commanded by one of the Chinese officers, and manned by a well-armed crew, pulled away for the fisherman, which was an eighth of a mile distant. We saw the boat go alongside, and the officer jump on board. Then there was a little confusion on her deck, and then the officer appeared on the junk's high poop, waving his big hat to the steamer.

The crew were always at their stations whenever we were nearing any vessel, so Edmunds instantly steamed ahead, close up to and alongside of the junk. A colloquy between the captain and his Chinese subordinate took place, as the two vessels were within easy speaking distance; at the end of which the officer disappeared again amongst her crew.

"There's something wrong aboard there," said Edmunds to me. "They didn't want to let my officer search their hold. I shall take 'em in as a prize, whether we find anything or not—to pay 'em for their impudence!"

A few minutes passed, and the officer again appeared, hailing Edmunds from the

junk's waist. A number of the Chinese were about our men, gesticulating violently, and all talking at once. Our captain listened to the report of his inferior, and then, turning to me, remarked:—

"We've got that fellow fast enough, Dick. He's got silks, tea, and a lot of general cargo in his hold."

"Well," said I, "how does that give you a 'claw' on him? He may be a trader."

"Pooh!" was the answer; "traders don't lay to, fishing, with their hold half full of valuable cargo. He wanted us to run past him without overhauling him. I don't fancy he has captured a ship. He has probably stolen what he has got from some wreck. But into Swatow he goes, at any rate."

Most of her crew were transferred to the *Fueng-li*, a prize crew sent on board under the officer who had first boarded her; a hawser was attached, and we started on, to tow the prize into Swatow, where we arrived all right, and where the junk was condemned, as well as her crew—the former sold and the latter executed.

As Edmunds had supposed, the goods on board the junk were taken from a wreck—a Danish bark which had grounded on a sand-bank near the entrance to the Foo-Chau river—and consisted of part of her cargo and her ship's stores. A French war steamer, which went down the river from Foo-Chau to the bark's assistance as soon as news of the disaster was received, found only a dismantled, empty hulk. Her hold was cleared, and her still bloody decks told the fate of her crew. Not a man of them was left alive. Some of the bark's cargo was identified in that junk; and her entire crew, some sixty in number, were beheaded by the authorities. Some of them maintained that they had never seen the Dane, having joined the junk at a later date, and perhaps their statements were true; but the China authorities were determined to put somebody or other to death, and they answered the purpose as well as any others would have done.

Several weeks were spent in Swatow before the affair was settled. In the meantime, I enjoyed myself very well. Whenever I chose to take a ramble, one of the steamer's officers, who spoke a little English, was always sent, with two or three men, to accompany and guide me about the city and surrounding country. My nights were always spent on board the steamer. At last, we were again ready for sea; and

two days following the execution of the pirates—so rapid is Chinese "justice" in its operation—we steamed out of the river, and off for a cruise around Hainau.

Here six weeks were spent, boarding junks, running along the shore and peeping into inlets, without catching any more prizes. Many of the junks would have been a heavy overmatch for the *Fueng-li* had it not been for the latter's steam, some of them mounting as many as twenty guns of various sizes, from thirty-two pounders down to a kind of swivel called a gingall, which worked on a pivot on the junk's rail, and threw a one-pound ball; but Edmunds found nothing to induce him to seize any of them. Some of them were engaged in the coolie slave-trade (for it was nothing else), furnishing cargoes of wretched beings to the splendid clippers—mostly American ships—which were employed in transporting the unfortunate creatures to the Chincha Islands and to Cuba, where their condition was very much worse than ever was that of the negroes in our once slave-holding territory. We saw a number of these with full loads of human merchandize, their own countrymen, which they had procured partly by deception and partly by force, bound to the Portuguese station at Macao, which is the great coolie market of China.

Our stock of coal was husbanded with the utmost care. When the wind was sufficiently favorable to render our limited amount of canvas available, the fires were banked up, and we jogged along leisurely under sail alone. But it was very slow work; our paddle wheels held too much water for swift sailing. At night, also, we generally anchored; but with all this saving of fuel, the large amount with which we had sailed from Swatow was now getting very small. Edmunds was dissatisfied with his ill luck, for he said he had never been compelled to return from a cruise empty-handed before; and he did not like the idea of making a blank expedition at all.

One afternoon, two or three hours before sunset, a sail was made out in the offing—evidently not a junk, but a good-sized vessel, square-rigged, and bound for some port on the China coast. We paid little attention to her, as she was no game for the *Fueng-li*; but Edmunds observed to me, as we took a parting look at her, after coming to an anchorage at sundown, "That fellow had better give this island a wide berth, if he knows

when he's well-off. Those sand-banks are no playthings to get amongst without a pilot."

That evening he told us—the gunner, engineer, and myself—that he should make a start in two or three days for Swatow or Shanghai; but that he would have one more look up a certain inlet before he started.

Next morning the anchor was lifted, and we paddled moderately along to double a cape some ten miles from our last anchoring-place. Plenty of junks were in sight, as usual, but there was nothing to excite our curiosity or our hopes of a prize. Our breakfast had been served on deck, as was often done in very pleasant weather, the captain, gunner, engineer, two of the Chinese officers and myself constituting the mess, and we were smoking after our meal, and lazily chatting, when one of the under-officers approached Edmunds and said something in Chinese. *What* he said was beyond my comprehension; but it scattered our party at once.

Edmunds was on the bridge, and the engineer and gunner at their stations, issuing orders in an unknown (to me) tongue, in a moment; and a cloud of black smoke from our funnel, and the constantly-increasing speed with which our paddle-wheels beat the water, evidenced that more steam was being raised than we had carried for many days past. I went up to where Edmunds was standing, on the bridge, scanning the projecting point with the aid of a glass.

"What's in the wind, Si?" I asked.

"Don't know," was the answer. "The Chinamen say they heard several guns fired while we were at breakfast; but I didn't hear anything, did you? By the Lord Harry! I heard it then, though!"

Sure enough, while he was speaking the report of a cannon sounded plainly on our ears; then a second and a third.

"Give her the steam, Charlie," called Edmunds to the engineer, down the speaking-tube; "give her all you can. The guns are going yet. We'll have a finger in the pie, if we're lucky;" and turning to me, he continued: "That's the ship we saw last night, I'll bet. He's got among the sand-banks off that side the island, and the pig-tailed thieves are at him. If he keeps his deck clear till we get there, he's all right. If he gives in or is overpowered, there'll be some widows where he belongs. But we'll have a junk or two to take in, either way."

I could hardly contemplate the prospect of a fight with regular pirates so coolly as Edmunds did; but he was used to it, and I was not. One thing I observed particularly, which was that the Chinese crew seemed as active and skillful, and were as silent as any well-trained crew of Americans or Englishmen would have been; but that they depended greatly on their officers was certain. Edmunds occasionally took a whiff from a cigar, and the Russian gunner puffed quietly at a short, black pipe. Not to be behind the rest, in case I might have to fight, I ran to my state-room and procured my revolver and pipe. Thus armed, I again sought the bridge.

We passed the cape, and altered our course down the coast on its other side; but could see no sign of any conflict, or any vessel grounded. Junks there were in plenty; but they all seemed to be making the best of their way for their various destinations. None of them were very near us. The guns had ceased; and Edmunds laid down his glass, and picked up his cigar, saying:—

"I don't understand this, anyway; that ship must be ashore in some of these cursed bays, I suppose. But it's all up with him by this time—he hasn't made any noise since we heard his guns t'other side of the point."

"Do you make out anything?" asked the engineer, poking his head out of the engine-room.

"No," said Edmunds, "nor hear anything either. Heard guns plain enough just after we started. Don't hear a thing."

"I do, though," broke in the gunner, who spoke very good English; "and not far off, either."

We were nearing another point, behind which we had several times laid at anchor, as there was an inlet there that extended far up into the island, how far we did not know. It was not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and the further shore was a sandy shelf; a bank of sand, a short distance from that shore and parallel with it, had been our anchorage ground, our light draft enabling us to take advantage of very shoal water. From around the point came the sounds which had caused the gunner's exclamation; a sudden outburst of shouts and yells mingled with musketry. The engineer instantly disappeared, and the gunner passed rapidly round to each gun, giving directions, the Chinese gunner's mate being in

the magazine, We shot out clear of the point, and the cause of the firing was plain. At right angles with the opposite shore, with the sails clewed up, careened heavily to seaward, and hard on the sand-bank, was a large barque, with her stern towards us. She had evidently sailed right on to the bank in the darkness of the preceding night. A mile more of sea room would have taken her clear, as she would have passed between the island and the out-lying banks. On the starboard side was a large junk, nearly as large as herself, alongside; on her port side was another, with her bow close up to the barque's waist, and her stern swung to seaward by the ebbing tide. It was between the latter junk and the barque's crew that the fight was going on. The barque was well manned; and her crew had barricaded the forward end and port side of her poop with casks and spars, and were defending themselves desperately. She was so much heeled to port as to render it difficult for the Chinese to get on board on the starboard side, except in the waist. Several of the seamen were defending the starboard side, and all the rest were battling against tremendous odds to beat back the pirates from the barricade, or exchanging musket shots with their assailants in the seaward junk.

As we came in full view of the scene the latter's broadside was towards us; and Edmunds, instantly deciding on his "order of battle," called out at once:—

"Give her all the steam you can, Charlie; secure your guns there, quick—I'm going through that fellow; take that wheel, Dick, and show some of your steering."

I took the wheel, and laid the steamer's bow fair for the junk, amidships. Her men were too busy to observe us at first, and we had got half over the intervening distance, and the pirates had got the barricade and were beating back their antagonists to the taffrail, when we were seen. A tremendous outcry ensued, and the tables were turned at once. Without waiting for their companions to get on board, the men in the seaward junk cast off the fastenings, and began to run up her huge mat-sails, while some of her men mustered at the guns. They were all too late, either to escape or to harm us; our stern struck her, there was a loud crash, a shock on our decks (but nothing to what I had expected), and we backed off clear of a sinking wreck, with a hole in

her side big enough to admit an ox team. We were unhurt.

Edmunds had told me that the Chinese "went overboard like rats when they saw a steamer coming for 'em end on," and so it proved in this case. A very few of the junk's crew remained on her deck when we struck her; and as we moved around to get at the other junk, our Russian gunner was coolly directing our Chinese musketeers to pick off with their small arms the wretches who were struggling for their lives in the water. There is no mercy in this kind of warfare. Victory or death is the word.

The other junk was making great exertions to get clear of the barque. The tide on her broadside jammed her hard against the vessel, and the latter's crew, encouraged by the unexpected assistance they had received, were acting on the offensive, and keeping up a deadly fire on the pirates—all of whom had crowded on board the junk. Perceiving the trap in which she was caught and that she could bring none of her guns to bear on us, Edmunds ordered the gunner to try his hand at her with our battery. Steaming slowly past the barque's stern, gun after gun was discharged within fifty feet of the target; and shrieks and cries from the junk and cheers from the barque told the effect. Again and again this was repeated, until the wretched Chinamen, unable to return a shot, knocked over like nine-pins by the close fire from the barque, and no possibility of escape, either jumped overboard or ran below in the junk.

Laying the steamer alongside, Edmunds and the gunner led our boarders to the attack, meeting the crew of the barque, headed by a gigantic negro; but no enemy was there on the junk's deck, excepting the dead and dying. Most of the latter were at once despatched by the vengeful seamen, and I must own that Edmunds tried but little to save them.

"It's no use," said he, to me; "they'd only have their heads chopped off when we get in, and we've got enough left for that, as it is."

The barque was a Prussian, called the *Vineta*, belonging to Stralsund. The first guns we had heard had been fired by her, as signals to the junks for help. When we heard the second firing, the junk we had captured was attacking the barque; but the tide had swept her alongside, and they had managed to beat the pirates back in their

first attack, and to make the barricade which had served them so well. The junk we had run down had but just arrived and commenced the attack when we appeared and smashed her. Eleven of the barque's crew, including the captain, were killed, out of twenty-five men. We got her off next tide, and she reached Shanghai without further adventure.

Our prisoners, notwithstanding the numbers killed and drowned, were more numerous than our own crew. They were all executed at Canton, without exception. The junk we captured mounted fourteen guns,

four of them of heavier calibre than our heaviest one; and from the prisoners we learned that the other, which sunk before we could secure her (or even try to), carried eight guns, and that both were engaged in the slave-trade. The prize was taken into Swatow.

This was the last of my cruising in a Chinese gunboat. I got a passage in a coasting steamer to Hong Kong, from whence I took passage to New Zealand. Of Edmunds I have never heard since I bade him good-by at Swatow.

SWEET SLEEP.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

COME, let us seek sweet sleep!
 Embalmed in tears,
 Lie on her tender bosom through the night,
 And when the shadows take their lingering flight,
 Forgetful, then, to weep,
 Let us awake to greet the day's dear light!

There, in the land serene,
 Calm all our fears,
 And, waking, feel some genial influence
 Binding us sweetly to a world of sense;
 Bright heaven and earth between,
 Bless the good angel, Sleep, who led us thence!

AFTER TEN YEARS.

BY KYTHE CLINTON.

AT last the strain is over; the terrible anxiety of the past few weeks has yielded now to hope, and I can thank Heaven from a full heart that my Dora, my darling sister, has been given back in answer to our prayers. How often during this sad time have we not thought, with fear and trembling, that, though the fever might abate and physical strength return, the delicate and mysterious machinery of the brain had sustained a shock which could never be repaired, and it might be well our dear one should be taken from us, and leave only the memory of what she once had been! But yesterday afternoon, as I watched beside her and noted sorrowfully the ravages of disease, there was a slight movement; the sweet, brown eyes unclosed and rested on my face with an expression of dawning recognition.

"Margaret, where am I? What has happened?" The faint-voiced query was cohe-

rent; the cloud had been lifted from the fevered brain, and the dreaded crisis was over.

I could only trust myself to touch her forehead with a tender kiss, sign to the faithful nurse to take my place, and with a whispered, "Rest again, dearest; you have been ill, but are better now," I quietly left the room, and sought my own, there to give free course to the thankfulness that I could not restrain.

To-day Dora is so much better that our kind old doctor assured me I can safely look forward to removing her from here in a few weeks' time, and as I think of this change and the hope it gives of complete recovery, I find myself dreaming of the future, and wondering what it may hold in store for my darling now that the dark shadow that has clouded her life so long is lifted. She is still young; surely happiness may once more be

hers; and, as I sit and ponder thus, old memories are stirred, and connecting themselves with that awful night six weeks ago, I am tempted to write the story of my sister's early sorrow, for there are many friends to whom she has been dear from childhood, and yet, have never understood the secret of her life, and, not knowing this, may have felt aggrieved at the steadfastness with which she has trodden her separate path of well-doing, and held aloof from the pursuits and amusements of others of her age.

Now that we know all, my Dora will not blame but thank me that I make her return to social life an easier one by telling what she would no longer conceal of the one romance of her early girlhood.

I must go back some ten years, to the time when Dora was just nineteen, and I nearly seven and twenty. Our mother had died at her birth, and from infancy my only sister was the object of my passionate devotion, and her winning baby ways were my one great comfort for that mother's loss. Our father, a grave, silent man, was immersed in politics, and from the time of my mother's death he lived chiefly in London, and visited our pretty country home only at rare intervals. He showed his true affection for his motherless children by a wise and careful choice of such as had control over us, whether as nurse or governess, and a maiden cousin of my mother's had charge of the household.

When I became fifteen, and old enough to be sent to school, a change occurred. Dora was placed under the motherly care of the Rector's wife with whom I also spent the holidays; and at my father's death, which happened just before I attained my twenty-first birthday, it was found that he had expressed a wish in his will that this arrangement should continue. Chalfont Manor, which had been the home of the Chalfonts for so many generations was to be given up, and we were to make the Rectory our home until Dora should become of age; then—so the will ran—his daughters would be old enough to choose for themselves where they would spend their lives.

After the death of my father, the years passed on quietly, bringing few changes until Dora was nineteen, when she left school and came back to brighten the old Rectory and share our peaceful life there. How beautiful it was then in the bright promise of her early girlhood! I can picture her now,

slightly above the middle height and finely formed, small, regular features and a delicate rose-tinted complexion, which was enhanced by the large, dark eyes shaded by their long lashes and the nut-brown hair; so bright and fearless, too, in her fresh unconsciousness of self and self-pleasing.

It was in the early autumn that she left and I had planned with our old friend, Mrs. Horton, who fully shared my pride in my beautiful, young sister, that in the following spring we should go up to town for a month or two. Dora must be presented, and then see something of the gay world before we settled down at Chalfont. There were many of my father's friends who would welcome us in society for his sake, if not for our own, and I proudly anticipated the sensation my darling's sweet, unspoiled beauty would cause; but these fond hopes, of which she was utterly unconscious, were suddenly checked.

A severe cold, caught one November day, kept me a prisoner for many weeks; and, after a vain struggle against continuing loss of strength, our old doctor insisted upon my trying a milder climate, and suggested the warmth and suashine of the Riviera.

With girlish enthusiasm Dora caught at the idea—for, of course, she would accompany me; and, in spite of my somewhat half-hearted protestations, inquiries were made, letters written, and, before the first snows of December had covered the trees at Chalfont with their winter mantle, we had joined some friends who had arranged to spend several months at Mentone, and were basking in sunshine, and reveling in the fragrant flowers of that favored spot.

How vividly every incident of our stay in the sunny South rises to my recollection! Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melville, were elderly people, but soon new acquaintances gathered around us; and, as I grew stronger, what charming excursions we made, what merry parties on donkeys or on foot explored the quaint, old Saracenic villages perched on the mountain-sides, what long walks were taken in search of wild-flowers through the lovely valleys, what pleasant wanderings there were in the shade of the gnarled old olive-trees! How exquisite was the coloring of sea and sky, and how glorious were the sunsets, when we stood on our balcony and watched the daylight fade in a golden blaze of glory; or, later on, listened entranced to the liquid,

gurgling notes of the nightingales, while the moon traced a path of silver upon the deep-blue Mediterranean!

As I have said, we soon had many friends; and Dora, in her innocent gayety, was the life of all our expeditions. But before long it became apparent to me that, wherever she was, there, near her side, was Donald Ritchie; and no sooner was this fact impressed upon my sisterly heart, than a vague uneasiness arose. There were several young men in the hotel, most of them pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, some there alone for health or pleasure, others with members of their families, and with all alike my young sister was popular, and to all her manner was the same, untinged by the slightest shade of coquetry or affectation.

But, as the weeks passed on, I could not but feel that there was a slight difference when she was with Donald Ritchie. The sweet eyes would droop before his earnest gaze, the cheeks flush more brightly when he spoke, and the roses which he used so often to gather for her to wear, instead of being thrown aside at night, were carefully placed in water and nursed back to freshness again. These were trivial signs, perhaps; but I had watched over my young sister with well nigh a mother's care, and treasured her happiness far above my own, and how could I now, unmoved, see her about to give that happiness into the hands of another—of one almost a stranger? For who was Donald Ritchie? That was just the question my anxious heart debated. Of most of our young men acquaintances we had learned, at least, something—where were their homes, of what their families consisted, or other little details; but of Mr. Ritchie, beyond his name, we seemed to know nothing.

There are some people who, without seeming purposely secretive, contrive to learn all they desire to know about you, without betraying a single fact concerning themselves. There is no obvious attempt at concealment, nothing to make you feel suspicious; and it is only after a long conversation, when you realize how much you have unwittingly revealed of your own affairs without gaining any information about your acquaintances, that you begin to have a dim consciousness that you have been unfairly treated. Some such impression as this was conveyed to me by our intercourse with our new friend.

In outward appearance he was a man who, without being strictly handsome, would never pass unnoticed; in the prime of life—apparently about five-and-thirty—tall and dark, with deep-set eyes, the naturally pleasant expression of which, however, was marred at times by a certain wandering look which seemed to indicate a nervous, excitable temperament. In spite of his Scotch name, Mr. Ritchie called himself an Englishman. He had traveled much; more, it seemed to me, from innate restlessness than from any settled purpose in life. While in Australia, six years before, his mother had died; and since that time his father had divided his time between Continental travel and hotel-life in London. They met occasionally, but there were no home-ties to draw him back to England; and, though he was now on his way thither, after two years spent in wandering over Southern India, he seemed quite content to linger on amid the sunshine and roses of Mentone.

It was not astonishing, perhaps, that, to a girl like Dora, the conversation and marked attentions of such a man should be most flattering. Fresh and innocent, her bright enthusiasm was stirred by the vivid descriptions Mr. Ritchie gave of other lands and scenes, and her sympathy was aroused for the lonely man who seemed to have few friends and no home-ties; while, on his side, he appeared to have yielded at once to the spell of her sweet face and winning, lovable ways. To me he was kind and courteous; and, with all my sisterly love and anxiety, I could neither do nor say anything, but only await silently the course of events.

How well I remember the day which decided my darling's path in life—a lovely, sunshiny afternoon in February! We had been with several friends for a long ride up to the mountain village of Roquebrune, and, arrived on the little *place* there, in front of the ancient church, our party separated. Some started off to explore the steep, narrow, arch-covered streets, others were eager to sketch; but we all agreed to meet in an hour's time on the platform of an old, ruined castle which crowns the steep hill, up the sides of which the queer, old, picturesque, tumbledown houses seemed to climb.

When we all met again, Donald and Dora were there; and it needed but a glance from me to see that words had been spoken between them which could never be unsaid; and I wondered whether others noticed as I

did, the almost imperceptible signs—her tell-tale flush and downcast eyes—or the quiet air of confident possession with which her companion waited upon her.

I can remember, now, how silent my Dora was as we rode homewards through the shady olive-woods, and how she followed me into my room when we had reached the hotel—how her loving arms were thrown around me while she whispered:—

“O Margaret, dear, something so wonderful has happened! He says that he loves me—that he has loved me from the first!”

“And you, my darling?” I asked, holding her close to me. “Do you care for him? Remember, we have known him only a few short weeks.”

“If I had known him all my life, it would make no difference,” was the impetuous answer; “and, Margaret, Donald”—Dora blushed prettily as she spoke his name—“said he hoped, wherever our home might be, you would share it; he could not bear to part us.”

I kissed my sister silently, and tenderly smoothed the bright hair back from her white forehead with a loving caress, ere I could trust myself to utter the words of earnest hope for her future happiness which, somehow, seemed so hard to speak.

In the evening, Mr. Ritchie spoke to me in a manly, earnest way, of his love for my young sister, which went far towards removing my half-formed prejudices, and I could not but confess that he seemed thoroughly sincere.

For two short months after this event, our stay at Mentone was altogether rose-colored. I loved my sister too dearly to be jealous of her affection for another, and her happiness was something pretty to see; while Donald made a most devoted lover, and was more genial to outsiders than he had ever been before. The occasional fits of abstraction which had made him, at times, appear moody and strange, had passed away, and some of our young men acquaintances, who had been wont to remark in quizzical terms that Mr. Ritchie was the “silent member of the smoking-room,” now laughingly congratulated Dora on the cure she had effected.

We had no relatives who could, of right, interfere. Our rector, Mr. Horton, was Dora's guardian conjointly with myself, and it was decided that on our return to England, at the beginning of May, Donald should follow us to Chalfont, and, if possi-

ble, persuade his father to accompany him; and the wedding was to take place on the eighteenth of August, my sister's twentieth birthday, in the old, ivy-covered church where she had been christened and confirmed.

The new love seemed to have quickened old affections; for more than once Donald spoke of preceding us to England, that he might seek out his father, of whom he had heard nothing for some time; not, indeed, since he had written to announce his engagement, and he had apologized for this silence, by supposing that they were each ignorant of the other's whereabouts.

All too rapidly, then, the weeks passed on, until the April morning when there came the sudden awakening from our dreams of careless happiness. How well I can recall the scene—the shady veranda, with its rose-twined pillars, and the tiny lizards basking in the intense heat upon the garden walls, the occasional croaking of the green frogs from the lemon-gardens on the hill-side, the mingled perfume of heliotrope and orange-blossom, and the deep-blue cloudless sky!

We had been planning a final picnic to the palm-woods of Bordighera; and I can see my young sister now, in her cool, white dress, the cluster of crimson roses at her throat, her lovely face raised in quick response to some remark from her lover, when the *concierge* came out to us and gave a telegram into the hands of Mr. Ritchie. Donald finished his sentence as he carelessly tore open the envelope, but uttered a startled exclamation as he read the contents, then turned instinctively to Dora.

“It is bad news, dear. My father is dying, and his solicitor says, ‘Come at once!’”

Dora had risen as he spoke; and, though her lips quivered, and her cheeks grew pale, she answered, bravely:—

“Oh, how very sad! I do hope it may not be true. But, of course, Donald, you must go. Margaret, what can we do to help him?”

“We can only help by not hindering, dear,” I replied, as I passed my arm around her. “Donald, you have not much time. The *Rapide* passes soon after eleven o'clock, and it is nearly ten, now. You must not miss that, and will want every moment for preparation. Dora and I will go with you to the station.”

The next two hours, as I look back, seem like a hurried dream. It was all so sudden that my darling did not realize the hundreds of miles that would soon be between her lover and herself. She bore up bravely through the parting. The long platform was crowded, and there was time for but few words as Donald, with emotion, pressed my hands and said:—

"Margaret, you will guard my darling for me, and bring her safely home."

His last words were for her.

"Do not worry, Dora, my darling. I will write to you from Paris."

Then the whistle sounded; there was a general movement, a final hand-shake, and the long train steamed slowly out of the station.

It was not until we stood silently watching it wind round the bay and disappear into the mountains that I remembered that Donald Ritchie had left no address which might find him in England, that we did not even know the name of the solicitor from whom the telegram had been received, and that, if I wished to communicate with him, it would be impossible to do so!

It was the first cloud on the horizon of my sister's hitherto happy life, and her bright, even temperament helped her to bear the sudden separation without a murmur. She thought, as usual, of others before herself—of the father who lay dying, with only hirelings to minister to his wants, of the son, whose home-coming would be so sad; but when she spoke of these, there was always one consolation.

"After all, we have only a fortnight more to stay, Margaret, and Donald will write often. Perhaps poor old Mr. Ritchie will not die; and we must not be unhappy here, where such wonderful happiness has come to me."

On the following evening, amongst our letters was a short, penciled note from Donald—only a few loving words of greeting, written hurriedly as he drove through Paris from one station to another—not much to cherish, but it was Dora's first love-letter. Then, after a few days' interval, came another note, also in pencil, dated from London, simply. It, too, was short; but I can remember the substance of it even after these ten years.

"MY DARLING," it ran, "I arrived here this evening. Have been to my father's

hotel, and find he is not there, but at our own old home. Am going on at once, and will write you to-morrow, for I am too tired now to add more than that I am, as ever,

"Your faithful DONALD."

How well I remember Dora's laughing comment—that it was just like Donald not to say where his home was, and that, if he were lost, we should not know where to inquire for him! They were jesting words, which we soon had bitter cause to remember; for the days passed on without any sign of Donald Ritchie reaching us. After that short, penciled note, headed "London," and the date, he passed utterly and entirely out of our lives.

I write this abruptly, now; but, looking back, I can picture again those weeks of agonizing suspense, when I strove to put aside the vague suspicions that would not be subdued, and to live and think only for my sister. I cannot tell when Dora first began to feel that there was something sinister in her lover's prolonged silence. The first week passed without causing much uneasiness. Donald might have found a great deal to occupy his time on reaching home; and, possibly, his father's death had added to his cares. She seemed to grieve most that she could not write to him; but, as the days went by, I noted in silent but ever-increasing indignation, how my darling's cheek's flushed, then paled, and her hands trembled as she turned over the letters which each post brought us, and then would look up bravely, and say:—

"I am sure we shall hear to-morrow, Margaret."

But each "tomorrow" came and went, until, at last, the date fixed for our own homeward journey was at hand. We could not postpone it, as we were to travel back to England with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melville; besides, Donald Ritchie had known this, and he would now write to Chalfont Rectory, if, as I sometimes doubted, he ever wrote at all. I was so perplexed by his mysterious silence, so utterly helpless and bewildered, that I longed to take counsel with our old friend, Mr. Horton; and, above all, for Dora's sake I should be thankful to leave the South, where every place seemed to be interwoven with the memories of her first happy love.

I need not give a detailed account of the months which immediately followed our

return. The indignation of our kind-hearted rector and his wife knew no bounds when they heard our strange tale, and noted the pale cheeks and dark-ringed eyes of the fair, young girl who had left them six months before in the bright beauty of her unspoiled girlhood.

Dora would not relinquish her faith in her lover's honor, and before her nothing was said; but, privately, we discussed the subject in all its bearings, and I could not but confess, although we had lived in the closest intimacy with Donald Ritchie all through the winter, we knew absolutely nothing of his past life but what he himself had told us; and now how meagre those details seemed! He made no intimate friends among the young men at Mentone, and we had never heard him mention a single relative except his father, nor had he, save in that one last note, ever alluded to his former home; we knew neither the hotel at which his father generally stayed when in London, nor the names of his banker or solicitor. In fact, there was not a single clew of which we could take hold, and most bitterly did I reproach myself for my want of prudence.

And yet, could I have acted otherwise? All had seemed so fair, so pleasant; and I would, in spite of those first vague suspicions during the early days of our acquaintance, have staked my life on Donald Ritchie's honor. The months passed on, however, and no news came, and the mystery appeared inexplicable. We would have used the only means of inquiry opened to us, a carefully-worded advertisement; but of this Dora would not hear. If her lover had left her of his own free will, she would not recall him to her by such a method; and, if, as she believed, some terrible fatality had befallen him, and he was dead, no one should have a chance of guessing that she could ever have deemed him faithless.

In those months of sorrow and suspense, my Dora left her careless, happy girlhood forever behind; and, when her twentieth birthday came, that sunny eighteenth of August which was to have been her wedding-day, my heart was filled with bitterness as I entered her room with my usual greetings. How should I wish happiness to one from whose very lips the overflowing cup had been so suddenly snatched? I could only hold her closely to me, with a fond caress and silent prayer that Heaven would give

her strength to bear the blow which had bowed her to the ground.

From that time, by mutual consent, the name of Donald Ritchie was never mentioned between us. The first two years after his mysterious disappearance we spent chiefly abroad, in Switzerland and Italy; and, though at first Dora took an interest in the places we visited and the people we met only to please me, in time the first bitterness of her sorrow began to wear away, and I was rewarded by seeing her regain much of the brightness which had made her like a sunbeam in our quiet home.

But she never forgot her lover; and, although after a while more than one would gladly have made her life's happiness his care, to all she returned the same negative answer, and when I would have pleaded the cause of one whom I could gladly have welcomed as a brother, she answered, quietly:—

"No, Margaret, dear, it must not be. I have never taken back my troth, and while life lasts I cannot change."

I must pass over rapidly the succeeding years of our lives, which were singularly uneventful. After our return to England, Dora carried out a plan which I, though averse from it, would not oppose. She entered one of the London hospitals as probationer, and threw herself heartily and with all the energy of her character into the work given her to do. Few, perhaps, of the friends of that happy winter at Mentone would have recognized the lovely young girl in the quiet, though beautiful woman who moved so gently through the wards; but soon Nurse Dora was as popular among her patients as Dora Chalfont had ever been among her gay acquaintances in the sunny South.

I took a house in London that I might be near my sister; and I trust I have been able to do some good amongst the many sorrowing and suffering ones in the great city who need our help so sorely; but each summer we arranged to spend a short, quiet time of rest together, and it is the summer holiday of the year in which I write that brings my story to a close.

An old school-friend had written to tell me of her husband's death in India. She was shortly to return to England with her little children, to make a home for them and three older boys, her step-sons. Would I take a house for her? She had heard of an excellent grammar-school at Weston-cum-

Malden; and, as economy was an object, would I make inquiries in the neighborhood and ascertain if there were any houses likely to be suitable?

I had heard of Weston as a charming little country town in the midst of beautiful scenery on the borders of Wales. Instead of writing to an agent, as my friend suggested, why should not Dora and I spend our three weeks' annual holiday there, and look about for a house ourselves?

My sister was delighted with the idea. She had been overworked through the summer heat, and was longing to breathe the fresh, pure air of the country, and this would be new ground for us both. So, as soon as possible, arrangements were made, and the second week in August found us comfortably located in the only hotel which Weston could boast, where the kindly landlady seemed unable to make enough of the evidently unusual honor of entertaining two ladies from London.

The first three or four days were devoted to exploring the little town and its environs. The winding, grass-grown streets were strangely quiet after the crowded London pavements, and the walks and drives through the shady, green lanes were refreshing both to mind and body; but in the pleasure of taking our holiday together, we did not forget the object we had in view.

The one agent in the place furnished us with a list of all the eligible houses to be let in the town, and we got quite friendly in our numerous visits to his office to talk over their advantages or drawbacks. Some were too large, others too small; some had no gardens, and others were in an unhealthy situation. At last we were in despair, for we had visited all that Mr. Moore had recommended, and not one seemed quite what my friend, Mrs. Clayton, desired—"a roomy house, with a nice large garden for the children, not necessarily in the town, but not too far away from the grammar-school, where the boys would go daily."

"Come, Mr. Moore," said my sister, in her bright, pleasant way, after having once more enumerated these desired qualifications, "is there no house you can think of that will suit our friend? Not necessarily in the town, you see, she says. Not one of those that we have already looked over will do."

The dapper little man, who had entered into our wishes with considerable interest,

looked down at his desk for a minute, thoughtfully rubbing the end of a pen-holder between his lips before he replied:—

"I have one more house to let, ladies, which might suit your requirements. It stands alone in a large garden just outside the town, about ten minutes' walk from the school, which, as you know, is at the end of the High Street. It is roomy, well built, and in capital order, although it has not been inhabited for some years, and the owner, or rather the gentleman acting for the owner, would let it for a merely nominal rent; but"—

"Now, Mr. Moore," interrupted Dora, laughing, "that is really too bad! You have described a house which seems just the very thing, and then, having raised our hopes to the utmost, you interpose a 'but!' I suppose you were going to say that this delightful place which will be let for a nominal rent, is haunted. We won't listen to anything against it—will we, Margaret?—but go and look for ourselves. There is plenty of time this afternoon; and if you will let us have the key, perhaps you would not mind calling upon us after dinner this evening, or early to-morrow morning. It seems this, really, is our forlorn hope."

I acquiesced in her suggestion, but added:—

"Perhaps, dear, we ought first to hear Mr. Moore's objections."

The little man smiled.

"The house is most certainly not haunted, Miss Chalfont; and, as your sister is anxious to judge of its suitability unprejudiced, here is the key, and I will do myself the honor of waiting upon you to-night, if possible, or at any rate to-morrow, and then tell you the story which belongs to it."

The great clock of the Town Hall had just struck five, and we should have plenty of time before our seven o'clock dinner; so we strolled leisurely through the sunny streets, past the grammar-school, and, leaving the town behind us, turned up a shady lane which crossed the high-road. It was a path we had not taken before; but, in less than ten minutes, as Mr. Moore had said, we came to a wall enclosing a belt of shrubbery, with a wooden gate leading to a well-kept drive. The gate was half-opened, and we entered, following the winding drive for two or three minutes until a sharp turn brought us in sight of the house.

It was a square fronted building, with one

wing running back at right angles with the front; a pretty porch covered with white clematis shaded the door; a beautiful magnolia covered one side of the house, while a luxuriant myrtle half concealed the other; bright flower-beds were laid out upon the well-trimmed lawn, a row of tall poplars on the edge of a ha-ha divided the garden from a large field beyond, and through the trees we could see the square tower of the parish church. It was all so still, so peaceful, so delightfully green and refreshing, that, as we stood for an instant beneath the porch, we exclaimed, almost simultaneously:—

"What a lovely spot!"

"If the interior does but match the exterior," I added, "Carrie must indeed be hard to please if this will not suit her."

As we entered, Dora took out the key and replaced it on the inside, without, however, locking the door, and we proceeded on our tour of exploration. The rooms on the ground-floor were low, but of good size, with all sorts of odd corners and out-of-the-way cupboards, and with broad, low window-seats which were suggestive of cozy twilight talks. From the stone-flagged hall a wide staircase led up to the landing above. Here, too, the rooms were large, most of them leading one out of another, with a step up or a step down, in the most delightfully unexpected manner.

It was just the sort of house that ought to ring with childish laughter and the patter of little feet; but, though the rooms were bright with the sunset glow which poured in through the dusty casements, I confess that, to me, there was something eerie about the place—it seemed to belong so entirely to the past, and to be filled with the memories of a bygone generation.

Dora, too, had grown silent, and I was on the point of suggesting that we had better come again in the morning to look over what we had not seen, when, on emerging from the last of the bedrooms, we saw a long passage, evidently leading down the length of the wing we had noticed from the outside. It was lighted from above, and there was an open door at the end.

"We will just see this one room," said my sister, "and then leave the rest for another day."

The room was a large one, as we saw at a glance, and opened into a smaller apartment beyond, from which there was no other outlet; the windows were high, overlooking a

part of the shrubbery, and both were defended by strong and closely-set iron bars. There was something sinister about them, and I turned away with an involuntary shiver. The door, we now noticed, too, was unusually solid. The key was gone; but two strong bolts remained, and a heavy, iron bar hung down on one side, ready to be thrown across it and fastened to a staple on the other.

"O Dora!" I exclaimed, "what a horrible place! It looks like a dungeon!"

"Not quite that, I think," she answered, quietly; "but I should say a mad person had been confined here. It does look rather ghostly, however, doesn't it, Margaret? We may as well go, now, and hear Mr. Moore's story before we decide upon anything."

She looked round the room again as she spoke, then turned to leave it; but at that instant we heard a sound that arrested our steps—the sudden opening of a distant door, which was then violently closed, and the key turned noisily in the lock.

"Some one has followed us in!" she whispered, catching my hand; but, before we had time to realize what this might mean, a peal of laughter rang through the empty house, so wild, so demoniacal, that even now, as I write, sitting safely in my quiet room, I can hardly repress a shudder.

For an instant we stood spell-bound, then Dora drew me back into the room we had just left, noiselessly closed the door, then lifted the heavy bar across it, and shot the two bolts into their places.

I confess I stood by half paralyzed with terror, for now we could hear hurried, uneven steps moving from room to room, and ever and anon that same fearful, discordant laugh broke out—a laugh of maniacal triumph, as if the person who uttered it felt that he or she had unexpectedly gained some advantage.

My sister turned to me where I stood leaning against the wall and trying hard to repress a hysterical desire to scream for help, which yet I knew would be in vain. Her face was pale; but she spoke with her usual quiet decision.

"There is no doubt, Margaret, that the poor creature who was once confined here has escaped from his keepers—for I think it is a man's step—and some glimmer of reason has brought him back to his former home; but we are perfectly safe, and it will be only a short imprisonment, for he is sure

to be searched for, and so are we, if we do not make our appearance at dinner."

I could not answer. My whole being seemed absorbed in listening to those uncertain steps, which we could still hear faintly through the closed door, while at intervals there was the same horrible laugh, or a low prolonged chuckle, which was almost as ghastly. After a while, the sounds ceased; but we dared not leave our retreat until we felt assured that the maniac, if such it were, had left the house.

The distant clock had chimed seven and eight while we still stood behind that barred door—listening so intently for some indications that our terrible companion had gone away that we scarcely felt conscious of bodily fatigue; in the meantime the sun had set and the twilight was gathering around.

Why had not some search for us been made from the hotel? But then we remembered that Mr. Moore alone knew where we were, and he might not call to see us till the following morning. It was, indeed, a most unpleasant predicament. By nine o'clock, it was so dusk from the shade of the thick shrubbery outside the barred windows, that we could scarcely distinguish each other's faces, while we dared not move or speak, lest some sound should betray our presence. It would have been useless to try to give an alarm; the house stood so far back from the main road that there would not have been the faintest chance of our voices being heard.

Another hour, or, perhaps, less, passed in silence, and then again the same uneven pacing was heard upon the stone-paved hall; but now the step rapidly ascended the stairs, and we could hear what sounded like incoherent mutterings, as the maniac passed hurriedly from room to room, as if searching for some one or something. Again the footsteps ceased, but only for a moment. Now they were at the end of the long passage, and then in a moment the handle of the door was grasped and turned; but, thanks to our barricade, it resisted all his efforts to open it. A cry of rage and disappointment, more like the howl of a wild beast than the voice of a human being, was uttered, and again and again the door was struck with angry blows and pulled and shaken.

I had sunk to the floor, half fainting, and Dora knelt beside me, her hands clasped in mine. We dared not retreat into the inner room, but remained with our eyes fixed

upon the door, just dimly visible, which divided us from our mysterious and terrible visitor. At first, the attempts to open it were made in silence; then, as all his efforts were fruitless, there was a pause, and we heard a voice that was hoarse and strained, as though the speaker had crouched upon the floor, close to the keyhole.

"Mother, I am here. You called me, and I came! Will you not open to your son, your most unhappy son?"

The last words were spoken in a tone of piteous entreaty; and something in them seemed to touch a chord which vibrated through my inmost being. Where had I heard that low and earnest tone before? What faint echo was it of a voice once strangely familiar?

Dora's hands held mine with a convulsive grasp, and, as she raised her head to listen more intently, I could feel a shudder pass through her frame.

Again those wild and incoherent words:—

"Father, do you know what you are telling me—that I must not marry—that there is madness in our veins? Ah, you should have told me that before! You do not know my darling. I will not let her go!"

The speaker's voice rose in a harsh, discordant scream, then died away, and there was silence, save for the gasping, labored breathing that seemed to tell of bodily pain, as well as mental suffering. Then, in gentler tones, tones of loving pathos, came the cry:—

"My Dora, my darling, they shall not take you from me! I am coming, my love, my bride, and to-day will be our wedding-day."

I had thrown my arms around my sister, and we clung trembling to each other, while like a flash came the thought of years that had gone by; and that voice, now moaning like a restless spirit at the door—where had I heard it last?

"Do not worry, my Dora, my darling; I will write to you from Paris."

The sunny platform, the long, crowded train, the fair, young, white-robed figure, the deep-set eyes full of love gazing down upon her from the open window—Could this be the clew to the mystery we had given up so long ago? Could this poor, distraught creature, moaning out his pain in incoherent ravings, be my Dora's long-lost lover, Donald Ritchie? Or, was it not rather some horrible nightmare from which we must soon awake?

I cannot tell how long we remained thus, every nerve and faculty strained to the utmost, nor what agony of mind my darling sister endured when she realized, at last, that the lover she had mourned so long, lay crouched like a wild beast within a few feet of her—alive, indeed, yet as surely dead to her in this world as if the grave divided them.

The minutes seemed like weighted hours while we listened with bated breath to the wild ravings, the incoherent pleadings of the unhappy maniac. It was ever the same refrain—a mother who would not hear, a father who had deceived; and then the accents changed, and he would call upon my sister's name with caressing tones and words of love and of the tenderest entreaty.

But, at last, the sound of voices reached us from the shrubbery without; the reflection of a light passed across the wall, and I could hear cautious steps upon the gravel walk. A few moments more, and a crash of broken glass was followed almost immediately by the opening of a door; our terrible jailer rose from his crouching position, and I heard him mutter low as he retreated hastily down the passage.

It seemed long, but barely five minutes could have passed before rapid footsteps approached, and Mr. Moore's well-known voice called upon my name.

The reaction was too sudden. Dora's hand dropped from mine, and, with a cry, she would have fallen, had I not caught her in my arms and supported her gently to the floor; then, with trembling fingers, I unbolted and unbarred the door.

There stood the kind little agent holding a lantern, and behind him a tall, gentlemanly man in the dress of a clergyman. Mr. Moore was in an agony of contrition that we should have suffered such an ordeal; but I interrupted his flow of apologies and explanations.

"My sister has fainted, Mr. Moore, and I fear she has received a painful shock. I shall be most thankful to take her home."

His companion here came forward and said, courteously:—

"If you will permit me, madam, to carry your sister down-stairs, we have a carriage which shall take you back to the hotel immediately, and I trust you will then allow me to express the deep regret I feel for the terror which my unhappy cousin has caused you."

He lifted Dora's unconscious form as he spoke, and bore her down to the porch, while I followed with Mr. Moore. A carriage stood before the door, and I could hear the sound of wheels retreating down the drive; but my one thought, now, was for my sister, my one hope that we might reach our temporary home before she should awaken to a full recollection of the past few hours. The two gentlemen accompanied us, and, as we drove up the star-lit road, the great clock struck eleven. It was six hours since we had stood together under the flower-scented porch, and the interval between seemed like a hideous dream. Could it be possible that the cloud which had darkened my Dora's life was about to be lifted through so rude a shock?

Our kind old landlady was on the doorstep, anxiously peering into the night, and would have hurried down to greet us; but our new acquaintance, who had sprung from the carriage the instant it stopped, checked her with a few whispered words, then carefully lifted Dora out, and carried her to our own sitting-room.

Now, for the first time, I could see him distinctly—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a kind, good face; a man one would instinctively trust.

As Mrs. Ward bustled in, with restoratives and smelling-salts in her hands, he would have left the room; but I turned impulsively to him, and exclaimed:—

"You said you were the cousin of that unhappy man. Will you tell me his name, and how long he has been?"

I hesitated.

"His name is Donald Ritchie," was the reply, "and it is ten years since he lost his reason."

A faint cry startled us both. Dora had recovered sufficiently to catch the last words, and she half rose, with outstretched hands from the sofa, exclaiming:—

"Oh, sir, we are strangers to you; but believe me, it is from no idle curiosity we would entreat you to tell us all you know of him!"

The clergyman cast a look of grave compassion on the beautiful, pale face upraised to his, and said, kindly:—

"I will gladly tell you what I can of my poor cousin's story, and I fancy you will be able to supply some threads in it which are wanting. But, rest to-night, Miss Chalfont. You have been terribly tried; and, as

I am staying in the house, I can see you in the morning."

Dora feverishly opposed this; but I persuaded her, at least, to take some refreshment before hearing the story. This she did; and then Mr. Hart—so the landlady called him—returned to our room, and, as briefly as he could, told the sad tale which was, as it were, a key to unlock the mystery that for ten long years had baffled us.

Donald Ritchie was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who, having made his fortune in the West Indies, where he also married the beautiful daughter of a planter, came back and settled in the old house we had seen to-day. At first, domestic happiness seemed assured to him; but soon his wife's violent temper and causeless jealousy proved a serious barrier to peace. Her weak indulgence of her little son was the cause of more serious disputes. At length the boy was sent to school, and for years returned home only for the holidays. Then came his college career; and, when Donald reached manhood, his father encouraged his violent love of travel, and supplied him with ample means to see the world, thus depriving himself of the presence of his only child, rather than that the latter should be a witness to the frightful outbursts of ungovernable passion, which, as the years went on, increased in violence, in the unhappy woman who made his life a burden.

"I had never known much of my cousin," said Mr. Hart, "although his father was my mother's only brother; for the same motive which induced him to keep his son away from home, made him also unwilling to welcome either friends or relatives to his house. It was during Donald's absence in Australia, that news reached us of Mrs. Ritchie's death; and, from that time, my uncle made London his headquarters. A reserved and moody man, he withstood all my mother's endeavors to draw him into our own happy circle, and never mentioned his wife's name. I now come to the early spring of 187—, just ten years ago."

I saw a shudder pass over my sister as she leaned back on the sofa, shading her eyes from the light, and our hands met in a sympathetic clasp.

Mr. Hart continued:—

"I had just been ordained, and had gone to a curacy in the north of England, when, one day, a telegram reached me from Mr. Ritchie's solicitor, urging me to come at

once to Weston-cum-Malden, as my uncle was dangerously ill. I obeyed, and arrived here one evening in April, utterly unprepared for the terrible news which awaited me.

"My uncle's wife, it appeared, was not dead, as we had believed, but had become hopelessly insane some six years before. Her husband, a proud man, could not endure that the story of his domestic misery should become the gossip of the neighborhood; besides, I have no doubt, he then hoped to spare Donald the shock of hearing that his mother was a maniac. He had dismissed his servants, shut up the house, and having placed his wife in the charge of two trusty attendants, a man and his wife, who were looked upon by the people around as caretakers merely, he went away for a time; and when, during his absence, it was given out that Mrs. Ritchie had died abroad, there was no one to disprove the announcement.

"The unhappy woman was never seen; and though, before long, rumors crept about of strange noises which were heard at times to proceed from the deserted house, the only result was that the lane leading to Myrtle Lodge was rarely traversed but by the so-called caretakers, who never, however, went out together.

"At rare intervals my uncle visited his old home, and he was there on the occasion of which I speak, intending to remain only a few days. On the afternoon of his arrival, he went to his wife's apartments—those rooms you now know so well. What happened there was never exactly explained. One attendant was absent, the other had left the room for an instant, when a cry was heard, and she rushed back to find her master lying senseless on the floor, struck down by the hand of his wretched wife.

"He was removed to his own room, and a doctor summoned; but the shock to a system already enfeebled by years of anxiety proved too severe; and, in spite of medical skill and care, he died within a few days, and without regaining consciousness.

"It was my painful duty to meet my cousin, who arrived too late to see his father alive; still more painful was it to be obliged to break to him the awful tidings that the mother he had mourned for years was a hopeless maniac, and had been the instrument of his father's death.

"It was, indeed, a sorrowful evening, that of Donald Ritchie's home-coming, after an

absence of so many years; and he seemed so restless and excited, though worn out by rapid traveling, that I urged him to retire early. But, before parting for the night, Mr. Carleton, his father's solicitor, placed in his hands a letter, which he said Mr. Ritchie had intrusted to him only a few weeks before, to be given to his son in the event of his death.

"My room was beneath my cousin's, and until long into the night I could hear him pacing wildly up and down. At last, when the morning dawned, Donald was delirious, and we found him lying with his father's letter clenched between his hands. It contained only a few words; but they were to warn him that he should never marry:—

"The curse of insanity rests upon us; let that curse die out with you."

"So much I remember; but I must now finish my story. When Donald Ritchie recovered from the brain-fever which brought him to the brink of the grave, the hereditary blight had fallen upon him, and he, too, was hopelessly insane. The same asylum within a few short weeks received both mother and son; and, though my aunt died many years ago, my poor cousin has lingered on without ever recovering his reason.

"I have often thought he must have been deeply attached to some one, for one name was constantly on his lips, and the photograph of a fair, young girl hung in a locket from his watch-chain. I have longed to give her some tidings of her lover's fate; but there was no clew by which we could gain any information beyond the name of 'Dora.'"

Mr. Hart paused, and again the same look of grave compassion was cast upon my sister. A convulsive pressure of my hand gave me permission to speak, and in a few words I told him our story.

"But how do you account," I asked, when it was ended, "for the strange coincidence of poor Donald's presence at Myrtle Lodge to-night, when we had gone there for the first time?"

"It was a singular chance," he replied; "but I can only say that just about this time every year, my cousin has shown unusual restlessness, and the eighteenth of August has always been marked by a severe paroxysm that has left him weaker than before. Knowing this, I determined, this

year, to spend the day with him, and had arrived here early this morning for the purpose, as the asylum is only ten miles away. When I drove there, Doctor Fenton had but just discovered my unfortunate cousin's escape from his attendants, and I joined in the search for him. It was I who at last suggested that he might have sought his own old home, and, on applying to Mr. Moore for the key, that gentleman mentioned to whom he had given it. On further inquiry here at the hotel, we found our good landlady in great perplexity and distress over the non-appearance of her ladies. The clew was then in our hands, and you know the rest; but I cannot express how keenly I reproach myself that more care was not taken, and that you should have been exposed to so terrible a trial."

As he finished speaking, my dear sister rose and held out her hands.

"Do not say that, Mr. Hart. If you could only know what it is to have the suspense of years relieved at last! My poor Donald is lost to me in this world, but, thank Heaven, not forever. He has been faithful in his love, and one day, I trust, we shall meet in a world where nothing can part us."

Mr. Hart pressed my sister's hands with a murmured blessing, then bade us both good-night.

The mystery is unveiled at last, the secret of these years revealed; but the shock of that terrible night was too much for my Dora's strength, already overtaxed by arduous work. For weeks she has lain between life and death, and during that time I have left her side but once, and that was to accompany Mr. Hart, who has remained here to comfort and support me in my sorrow, to the asylum where Donald Ritchie was confined. He did not know me nor should I have recognized in the bowed, withered-looking man with gray hair and restless wandering hands the proud handsome young fellow whom I remembered so well among the winter roses of the South. He was very ill, the doctor said, and sinking fast; and only three days after our visit he passed quietly away.

This my darling sister does not know; but, when I can take her away from Weston, and can gently break the tidings to her, I think she will be glad and thankful that, after ten long years of weary suffering, her faithful lover is at peace.

A PARTING.

BY LENA CARR.

Bid me not go away;
Oh, let me linger at thy side to-day!
Mine ears are hungry for thy lightest word,
Rejoicing ever when thy tones are heard.
Oh, bid me stay!

Let me still linger here,
And drink the sunshine of thy glance so dear;
My eyes refuse to see by other light;
I grope, without thee in the deepest night.
Oh, let me linger here!

O Time! pause in your flight;
Snatch not away these last few moments bright;
When once thy cruel haste has fed my woe,

CONCORD, MASS., 1888.

The weary weeks and months will linger so.
Oh, pause, Time, in your flight.

Oh, weary, weary days!
Across your dark abyss I dare not gaze;
Oh, leave these last few precious moments free
From all the pain you hold in store for me.
Oh, weary, weary days!

I can no longer stay;
Fate's unrelenting mandate I obey.
When we shall meet again I cannot tell;
This bitter word is all I know,—farewell!
I can no longer stay.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTFOLIO.

JOSIAH HUNT, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

IN searching among the records for the perfect type of that class of men who are pre-eminently entitled to the cognomen of "Indian fighters," we have been able to find none in whose individuality was combined so many characteristics of the class as in the person who is the subject of the following sketch.

Nature had given Hunt a frame of iron, and a constitution which no hardship, privation, or suffering could impair. Reared in the midst of those scenes of trial through which the early settlers were compelled to pass, to win from the wilderness a home and home comforts; trained from boyhood to the use of the unerring rifle; hunting for a subsistence in the wild forests which covered the Western country, and eating his food in the simplicity which Nature gave it, without any of those appliances to increase the relish with which epicures season it, he grew to man's estate free from any of the "ills that flesh is heir to," well-knit, strong, hardy, robust, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, his senses taught by experience in the woods and in constant

strife with the most subtle foe; with an eye like a hawk, a hand as quick as thought, and with limbs in which were combined great strength and agility, he was "every inch a man."

As a hunter, he was rarely equaled. His habits, his inclinations, his early life and his necessities all combined to make him expert in the pursuit of game. Adopting all the craft of the red man, to which he added the intelligence of the pale-face, he was always successful where others would have despaired. By constant and unrelenting observation and practice he could imitate the voices of all the denizens of the forest, from the growl and bark of the bear, to the call of the smallest songster of the vale; and these powers were of immense service to him in luring the game, as well as in deceiving an enemy. As an Indian fighter, he possessed all the subtlety and artifice of the foe, with the tact, stratagem, powers of concentration and perseverance of the white man. No trap, however artfully and cunningly laid, ever caught him unprepared; and the Indians themselves awarded him the praise of being



the most silent, artful, and dangerous enemy they ever met.

When Wayne was despatched into the North-western country to chastise and bring to terms various tribes who had leagued together with a determination to restrict the approach of the whites to the Ohio river, he gathered together all the Indian fighters, scouts, spies and hunters whom he could induce to join his army. There were Wells, Kibby, McLellan, May, Hickman, Thorp, Mahaffy, the Millers, and a host of others who deserve more than a passing notice, but there was one who excelled them all—Josiah Hunt.

While the army was stationed at Greenville, in the winter of 1793-4, Hunt was employed in furnishing the tables of the officers with game, and of course was exempted from every other duty. He had a *carte blanche* to go and come when he pleased, take what he wanted, and do as he desired; in fact, was free of the fort in every respect. The country was overrun with Indians. The fort was watched by scouts and spies, who stationed themselves in trees the better to overlook the garrison; and when a person was seen to leave, note was taken of the course he pursued, his path ambuscaded, and his scalp secured. Hunt was too cunning for them, however. He invariably left after dark; and "when he got into the woods," he used to say, "without their knowledge, he had as good a chance as they." To spend the night in the woods without a fire, during the severe cold of that winter, would have been almost certain death; for no human being could do it without the most imminent danger of freezing to death. To show a light, however, was to invite certain destruction. Hunt did the one without fear of the other. His mode of procedure was as follows: He would leave the camp about three hours after dark, and traveling by a circuitous route for some miles in the direction of the section where he intended to hunt the next day, he would bivouac for the night.

His arrangements for this purpose were made in the following manner: With his tomahawk he cut a hole in the frozen earth about the size and depth of a hat-crown, and after it was made to his liking, with as little noise as possible, he prepared some "roth," or white-oak bark, from a dead tree, which will retain a strong heat when covered with its ashes. Kindling a fire from flint and

steel at the bottom of his "coal pit," as he termed it, the bark was severed into strips, which were laid cross-wise in the hole until it was filled. After it was sufficiently ignited, it was covered over with dirt, with the exception of two air-holes in the margin, which could be opened or closed at pleasure. Spreading down a layer of bark or brush to keep him from the ground, he sat down with the coal-pit between his legs, enveloped himself in his blanket, and slept cat-dozes in an upright position. If his fire became too much smothered, he freshened it by blowing into one of the air-holes. He declared that he could make himself sweat whenever he chose. The snapping of a twig was sufficient to awaken him, when uncovering his head, he keenly scrutinized the surrounding gloom, his right hand on his trusty rifle "ready for any mischance of the hour."

What a picture of self-reliance, bodily endurance, firmness of nerve, and cool, calm courage is here presented! The citizen of the present day, surrounded by every appliance of civilization and comfort, without fear of danger, cannot realize the situation of this hardy son of the forest as he sat, undistinguishable in the darkness from an old stump, surrounded by hordes of enemies—cruel, blood-thirsty and implacable enemies—who sought with untiring energy and increasing vigilance to take his life; while the wild beasts—the bear, the panther and the wolf—roamed the woods round about him in search of prey. Alone in the wilderness, with no friend to aid, no arm to save him but his own, there he sat, that lone man, nodding in his blanket, while the winds howled the sad requiem of the departed year; and the pitiless storm raged with fury, perhaps, with every nerve on the stretch, every faculty on the alert, ready at a moment's warning to engage in the deadly struggle for life, knowing that success depended on his rifle, his own right hand and unerring eye. How little of this can we realize, as we sit about the blazing hearthstone, sheltered from all the inclemencies of the weather, free from danger, and "with none to molest or make us afraid."

Yet there must have been an excitement, an intense and thrilling interest in such a life, calculated to send the blood with electric rapidity through the veins, and make such a man infatuated with it.

As soon as it was light enough to see, he was on his feet, and, leaving his camp-ground

would proceed to hunt for game, keeping, at the same time, a good lookout for Indians. If he discovered a deer, he would slip a bullet into his mouth, to be prepared to lead again immediately. This was his first care—never to be caught with an empty rifle. After shooting his game, he secreted himself until satisfied that the report of his piece had brought no Indians into his immediate vicinity, and then he would proceed to skin it. Approaching it cautiously, he would drag it to the nearest tree which answered his purpose, and after leaning his rifle against a tree within reach of his hand, he would commence the operation. He would skin for awhile, and then raise himself up to scan the forest in every direction, to see if the crack of his rifle had brought a foe to the vicinity, and then proceed to his work. If the breaking of a twig or any other sound evinced the proximity of animal life, he was immediately on the alert, with rifle in hand, prepared for any emergency. Having skinned and cut up the deer, the four quarters were packed in the hide, which was so arranged as to be slung on the back like a knapsack, and in this manner he wended his way to the fort. If he was at a distance from the garrison, only the hind quarters were brought in. On one of these excursions, he discovered three Indians in a party, proceeding along the base of a ridge on which he was. Quickly concealing himself, he took aim, but waited for two of them to get within range, being willing to risk himself with the other. But they continued to march in Indian file, and although he could have killed either of them, he concluded that the odds of two to one would be too great, without gaining the death of but one enemy; so he let them pass.

When the army moved forward to the Maumee, for the purpose of giving battle to the Indians, Hunt was with it, and took an active part in the action at the "Fallen Timber." In the midst of the confusion of the first charge, he was about to spring over a fallen tree, when an Indian behind it fired at him so close that the flash almost

singed his face. He had been obliged to fire in such haste, however, that he missed his aim although the ball passed between the ear and the head, making his ear ring for an hour afterward. As soon as he fired, the Indian sprang up, and darted off at his utmost speed, running zigzag, dodging up and down, and endeavoring in every way to escape the ball from his enemy's rifle. He knew the man he had fired at, and he knew that he never missed his mark. His body was naked from his waist upward, and had a bright red streak painted up and down the back, which afforded a prominent mark for an experienced shot. Hunt sprang over the tree, and threw his rifle into the hollow of his shoulder, exclaiming, "Hold a moment, stranger, Kill-deer has a word to say to you;" and taking aim at the red strip, he seized the moment when the Indian was rising to his feet, and fired. Although a snap-shot, it was an effectual one, and the redskin fell dead. He had fought his last battle.

At the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, the Indians seemed to consider Hunt as the next great man to Wayne himself. They inquired for him, gathered around him, and were loud in their praises and compliments.

"Great man, Captain Hunt—great warrior—good hunting man, Indian no can kill!" They informed him that some of their bravest and most cunning warriors had often set out expressly to kill him. They knew how he made his secret camp-fires, the ingenuity of which excited their admiration. The parties in quest of him had often seen him—could describe the dress he wore, and his cap, made of raccoon's skin, with the tail hanging behind, the front turned up; and ornamented with three brass rings. The scalp of such a great warrior they considered to be an invaluable trophy; yet they never could catch him off his guard—never get within shooting distance without being discovered, and exposing themselves to his death-dealing rifle.

He settled in Greene county, Ohio, after peace was declared.

IN opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing; mind the coming track;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Holmes.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE WILD TRIBES OF THE BOMBAY FORESTS.

THE report of the Bombay Forest Commission contains some interesting information about the wild tribes of the Konkan, the strip of land in Bombay that lies between the Western Ghats and the Arabian Sea. The wild tribes are a great number of persons of different aboriginal races, who live an unsettled life and who subsist for the greater part of the year on the wages they earn as carriers and distributors of forest produce among the local residents.

There are three distinct wild tribes left—the Katkaris, 30,000 strong; the Thakurs, 50,000, and the Varlis, 20,000 in strength—individuals who lead a savage life altogether, and eke out a precarious living by a sporadic hill cultivation, by collecting forest produce for barter or sale at the nearest markets, and also to a certain extent by killing and eating various sorts of wild animals. They live in miserable hovels in or near the forests. The Thakurs are an unsettled tribe ready to change their hamlet if a child sickens or a cow dies. They wear scarcely any clothes, eat the coarsest food, love indolence and dissipation, have no thought for the future, and spend all they can in drink. Still, as a rule, they are quiet and peaceable and live altogether by themselves. They neither borrow nor steal. They are truthful, honest, teachable, and harmless. They are hard-working, the women doing quite as much as the men, and they are much more thrifty and sober than either the Varlis or Katkaris. Some of their villages are very orderly and clean, the people showing much respect for the headman, who belongs to their own caste. Thakur means “a chief,” and in days very remote they probably had a position of some standing.

The Katkaris, or makers of Kat—that is, catechu—are the poorest and least hopeful of the three tribes—drunken, given to thieving, and unwilling to work. In 1825, according to Bishop Heber, they were charcoal burn-

ers, but so wild and sacred that they would have no direct dealings with the people of the plain. They brought head loads of charcoal to particular spots, whence it was carried away by the villagers, who left in its place a customary payment of rice, clothing, and iron tools. Eleven years later Major Mackintosh described them as great thieves, stealing corn from fields and farmyards, committing robberies in the villages at night, and plundering lonely travelers during the day. Their women work hard, acting as laborers and bringing into market the head loads of wood their husbands have gathered in the forests. They are very poor, generally in rags, and often without any wholesome food. As soon as they get together a few pence they spend it in drink and tobacco. A small body of them, however, will not eat cow's meat, and are allowed to draw water at the village wells and to enter Kunbi houses.

The third tribe, the Varlis, are considerably better off. They are unshaven and slightly clothed, and live in small bamboo and bramble huts. They are very innocent and harmless, but immoderately fond of liquor. They commit crimes of violence only when they are drunk, and they join in thefts and gang robberies only when they are starving. Among themselves they are extremely fond of fun, and very sociable. With strangers they are timid at first, but with Europeans whom they know, they are frank and very truthful.

Nothing will induce them to leave the forests. They are passionately fond of sport, and will take their guns into the forest and stay there for days together shooting sambhur, bhenkri, peacocks, and jungle and spur fowls over the forest pools and springs. These types of savage life are to be found within an hour, or even half an hour's journey from Bombay.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

THE GARDEN OF SAMARCAND.

BY E. J. WHITNEY.

THE garden of Samarcand was the loveliest place in the world. Fountains of sparkling water fell with merry waltzes, into basins of diamond and pearl, flinging their silvery showers over the blushing, smiling flowers. Tall trees with odorous bloom and leaves, waved by the zephyr's fragrant breath, murmured sweetest songs as they towered toward the azure sky. Large golden mamees, mandarin oranges and tomberongs, rich purplish mangustins, rose-apples, crimson as the sunset clouds, the pale, yellow flat peach, and all of the delicious tropical fruits were in abundance. The liveliest imagination can have but a faint idea of its glorious beauty. It was enclosed by three walls of white marble, each wall having one gate, and each guarded by a dragon; the whole surrounded by a lake whose depth could not be ascertained.

It was a lovely day in summer, the air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and thrilling with bird-songs, when King Al Edrie called his three sons, and thus addressed them:—

"My sons, the youngest of you is of age this day. Go up to the ivory tower, look in the mirrors, and you will see your future brides."

The eldest son took the golden key with a low bow, and followed by his brothers, went up the marble steps leading to the ivory tower.

There were three mirrors set in frames of costly gems. One either side of the door, and one directly opposite, enveloped in a blood-red curtain. Sentrim, the eldest, stepped to the right hand, Alrie to the left, leaving Alin the veiled mirror. Raising the curtain, Alin started back in horror, for a stream of blood flowed from beneath his hand. Gathering courage he again raised the curtain. A pavilion enveloped in a snowy curtain met his eye. Slowly it was raised, and he saw a young girl leaning against a pillar of red-veined marble. A dress of purest white fell in graceful folds around her slender figure, and a dove, with

feathers tinged with gold, fluttered over her head. Her countenance was sad as is the angel on our right shoulder who weeps when we repent of evil, and her eyes were filled with tears. Fair as the snow of Lebanon, with a tint on her cheeks delicate as the heart of a rose-apple, deepening to scarlet on the exquisite lips, eyes blue as the summer sky, delicately chiselled features, and such tiny white hands!

"It is well," said the king, when the young men had returned to him. "The maiden thou hast seen, Sentrim, is none other than the eldest daughter of our neighbor, King Aleppo. Thou, also, Alrie, hast seen well, for Prince Avin's only daughter, hast thou looked favorably upon. But thou, O Alin, youngest of thy brothers! hast wildly and foolishly placed thy silly head in danger; for the maiden thou hast seen is kept prisoner in the garden of Samarcand, guarded by horrible dragons. Truly, thou shalt deal in blood, ere thou wilt release her."

"My father," replied the prince, proudly, "I will release her from her prison."

"My son, my son!" sighed the king, "thy years have not brought thee discretion. Knowest thou, that thou must enter the garden and gather the poisonous fruit, in which the mark of Eve's teeth, the mother of the world, is yet found. Consider, I pray you, the danger of the expedition."

"My father, love is stronger than danger."

"The Prophet Corihma prophesied danger for thee. Go to him, and he will direct thy course, foolhardy though it be; for many go hither, and none return."

Consulting the book of fate, Corihma threw an arrow of light into the air, and said to him:—

"This arrow will lead you to a dervish, who will guide you further. There are great dangers before you, but you will overcome them."

Alin thanked him, and soon came to the dervish, who was sitting by the roadside,

smoking a long chibouq. Looking keenly at the prince, he said:—

"You come from the Prophet Corihma, who bids me help you on your journey. Turn neither to the right hand nor the left, until you come where seven roads meet. There is a tree at the side of each road, and a bird in each tree. They will immediately cry out the advantages of their road, but you must not answer a word, and heed only the white bird, who will give you three stars. Him you must obey in every particular."

Alin obeyed him, and went on slowly, for the way was full of sharp-pointed rocks, and brambles by the side caught his clothes and scratched his hands. After a long time, he came to where the seven roads met, when six of the birds directly called out:—

"Take my road, and it will lead you safely to the Princess Lalla, whom you seek. There are all sorts of dangers in the others, but the giant in this is my friend, and he will take you on his back and set you over the high wall into the garden."

"Believe them not! The giant would devour you at a mouthful. I am the one who will guide you to Samarcand."

After screaming till they were hoarse, the birds became angry and flew at each other, pecking furiously.

Then the white bird said in a sweet voice:—

"Noble prince, hasten away ere this turmoil ceases. Follow and obey implicitly the three stars, or they will leave you to your fate. You can safely sleep while they watch over you, but beware! close not thine eyes in Sleeping Valley. List not to the sirens who would woo thee to a never-ending sleep, and taste no drink nor fruit, except that over which the stars cast a radiance. As soon as you leave Sleeping Valley, you will come to an old woman spinning cobwebs with a golden wheel, who will furnish you with what you need."

Alin bowed three times, and taking the road indicated, walked away at a brisk pace. The way lay through a cavern of twilight dimness. Massive rocks rose either side a stone pathway, flowers that gleamed like a flame of fire, birds with trumpet-like voices, and fruit crimson as the pomegranate blossom, golden as the acacia, purple as the famed Tyrian purple, whereof kings' robes were made, white as the snow blossom, with veins, blue, scarlet and gold, running through the glossy outside covering.

Weary and thirsty, he pressed on. Alas! must he die of thirst and hunger when the fruits of all climes surrounded him, and he could hear tinkling streams flowing over the rocks, and see the glint and sparkle of their diamond drops? On, on went the stars, their radiant light lighting the dimness of the cavern. At last they hovered over a tree with spreading branches, laden with fruit, pink as the seashell's heart, and sweet as honey to the taste.

Sleeping Valley was close to a cavern. Such a lovely, sleepy place as it was! The grass was green as orange leaves; watered by a fragrant dew, and waved by a gentle wind, it gave forth a perfume like the rarest flowers. There were trees an hundred feet in height, forming arches of living green. Some had scarlet leaves and golden blossoms, purple and crimson, green and gold, pink and white. One tree would bear half a dozen different kinds of fruit in clusters together. Flowers of all kinds and perfumes fringed the valley's emerald-green robe, from the blue-eyed violet to the rose of Sharon and Damascus, and the lily of the valley, eight feet in circumference.

Over the valley was the purple haze of summer twilight, with its subtle breath and fragrant air, thrilling Alin to the heart. The peaceful, dreamy happiness that heralds sleep took possession of his frame, and the songs of birds and murmur of the streamlets rippling through the lovely bowers, rang melodiously in his brain. Beautiful youths came from under the feathery tree branches, offering wine and fruit with gentle tones and graceful gestures. Alin turned from them hastily, and the stars shot forth fiery sparks.

Then lovely maids from all nations—from the dusky Ethiop to the fair Circassian—greeted him with joyous, winning smiles and softest tones:—

"Rest, noble prince, in this valley of love! they cried, in tones sweet as the bulbul's love-song. "We will gather thee fruit of every tree, and strew rose leaves for thy couch, and bring thee wine from the vintage of Damascus, and sweet-flowing waters from our Fragrant Spring, and thou wilt never know aught of sorrow again. Rest thee in peaceful sleep, and we will sing thee songs of love."

Under nearly every tree Alin saw sleeping youths, but he resolutely kept on his way, never heeding the winning tones, nor

tempting offers of fruit and wine, which they offered him on salvers of solid gold and cups of pearl and sapphire.

When he wavered in his heart the stars grew dim; when he grew strong in purpose, they shone in glorious brightness. He had gone about half way through the valley, when a young girl—lovely as Eve before the fall—before which the others paled as stars before the sun, paused before him. Her dress of crimson velvet was crusted with jewels wrought into the semblance of birds and flowers. Her long, jetty hair was one glitter of gems, and her snowy neck covered with the richest necklaces.

Alin looked at her in admiration. She accosted him in tones so musical that the birds hushed their songs and the streams their murmur to listen, and offered him a goblet of pearl blazing with diamonds.

"Look at those rugged mountains," cried the siren, "either side our lovely valley! Their rocks are sharp as hatred, and slippery as falsehood; and behold! they reach to the skies. Rest thee, if for but a moment beside our Fragrant Spring, shaded by fringing palms."

Alin answered never a word, and as if by magic the scene was changed. Youths and maidens followed him, shouting and flinging stones, branches of trees, and showering him with water. One star went behind him, and it was darkness to his pursuers; the others guarded and guided him to the old woman. As soon as his pursuers saw her, they rushed away headlong with horrible shrieks and groans.

"Your way leads through the bowels of the earth," said she, "and there is a ball of light to guide you through the darkness. A giant with six legs and four arms will challenge you to battle, when this sword of keenness will stand you good service. After despatching this monster you will come to the lake before the garden of Samarcand. You must then say, three times, authoritatively, 'I command you in the name of the Prophet Corihma to lower the drawbridge,' being very careful not to fall into the lake. On reaching the other side, a man twenty feet in height and ten across the shoulders, will challenge you to a race. You must by wit and shrewdness, outwit him, for you cannot possibly outrun him. When you have won the race he will become your friend and do you signal service. I have spun you a net and rope of gold, silver and

of spiders' webs, which you must use as occasion requires. But if your heart is not pure, you had better return, for no tongue can paint the dangers you will have to overcome. Wisdom is more than might, and cunning is more than an army. Challenge the first dragon to mortal combat, and be not dismayed at his fury. The second dragon will send an army of toads against you. If you can secure the first one you can easily secure him. The third dragon is the most powerful of all. Then will thy courage and shrewdness test itself. Take of my spinning whatever you like. Farewell."

Alin thanked her respectfully, and chose a golden bow and golden arrows no larger than your finger. The old woman's eyes sparkled, and she set to work spinning as if the world were kept moving by her exertions.

The ball of light, from which rays and sparkles of light glanced like rockets in the inky blackness, kept steadily on. Alin could only see one step ahead; when he had taken that another appeared. The most horrible groans and pitiful shrieks issued from the walls, and doors were shaken violently. Now Alin was very brave, as all good people ought to be, and he called out in a loud voice:—

"Wait patiently, my friends, a little longer, and I will free you from your horrible prison."

The words had scarcely left his lips ere the place was shaken by a mighty wind, and a huge black giant with a tall Norwegian pine for a staff, appeared, shaking the earth at every step. His eyes (two in front, two on each side, and two behind) were as large as dinner-plates, and each of his four arms were as long as a man's body, and his voice sounded like the ocean when a furious storm lashed it to fury.

"Who are you who dares wake me from sleep?" he cried angrily. "Come hither; and I will add yet another to the many who with groans and shrieks soothe me to sleep. Ah! I see you. Take that for your temerity," aiming a heavy blow at Alin with his staff.

Quietly evading it, Alin fixed a golden arrow to his bow and the next moment it had pierced one of the giant's eyes. Woet-vall roared so loud that it sounded like the roar of artillery when two mighty armies meet, and vainly endeavored to strike the young prince, blowing great clouds of smoke

from his mouth to suffocate him. But the ball of light burnt it up before it reached Alin. When the fourth eye was pierced, Woetvall caused an earthquake to shake the earth to its foundations. Vivid flashes of lightning with awful crashes of thunder rolled through the bowels of the earth. At the fifth, the air was filled with sulphurous flame and smoke, and red-hot tongues lapped the water that issued from Woetvall's mouth. At the destruction of the sixth eye, the earth whirled rapidly, the thunder crashed to a deafening roar, flames of fire lit the darkness like day, red-hot balls whizzed with frightful hisses through the air, the earth opened and closed, vomiting floods of water and flames of fire.

Alin immediately seized the sword of Keeness and cut off the monster's head, when the flames and balls disappeared, and the place became quiet. The ball of light had shone with steady light through all the battle, but now it shot forth sparks like stars, and Alin found himself on the shore of the Black Lake. Commanding the drawbridge to be lowered, he heard a heavy noise, and a bit of a board no more than two inches wide was thrown over the lake. Throwing a golden rope over a tree at the other side, he stepped on the bridge. Up and down went the bridge rapidly, and he must have inevitably have fallen, if he had not taken the precaution to fasten a rope to the tree opposite.

A giant advanced to meet him and challenged him to a race.

"Very well," said Alin.

Comolin's hair hung down to his heels in thick curls, and as he turned to run, Alin caught one of the long curls, and in a few moments was safely ensconced on the giant's shoulder. On went Comolin like the wind; and, after running till out of breath, he paused and looked round. Alin was nowhere to be seen, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Let him laugh who wins," exclaimed the prince, who had descended to the ground and stood a little in advance of Comolin.

"My friend, my deliverer!" cried Comolin, in tones singularly soft and sweet, clasping Alin in his arms and nearly squeezing the breath out of him, "how can I thank thee? The spell is broken, and I am free. The wicked enchanter who guards Samarcand placed me under a spell until some one beat me in a race. Ask what you

will (for you are the first who has beaten me), and I will do it if possible."

"Help me to enter the garden of Samarcand, and be my friend."

"With all my heart," replied Comolin.

After a while they came to the first wall round the garden. The dragon lay half asleep in the sunshine, and Alin had an opportunity to see just how terrific he was. He had two heads with a face on each side of them, and four arms, and four legs covered with hair.

"What, ho!" cried Alin, "I challenge you to mortal combat."

The dragon shook himself, and rushed at Alin with his great mouths open, brandishing his arms, and yelling hideously. Seizing Alin, Comolin placed him in a tree, and ran a few rods, thus drawing the attention of the dragon to himself.

With a loud roar the dragon gave chase to Comolin, going directly under the tree in which Alin was concealed, when the young man with one blow cut off both his heads. The body rolled into the Black Lake with a boom like the discharge of a cannon, and the first wall fell to the ground, shaking the earth to its centre.

The second dragon no sooner saw Alin and Comolin, than he sent an army of toads, with eyes all over their bodies, to devour them. Spreading the silver net on the grass with one of the spiders' webs over it, Alin, with a dexterous movement caught them all, for they did not notice the web beneath, but thought they were but spiders' webs on the grass tinged with sunshine. This dragon had four heads and eight arms, with feathers for hair. Finding his army destroyed, he was furious, and spitting in the air, it was filled with flies, that flew at Alin and Comolin, trying to pierce them with their stings. It was of no avail, for Comolin had hid the prince in his long hair, and combed it over his face; and it was so thick the flies could not pierce through it. The dragon then threw a stone into the air, and it became an eagle, but this also could not pierce Comolin's hair. Seizing a stone, Comolin threw it with his full strength at the dragon, shattering one of his heads to fragments. Alin at the same time shot a golden arrow at the second head's mouth, piercing the windpipe, and thus choking him. In this way he was soon despatched, and the second wall fell down with a crash, like the overthrow of a mighty army.

The third dragon had ten heads full of eyes, before and behind, and his body was covered with scales like a fish. He opened his ten mouths, and gave a roar that was heard to the ends of the earth, when he saw the prince and Comolin; and immediately the sun was darkened, and instead of light there was inky blackness.

Fiery arrows, red-hot stones, weighing several tons, horses with breast-plates of fire, red-hot lava, and other terrible missiles came toward them, but ere they reached them, they were destroyed by the ball of light.

Although Comolin threw great stones, weighing a ton, at the dragon's heads, and Alin had shot at them with his golden arrows, they made no more impression than so much dust. Sulphurous smoke, wasps, large as eagles, and terrible beasts came from out the dragon's throat, but were destroyed by the ball of light, as fast as they appeared. At length Comolin threw a golden rope over the monster's feet, and pinned them to the ground, and despite the dragon's struggles, he and Alin had thrown ropes over each head.

They had no sooner conquered the dragon than they heard the sound of rejoicing, and, taking the form of a bat, the enchanter flew away.

Mounted on Comolin's shoulder, Alin

plucked the fruit in which, at even this distant day, the marks of Eve's teeth are seen. As soon as he had done this, the last wall fell down, and the birds burst into an ecstasy of song. The trees waved their fragrant branches, and the fountains rippled forth a more musical song.

To Alin's surprise, he saw a magnificent palace in the centre of the garden, surrounded with olive and fig trees, their deep green leaves and bright golden blossoms gleaming in the sun. Instead of being far distant from Elremonda, Alin found himself within a day's journey of his home.

The beautiful Princess Lalla was no longer pale and sad as she greeted Alin, and the young man thought if she was charming before, she was glorious now.

Prince Alin was welcomed as one risen from the dead, and the whole city was gathered together, for the sleepers in Sleeping Valley had awakened, and Woetvall's prisoners were freed from their horrible prison, who had hastened to Elremonda to greet their deliverer.

Prince Alin's marriage with the lovely Princess Lalla was celebrated the following day with great pomp and rejoicing, and at this day Comolin lives with him in the beautiful garden of Samarcand.

Thus you see, children, noble deeds bring their own reward.

THE DUCHESS OF PENNYROYAL COURT.

BY LOUISE DUFEY.

THE Duchess received her title and the court its name, by way of old Mr. Duke, who kept the little shop next to the corner. "Drugs and Medicines and Root Beer" was the sign on the shop, but the drugs consisted almost entirely of fragrant herbs, spearmint, and peppermint, and checkerberry, sweet marjoram, sage, and catnip; and above all always floated the pungent odor of pennyroyal. And so the place came to be called Pennyroyal Court.

The Duchess was a little waif that Mr. Duke had picked up nobody knew where.

She was hump-backed, and her head was twisted in a way that was painful to see.

She had a worn little face, but her hair was golden, and some of the people in the court said she had "the brow of the blessed virgin."

Somebody had nick-named her the Duchess, and the name clung to her. It was derived, of course, from her adopted father's name, but there was an appropriateness about it, too. When she was scarcely as high as the knob of the shop door she held all Pennyroyal Court, figuratively speaking, under her thumb.

Nobody quite understood why. Many of the people believed that a deformed person was under the especial protection of the

saints, and that had much to do with it. She had a force of character that had its effect everywhere, and a heart big enough to take in all Pennyroyal Court, from the grandfathers and grandmothers down to the new puppies and kittens.

Not too soft a heart, either, had the Duchess for practical, every-day use in Pennyroyal Court. She administered condign punishment to Johnny Meany, who persisted in tying two tin pans to cats' tails, and she promptly escorted Danny Keep to the police station when he came home with an unaccounted-for watch in his possession, and nobody in the court who had been drinking too much dared to let the Duchess see him.

One day the little sweet-smelling shop was closed, and crape was tied on its door-handle. Old Mr. Duke was dead, and had left the little waif behind him homeless and penniless, as he had found her.

But as she sat on the door-step, when the funeral was over, with her little bundle in her arms, trying to force back the tears, that people might not feel too much troubled for her, she had only the delicate difficulty of choosing among more than a dozen homes that were open to her.

"You're all good to me,—and I'll go with Nancy Pedrick," she said to the throng that surrounded her.

Nancy Pedrick, who was likely to be turned out of her attic any day, for her husband had fallen from a wharf and been drowned, when he was intoxicated, leaving her, a delicate woman, with five children to care for, of whom Tommy the oldest was only nine.

The people all looked at each other; but, after all, it was just like the Duchess. And Nancy Pedrick hid her face in her apron and wept tears of relief and comfort. She knew what a wise head the Duchess had. She was only thirteen, and no taller than a child of nine, but Nancy Pedrick felt as if she had found a strong helper.

The Duchess had plans, already. There was a stock of herbs left in the store, and she meant to take them around in a basket, perhaps even to the fine streets and squares; she had hopes of building up a thriving trade.

But these plannings came to a sudden end. One day a procession came through the street. A great general was dead, and military companies, with slow music and muffled

drums, and a long line of carriages filled with distinguished men from all parts of the country, formed his funeral cortege.

Pennyroyal Court emptied itself into the street in two minutes. Processions did not often come that way. This one was returning, and had taken the shortest route.

Some of the men in the companies had been on escort duty a long time and were much fatigued. The Duchess, leaning from Nancy Pedrick's attic window to look—she seldom ventured into a crowd—saw one of the soldiers looking very white and faint, and even leaning upon his comrade, as some obstruction in the street caused a halt. The Duchess seized a can of coffee from the back of the stove, where she had set it to keep it warm for Tommy, and hurried down-stairs. She pushed through the crowd, forgetting entirely her fear of it. The look of gratitude that the soldier gave her as he raised the can to his lips would have paid for braving more danger than that. Other eager hands were stretched out for the coffee, but the procession started again suddenly, the crowd rushed and swayed; nobody could afterwards tell just how it happened, but the Duchess was pushed down, and the crowd rushed over her. Everybody was eagerly pushing forward to see some war trophies of the dead general that were carried in the procession.

When the procession had passed and the crowd was dispersing, there was no trace to be found of the Duchess! Pennyroyal Court was in a wild state of agitation and alarm. Notice was given at all the police stations, and the hospitals were searched in vain. Several persons reported that they had seen her knocked down and trampled upon by the crowd. One man had seen her carried off, apparently lifeless, by a policeman! Peter Trimmins, the tin-pedler's son, reported that he had seen the Duchess driving off in the procession, in a barouche, with the mayor and other dignitaries! Peter Trimmins was not noted for "a taste exact for actual fact," and his mother whipped him soundly. Poor Peter! But he escaped a great many whippings that he did deserve, so perhaps it was only poetical justice that he should get one that he did not.

For Peter actually told the truth!

When the Duchess was knocked down in the crowd somebody trod heavily upon her arm, and the pain was so great that she became faint and almost lost consciousness.

She scarcely knew what was happening, when strong arms lifted her to the luscious seat of a carriage.

It happened that the mayor had watched her when she carried the coffee to the soldier, and had seen her fall. He was a kind-hearted man, and was interested in her, and he would not listen to the suggestions of the others in the carriage that he should give her into a policeman's care. He carried her to his own house, and sent for a doctor to dress her bruised arm, and his daughter, a little girl of about the same age as the Duchess, brought her an astonishing assortment of Paris dolls, and queer German toys, and delightful pets, from a very wise parrot, who advised the Duchess to "grin and bear it," down to a white mouse no larger than her thumb.

But the Duchess could not enjoy these delights while her people in Pennyroyal Court were anxious about her, so the mayor despatched a servant to tell them what had happened, and if the servant had been faithful, Nancy Pedrick would have been saved her tears, and Peter Trimmings his whipping; but he thought it beneath his dignity to carry a message to Pennyroyal Court, so he gave ten cents to a boy, who was playing marbles, to do the errand for him. The boy spent the ten cents for marbles on the way to the Court, and meeting some boys who wanted to play, he forgot all about the errand.

And so it fell out that a week went by, and Pennyroyal Court had given up the Duchess as lost, when one fine morning an elegant carriage stopped at the Court, and

out of it stepped the Duchess, and with her a little girl who looked like a princess.

Oh, and then there was rejoicing in Pennyroyal Court! The mayor's daughter had to explain everything, for the Duchess was choked with tears of joy.

"And we wanted her to stay with us always, and papa said she should be brought up like a lady, and she wouldn't! She said the people here all belonged to her, and it was her home. And I think it is very queer!" And the mayor's daughter went off, being called by her governess who sat in the carriage, and she was very glad that she didn't live in Pennyroyal Court, while the Duchess' heart was overflowing with joy because she had got home!

"O Nancy!" cried the Duchess, as soon as they were alone. "I only knew it just before I came away—they passed a hat round in the carriage, and did you ever see such a lot of money in your life? And we'll hire the little shop and keep it just like grandpa did! I know how to make the beer, and the hoarhound drops and all, and you can sell some of your beautiful pies, and Tommy can keep newspapers on one side, and, O Nancy, the children will all have enough!"

Nancy wept for joy; it seemed too good to be true that the children would all have enough!

Everything came to pass just as the Duchess planned, and Tommy, with his own hands, added to Mr. Duke's sign—"AND HOME MADE PIZE." And, although learning is not to be despised, everybody knew what it meant, and the pies were just as good as if they had been spelled right.

MY BOY.

BY IONE L. JONES.

A tip of the cap,
A "Yes, sir!" a "No, sir!"
A brisk, cheerful "Thank you," when favors are
given;
A stepping behind
To let ladies go past him;
Oh, such is my bonny boy aged just seven!

Vacating a chair
When he sees mama coming;
A kiss on her cheek (ah, be kind to him, Heaven!
en!")
Impulsive and warm-hearted,
Thinking of others;
Oh, this is my bonny boy, aged just seven!

CATSKILL, N. Y., 1888.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SUGAR-PLUMS AND CANDY FROLICS.

THERE is no more pleasant excitement that can be promised the little ones at this season than a candy-pull. Indeed I am not so far past childhood as to have forgotten, or as to be ashamed to confess that I still feel a tithe of the thrill of delight which a promised candy-frolic gave me long ago. In those "good old days" we did not aspire to the chocolates and rich creams craved by the youngsters of to-day, but contented ourselves with the healthful and unassuming taffy, or the somewhat more luxurious butter scotch. Even the former, however, may be made at home at less than half the cost of the purchased article, and you may know beside that they are pure and wholesome.

There are two kinds of French creams, (which is the basis of all fancy bon-bons), the cooked and the uncooked. The first is made as follows: Put one pound of loaf sugar and a cup of cold water over the fire in a thick saucepan—preferably porcelain-lined one—and boil until it has reached what is known as the "ball." In order to fully comprehend this you must understand the various degrees in sugar boiling. The first is the small thread, or when if the ball of the thumb be touched to a little of the boiling syrup it pulls out into a small thread, which gives it its name. At the next stage the thread will draw out longer, and it clings more, in the place of being smooth and slippery as before. This is the *large thread*. Later on, when by dipping a skimmer with holes in the boiling liquid and giving it a quick turn with the wrist, feathery films of sugar appear, it has reached the *feather* or *blow* degree. Again it becomes, upon further boiling, tough, and is then known as the "ball." To test this take out a little, dip it in cold water, and try to roll it quickly between the thumb and finger; if it takes the shape of a ball readily, it has attained the ball degree. Now remove from the fire and cool for five minutes while with a syllabub churn, you whip to a stiff froth the whites of five eggs; pour the sugar slowly into these whites, beating unceasingly until all has been added. When the sugar is first put over the fire add a saltspoonful of cream tartar to prevent "graining."

For the uncooked cream, break the whites of two eggs into a bowl, add an exactly equal measure of cold water, and stir in powdered sugar until you have it stiff enough to be molded into shape by the fingers.

There is still a third form of cream made by boiling a pound of sugar with half a cup of water, and a saltspoonful of cream tartar to the

large thread. Let it cool in the saucepan for ten minutes, and then with the back of a wooden spoon rub the sugar against the sides of the saucepan until it is all creamy, when it must be molded as quickly as possible before it hardens. Should this happen, keep it just warm enough to handle nicely.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.—Mold some of the cream made after either of the preceding recipes, into little balls. Make the chocolate for covering as follows: Dissolve a half teaspoonful of gum arabic in a tablespoonful of water; melt a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate in a gill of hot water and pour the two solutions together; stir in a desertspoonful of icing sugar, and keep warm by setting the bowl containing it over the tea-kettle, while you mix with a spoon until it is entirely free from lumps, and about the consistency of, and as smooth as cream. After the little balls of cream are dry, stick a long hat pin into them, dip them in the melted chocolate, and roll them about until they are well coated, and you will have the most delicious chocolate creams. Lay them on an oiled plate to dry, which process may be hastened by setting the plate under the stove; but the heat must be very gentle.

All of the above cream foundations are to be flavored just before molding. Walnut creams can be made from the English walnuts by pressing a half kernel on either side of a small disc of cream. These may also be dipped in the chocolate before putting on the nuts, or the cream may be colored with a few drops of cochineal, and flavored with rose-water.

The native black walnut, makes a very delightful candy, as does also the butternut, served in the above fashion, or smaller kernels may be imbedded in the cream.

The cream may be varied by adding the juice and very thinly grated rind of a lemon or orange, and as this thins it somewhat, add more sugar, or use less water in the boiling, substituting the juice instead.

Large French prunes may have the stones taken out and the aperture filled with cream. For cream figs, tear the fig in two, leaving it joined at the stem end; insert an oblong piece of the cream, and press the fig together at the bottom. Dates are served in the same way.

Pineapple, or any kind of preserved or candied fruits may be cut into dice and treated in like manner. A novel candy is made by molding some of this cream into flat bars; spread with any kind of jelly that is so firm it can be cut into a slice; put on another layer of cream. Raspberry, currant and strawberry jellies of a tough, firm texture, may be cut in small dice,

rolled in the cream, or in the chocolate icing, or both. Dessicated cocoanut can be mixed with some of the cream, and then rolled either in plain or chocolate icing.

A very rich candy is made by boiling one and one-half ounces of minced filberts with one ounce of sugar until it assumes a brown tinge; spread on an oiled paper to cool. Chop again, and mix with an equal quantity of the cream; roll into small balls and dip in the chocolate.

Chopped almonds instead of filberts treated in like manner give chocolate creams *au Nougat*.

A most delightful nut candy is made by stirring several kinds of chopped nuts into the cream; then make into squares or bars, and if it is to be kept for any length of time, wrap it in waxed paper. Seeded raisins, figs and citron make a mixture that can be used in the same way. The cream may be flavored and at the same time colored brown by stirring in the melted chocolate.

This Almond nougat is the dainty confection now selling on the crowded London thoroughfares, and is known as "the delicious Montell-mart Nougat, the exquisite new almond sweet."

The street peddleress decks her barrow with a clean white awning; provides herself with a shining pair of brass scales and weights and a pile of spotless wrapping paper. She herself is as fresh and comely as a clean white apron with bib and sleeves, a neat hat and a smart print gown can make her. You will, however, have no occasion to peddle this confection about the streets, as you will have quite employment enough in providing your own immediate circle with its dainty delight.

You can make any kind of candied fruit from the preserved fruit. Drain from the syrup, dip quickly in boiling water, wipe dry with a clean cloth, and dry in a slow oven. The next day make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a gill of water; boil it to the thread, dip each piece of fruit in it, drain as much of the candy from them as possible, and dry on a sieve in a cool oven.

Candied lemon and orange peel can be easily made at home. Remove all loose skin and pulp, but not the inner white skin; cut them in car-pels or quarters, and boil until tender, not allowing them to break, and changing the water twice. They sometimes take from three to four hours. Make a syrup with a pound of sugar and a gill of the juice of either fruit, and boil until it reaches the small thread degree. Put in the peels and boil twenty minutes; let them stand over night in the syrup; the next day take out the peel, dip quickly in boiling water, dry on a napkin, and lay on a sieve spread with a cloth sprinkled thickly with powdered sugar, and set in a slow oven for twenty-four hours. The next day make a fresh syrup with a pint of sugar and a gill of water; boil and skim until it will draw

out like a thread; put in the peel, give one boil, and drain and dry as before in a slow oven.

The oiled paper can be purchased in the city; but for the benefit of our country readers, we give the method of making it. Procure some sheets of white tissue paper; pour a little sweet oil in a shallow dish, and with a small varnish brush dipped in it, oil one side of the paper only; lay this between unoled sheets of the same paper kept for the purpose, and make as many as required, letting them lie several hours before using them. No oil will come off, and the candy will not stick.

BOILED CANDY.—Plain molasses candy is made from one cupful of sugar, two of molasses, and a tablespoonful each of butter and glycerine. Boil fast for twenty-five minutes and stir frequently to prevent scorching. Put a few drops in cold water, and if it hardens and becomes brittle, remove from the stove. Before it stops boiling, have ready your buttered pans, stir one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar into the candy, and pour it into the pans. When half cool, butter your hands and pull into sticks. This popular amusement for young men and maidens is as old as the "old old story," to the telling of which it often leads. There is such a tantalizing waving of white hands and arms, such an opportunity and excuse for saying sweet things in a low voice, that the duenna in the adjoining room may not hear, that altogether it would be perhaps safer if the duenna should remain in the same room, but this is a matter of conscience, and perhaps it would be kinder not to spoil the young folks' fun.

Taffy proper is made by boiling hard for twenty minutes, one cupful each of sugar and molasses, with a tablespoonful of butter. Test as before, and if it is not brittle, boil longer. A difference in the quality of the molasses sometimes makes a necessary difference in the time of cooking.

Butter scotch is a great favorite with the little ones, and as harmless as it is possible for candy to be. Boil for forty minutes a coffee cupful of brown sugar, half a cup of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar with butter the size of a walnut. Pour into buttered pans, and when nearly cold, cut into narrow strips. For a "grown-up" candy frolic, caramels are greatly liked. Use one cupful each of molasses, brown sugar and milk, and a tablespoonful each of butter and glycerine; boil for twenty minutes, add a cupful of grated chocolate and boil fifteen minutes longer. Test to see if it is brittle, and pour into buttered pans.

A very nice boiled nut candy is made from two cupfuls of molasses and one of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When the candy is brittle pour it over a cupful of shelled peanuts, or any or all kinds of nuts mixed and chopped or whole. Raisins and minced fruits may also be added.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

ADVANTAGES OF COURTESY.—A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

HOW DIMES ARE MADE AND COUNTED.—The United States mint in San Francisco is said to be the largest institution of the kind in the world. Just at the present time there is a lively demand for silver dimes, and two of the money presses have been for some time running exclusively on this coin. The demand is so great that these machines are not even stopped on Sunday. The process of dime making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two-pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters. The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses, and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of 100 per minute, 48,000 dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours. As the smooth pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type; at the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree, and the small corrugations are cut into its rim. The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and it is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine by any means, as one might suppose. It is a simple copper-colored tray,

having raised ridges running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime. From the receiver the money is dumped on this board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1250 silver dimes, or \$125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment. The dime does not pass through the weigher's hands as does the coin of a larger denomination. One and one-half grains is allowed for variation, or "tolerance," in all silver coins from a dollar down, and the deviation from the standard in the ten-cent pieces is so trifling that the trouble and expense of weighing coins of this denomination is dispensed with.

THE DISTANCE OF THE STARS.—The distance of Alpha Centauri may be stated in round numbers to be twenty billions of miles. Now, a billion means a million of millions, so that the distance of Alpha Centauri may be stated to be twenty millions of millions of miles. Let us now try to form some conception, however imperfect of this amazing distance. Let us suppose a railway train to leave the earth, traveling day and night at the rate of fifty miles an hour without stoppages. In six months it would reach the moon, in 200 years it would reach the sun, and in 6000 years it would reach the planet Neptune, the orbit of which forms the extreme known limit of the planetary system. The same train, however, would not reach the star Alpha Centauri in less than 42,000,000 years. One more illustration may be useful. Comets, in general, revolve in very eccentric orbits. When a comet is in the perihelion of its orbit it is comparatively near to the earth; on the other hand, when it is at the aphelion it is remote—in many instances very remote from the earth. For instance, the celebrated comet of 1858, known as Donati's comet, one of the greatest comets of modern times, at the time of its passage of the perihelion, was distant from the sun 50,000,000 miles, but when it has attained the aphelion of its orbit (which will occur in about 1000 years hereafter), its distance from the earth will not be less than 30,000,000,000 miles. Now our typical railway train starting from the earth would not reach the aphelion of the orbit of Donati's comet in less than 60,000 years, and yet the aphelion distance of Donati's comet is only one-

seven-hundredth part of the distance from the earth to Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars.

LITTLE TIFFS.—What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little, or the beef too much; an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of the curtains that ought to be for the front windows; the definition of a word, or its pronunciation, are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and good-will are of so much importance in the house. A little ill-feeling is like a little seed, that may grow into a large tree which will shade the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two, and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath! Quarreling is one of the original sins, for the babies on the floor will fall out over the toys, and one will push down the block town that the other has built with great pains, and mama will be called to settle a quarrel, and no truth can be got at, for each is right in his own estimation, and each has been wronged by the other. So it is through life—a reasonable quarrel about great matters may be settled, and the parties made friends again; but little trifles about nothing are such foolish, intangible things that reason cannot overcome them.

OLD TIME AXIOMS.—The following are from an old scrap-book. We reproduce them to show the present generation what quaint ideas were promulgated by the teachers of our fathers and mothers of the olden time: An independent man is one who blacks his own boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, who earns at least a penny a day more than he spends, and who can, upon a pinch, shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror. A great man is one who can lead his children to obey him when out of his sight. A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him. A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by seeking to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort. A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one, abroad. A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded. A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and by a mawkish senti-

ment which has as little to do with a true heart as has the gaudy dress she wears. A good girl always respects herself, and is thus sure to be respected by others. Apes remain apes though you clothe them with velvet. We often pardon those who weary us, but we cannot pardon those whom we weary.

A HINT TO LOVERS.—If any man desire to know the character of his chosen future wife let him take her hand and hold it up between him and the light. If considerable interstices and chinks show themselves between the fingers it is a sign of desperate inquisitiveness. Mrs. Bluebeard doubtless possessed such ill-fitting fingers. If, on the contrary, the fingers fit closely together they denote avarice. Secret hoards, cheese-paring tendencies and a candle-end style of house-keeping may be prophesied by the light of chierosophy in such cases. This may be one of the instances in which the study is to be found practically useful. In the same way young women may be advised to choose a husband whose hands are naturally red. His disposition will then be cheerful, sanguine, hopeful. The man with dark-colored hands will prove an indifferent companion. He inclines to biliousness and melancholy. If the hands are white they denote a phlegmatic disposition, one scarcely more agreeable to live with than the bilious and melancholy.

THE CHOCOLATE GIRL.—Possibly most of the people who are familiar with the picture of the chocolate girl, used for so long as an advertisement, think it a creation of some artist's fancy. On the contrary, it is a portrait, the portrait of a very pretty Viennese woman, and has a romantic story attached to it. It seems that some years ago a young German student of noble birth fell in love with the pretty chocolate girl who served him with this delicious beverage in a Vienna cafe. She was a respectable girl and he an honorable gentleman; and he married her. He felt proud of her humble origin, and had her portrait painted by a famous German artist in the picturesque costume she wore when he first met her; and this portrait is now among the most valued art treasures of the government.

CELTIC PROVERBS.

Thrice the age of a dog is the age of a horse.
Thrice the age of a horse is the age of a man.
Thrice the age of a man is the age of a deer.
Thrice the age of a deer is the age of an eagle.
Thrice the age of an eagle is the age of an oak.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

22.—Take progressed swiftly from a kind of
open portico, and leave a Hindoo sacred book.

CYRIL DEANE.

Answers to December Puzzles.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 76.—Planet.
78.—Herschell.
80.—E D D A
D R E G S
D E F I E S
A G I T A T E
S E A T E D
S T E A D E D
E D D Y T
82.—Stiver.
84.—Cade-t.
86.—Budget.
88.—V A P O R
T I D E S
T E N O R
S T R A W
S E T E E
90.—Ag(n)ate.
92.—Co(n)vert.
94.—E(y)rie.
96.—Likeness begets love, yet proud men
hate one another. | 77.—Saturn.
79.—Vesta.
81.—C A B I N E T
A T O N E D
B O U N D
I N N S
N E D
83.—Shrive-l.
85.—Flame-n.
87.—Whirl.
89.—C A M E L
A D O R E
M O O R E
E R R O R
L E E R S
91.—Ba(s)il.
93.—Duc(a)t.
95.—Fet(i)ch.
96.—Likeness begets love, yet proud men
hate one another. |
|---|---|

14.—Reversion.

She is resting on the stile,
On her lips a happy smile,
Listening to him the while.

And the TOTALS in deep thought,
With self-negation fraught,
Why her humble self he sought.

Whole reversed are both her cheeks
While her ardent lover speaks,
Pleading for the hand he seeks.

MAUDE.

15.—A Pentagon.

1 A letter. 2 To exclude. 3 Bundles. 4 The
diameter of a bullet. 5 To blunt. 6 An issue.
7 To break.

MARQUIS.

16.—An Octagon.

1 A simpleton. 2 To make a retort. 3 Di-
verse. 4 A mean proposition. 5 Robbed. 6
Earnest. 7 Guided.

MARQUIS.

Synecopations.

17.—Take whoever from a small rope or piece
of cord, and leave to fatten.

18.—Take a small protuberance on the flesh
from dusky, and leave cautious.

19.—Take to sum up from a tree and fruit like
an orange, and leave concussion.

20.—Take to pierce from savory, and leave a
story.

21.—Take a female relative from fluttered, and
leave resorted to shelter.

23.—Cross-Word Enigma.

In like, not in love;
In bird, not in dove;
In sling, not in toss;
In gain, not in loss;
In find, not in seek;
In mild, not in meek;
In sell, not in buy;
In scream, not in cry;
In brave, not in bold;
In warm, not in cold.

Ye posers all,

Both large and small,

If you would solve this mystery,

Bear this in mind,

Seek and you'll find,

A bird well known to you and me.

MARQUIS.

Decapitations.

- 24.—Behead to retard, and leave proud.
 25.—Behead famine, and leave the world.
 26.—Behead a vehicle, and leave a fish.
 27.—Behead a truth, and leave an exploit,
 28.—Behead to defeat, and leave to lubricate.
 29.—Behead to destroy, and leave an insect.

MARAH.

30.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of ten letters, is used by
puzzle writers and solvers. The 1 5 8 9 10, is a
journal. The 8 3 4 2 6 7, is a deed.

AMY GRAVES.

Drop Letter Proverbs.

- 31.—H-a-t-m-y-g-e-t-o-g-h-a-s-i-f-r.
 32.—t-s-e-t-r-o-o-e-l-h-n-o-a-w-l.

VETERAN.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the largest list of correct answers to this
month's puzzles, received before February 10th,
we offer an illustrated novelette; and for the
next best list, a book of poems.

Solvers.

Answers to the October puzzles were received
from Katie Smith, Bert Rand, Vinnie, Birdie
Browne, J. D. L., Teddy, Kittie McMillan,
Tom, Birdie Lane, Jack, Bridget McQ, I. O. T.,
Geraldine, Cora A. Lee, Ann Eliza, A. Mary
Khan, Old Oakhum, Ida May, Black Hawk,
Nicholas, Willie L., and Puritan.

Prize-Winners.

Teddy, New Haven, Conn., for the largest
list of answers; Ida May, Portsmouth, N. H.,
for the next best list.

Original puzzles, of all kinds, are always wan-
ted for publication.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

METHUSELAH TO HIS WIFE.

Oh, dost thou remember our youthful hours
When I was your humble beau?
When we laughed and sighed in the daisy bowers
Eight hundred years ago?

When the brightest of futures before us lay
One hopeful, delicious track;
When I was a dude, not a bit blase,
Some trifling centuries back?

Canst thou recall the fond days of yore,
Our travels o'er land and sea,
When I was 154,
And you were just 93?

Canst thou summon up in thy mind—
The charms of our love divine,
When you were 248,
And I was 309?

Ah! then how our love did supremely thrive,
How we dwelt in mutual heaven,
When you were 345,
And I near 407?

And can you recall in your present state,—
For old age makes memory sad,—
When I was 888,
The first spat we ever had?

And how on my back you broke your sticks,
A job that was neatly done,
When you were 849,
And I was 901?

But we are nearing the 1,000 now, my dear,
We no longer are fresh and strong,
Old age is beginning to tell, I fear,
And we cannot linger long.

All those happy days are forever past,
The happiest bards have sung,
And I see death coming with mind aghast,
For 'tis sad to die so young.

—Bee, *Richmond, Me.*

BURDETTE ON INSOMNIA.—Writing on insomnia, Burdette says: What pleases me when I am tormented with sleeplessness is a little health book of my own, in which I have jotted down a few—a very few—of the “infallible remedies” for sleeplessness which have been tried in thousands—or perhaps it was millions—of cases, most of which were in the prescriber's own immediate family, or, at the farthest, circle of immediate friends, and had never once failed to effect a permanent and, it is needless to say, instant cure. All of these cases collectively and each one by itself individually were and was exactly like my own in cause, duration, and operation. The simplicity of the combined

remedy appeals at once to human confidence.

Eat nothing within three hours before retiring.

Eat a light but substantial luncheon just before going to bed. Nature abhors a vacuum. (This is one of the prescriptions I like.)

Read light literature before going to bed.

Read nothing after supper. Walk a mile in the open air just before bed-time.

Go to your room an hour before retiring and read until bed-time. Give up smoking altogether.

If you are a smoker, a cigar just before retiring will smooth and tranquilize your nerves until you can't keep awake.

Don't think about sleeping; you scare away slumber by wooing the drowsy god.

Resolutely resolve, as you lie down, that you will go to sleep and sleep will come naturally.

Take a warm bath, and go from the tub into bed.

Take a cold, sponge bath, jump into bed, and you'll be asleep before your head touches the pillow.

Walk slowly about your room half an hour.

Lie on your right side, with your cheek on your hand.

Lie on your left side, with your head resting on your arm.

Drink milk. (This, according to my experience, is the best prescription in the lot. It will make you sleep better than all the bromides going, which are snares and delusions. But milk diet not only makes you sleep at night, but you want to sleep all the next day. It makes you intolerably stupid all the time. It is a very pleasant, half-awake feeling, if you have nothing else to do but to enjoy falling asleep at any time and in all manner of places, like Colville in the best told story of these times, “Indian Summer,” but if you have any work to do it is embarrassing.)

Count up to 1000. (I tried this inhuman bit of idiocy one night. I came very near falling asleep two or three times, but was started wide awake by suddenly becoming conscious that I had lost my count, and had to begin over again. This cure kept me awake one whole night, when I was so sleepy I could scarcely hold my eyes open. The friend who gave me this prescription is not living now. She was a woman, and I could not, as a gentleman, offer her violence. So I dosed a box of marshmallows with Rough on Rats and sent them to her.)

So what is a sleepless man who wants to sleep going to do? If he eats a light luncheon,

smokes a mild cigar, reads Bunner an hour, walks a mile in the air, comes back and walks another mile about his room, takes a sponge bath, cold, followed by a tub bath, warm, drinks a pint of milk, jumps into bed and lies on both sides, with his head on one arm, and one hand, and counts a thousand, it will be time to get up, anyhow, and he can have a few nervous fits during the day.

It is a fact, however, that even men who think they suffer from sleeplessness do not lie awake half so long as they imagine they do. When a man says to me, "I did not close my eyes once all night," I know he lies. Not intentionally, of course. He thinks he was awake all night. The probability is that he did not get asleep until two hours after his regular time, and it seemed an age to him. Really, it isn't often that a man lies awake the whole night through. I am not a physician, and cannot speak by the book, but I believe that men fib about their sleepless nights more than any other ill to which our weak humanity is heir. Now, take your own case; you remember the last time you lay awake all night, don't you? Yes, I see you do. Well, don't you remember that same night you heard the clock strike two, and then the next time you heard it, it struck seven? Yes, I see you do. Well, that's one of the mysteries about insomnia that is difficult to explain.

ONE CENT.—It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent, but at the same time it is a very important coin at times, says an exchange. It will take a circular to California, and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten-dollar bill. One cent is very small, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern, magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music. The penny, it seems, was made to put on church plates; and, although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw on a horse-car to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet is so large when the baby swallows it that the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent. Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four were as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

"I greatly dislike," said a Dakota minister, last Sunday, after the singing of the first hymn, "to make any personal allusion from the pulpit,

but I feel as if a certain occurrence demanded a word. I refer to the case of Brother Hopkins, who lost \$10 on old Royal George, the running horse, at the county fair this week, and got mad, and set up a great howl about fraud, and tried to clean up the whole committee, and so forth. It was in poor taste, and deserves the strongest denunciation. I suppose I might also add by way of example," continued the good man, as he turned over the leaves searching for his text, "that I was backing Royal George to the tune of \$30 myself, but when I lost I didn't go roaring around as if I had lost a right leg."

The old practical joke of a half-dozen young fellows raising dripping wet umbrellas in the main doorway of a public hall at the close of an entertainment before a crowded house on a starlight night, was played with entire success a few evenings ago in Harlem, says the *New York Times*. The news of the unexpected and most unwelcome storm was communicated to others by those of the audience who first saw the umbrellas, and in that way it became the exciting and exclusive subject of conversation throughout the building. Gentlemen carefully covered their silk ties with their handkerchiefs, rolled up the ends of the legs of their trousers and turned up their coat collars. Ladies prepared themselves in the conventional way for a provoking walk to the cars, and others sent their gallant escorts flying after umbrellas, coaches, and waterproofs. In about ten minutes the real state of things, the pretty how-to-do, had been discovered, and then came unbounded hilarity and a resolve on the part of the weather-bound boys to try it on somewhere themselves.

"Well, madam," says the head of the house, who has apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, "What have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madam, may I ask?"

"Mutton chops, my dear," says the wife, timidly.

"Mutton chops!" echoes the husband, with a peal of sardonic laughter. "Mutton chops! I could have guessed it. By the living jingo, madam, if I ever eat another meal inside this house—" And jamming on his hat and slamming the door the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to a restaurant.

"What'll you have, sir?" says the waiter, politely, handing him the bill of fare.

"Ah!" says the guest, having glanced over it, "let me see. Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop!"

There was once a judge noted for the mildness of his manners and the gentleness of his reproofs to the lawyers, who sometimes addressed each

other in language which could not be passed by, without notice from the court.

One day two lawyers who were pleading a case passed beyond the stage of bantering, and began to call each other names. One of them said:—

"The attorney on the other side is, may it please your honor, not only the ugliest but the stupidest lawyer in the country."

"You forget yourself, Mr. Smith, you forget yourself!" said the judge rapping gently with his gavel.

A well-known New Orleans merchant was riding in a Magazine Street car, when an old lady, evidently from the country, accompanied by two very pretty daughters, entered. There is a nervous twitching in the merchant's face, which to strangers has a curious look. It affects the lids of his eyes, and twists his mouth. It is a sore subject with the gentleman, and his friends never allude to it in his presence.

When the old lady was seated and drew out her portmonnaie to pay her fare, the merchant stepped forward to deposit it. The fare was reached to him, and then the old lady's eyes encountered his face shaking and twitching like a jelly.

"Who are you winking at, sir?" the lady demanded.

"I beg your pardon, madam, no one."

"Don't I see you, sir?" replied the indignant lady, as another violent spasm crossed his face.

By this time the attention of all the passengers was attracted to the couple.

"I'm not winking."

"You are, sir, and I want you to understand that I don't like it."

"It's natural with me!" cried the mortified gentleman, blushing scarlet.

One of the young ladies, evidently sympathizing in his distress, here interposed in a loud whisper to her mother: "I say, mother, he's the funny man that acts in the show. It's got to be natural with him."

This was more than he could stand, and he left the car in the midst of the ill-bred merriment of his fellow-passengers.

When Jackson was President of the United States, a poor woman at Washington, who had a large board bill against a department clerk which she could not collect, sought in her despair an interview with the President, and told him her trouble. The President told her to go to the clerk and get his promissory note, and then come back. When she returned the President wrote across the back "Andrew Jackson."

In due course the note was placed in a bank for collection and the clerk notified. He paid no attention, but when informed who had indorsed it, quickly got the money and paid the

note. Next day he was notified that his services in the department were no longer wanted.

If he had not the article that might happen to be called for, he was sure to name something that was sufficiently like it to answer the purpose. Thus when a customer wanted "Winter strained oil," the merchant told him he hadn't that kind exactly, but he had some that was "strained *very late in the autumn*." Disparage one article as you might, he was sure to find something to praise in it. If his tea was not strong it was well flavored, etc. On one occasion, a customer having called for a sample of gun-powder, rubbed it in his hands to ascertain the proportion of charcoal, and then observed that it lacked strength. "I know," said the imperturbable tradesman, falling into his old tea formula, "I know the powder is not as strong as some, but you'll find it *very mild and agreeable*."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a lawyer of San Bernardino, Cal., while defending a client, "you would not send a man to jail for a little thing like this, would you? Why, gentlemen, if some of you had been punished for the little offenses you have committed you would be in the penitentiary to-day." This did not seem to strike the jury as good argument, and they found the accused man guilty at once.

"Yo' don't want yo' berf made up yit, does you?" inquired the porter of a middle-aged passenger; yo' mos' always has 'nudder cigar 'bout dis time ob the ebenin'. The smokin'-room's nigh empty now, sah."

The gentleman addressed had already smoked two or three cigars since supper, and a few moments before had remarked that he was sleepy, but in five minutes more he was in the smoking-room, puffing away. Curiosity as to the meaning of the porter's strange conduct led to inquiry.

"Well, yo' musn't give it away, boss, but that's one of the tricks of the fashion. I makes it a pint to 'member somethin' 'bout every gemmen dat travels in my cah. If one be partic'la' 'bout de vent'lation. I'll ax him if the temptuah suits him, tellin' him I 'member how 'tic'la' he is. I tells mo' en one gemmen dat he smokes de bes' cigahs evah bu'ned in my cah. Any little peculiarity or whim 'bout a man—an' 'bout every man has one or mo'—I 'member, and humor him in it, yo' see. I try to make every man believe I know him, an' de plainer I can make that fack appeah, so de othah passengers will see and heah, de better I like it. Talk 'bout de ladies likin' flattery, da ain't no compar'son to de gemmen. Da ain't no man libbin' what don't like to be treated as if he was a 'sper'enced traveler and somebody of importance. Da 'member me in de mawnin', too, boss. Bet I make a hund'ed dollars a monf jus' by studyin' human nachah. Yo' berf is ready, sah."

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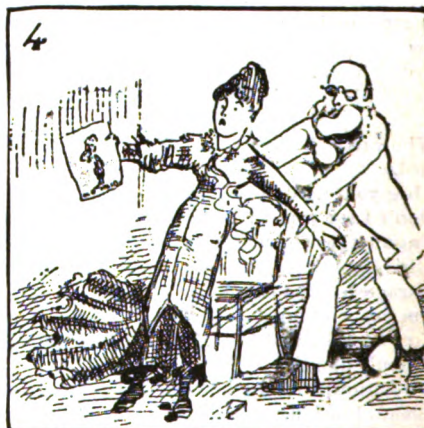
Augustus purchases two valentines.



One for his boarding-house keeper, the other for his loved one; but, by some mistake, they get in the wrong envelopes.



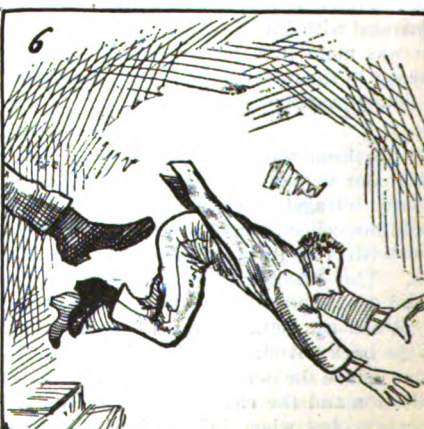
The boarding-house keeper gets the beautiful valentine, bubbling over with sentiments of undying affection, and so forth.



And the comic one goes to his loved one. [The curtain falls. Yellow lights and slow music.]



That night, the innocent and unconscious Augustus sails up to the loved one's door.



"**** Yes, you are correct: that big boot does belong to the loved one's father."



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HIS OWN OPINION.

BY G. B. STUART.

WHEN one ascends the Monument to look at the busy world below, the people moving about in the streets beneath appear hardly larger than flies. Creamshire folk, as every one knows, live always upon a monument. London, though regarded generally as the first city of the world, is held in contempt by Creamshire as a modern Nazareth whence "no good thing" can be expected. Creamshire people have a good many instinctive horrors, but their greatest horror of all is of Londoners. Luckily very few come their way; and fewer return the second time. The county and its society are alike rich, quiet and conservative, affording little foothold for the intruding villa-resident; the old names remain in the old places century after century.

Miss Wye was a typical Creamshire woman; the only mistake she had made in her long life was her refusal of Sir John Drake, somewhere about the year 1845. By right she ought to have married him—the Wyes and Drakes had always intermarried whenever an available opportunity presented itself in their families; but on this occasion it was rumored—only with bated breath—that Annett Wye had allowed her heart to stray out of the county, and Sir John, having his under better control, transferred it to Miss Panton, of Panton, who made him a very dignified wife, bore him a son, and, some years later, died as peacefully as she had lived, enriching the husband and child she left behind with the accumulated fortunes of all the Pantons, to whom she was heiress.

Sir John did not survive her long, and Sir Arthur, who succeeded, married early in the



hope of re-establishing a family at Drake Hall; but it seemed as if some cruel fate had resolutely set itself against the realization of domestic happiness in the Drake family; the young wife died at the birth of twin-daughters, and once more the great house was without a mistress, and Sir Arthur, who lived forlornly in one corner of it, was regarded as one whom it behooved Creamshire to "tie up" as quickly and satisfactorily as possible.

"Of course he must marry again," every one said; "and he must marry properly. Poor little Lucy Randon—the late Lady Drake—was only half representative of Creamshire, after all. He must do better the next time."

But, before anything could be done, Sir Arthur went off for a tour in the East, which

was prolonged over several years, and the county felt that the ways of Providence were indeed mysterious in thus allowing a Creamshire baronet to run the gauntlet of foreign female society; but at the same time they breathed more freely, for the responsibility was off their shoulders.

When the widower returned, six years afterwards, it was tactily understood that Miss Wye was to have the settling of his future. It was felt that she owed the Drake family some compensation for having failed to enter it forty years before; besides, she had been more in Sir Arthur's confidence than anybody else during his absence, had generally known his address, and had written him reports of the twins, the management of whom, under the housekeeper and nurse at the Hall, she was authorized to superintend. Sir Arthur called her "aunt," and so did the little girls. It was a real grief to Miss Wye that she had no niece of her own who would be eligible for the excellent "place" which she felt she had to give away in the mistress-ship of Drake Hall; but all her brother's girls were still in the school-room, and there was no chance of Sir Arthur's waiting for any of them, and so giving her a real right to the title which little Lucy and Alice and their father gave her.

Miss Wye, like a practical woman, set herself to consider who among all her acquaintances was most suitable for the post to be filled; and it was not long before she decided on Letitia Hornbeam, the daughter of an old friend, who had been born and bred in the most select circle of the Creamshire "upper ten." Whether the whispered explanation of Miss Wye's refusal of Sir Arthur's father was the correct one or not, it was certain that she was now as staunch as it was possible to be in her adherence to the county maxim that a man should not marry out of his own set. She would as soon have thought of driving the chestnut mare and the gray donkey together in her barouche as of contemplating the possibility of Sir Arthur's mating with a Londoner. She had shared the general scare about foreign fascinations; but, now that the widower was home again unharmed, she felt more sure than ever that a special Providence watched over the wanderings of Creamshire people.

But Creamshire must not run such risks a second time; Letitia Hornbeam should be summoned to Wye House at once. It was true she was still in mourning because of her

father's recent death, and would not be able to go much into society; but there was constant friendly intercourse between Wye House and Drake Hall. Sir Arthur was fond of coming in for a cup of "aunt's" tea on his way back from shooting, and every ten days or so he dined with his father's old friend or persuaded her to dine with him, a proceeding which would be all the pleasanter if Miss Wye had a handsome young visitor to accompany her.

Letitia Hornbeam lived on the other side of the county, and was consequently very little known in Sir Arthur's immediate neighborhood; but Miss Wye and Mrs. Hornbeam had been school friends, and the former was Letitia's godmother. She felt quite certain that the girl was just the right person for the position; and one afternoon, when the young widower had dropped in on his way home, she spoke artfully to Sir Arthur of the young guest whom she was expecting.

"Pretty, is she?" asked the baronet, stirring his tea, which Miss Wye always gave him. He was not particularly interested in Miss Hornbeam; but he liked to please his old friend.

"Quite lovely, Arthur—one of those fair, statuesque women who look so magnificent in black. All the Hornbeams and the Dunstons—her mother was a Dunstan, you know—are exquisitely fair; and she has a perfectly-proportioned figure—just a regular Hornbeam figure. You know what that is!"

"It sounds rather wooden," said Sir Arthur flippantly.

But he was sorry directly afterwards, for Miss Wye remarked somewhat sternly:—

"There is nothing people dislike so much as so-called fun being made of their names"; then, having quickly forgiven him, she went on, as if nothing had happened: "We must try between us, Arthur, to cheer up the poor girl. She is in mourning; but I dare say we can take her about a little in a quiet way. I shall bring her up to see your pictures at once, and I shall count on you to help me to make her visit agreeable."

"Do!" responded the young man warmly, more to propitiate his kind old friend than out of any special regard for the young lady.

In his mind's eye he pictured her as a large, rather heavy young woman with a pale face and lack-lustre flaxen hair, just sufficiently good-looking to pose as a handsome heiress," for amongst heiresses a little beauty goes a very long way.

Poor Lucy Randon, the late Lady Drake, had been an ordinary sort of girl, with brownish hair and bluish eyes, and there had been nothing positive about her, except her adoration of Sir Arthur, with whom she fell in love at her first ball, and whom she succeeded in marrying by virtue of her one strong point. Her husband had been most kind to her, and her short life was very happy; but, without a pang, Sir Arthur felt himself capable of giving her a successor, and it was odd that at that very moment, while Miss Wye painted the attractions of Letitia Hornbeam, the thought crossed his mind that he had never yet been in love. Perhaps this coming girl was to be his fate—it was plain to see in what direction Miss Wye's intentions lay. Well, should she not prove to be pale-faced, heavy-footed, and dull, as he suspected from the reputed conjunction of wealth and beauty, he would be very glad to take "aunty's" advice and her *protégée*. Something must be done for the Hall, and, for the children's sake, there should be a lady at the head of affairs; still, he did not feel any more like falling in love now, at thirty-two, than he had felt years before, when he married Lucy Randon.

"Everybody can't have everything," he thought, with something like a sigh as he put down his cup. "We have somewhat outlived our enthusiasms here in Creamshire. I am not sure that the best families would not think real falling in love a mistake in a middle-aged man like me. I suppose, if the girl is pleasant and presentable, I shall ask her to marry me; aunty seems to expect it. Whether she will have me is another matter; I rather hope not. But one thing I am determined on; if she gives herself airs of heiress-ship, no power on earth, not even Miss Wye in all her glory, shall intimidate me into proposing to her! Thanks to my mother's fortune and poor Lucy's, I am not obliged, as my forefathers were, to marry money; and, if I am too old and too much hampered by a family to expect real sentiment in my marriage, at least I must have genuine good sense. I wonder if the heiress can walk in serviceable boots with stout soles and flat heels, and in short dresses suitable for these roads? Of course she can ride—all Creamshire girls can; but walking is a much rarer accomplishment. And I should like her to be able to sing—English, not Italian—and to be able to take a book and read of an evening for a couple of hours

at a time, so that she won't want me to be perpetually talking to her or insist on everlasting dinner-parties. Well, well, I suppose I shall have to have her, if aunty insists;" and with this Sir Arthur gave up his cogitations, and asked leave to ring the bell for his dog-cart.

"You haven't listened to half I have said this afternoon," declared the old lady. However, you must come again soon and pay your respects to Miss Hornbeam; and mind you are in a more amusing humor!"

"All right, aunty. When is she coming?"

"Wednesday or Thursday of next week."

"Then I'll be sure to be the first to call and welcome her."

"He doesn't say much," meditated Miss Wye; "but I'm greatly mistaken if he is not beginning to think about her already."

Miss Wye and a few kindly-disposed ladies had put down their names on the books of a certain association for providing homes of rest and recreation for overworked gentlewomen unable of themselves to get the change of air they required; and on the very morning after her conversation with Sir Arthur Miss Wye received a communication from the London secretary of the association, asking whether she could accommodate a young governess who was recovering from a recent attack of brain fever, and who was ordered a month of country air and rest, which she could not obtain unassisted. The case was strongly seconded by a well-known clergyman whose fame had reached even Creamshire, and whose doctrines, fortunately for the poor governess's chance of a holiday, were held to be "sound." It was a long journey to send the invalid, the secretary admitted; but the autumn was advancing, nearly all the other lady-associates of the charity had already done their share in entertaining invalids, and, as the ladies were applied to it in alphabetical order, Miss Wye's turn had come late on the list. If she answered the secretary's application in the affirmative, Miss Rivers would make her appearance as early in the following week as might be agreeable to her hostess. The secretary added that the lady in question had quite recovered from her illness and needed no special care, but only rest and country air to set her up for her winter's work.

It was a very great bore, Miss Wye said to herself. A month before or a month later she would not have minded the pres-

ence of the stranger inmate; but just as she had invited Letitia Hornbeam, and had the prospect of a real love affair on hand, charity was very much in the way. It would never do to have a stranger who was odd or dictatorial, lymphatic or depressed. Miss Wye could not decide which was the most disagreeable. And the new-comer would be always making a fourth at the little meetings which she was planning for the next month. Fancy, too, having to take this Miss Rivers to dine at Drake Hall, or giving her, in recognition of her age, the best seat in the barouche! Yet it would be most uncharitable to refuse help when it was really required.

Suddenly there came the recollection of the spare bedroom at the steward's house, which was near enough to Wye House for all purposes of hospitality, and yet sufficiently removed—through the intervening of a kitchen-garden and a little plantation—to obviate the necessity of including the strange guest on every occasion.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Miss Wye; and in a very little time the arrangement was made with Mrs. Benfield, the steward's wife, and with the London secretary; and on the following Monday evening the little Norfolk cart, which could hold a modest trunk behind, was despatched to fetch Miss Rivers from the Hanniford Road station.

Miss Wye herself saw to the preparation of the stranger's room, ordered a fire to be lighted, and sent down a large arm-chair from the house. A nosegay of pink-and-white China asters stood on the table; and from the latticed window the London lady could pick herself a ripe pear whenever she felt inclined.

"Probably she is a shy old creature who will be much happier here than with Letitia and me at the House," thought her hostess, as she considerably stuck the pincushion full of black and white pins. "And mind, George," she said, as, returning home through the plantation, she met the Norfolk cart on its outward way, "don't rattle the pony home too fast. The lady has only just recovered from an illness, and she may be elderly and not accustomed to country roads."

A day or two later, two little girls and their nurse were walking slowly homewards, with arms full of blackberry leaves and gleanings of corn, along the Hanniford lane

which led to Drake Hall, a serene consciousness of imminent early dinner encouraging their lagging footsteps. At a turn of the road they encountered a strange young lady walking rapidly towards them.

"Can you tell me, please, if I am going right for Wye House—Miss Wye's? I must have got into some cross-road here, and have lost myself. Please put me right if you can, for I am afraid it is nearly Miss Wye's luncheon-time."

The nurse-girl was always very polite to any one connected with Miss Wye, and she hastened to explain that, by joining herself and her little wards, and crossing a corner of Sir Arthur Drake's park, the wanderer might make up all the ground she had lost by entering Miss Wye's domains from the garden side—they could show her the wicket gate on the other side of the carriage-drive.

So the young lady turned gratefully and walked with Lucy and Alice, who were quite excited at meeting a friend of "aunt's" "who didn't know the Hanniford lane, and had lost herself, and perhaps wouldn't get any dinner."

The twins took this view of the matter very much to heart, and, when they parted with their new companion at the wicket-gate, were pressing in their invitation that she should accompany them to the Hall and secure a meal before going farther.

"Anyhow, come and walk with us again, and we'll see that you don't get lost," Alice shouted after her.

Sir Arthur Drake, coming up the drive at that moment, called to the children to know to whom they were chattering. He had caught sight of a slight, tall figure in a black dress, and the glitter of golden hair under a little black hat; and then, as the girl faced round to wave a smiling farewell to the two children, he had seen a round, innocent young face with a tinge of fresh pink in the cheeks, and two of the simplest, most honest gray eyes in the world.

"By Jove, the heiress!" he said to himself, as the children explained that "aunt's" friend had lost herself in Hanniford lane—a piece of exquisite comedy in the twin's opinion; while nurse deprecated the idea of her being accessible to strange advances by assuring her master that had the lady not said at once that she was stopping at Wye House, she herself would have had nothing more to do with her.

Sir Arthur gave a hand to each of the lit-

the girls, and walked them up to the house, listening indulgently to all they had to say about the pretty young lady, who in their ten minutes' acquaintance had won both their hearts, and had advised them what to do for their sick canary.

"She must be a rare bird, indeed," mused the Baronet, "to be heiress of all the Hornbeams, and have such sweet eyes into the bargain. Well, aunty has not set me such a hard task as I expected; but I hope she has not shown her hand to her guest as openly as she did to me, or I shall have some difficulty in approaching that modest-faced girl. She looks as if match-making and all its arts would be abhorrent to her; and if she has the faintest idea that I am the *parti* she has been fetched across the county to meet, I shall scarcely get two words out of her—that is, if her face speaks the truth."

"Why did the lady look so sad sometimes?" asked Lucy, who believed her father to be a perfect treasury of knowledge.

"I think because her father died quite lately," Sir Arthur answered.

"She had a very black frock on," added Alice.

"Is he dead for good?" Lucy inquired, anxiously.

"I am afraid so. If you ever see that lady again, you must be very kind to her, because she has no father."

"Oh, we will—we will!" they cried in chorus; and Lucy added, "But don't you go and die, father, because we've only you!"

Sir Arthur handed them over to their nurse, and marched away to his lunch in the study, meditating as he did so on Lucy's words, "Because we've only you."

"Poor little souls," he said to himself; "they must have a mother; they're beginning to find it out themselves even! I will go and call on Miss Wye this very afternoon."

Sir Arthur Drake, riding up to the gate of Wye House a few hours later in the afternoon, saw Miss Wye's barouche driving rapidly in the direction of Hanniford Road station, Miss Wye herself, an imposing figure in black velvet and fur, the only occupant of the large open carriage. Neither she nor the two servants on the box had noticed him as he drew near by a cross-road.

A strange whim led the young man to continue on his way to Wye House, in spite

of its mistress's absence, and pay his call to the young guest without "aunty's" watchful eyes upon him.

"I needn't have seen her going out," he remarked to himself; "in fact, I begin to doubt whether I did. Anyhow, I am certain there was nobody with her, and, if I can manage to secure that gray-eyed sylph to myself for half an hour's *tete-a-tete*, I shall have more idea of what she is really like than after a dozen visits with the dear old fidget showing off her *protégée's* paces and absorbing all the conversation, under the impression that she is helping us wonderfully. Why didn't she take the girl out with her? Perhaps she was tired from her walk this morning. Not that she looked tired; but it is a good sign to see her cutting the drive rather than the walk!"

And, throwing the bridle to a stableman—for he had ridden into the yard—Sir Arthur betook himself, by a garden-way which he was free to use, straight to the terrace and by the glass door of the conservatory into Miss Wye's drawing-room, unannounced.

"I beg your pardon; but I must introduce myself. I am Arthur Drake, a near neighbor and great friend of Miss Wye's. She told me that she was expecting you; and I thought I would come up at once and welcome you to Hanniford."

The young girl had risen to her feet from the white woolly hearthrug whereon she was sitting when Sir Arthur stepped in from the conservatory. His words were pleasant and just a trifle less formal than any she had yet heard at Wye House, and, as he held out his hand in an assured sort of way, as if he knew they were intended to be friends, she could not decline to give him hers.

"I am afraid I disturb you," he went on. "I am accustomed to walk in and out here as if I were at home, and I forgot that this sudden appearance might be trying to a strange lady's nerves."

"Oh, I am not nervous!" the girl replied. "But I knew Miss Wye was out, and I did not expect any visitors would come in her absence; besides, I was so deep in my book that I heard nothing till you were close behind me. It is a stupid habit to let oneself get so absorbed in a novel."

"What is it?"

The Baronet was thinking with satisfaction that this bright-haired girl fulfilled another of his requirements in being able to

concentrate herself thus upon a book, to the utter exclusion of everything else. What a peaceful evening companion she would make!

"'The House on the Marsh,'" she replied. "I had heard of it before, but never met with it before."

"I don't wonder you were fascinated. It is a great advantage to be able to give oneself up so entirely to a book as you were doing. But don't you wish I would take up my hat and begone, and so let you finish it in peace?"

"Oh no, indeed! I have only a little more to read, and it will be quite a relief to lay the book by for a while. I am not really in the habit of reading novels in the daytime like this; but I have been ill, and the doctor has forbidden all serious study or writing for the next month; so I am just frittering away my time in a very pleasant, if profitless way."

"I hope it will prove a complete cure. Miss Wye did not tell me you had been ill; but she mentioned your great loss;" and here the young man's sympathetic eyes traveled from the girl's face to her "very black frock," as Alice had called it.

It was a very plain dress of black mourning material with a narrow collar of crape. Sir Arthur noticed with approval that there were none of the outward signs of heiressship in the form of expensive mourning jewelry or sumptuous trimmings of jet beads.

"I had brain fever just after my dear father's death," the girl went on quickly, as if almost afraid to trust herself to listen to the sympathy in her companion's voice; "that is why all my hair was cut off. So many people are afraid of me, and think it must have been something infectious, that I always like to tell strangers. It is because of my illness that I am here, accepting Miss Wye's great kindness and hospitality; but I am really a great fraud, for, except my short hair and the doctor's prohibition of all study, there is nothing now to remind me that I have been ill."

She passed her hand over her soft crop of shining hair as she spoke, and Sir Arthur saw with satisfaction that her hand was ringless, her hair glossy and golden; certainly here was an heiress of a very new stamp, indeed, as humble as she was attractive!

"I am sorry for the cause; but the result

is very pretty," he said, with an honest look which robbed the compliment of any semblance of undue familiarity. "Do you know that your curly hair has been a source of much admiration and speculation to two young ladies who made your acquaintance this morning? I only hope that I may not find them operating on their own locks with the nursery scissors when I get home to-night, in emulation of yours."

"Were those two dear little girls yours?"

"Yes."

"I liked them very much."

"The liking was mutual," said the Baronet. "I can assure you they have talked about you ever since, and are particularly anxious to know if you got your lunch."

"Indeed I did, thanks to their kindness and the short way they took me; but I fear they thought me a very foolish sort of person to have lost myself in their lane!"

"I believe they did," the Baronet had to admit; "but they were stimulated by your ignorance of local geography to all sorts of patronizing intentions towards you, if you will only condescend to walk with them again."

"I should like to do so very much."

"They will become torments if you indulge them often," he observed, thinking that he should like to see this girl playing with his children; she was certainly not the ponderous, heavy-footed woman that he had anticipated from Miss Wye's use of the word "statuesque." "They have not had the advantage of a lady's society," he added; "my poor dear wife had no sister, and the children are necessarily too much with servants. It is wonderful that they are presentable at all."

There was a pause of a few seconds. The girl sat looking into the wood-fire, clasping and unclasping her hands mechanically, as if she were considering something; at last she turned to Sir Arthur and looked him straight in the face.

"You said Miss Wye had been speaking to you of me. It was very kind of her to take so much interest in a stranger; but, after all, it is a thing you can only decide for yourself. Do you think I should do, Sir Arthur?"

"Do!"

"For your little girls."

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the Baronet's head, he could not have received a greater shock than this young lady dealt

when she turned to him and proposed herself for the position which even Miss Wye thought it necessary to hint at with the utmost delicacy. Not a word could Sir Arthur say as he stared across the hearth-rug to the low chair opposite; but the girl, though she colored slightly under his fixed gaze, did not seem to realize the extraordinary nature of her proposal.

"For my little girls?" he echoed.

Well, if this *protegee* of Miss Wye's insisted on marrying him, as it appeared she undoubtedly would, it must be entirely for his little girls' sake. Such cool, calculating, unmaidenly assurance, could never attract his affection; all the fascinations of form and color of the combined houses of Dunstan and Hornbeam could not reconcile him to such unblushing effrontery.

"I see the idea is new to you," his companion continued, blushing a little more as he did not speak. "I am sorry I referred to it; but you said Miss Wye had mentioned me to you, and I knew it could be for no other purpose. She had an idea it might answer, and when I came in and told her to-day that I had made friends with your two little girls, she was quite anxious to urge you to take me; but I begged her to let you judge for yourself, without any special recommendation from her. When you came in just now, saying you had come up at once on purpose to see me, I thought I had better broach the subject. Business, you are aware, is so much more easily discussed by the principals."

Still Sir Arthur sat like a man in a dream. Was it possible that he was dreaming, or that much brooding over the advisability of his marrying again had turned his brain? Was this girl real—this girl who sat before him calmly offering to become Lady Drake, while the last rays of the sunset touched her curly golden hair, glided down the round childish cheek, and cast a glittering ray across the plain black dress?

With a fierce effort he gathered his wandering senses together and gave his arm a good pinch. There was no doubt of his own identity; and the only possible line of conduct was that Miss Wye, having too openly shown her hand and her match-making intentions, had roused some latent spirit of bravado in this simple-looking creature, who, resenting her hostess's schemes, was determined to expose them at the sacrifice of all ordinary reserve.

"It is a matter that requires a great deal of consideration," Sir Arthur murmured at last, getting up and going across the room.

His companion rose also, and seemed for the first time to feel the awkwardness of the position.

"You must give me time, and more opportunity of knowing you better," added the Baronet.

He could not look up, and spoke with all the diffidence of a girl in her teens receiving her first proposal.

"I hope you won't ever think about it again," the girl said firmly, but with cheeks fairly in a blaze. "I can see that I was wrong to mention it at all. You have doubtless other plans for the future, and it was only Miss Wye's suggestion and my mistaken idea that she had already spoken to you openly that led me to broach the subject. Pray forget that I have mentioned it; I feel that I shall never forgive myself for appearing to thrust myself into your family."

Here she broke off, and two big tears dropped with a splash upon her dress.

"Good heavens!" cried the Baronet, startled out of his own confusion by the sight of hers; "what have I done to make you cry? What a brute I was to take your kindness so bearishly! Don't cry, I beg, I entreat you!"—for by this time the two tears had become twenty, and the girl's shoulders were shaking with hysterical sobbing, while with trembling hands she caught at a white shawl that lay on the sofa, and, wrapping it round her, stumbled toward the conservatory door. "For goodness sake, stop! Do not let me drive you away!" the young man cried, in an agony of self-reproach, heightened by hearing certain well-known sounds in the outer hall, which apprised him of Miss Wye's return.

Suppose she should come in and find that he had baited her *protegee* to tears? Suppose she should ask the reason of them?

"Please let me go; you are not driving me away. I meant to have gone back to the farm long ago, before there was any chance of Miss Wye's return with her visitor. I am very sorry I was so foolish as to cry; I suppose I am not as strong as I thought; and somehow it is so very hard just at first to do everything for oneself without making mistakes;" and, with these enigmatical words she was gone, before Sir Arthur could shake hands or catch another glimpse of her tear-stained face.

"My dear Arthur, you here! How good of you to wait for us! This is my god-daughter, Miss Hornbeam, who has just arrived to pay me a long visit. I want you to be great friends. Letitia, this is Sir Arthur Drake, my nearest neighbor."

The room swam round with the Baronet; something large, be-bugled, statuesque, bowed to him—a tall, rustling figure, in an elaborate velvet dolman and a plumed hat.

Miss Wye poked up the fire, darted towards the tea-table, rang the bell, and gave directions about Miss Hornbeam's luggage all in a moment; while the heiress deliberately settled herself in a chair, and, drawing off her gloves, disclosed a half-dozen or so of diamond rings. She was an heiress every inch of her, from the calm, impassive, self-satisfied eyes to the tips of her Paris boots.

If this was Miss Hornbeam, the *parti*, who was the other girl, and what did she want? This was the question that rang in Sir Arthur's head as he stepped to and fro with sugar and cream, muffins and plum-cake. He said very little, and Miss Wye watched him with intense interest, wondering whether her charm had already begun to work. As for the visitor, she evidently did not look for much conversation as long as her creature-comforts were well attended to, her cup was refilled, and foot-stool and cushions were placed for her.

It was only when the heiress's wants had been fully supplied that the mistress of the house seemed to recollect some one else.

"Where is that child?" she asked vaguely, of nobody in particular. "I declare I forgot all about her! I ought to have asked her up to tea; and I'm afraid she waited to be asked, thinking I had visitors. Did you see her, Arthur? She made friends with your two little girls in the park this morning."

"Who?" asked the young man faintly.

"Little Miss Rivers, a governess from London, who has come to the farm for a few weeks' change of air, after an illness and a lot of trouble. She is looking better already, since she left that dreadful atmosphere, which is enough to give anybody brain fever"—Miss Wye was more prejudiced against London than strictly logical as to the effects of its air—"and she came in quite cheerful this morning after a long walk and the meeting with the twins. I have been wondering, Arthur, whether she

would suit you as a governess for them; she has no prospect of a situation, has had no home since her father's death, and to stop down in Creamshire would be to give her a new lease of life. I promised her that I would mention the subject to you, as you had consulted me about the children's welfare, and, as far as I can see, you could not do better than take her; you would really never guess she had anything to do with London, she is so nice-mannered and pleasant-spoken. I expected some terrible bore when I heard of an invalid governess; but I have quite fallen in love with Lily Rivers."

"Take her!" That was just what the poor girl herself had said. How different the expression sounded, now that the ridiculous mistake was made plain!

It was all as clear as noon-day, now, that the young governess had been offering her services professionally, while he had repudiated them with a rough incivility which had at first nettled her, and at last driven her to tears.

Deaf to all Miss Wye's solicitations that he would stay to dinner and amuse Letitia, who smiled a languid encouragement, and asked with more vivacity at what hour they were to dine, Sir Arthur rode homewards dejectedly, blushing in the darkness at his own gross stupidity.

There was no part of the afternoon's interview or conversation which he could dwell upon without a fresh access of shame overpowering him; yet he could not resist going over all that had passed, thanking his good fortune, however, that no hint of his real suspicion had betrayed him. He felt certain that, rebuffed and wounded as she had felt herself to be, Miss Rivers was incapable of realizing the monstrous idea that had possessed him; he did not even think that she knew he had mistaken her for Miss Hornbeam, for, with an instinctive dislike to the name, respecting which he had once jested and had been reproved by Miss Wye, he was certain that he had never used it in addressing her.

With a wild desire to recover his self-esteem, he determined to put the whole affair out of his mind till to-morrow, when he would be able more calmly to consider what reparation he could make the unconscious girl for the wrong he had done her. He could not, to be sure, tell her the truth; but, by warmly welcoming her to his house and asking her advice about his children, he

might contrive to efface the churlish impression that he had made in their first interview.

"Lily Rivers, Lily Rivers!" he repeated. "What a pretty name! How infinitely preferable to Letitia Hornbeam!"

But neither the morrow nor many days following it gave Sir Arthur Drake any opportunity of setting matters right with Miss Rivers. He saw her in church on the following Sunday; but all the additional knowledge of her that he gained was that she had the sweetest voice imaginable, and that her eyelashes were many shades darker than her hair. In vain he haunted Miss Wye's drawing-room and devised excuses for being continually with the ladies, to his hostess's entire satisfaction; a flutter of a white shawl, a distant voice calling "Good-by for the present!" was all the evidence he had that Lily Rivers was still at the farm. Once his children told him that they had met "aunt's pretty lady with the curly hair" wandering in the lanes; but when they begged her to walk with them, she had laughed and said she knew her way pretty well now and must be going on, which was in just the opposite direction.

He could not tell whether the girl's avoidance of him and his children was based entirely upon her idea that he resented her offer of herself as their governess, or whether Miss Wye tacitly agreed in keeping him apart from her London guest. He had gone so far as to suggest that "aunt" should bring both her young ladies to dine at the Hall; but she had dismissed the notion of Lily River's coming with a rapid, "She's in such recent mourning I don't think she would care about it;" and when Sir Arthur hesitatingly broached the subject of the governess-ship—for, though exceedingly distasteful to him, it must necessarily lead to some intelligence about the governess herself—Miss Wye cut him short with, "Oh, I don't believe Miss Rivers would care about a country situation, after all! She was speaking only yesterday of wintering in London, as if she had quite determined on it;" so there was no more to be said.

But, if one girl was denied him, Sir Arthur could not complain that he did not see as much as he pleased of the other. Miss Hornbeam was always on view. In black silks and bugles of a morning, in sable tails and satin of an afternoon, in velvet

and pearls of an evening, the heiress was always on view, solid, statuesque, self-satisfied. She was little given to occupation of any kind; reading bored her, and fancy-work was beneath her notice.

"It is so much easier, you know, to buy the things in the shops after other people have made them," she would say.

Sir Arthur generally found her sitting in the same place by Miss Wye's drawing-room fire, languidly drawing her heavy gold chain through her long white fingers, or settling the glistening bangles on her wrists in proper order. She favored him with a good deal of small-talk, chiefly concerning her own infallibility in saying, doing, and thinking the right thing in connection with her own neighborhood; so he could only suppose that, as she never did anything at Wye House, she was enjoying a well-earned rest after the superhuman task of managing the whole district whence she came.

Miss Wye left her young friends a good deal together, dashing in now and then (it was curious how quickly Sir Arthur would turn at the opening of the door; but Miss Wye's pattering footsteps were not what he waited for) to put in a word or two.

"Didn't she manage the Rector cleverly, Arthur? Make her tell you how she got the organist dismissed!" she would say, with a view to showing off her goddaughter's strong points.

But these interviews were not of an entertaining character, and, for their own sake, the young man would not long have endured them. During all the long hours that he sat, rode and drove with Letitia Hornbeam, by a curious paradoxical mental process he was doing just what he was intended not to do—falling head over ears in love with Lily Rivers.

At first, being a simple-minded man, unused to the indulgence of sentiment, he was unaware of what was going on; he could not tell why his memory always pictured the slight black figure seated on the hearthrug, and contrasted it so favorably with Miss Hornbeam's stately form and ample folds spread out in the arm-chair—why he thought of little fluffy golden curls whenever he saw the heiress's elaborate coils arranged with diamond stars—why "*In questa tomba*" from the accomplished Letitia at the piano, made him wish to hear "Onward, Christian soldiers!" again in a clear girl's voice. For a long time he believed that he was simply

smarting under the sense of having dealt unjustly by Miss Rivers; whether she knew it or not, he had insulted her in his mind. Suddenly one day the words of a sentence spoken carelessly enough by Miss Wye sounded sharply in his ears—"I confess I have quite fallen in love with Lily Rivers!"—and in a flash of self-illumination the hitherto unsusceptible widower felt that he had done the same!

What was the next step to be taken? The month was slipping by, and still Sir Arthur had met with no chance of forwarding the suit which he was now as keen about as any lover of twenty. He took to wandering in the lanes and inspecting his own park-palings and Miss Wye's farm-buildings; he cross-questioned the twins about their walks, and rode so frequently round his own covers that he awakened the strongest suspicions and disapprobation in the breast of his head-keeper.

He was oppressed with an uneasy feeling of guilt and deception whenever he encountered Miss Wye. Had it not been for her evident satisfaction respecting her own scheme, he would have taken the bull by the horns and told her all; but when he thought of Miss Hornbeam, he quailed. That impassive, resolute, stately young woman was the sort of wife whom all Creamshire, in the person of Miss Wye, thought fit for him. How could he, a poor misguided man, who had never been in love before, and consequently had no experience of it, stand against such concentrated opinion? As day by day went by, and he found himself no nearer to Lily Rivers, a horrible thought seemed to force itself upon him, that he would wake up some fine morning the affianced lover of Letitia Hornbeam!

But fate had something better in store for him than this.

Riding down a green lane a mile from his own park gates, he heard voices and laughter in front of him; and, rounding a bend in the road, he came quietly upon the prettiest sight that he had ever seen in his life. Poor little Lucy, the late Lady Drake, had not lived long enough even to kiss her twin-babies. Sir Arthur had never known any one play with his children but himself and their nurse, whose movements, though well-intentioned, were not graceful. Before him was the governess, her hat off and her short hair blown back like an aureole, with little Lucy hanging round her neck in front,

while Alice tried to get on to her back. A book and shawl on the ground, and a heap of flowers dropped by the children, testified to the suddenness of their assault upon the "pretty young lady," who had been quietly reading as she strolled along.

"Come with us to-day! You said you would some day, and you've never done it yet!" Sir Arthur heard the children imploring; and then Alice urged, as an argument not to be resisted:—

"Father said we were to be kind to you; he wants us to take you for walks."

"Does he?" the girl asked impulsively, forgetful of nurse and children, and conscious only of her own sore feeling against Sir Arthur.

But at that moment the twins caught sight of their father and rushed gleefully to him.

"Do make her come with us; we want her so much! We'll be as kind as ever we can!" said Alice; and Lucy added graciously, seeing that the necessity was forced upon her: "You may come with us, too."

"Will you humor these tiresome children, Miss Rivers?" he asked, dismounting and putting the horse's bridle over his arm as he stooped to pick up her book. "I see you have been caught again deep in a book; you will really have to give up reading fiction altogether if it exposes you to such attacks!"

He was intentionally leading her thoughts back to their first meeting in order that he might at once dispose of the bugbear that he had made of its recollection.* The girl grew scarlet at the allusion.

"I have not met your children, save once for an instant, since that day, Sir Arthur," she said; "they would not have—I mean I should not have ventured!"—

"You would not have ventured to put yourself in their power unless their father had been by to keep them in check?"

"I should not have ventured to keep up any intimacy with them until I knew for certain that you considered it desirable," she corrected gravely.

"That I thought it desirable!" cried the Baronet, with well-acted concern, though in his inmost heart he had never felt so like a sneak in his life. "Dear Miss Rivers, you must be making a strange mistake in thinking that my children could be anything but happy in your company, their father anything but pleased and grateful to see them with you!"

The children, finding that the walk with their new friend and their father as well savored rather of an *embarras de richesses*, were walking on ahead; the nurse, with a due appreciation of the quickness of a horse's heels, was far behind. Sir Arthur and Miss Rivers were virtually alone, he walking beside his horse and looking shyly at her, with a consciousness of mingled love and deceit; she, with a gravely innocent air, returning his glances with serious eyes and answering with trembling lips.

"I thought that you were annoyed with me for asking you at our very first meeting to take me as your children's governess; and, when I came to think it over, I saw how pushing and self-satisfied I must have seemed to you. Here in Creamshire every one appears to think that Londoners must be grasping, greedy, and self-interested—and, indeed, I don't wonder at it, if many are as impulsive as I am, and show themselves in such an unlucky light! But, indeed, I am not greedy for your patronage. I am sensible of the great kindness I have already met with in Hanniford; and, when I go back to London, the only unpleasant recollection I shall be burdened with will be of my own making—the recollection of my foolish impetuosity in thinking I should be fitted to undertake the charge of your children, and in asking for it point blank, throwing on you the disagreeable necessity of repressing a too-forward stranger."

There was a silence for a minute or two.

"Miss Rivers, do you know why the idea of your becoming my children's governess was so objectionable to me?"

"I am a Londoner, and I asked"—

"Because I want you to be my wife."

Of course Lily Rivers was not to be won in a day. Sir Arthur's plain-spoken proposal on the occasion of their second meeting fairly shook her belief in the sanity of the Creamshire aristocracy; and, as she was not one of the school of governesses who are always on the lookout for romantic adventures with Baronets, she merely set the poor widower down as crazed with his grief and solitary condition. But when Sir Arthur went straight to Miss Wye and told her of his hopes; when, under the very eyes of that lady and her goddaughter, he walked into the Wye House drawing-room with a big bouquet for Miss Rivers, and, failing to find her, openly announced that he should go

and look for her in the plantation; when he joined her after church, and stopped on shamelessly to luncheon, uninvited, that he might be near her; and when on all these occasions he set himself seriously to make the girl understand and trust and like him; "auntie" began to think that Arthur's way of love-making was not a bad one, however blindly mistaken he had shown himself in the selection of the object of his devotion. And one day, when Lily had come to her, blushing and perturbed, to suggest that perhaps she had better go back to London at the end of her three weeks, instead of stopping the month, Miss Wye caught the girl suddenly in her arms and gave her such a hug as a Creamshire lady had never given a Londoner before.

"You shall leave Benfield's if you like, my dear; but it must be only to come here to me! Do you know that Letitia Hornbeam is going home on Friday? and I must have some young lady here, if it is only to keep Arthur Drake in a good humor."

Miss Wye felt rather guilty towards her goddaughter when that young lady proposed to return to her own neglected parish, her departure being accelerated by an imploring note from the Vicar, who had in her absence got into difficulties with a Ritualistic curate. She felt that in the matter of Letitia Hornbeam she, Miss Wye, had been worsted, and all her county instincts set at naught; but she let the heiress go without much personal regret; for, when she dared allow it to herself, she became aware that she was parting with a very dull companion. And presently such suggestive letters arrived from Miss Hornbeam, giving details of the Vicar's rescue and the truculent curate's chastisement, that Miss Wye's imagination began to dwell fondly on a prospective wedding-present for the said Vicar. And, as she thought of these things, she saw Sir Arthur Drake and Lily Rivers crossing the lawn together; and she perceived at a glance that Lily had accepted the Baronet's offer.

Creamshire was justly annoyed—and no wonder! Some people even went so far as to hint that it was a mistake to leave the matter in Annette Wye's hands; her old faithlessness to the county was remembered as the sins of one's youth often are, and this marriage of Sir Arthur's was proved to be only a natural outcome of early wrong-headedness. But Sir Arthur is in love still.

IN A BLIZZARD.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A correspondent of the *New York Telegram*, who narrowly escaped death in the first great blizzard which swept over Dakota this season, gives the following thrilling account of his fight for life:—

We were about making a two days' trip to the mountains. The weather was mild and almost like a spring day. Snow was gone except on the mountains and in the roads, where it had been packed by teams and freight wagons and melted by the sun into ice. This frozen snow rising above the barren plains was nearly two feet deep, and it stretched away like a white macadamized turnpike as far as the eye could reach. My horses were brought to the door, and as I stood on the piazza a moment, bidding the family good-by, I congratulated myself on the fine open weather we were having.

"That's all right, stranger," said a neighbor, who was leaning against the fence, "but I advise you to take plenty of blankets, and enough of grub for a couple of days."

"But it's only twenty-five miles to the first ranch," I said, "where we'll stop for the night. To-morrow we shall reach the mountains."

"That's all right," repeated the old-timer, "but don't you forget what I'm telling you."

To please him I ordered the driver to go round to the barn to get some buffalo robes and a couple of blankets, which he did. I remember the weather perfectly. It was like a soft April afternoon; the sun shone brightly, and children played bareheaded in the streets; but there was an unusual stillness in the air, it seemed to me. The deep, far away blueness of the sky made me think of spring.

A "chinook" was blowing. It was one of those soft, smiling days peculiar to the high altitude of the plains near the Rocky Mountains. One of those strange Pacific winds was blowing. They come without a moment's warning, and have been known to melt eighteen inches of snow in a few hours, and even bring birds from somewhere, no one knows whither. But ten hours later the mercury may be twenty degrees below zero, and hundreds of cattle lying dead from the sudden change.

We had driven, perhaps, two miles and a

half, when a cattle-herder on his way to town passed us on a slow trot, but a moment later he shouted for us to look at the mountains, and said something else that we didn't hear, and then digging his heels into his pony, he rode away toward the town.

I saw nothing about the mountains unusual, but turning a second time and casting my eyes far to the northwest, where the peaks are low, I saw a flurry of clouds rising from behind the mountains. Even while I gazed at them they arose with ominous rapidity, and in a minute or two had become darker and were beginning to boil and swell most threateningly. For a minute I was fascinated. We had a couple of dogs in the wagon behind the seats, and they began to whine. The horses put back their ears, and the outlook for a trip to the mountains became serious. The driver was for turning back at once. I told him that we had a plain, open country before us with good roads and fresh horses, and we could easily reach the ranch in a couple of hours. But while we were discussing the matter the clouds increased in darkness and lifted themselves like a black cloud almost to the zenith. The distant peaks were blotted out in an instant, and the clouds chased the shadows from the low mountains and came down upon us, roaring like an ocean storm. It was an awful scene. Destruction seemed at hand. Yet far to our left and back of us the prairie gleamed in the sunlight, and the mountains in the south glittered as if it were a summer day.

There was no time to do anything but prepare for the blizzard. The dogs crouched under the seats; the horses stopped and refused to move, and we had just time to wrap the blankets around us and tuck in the buffalo robe, when the storm came in all its fury. A thousand menageries let loose would have been silence compared with the noise of the storm. It was impossible to see two rods in any direction. It was almost as dark as night, and but for the snow which filled the air, flying upward and downward and from all points of the compass, we should not have been able to see the horses before us. We managed to turn them around, but dared not leave the wagon, for

fear the blankets and buffalo robes would be swept away.

We now had the storm at our back, and the wind, which howled like a thousand fiends, blew the wagon before it, forcing the horses to walk along until we were crowded off the hard-beaten road, and almost upset when the wagon went down the snowy embankment out onto the prairie. The cold became intense. Snow as fine as flour sifted under our wraps, got under our clothes, in fact I could feel it down in my stockings, almost freezing the life out of me. For a few minutes the sensation was simply horrible. We became bewildered, and did not know in what direction to go, should we get the horses to move on. We knew the direction of the storm when it first came, but blizzards always change a few points to the north or west. Besides, even if we could resume our journey, there was a probability that we would miss the town entirely, and be frozen, or forced to stay out on the prairie until morning. Our only hope lay in the fact that there were a few ranches just outside of the town, with wire fences enclosing the cultivated fields. We were sure to run against the fences unless we lost our reckoning entirely and doubled back on our course.

But we soon found that the storm had only just begun. It increased in violence every minute, and the temperature ran down to what seemed twenty-eight to thirty degrees below zero. At last we got the horses to move by getting out of the wagon and leading them. The dogs, however, did not follow us. They stayed in the wagon under the seats. I believe they would have been blown away then had they left the wagon. The only way we managed to stand was by hanging onto the horses. I tried to mount one of the animals, while the driver attempted to climb upon the other; but it was impossible to remain there. We would have been frozen to death in ten minutes. So we kept the horses between ourselves and the wind, but might as well have had a sieve.

We continued drifting along until we reached what seemed to be a gulch or ditch, which was half-filled with snow, and here, with a great effort, we unhitched the horses from the wagon, which was left behind. We tumbled down the steep embankment, and got across it somehow, and struggled on to keep from freezing. I felt something brush against my leg, but could see nothing, it was so dark. I put down my hands, and

to my joy found the dogs were with us. It made me positively happy for a moment, because I knew that they would keep us warm for a little time should the inevitable hour come that night.

The storm increased, the cold grew more intense, and I got up alongside the driver, put my mouth to his ear that he might hear me, and told him that I could not stand it much longer. The man had seemed to me a gruff, surly fellow, with a thick head and very little intelligence, on the previous day, but when he said to me in that howling storm: "Brace up, old man, and keep moving; we will get out all right," I thought he was the greatest man I had ever known.

After that, we moved along before the gale, very slowly it seemed to me, and yet at times I felt as if I were flying, so furious did the wind beat upon us. I have seen many a gale at sea, been shipwrecked twice, but nothing in my experience approached the terrible violence of that night. I felt my feet freezing; then they grew numb, and at last it seemed as if I were walking on wooden sticks.

Pains began to shoot up toward my body; my head felt as if it would burst, and then, suddenly looking out, or trying to look into the blackness of the night, I saw the sitting-room at home, with a roaring fire in the stove, the children seated around it, and my wife anxiously looking at the clock. Then all became black, and I remember only that the dogs were on my neck. When I awoke it was broad daylight. Where I was I had no idea. For a moment I seemed to be in a room, but, arousing myself, I saw a patch of blue sky through a little hole, which I found was in the snow. On each side of me were the dogs. Raising myself upon my elbow, I discovered that I was buried in snow, and digging around a little I presently found the driver fast asleep. He, too, was covered with snow. I attempted to pull him out, but my feet were frozen so that I could not stand. The dogs howled piteously as they scratched away the snow from the driver until they awoke him. He opened his eyes, and said in a solemn, husky voice, "Glad to see you, old man; I knew we would come out all right." With great difficulty he made me understand that we had fallen into one of the deserted dugouts on a ranch near the town, where a ranchman had formerly kept his potatoes. The door had been left

open, and we had stumbled in. Where the horses were I could not see. The snow which had drifted into the dugout kept us from freezing to death.

The entrance to the dugout was not big enough for the horses to get into, and besides they had undoubtedly scented danger and kept away. After several attempts at thawing myself out by the heat of the dogs, I got hold of a cotton-wood stake that had been left in the cellar and raised myself up so that I could look out. It was a clear, beautiful day, but the snow was blowing about like sand, and the temperature was many degrees colder than it was during the night. I knew that the temperature was still going down. If we escaped alive we must get out. Then I tried to help raise up the driver. He could not move. His feet were frozen, and one of his hands looked like ghastly white wax when I pulled down his glove. He told me to leave him with the dogs and see if there was not a house near by. I had on two pairs of heavy gloves, and wrapping the half-frozen buffalo robe around me, with great difficulty crawled out into the open air. It was indescribably cold. About two miles away I could see thin lines of blue smoke curling from houses, which I took to be the village. I was in no condition to see anything or to scarcely use my eyes at all, so great was my pain. Turning my stiff neck, I discovered the top of another dugout, with a little chimney rising above the snow.

With my cottonwood stake I knocked in the door, and to my joy found a pair of discarded rubber boots with holes in them standing in the corner of the dugout and a pair of canvas overalls hanging by the fireplace. They seemed like the garments of a prince. I found some matches in the pockets, and, taking some straw from a miserable bed in the corner, tried to light a fire.

It was so cold it seemed to me that the fire would not burn the straw. However I got a fire started at last, and, with an old axe which was under the bed, I chopped up the rude cottonwood bed rails, made some kindling wood and soon had a roaring fire. But there was not enough wood in the place to keep the fire going more than an hour. No time was to be lost. I crawled back again to the driver to get him in. I pulled at him, but he was fast asleep. The dogs scratched at the snow which covered his feet and tried to get him out of the place. He opened his

eyes and faintly muttered: "Old man, we're all right. When you get back to town tell the boss at the stable that I"—

The man closed his eyes and said no more. He was dead.

It was no time for delay or weakness. The man had done his duty—I must do mine. I crawled back to the dugout and called the dogs after me; I heated some water in an old cracked baking pan and filled it nearly full of snow, and in the icy water I managed to soak my boots until I could cut them off. My feet were already white and blistered, as if scalded in steam; but I wrapped a piece of my blanket around my feet and managed to draw the big rubber boots over them. In half an hour I could stand. Then with the dogs I started for town. It seemed to me as if I would never reach the end of the journey. Many times I fell while struggling through the snow. My hands and nose froze; my ears were stiff, my whiskers were covered with ice and my hair looked like wool.

When I had reached the end of the first mile of my two-mile journey it was three o'clock in the afternoon. It must have been about eight o'clock in the morning when I first crawled into the dugout and built the fire. Everybody in the town seemed dead and the houses closed up, but as I drew nearer I saw faces at the windows, but no one came to the doors. They probably thought I was some ranchman coming for supplies. The sun was almost down when I came in sight of my house. But what a sun it was. It was almost as white as the snow. There was no heat in it. The keen wind whistled shrilly and blew the snow like burning sand into my face, cutting like hot razors.

When I reached the front steps of my house, where on the previous day I had beheld sunny landscapes, I fell exhausted and almost blind. The voices of children no longer came across the fields. The streets were deserted and the town as silent as the grave. "Is it possible," I thought, "that my family, too, are dead?" The dogs by this time were scratching at the door and barking. I saw the face of my wife through the window. My little girl put up her hands and screamed "Papa." The door opened and I fell into the house, saved. It was many days before I found myself in bed and heard the doctor saying: "A narrow escape, but I think his feet are all right and he can save them."

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JAMES WESTERLY, lounging back in an office-chair, with his feet crossed on the wide sill of the open window, puffed away at his cigar, as though in the broad world he had nothing of more importance to do. The hour was 10 P. M. At his right hand, before a table, his friend, Mr. Charles Preston, sat writing. Mr. Westerly divided his glances between him and the stars; but his handsome face did not change expression for either. To everything he seemed totally unconscious. The May wind tossed his hair over his forehead, and he did not raise his hand to brush it back to its place again. The city bells rang out a fire-alarm, loud and lustily; he did not look from the window to catch a glimpse of a single flame. A stranger came into the office and discoursed in a loud tone, with his friend, upon some important law topic; he did not turn his face towards him, as he came in, while he conversed, or when he went out. With him it was a monotonous puff—puff—puff; and, indeed, expression enough, for all that he appeared to feel or think. Mr. Preston finished his writing and then turned towards him with a smile.

"How is it, James?" he asked, "asleep?"

"Asleep? oh, no; not unless I have a habit of sleeping with my eyes open."

"What are you thinking about—women?"

"By the blank look of my face, and the blank feeling of my heart, I should say that I was."

"And what is your conclusion?"

"The same that I have arrived at a hundred times before, that women are all alike; and that I am a fool!"

Mr. Preston smiled. "But my wife"—

"Has sold all her smiles to you; and consequently hasn't any for a poor dog like me."

"And Helen?" queried Mr. Preston, significantly.

"Is a dear creature, with a heart as big, and quite as heavy as a wafer; the newest beau—the dearest beau, and so on, *ad infinitum*," answered Westerly, still puffing at his cigar.

"Pshaw, James, you are out of temper; throw away your cigar and come home with me," said Mr. Preston, resting his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"I'm out of temper, because I do not feel disposed to pet *your* pet! 'Pon my word, Chad, I like my cigar better. Sit down and be quiet; don't hurry a poor fellow. A bachelor like me should receive every consideration from a happy Benedict like yourself."

"There is something in that, I declare," answered Preston, laughingly. "Yet if you make your own unhappiness, I don't see why I should put myself out a great deal to nurse your whims?"

"But I'm your guest for a few days, my good friend, and common courtesy demands you to pay them proper tribute."

"Yes, yes, and so I will, my poor deluded boy," answered Mr. Preston. "I only wish you to be as happy as I am, and I know that that cannot well be until"—

"There, there! that will do!" exclaimed Westerly, jumping up, and tossing his cigar from the window; "that can't be until I love some woman as well as you love your Mary; and that can't be until I find some true-hearted woman, a whole heaven above the milk-and-water beauties that have flitted in my sight for years. I think I shall survive a number of months yet, if I do not find such a paragon; so brighten up. Shall we go home now?"

"Why don't you adopt some child from a foundling's hospital, and bring her up to your liking, James?" asked Mr. Preston, without heeding his friend's question.

"A capital ideal! It's a wonder it never occurred to me!" mocked Westerly. "I could take the ugliest to be found; a pug-nosed, horse-shoe mouthed creature, and teach her to grow up beautiful, couldn't I? For all the world like a pretty little newspaper story, with a pretty little denouement! Capital, Chad! When I get to New York I'll take the plan under serious consideration, and to-night I'll—'sleep on it!' But something is moving your door, there; you'd better look to it."

Mr. Preston glanced towards the door in time to see a pair of large, black eyes peer in, for a single second, at the opening.

"Come in!" he called, taking a step forward. "Walk right in!"

The black eyes made their appearance again, and with them an arch, dark-looking little face, topped by a straw hat.

"Come in," repeated Mr. Preston. "Do you want to see me?"

The face drew out of sight again, and then, as though it had gained strength and courage by its momentary disappearance, came inside of the door with a whole figure, hat, dress, arms and shoes.

"You've done it, Chad!" exclaimed Westerly, laughing. "You've called one up for me. Now speak to it!"

"What do you want?" queried Mr. Preston. "What have you come here for?"

"To dance, so as to git some money to buy a supper with," answered the child, fixing her wondering eyes upon the large array of books before her.

"Naive, in the extreme!" said Westerly, in an undertone. "Ask her where she came from."

"Do you live in W——? Is this your home?" asked Preston.

"No, I don't; I come here half the way with a man in a cart; and t'other half I run and walked."

"Did you come from Boston?" he next asked.

"I don't want to tell; I'm 'fraid I'll be nabbed if I do."

"There's elegance of phrase for you," laughed Westerly. "Go on with your questioning, Chad; you're doing well."

"Will you tell me your name?" queried Mr. Preston, smiling.

"Jig Potter," was the quick answer.

"Classical!" exclaimed Westerly. "I like that. But wouldn't it be a pleasant thing to ask the poor creature if she isn't in the least hungry?"

At these words, Jig turned her curious eyes towards Mr. Westerly. She kept them fixed upon his face for a full minute, as if she were trying to make out the meaning of it.

"Do you like me?" he asked, looking at her steadily.

"Yes," she answered, promptly.

"That's kind, to be sure; now tell us, if you please, where you are going—and where you come from."

She hesitated a moment as though afraid to trust him; but looking in his face again, she answered:—

"I run away, 'cause I was banged and beat; I'm going somewhere so I can be a lady."

"A lady; what put that into your head—not banging and beating?"

"I sha'n't tell. I *shall* be a lady some-time."

Westerly laughed heartily. "You are in a poor way for it now, I'm afraid," he said, kindly. "But what was it about your dancing?"

"Oh, I can dance and sing; I"—she exclaimed, stopping short before she had completed the sentence. "Shall I dance now?"

"Yes, by all means. I'll whistle for you."

Westerly commenced a polka, and Jig went about the wide office keeping perfect time to its rapid measure. When she was nearly out of breath he stopped her, crying out, while Mr. Preston clapped his hands:—

"Bravo, little Jig! you do wonders! You should go on to the stage. Where did you learn this step of yours?"

"With the organ."

"With the organ! Ah, yes, I begin to understand; a street-dancer, by all that's true—and out in the world trying to find a chance to be a lady! Come close to the light and let me look at you."

She went forward unhesitatingly, and the light fell broadly upon her face; her large eyes, sun-burned complexion, small white teeth and well-set mouth. He raised her hat from her forehead, and let her heavy hair fall down about her temples.

"Not so bad, little Jig," he said. "Your face will not lie in the way of your wishes. Now, if I give you some money, where will you go for your supper? It is very late."

"I don't know. To the baker's, mebbe."

"To the baker's at this hour! When did you eat last?"

"Last night."

"Last night—the deuce! Come, Preston, take the child home with you."

"Won't they catch me; oh, won't they catch me—and won't you tell?" cried Jig, growing frightened. "If they do, they'll bang me, just as they always did."

She pulled her sleeves up from her arms, that they might see the cruel bruises that Old Israel had made upon them. "He did it—old daddy," she whispered, glancing

towards the door. "That's what made me run the first time."

"The first! Have you run away more than once?"

"Yes, last night, from the great lady's house. I got out of bed and run."

"For what reason?"

"'Cause *he* looked at me."

"*He*! Who's he? and why might *he* not look at you?" asked Westerly, laughing, and exchanging glances with his friend.

Jig looked down to the office carpet, and played nervously with the hem of her apron.

"He—he—he said something."

"Oh, he did, indeed, the poor fool?" exclaimed Westerly, his face flushing perceptibly. "You did well to run, I hope,"—he stopped—catching the mischievous glance of his friend.

"You'd do well to think of my proposition," put in Preston. "Ask her her age."

Smiling, Westerly asked the question.

"Twelve, I guess," Jig answered.

"You are fourteen years her senior. Giving her six years for an education, and two years for a sight of the world, would make her twenty, and you thirty-four. A trifling disparity, James, but not worth a thought. We'll take her home with us to-night, and she can return with you to New York when you go. Capital!"

Mr. Preston spoke in a light, laughing tone, but his friend, after a moment's silence, seemed inclined to give the subject serious thought.

"I can't do anything with her myself," he said, in a puzzled way. "The child needs a home; perhaps I could find some one who would adopt her. I would willingly pay the expenses of her education myself. It seems a pity to leave such a bright little thing to the street; or, what is a thousand times worse, give her into the keeping of those vandals at the hospital. I declare, I have a mind to take her to New York with me. Perhaps Mr. Singleton's people would like her." And then, turning to Jig, he asked, "Would you like to go with me? To live with me?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" cried Jig. "Oh, I would dance for you till my shoes fell right off!"

Westerly glanced down at her feet. "Poor child, it wouldn't take a very long time to perform that feat," he said. "It's a wonder you keep them on at all."

"Mary will see to that to-morrow. She's

just the one to enter into such a matter. Give your little protege into her care for a day or two, if you want to be pleased with her," said Preston, warming in the praises of his young wife. "Now let's take the hungry creature home. It's shockingly late."

The friends, followed by Jig, went into the street together. The minds of both were filled with thoughts of the novel plan, and they walked along, for some distance, without speaking. For a time the child kept closely by them; but after a while her brain growing a little giddy over her prospects, and her heels proportionately light, she danced on before them, and stopped upon the wide upper step of a church, till they should come up to her. As she was not in a quiet mood, it was impossible for her to keep still while she waited, so she commenced practicing an odd dancing step and figure that she had caught from the children in the alley a few days before.

When the gentlemen neared the spot where she was waiting, their ears were greeted by Jig's voice repeating rapidly, and in a somewhat hurried manner, a queer sort of verse, to which she kept time by a most dexterous crossing and re-crossing of her feet.

"Listen, Chad! Stop and listen!" whispered Westerly, holding his friend by the sleeve. And Jig went on:—

"My Sister Nance,
She came from France
To learn to step
The polka-dance!

The polka-dance!—the polka-dance!"

When she came to the "polka-dance—the polka dance!" she uncrossed her feet, and stepped them as far apart as she could (a posture, by the way, more striking than graceful), and then brought them together again with a sudden jerk.

"That's encouraging for a little vagabond who is so anxious to become a lady," said Preston, in a low tone.

"Decidedly!" answered Mr. Westerly. "I'm glad it isn't daylight; she'd have a pretty set to watch her performances. Let me see if I can't bring her to her senses, if she has any." Taking a step forward, he called, "Jig—Jig!"

She was by his side in a moment, as meek and mute as though she had never spoken a word in her life.

CHAPTER VIII.

"That isn't the way to make yourself a lady," he said, taking her by the hand. "Ladies don't hop up and down after that fashion upon church steps."

"I's dancing," Jig answered, in a grave voice. "I can't help dancing."

"Hear that, Preston? She can't help dancing."

"Can't you dance?" spoke up Jig.

"Not in that way,"

"Oh, but I can show you. It's jist as easy as nothin'. Cross your feet and uncross your feet, and keep sayin'—"

"Hush, child! What in the world do you think I wish to learn that for?"

"To see if you can!" quickly answered Jig.

"But wait; let me ask you something. Do you want to be a lady?"

"Yis, I do."

"Well, then, to commence with, you must say no, sir and yes, sir—instead of no and yes—when you are asked a question. Will you remember?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jig, very broadly.

"And you must walk along quietly in the street, and not hop up and down as you did a few moments ago. Will you remember this?"

"Yis, sir."

"You won't forget when you go into the house?"

"No, sir-ee."

"Ah, but that is wrong—the ee is not wanted. Now say it—no, sir."

"No, sir!" repeated Jig, crossing her feet as she spoke, and stepping one upon Westerly's polished boot.

"There you are dancing again. What?"

"I's trying to kill a bug."

"Oh, you were!" was the answer, which in spite of himself Mr. Westerly could not prevent from being a laughing one. "Well, you need not attempt to kill any more bugs, then."

"Yes, sir—no, sir—can't dance—no ee—no bugs!" said Jig, musingly, taking an inventory of the injunctions laid upon her. "I don't b'lieve I'll ever be a lady!" she added, in a discouraged tone.

"There's nothing like trying," answered Mr. Preston, running up the steps of his own house; "and no place in the world better for a beginning than this. Come!"

And the three disappeared within the door together. Again little Jig had a roof to shelter her.

LIVING there was not a sunnier-hearted or happier little woman than Mrs. Mary Preston. The home over which she presided was like herself, bright, pleasant and cheery. There never seemed to be any shadows in it because, as she said, there was no place for them. Her windows, set out with flowers, and hung with birds, were forever wooing the sunshine to them. Every room in her house testified to the magic influence of her pretty fingers. The curtains folded away from the smooth white beds, in the tiny chambers; the knick-knacks scattered through the parlors; a draped statuette here; a collection of rare shells there; the bit of a library so perfectly arranged; the airy dining-room with its sea-green walls; and even the kitchen itself told volumes in praise of the dainty little woman who planned and perfected the sunshiny home.

"We've brought you something pretty, Mary," Mr. Preston said as she met him in the hall. "Something which you may take and do just as you please with," he added, stepping back that the shaded light might fall upon Jig.

"Oh, for all the world!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together, and tip-toeing forward. "Where did you get it—and whose is it?"

"Oh, it is James's, Mary; his own protege which he wishes to place in your hands for a few days or weeks. The little thing is sadly in need of refining influences."

Drawing Jig into the parlor, Mary turned her around and around, looking her over from head to foot, and asking her questions that only a woman could have thought of, or conjured up. How old she was? if she could knit or sew? if she knew what a bath-room meant? if she had ever had any clean clothes? or if she had changed her stockings once a week before she ran away? If she swore, or used naughty language? and what she thought she could do to make herself a lady?

After this she smoothed back her hair from her forehead, looked at her bruised arms, and drew her soft fingers over them pityingly, whispered an encouraging word in her ear, and then took her straight to the bath-room.

"Must I do this every night to be a lady?" asked Jig, in a doleful voice, fixing her great eyes upon the bath-tubs.

"Why, dear, ladies always keep themselves cleanly; and so do all nice people," was the pleasant answer. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Preston smiled. "Yes, ma'am, if you please, when you speak to a lady," she said.

And Jig went floundering into the water, murmuring to herself, "Yes, sir; no, sir; can't dance; no ee; no bugs; yes, ma'am when speaks to a lady."

After her bath, Jig was dressed in a suit of clothes more cleanly than becoming, and duly conducted to the supper-room. There a wondering servant supplied her wants, and asked her all manner of questions the moment her mistress's back was turned.

"Oh, is it Misther James Westerly that tuk yez here, indade? Och, and why shud he be doin' thart at arl? What'll Miss Hilin say when she sits her two eyes on ye, ye poor little rag-moofin?"

"I ain't a rag-moofin!" cried out Jig, in a rage. "I'm just Jig Potter, and I'll tell if ye say that to me again!"

"The likes of ye be tellin'!" sneered Bridget. "Who'd believe sich a bit of a strate beggar?"

Jig pushed her plate from her indignantly, and jumped up from the table with flashing eyes. She might have visited her wrath upon Bridget in some tangible form had not Mrs. Preston made her appearance at just that moment to take her back to the parlor again.

"She ate with her fork, I suppose, Mary?" Mr. Westerly remarked, slyly, as they entered the room.

"With knife and fork both, I believe; and not at a very slow rate, either," answered Mrs. Preston, glancing towards Jig, who was beginning to look exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Come here, my little Jig; what is it?" asked Westerly, kindly.

"I want to run ag'in," said the child giving an impatient pull at the ill-fitting sleeve of the dress in which Mrs. Preston had arrayed her.

"What! don't you like to stay with me? Do you remember what we are going to make of you?"

"I don't care; you all laugh!" was the sullen answer, accompanied by another jerk at the unlucky sleeve.

Mr. Westerly did not reply in words, but

smoothed her hair tenderly as a woman might have done, and drew her to a seat upon an ottoman at his feet. By degrees the cloud upon her features cleared away, and the weary eyelids began to droop over the large eyes; till at last, while the hand still moved softly over the disordered locks; her head drooped down to his knees, and she slept quietly.

"Well done," laughed Mrs. Preston, stooping down to look at the dark little face. "I wonder if we can ever do anything with her?" And pointing to a scar upon her temple, she added, "At any rate, we can try."

The next morning, Mrs. Preston was up at an early hour, her head full of plans about Jig. The first thing she did was to prepare the child a decent suit of clothes; and after that responsibility was taken from her mind, commenced, as she expressed it, to "teach her to be human!" and although Mr. Westerly, smiling at her eagerness, assured her that that work must be one of months and years, the persevering little woman set about it, as she would have set about a difficult piece of embroidery, which she was intent upon finishing at an early period.

And so two weeks slipped away, every day of which made some new improvement in Jig. To be sure, she danced whenever she could get a chance, and once in a while surprised them by breaking out into some uproarious song, which she had been accustomed to sing in the street. Once or twice, when her food particularly pleased her, she made an attempt to repay the good people for their kindness, by reproducing the odd figure which she had practiced upon the church steps. It needed but a glance to quiet her, she was so anxious to do well, and so fearful of their displeasure. This wish to be a lady was firmly fixed in her mind; sometimes she grew troubled and discouraged about it, more particularly after a skirmish with Bridget, in which that daughter of the Emerald Isle usually advanced ideas more truthful than palatable.

One evening she surprised Mr. Westerly, by asking him if she could not do Bridget's work; and if she did, if Bridget couldn't go into the street, and never, never come back again. Seating her upon his knee, Mr. Westerly commenced inquiring into the cause of her displeasure.

"Wasn't Bridget good?" he asked.

"She don't dance," Jig answered slowly, believing in her simplicity, that to be the one unpardonable sin.

"Don't dance? well, that was good. Did she say, yes, sir, and no, sir; no, ma'am, and yes, ma'am?"

"Y-e-e-s," replied Jig, reluctantly. "But she sings, and she says things to me, and"—

"What?"

"I—I—shall have to hit her if she don't stop! And ladies, real, pretty, nice ladies, don't hit any body, do they?"

Mr. Westerly shook his head, and then asked her how she would like to go away instead of Bridget.

A frightened expression flashed over her face. She looked into his eyes, as if to study out his meaning, and seeing that they were quiet and stern, slipped down from his knee without saying a word. He made an effort to draw her back, but she tried to wrest herself from his strong grasp.

"If you went away with me, what then?"

She looked into his face again, with her eager, inquiring eyes. "I'd like that," she said. "I like you."

"Then come back."

She did as he bade her, without showing the least remonstrance, and then, speaking in a low, impressive voice, he told her of her future, and how much he expected of her; of the home that he anticipated would be hers, many miles away; of what she would be taught at school, and how faithful and good she must be; how quiet, orderly and ladylike, that those who were trying to help her might be encouraged and love her. She did not take her eyes from his face, once, while he was speaking, but sat with her lips apart, eagerly and anxiously waiting for the slightest word. "Tell me, will you try to do all this, and remember all this?" he asked.

"Yes, I will; everything—every single thing!" she answered, catching her breath. "I'll do everything!"

The gentleman smiled. "I believe you," he said, his voice catching a little of the earnestness that thrilled through hers.

"And I can live with you? Won't you let 'em catch me?"

He hesitated a moment before answering her. "No, you cannot live with me, child, but you shall be well cared for. Sit here quietly, and let me talk to you."

But her countenance had fallen; she

could not, when she tried, raise her eyes to his face, they were so full of tears.

"There's a nice, handsome gentleman coming here, to-morrow," he went on, trying not to notice her grief, "and I expect he will want to take you home with him. His house is bigger and nicer than this; there are beautiful flowers and trees, and clear lakes all around it. In all the world there could not be a prettier place to stay. Do you hear?"

"I don't care!"

"I wrote him a letter the other day, telling him all about you; and he promised me that when he came here again, he would call and look at you, and see if he did not want you for his little girl," he went on coaxingly.

"Don't care!" said Jig, again, without raising her eyes.

Mr. Westerly was watching her closely. Something in the expression of her face seemed to puzzle him. "Look up here," he said. "Let me look at your eyes? Now turn your face to the light again."

The rays of the setting sun stole over the tawny face of the child as he watched her. "Look up again," he said. "What eyes you have! I am trying to think if I ever saw any like them before," he went on, more to himself than to her.

At that moment, the loud notes of a hand-organ, played directly beneath the window, caused them both to look up. Giving a shrill cry, Jig sprang from his knee, and cowered down upon the carpet at his feet.

"What—what is it?"

"It's old daddy—it's old daddy; and he's after me. Don't let him have me; I'll go with the man, if you won't! Oh, dear!"

Mr. Westerly went back to the window again, where Old Israel (for it was indeed he) was still playing. By the bold, inquisitive glance of his brutal face, he was convinced that he had seen the child. He motioned him away with his hand, but Old Israel shook his head insolently, and played on. Bidding Jig be quiet, Mr. Westerly went from the room and opened the hall-door.

"We don't want your music here," he said, in a firm voice. "Go along, if you please."

Old Israel shook his head again.

"I'll hand you over to the police if you don't start," Mr. Westerly threatened, taking a step forward.

Like all low, brutal creatures, Old Israel was a thorough coward. Smiling grimly, he shouldered his hand-organ and went away, muttering to himself as he went.

"Never mind, child," Mr. Westerly said, soothingly, lifting Jig from the floor where she lay sobbing and moaning. "We'll look look out for him; besides, he has gone now, and you won't be troubled with him again."

"But he'll come back again," cried Jig. "He'll come back, and I'll be caught; and after I'm caught I'll be carried back; and after I'm carried back I'll be banged and banged and banged, and I'll never git a chance to run again."

"Ah, but you won't be caught," pleaded Mr. Westerly. "I'll send you off with the gentleman when he comes; do you hear?"

Jig heard, but she stood white and frightened, clinging fast to Mr. Westerly's hand. "Won't he follow the nice gentleman?" she asked, as though the words choked her.

"Oh, no"——

A loud ring at the hall door broke the answer short, and in a moment more a gray-haired gentleman of some forty-five or fifty summers was shown into the parlor. At sight of him Mr. Westerly sprang forward, exclaiming:—

"My dear Mr. Singleton, what an unexpected pleasure! You are the very person whom I have been wishing to see!"

Jig shrank back, with her great eyes fixed upon the stranger's face, while Mr. Westerly went on:—

"A strange fancy took possession of me that you possibly might be induced to adopt the child of which I wrote you. It hasn't been out of my brain for a whole hour for the last three days. An incident which has transpired within the last hour renders your visit particularly auspicious."

The gentleman smiled at the young man's eager, earnest manner, and then said quietly:—

"Upon a subject like this, Mrs. Singleton's wishes should be consulted before mine, as she must necessarily be more immediately connected with it."

"True," answered Mr. Westerly, looking a little annoyed. "But, my dear guardian, in this case it seems to me quite proper that your decision should be the prime one. The child's education I am quite willing to take upon myself. The benefits of a home I cannot well give her, but you can. Do you understand me?"

Yes, to all appearances, Mr. Singleton understood him, but it was not his pleasure to say so just then. There was a roguish light in his blue eyes and an amused smile about his mouth, as he said, "I can't see, not fairly, what has taken possession of your brain, James. Is the child very beautiful, and are you thinking that"——

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mr. Westerly, reddening, "she's as ugly as she can well be, but bright and intelligent; and, withal, exceedingly anxious to become a lady; though how the idea ever got into her head, Heaven knows; I do not."

While they were speaking Jig did not once take her eyes from Mr. Singleton's face. Every expression of his eyes and mouth, every motion of his head and figure, she watched eagerly; and when at last Mr. Westerly turned and motioned her to him, she went forward like one in a dream.

Mr. Singleton frowned a little at first, as he looked upon her; then he smiled, and looking fully in her great, wondering eyes, asked her in a voice, particularly soft and musical, if she would like to be his little girl? She breathed quick and hard, took a step backward, and then, as though the sight of his face troubled her, clasped her hand across her eyes.

"See, James, she doesn't like me," Mr. Singleton said, drawing his hand across his forehead. "But I am inclined to favor her. There's something in her face that I like. What did you say her name was?"

"Jig," Mr. Westerly answered, laughing.

"Oh, not that outlandish name, for civilized people!" was the answer. "She must have a better one. Look up here, child," he continued, his voice softening again, when he addressed her.

Jig looked up. The expression of her face changed instantly. Going close to Mr. Singleton, she put her hand unhesitatingly in his, and said, "I will be your little girl." He bent down and pressed his lips to her forehead. No one but little Elsa had ever kissed her before. Mr. Westerly and Mr. and Mrs. Preston had been very kind to her; but they could not seem to forget the distance lying between them and the little street-singer.

"I think we shall be friends, James," Mr. Singleton said. "If you please, I will take the child home with me."

And so it was settled; and Mrs. Preston grew busier than ever making ready for Jig's

departure. The child must have such and such things to wear, she said, bustling about; and such and such things to carry with her. So upon the whole, the good woman had considerable to think of. All the while she was in a continued state of alarm, fearing that Old Israel would make his appearance again. At the sound of a street-organ, no matter how distant—she very unceremoniously packed Jig into a closet, assuring her that if she moved, stirred, or spoke, she shouldn't be surprised if she was taken in spite of everything. It is needless to say that the frightened child remained silent.

In the meantime, Jig conducted herself in a manner highly commendable; the great study of her life was in watching Mr. Singleton. No matter where he was—in the parlor, library, breakfast-room or dining hall, she was close by, her great eyes fixed wonderingly upon his face. Sometimes she appeared to grow puzzled, and would turn away, as if discouraged, but she would return again as curious and studious as ever. She never addressed him, save when answering some question which he asked her. She was silent, quiet and reserved, all other times.

On the evening of the third day of his stay in W—, and the one previous to his appointed departure, Mr. Singleton took Jig out for a short walk. She was arrayed in a new suit of clothes, light, airy and becoming, and for the first time in her life, began to realize something of her long-hoped-for happiness.

"Yes, yes, child," Mr. Singleton said, looking down smilingly upon her, as she tried, silently, to attract his attention. "I'm glad to see you so happy. Keep close by me."

She glanced up and down the street, as his injunction fell upon her ear—half expecting to see Old Israel—and then walked closely along by Mr. Singleton's side.

It was nearly dusk, and the street lamps were beginning to glisten through the shadows. The air was sweet, fresh and clear, and the beautiful inland city rich with the fresh June brooding over it. To little Jig, there had never before been such a pleasant walk; the color never before came in such healthful flushes to her cheeks, or the light to her eyes. She was so happy, so very, very happy! She was like other children, now, gay and light-hearted. The cursed badge of her old poverty and degradation had fallen off, and it would never come again, she thought! As these thoughts flit-

ted through her brain, Mr. Singleton stopped to speak with an old friend; and she turned to the window of a toy-shop near by to amuse herself. The crowd surged up and down the street, back and forth—back and forth—and still Mr. Singleton and his companion seemed lost to everything save the subject they were discussing. A few doors away, Jig saw another shop, brilliantly lighted. From it she could see Mr. Singleton, she felt sure. She was very tired waiting; she could amuse herself there; it would be but a moment; nothing could harm her. What beautiful toys she saw there; wax dolls, gaily dressed, dainty tea-services; bits of furniture-sets; chairs, tables, sofas and bedsteads. Sometime she could have all these things herself! How happy she should be; and then she should go back to the dark alley for little Elsa!

The shop was situated upon the corner of a narrow, unlighted street, near which she was standing. As she glanced down it, she thought of her old home with a shudder. A hand was laid upon her shoulder; Mr. Singleton had come, was the thought that flashed through her mind as she looked up. Mr. Singleton! Good Heavens! It was not his eyes, burning so brutally upon her whitening face; not his hand, like iron upon her shoulder; nor his voice that hissed that terrible oath in her ears! She tried to cry out, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; she tried to run, but that vice-like grip was upon her. She turned towards Mr. Singleton, but he was still conversing with his friend; The next moment she was hurried down the dark street! Fast—faster! fast—faster! an oath and a blow, and on, on, on!

Jig's vision swept like a mist from before her eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD Israel was soon beyond the bounds of the city, with his frightened, helpless victim. He hurried her on, allowing neither time for rest nor chance for hope. The dew fell heavily; the child felt the dainty slippers in which her feet were encased, grow damp and soggy; raising her hand to her head, she drew it across the ribbons of her hat—the beautiful hat, which Mrs. Preston had prided herself so much upon—and found that it was limp and soiled. Her white stockings

were covered with damp and dust, and her neat, airy dress, she saw by the light of the rising moon, was torn where it had caught against the bushes through which Old Israel had hurried her, when he went from the main road to elude pursuit.

Poor little Jig! how her hopes died out; how her heart ached! Back to slavery and degradation again; back to be the victim of the brutal creatures who had neither human pity nor human kindness in their hearts. The rich dream of the moment had vanished and gone; the beautiful home, the tenderness of a father, the dear faces that had so blessed her, all gone—gone! And before her, the dark alley, the filthy room, blows, curses and abuse; and the street and its insults, as she went singing and dancing from door to door.

Through that night the miserable man did not allow Jig one moment for rest; and when the morning sun broke cheerily in the east, they were almost back to their old haunts again. A few hours and they would reach home. Home, what a bitter mockery to the wearied, hopeless child! They stopped awhile in a thicket by the roadside, when they could not go further for weariness; and for that leniency, Old Israel swore as he had never done before; and when they started on their way again, struck blow after blow upon the shrinking form of the child.

"Run away a'gin, will ye?" he cried out from between his teeth. "We'll see if you'll try it ag'in, curse you!"

Jig did not answer him; but once she found herself glancing back over her shoulder, as if hoping for help. Old Israel's keen eyes were upon her. Striking her a blow upon the mouth, he yelled:—

"You think they're comin', do you, you young wild-bat? I'll tear their hearts out, and yours, too, if you look back ag'in! Keep your eyes ahead, fiend!"

And so she did, not daring to look back once to the land of Promise which she had left. By-and-by, the spires of the great city loomed up in the distance; soon its outer streets were reached; and soon, oh, too soon, the rush and din of its great heart fell upon the ears of the child. While she shuddered to hear it, she was back in the old alley again with its dingy buildings before her, and its dull light upon her. Filthy children crowded about her, crying out her return; blear-eyed women, old and young, rushed to

the doors to see that Jig had come! and men, coarse and inhuman, roared and chuckled that the game was caught. The child glanced up to Elsa's window, but could not see her little friend there; then down to old Suke whose sharp face was grinning from a broken pane of glass, through which her croning voice came tauntingly:—

"Toot! the crow is back ag'in. The crow won't be a lady *this* hitch!"

And Jig went along to Old Israel's home, trembling in every limb in anticipation of the meeting there. "They may kill me—I don't care!" she said under her breath, as she tottered for a moment upon the broken sill of the door.

Like a tigress, Mammy Israel sprang forward to meet her; her whole face gleaming as though a thousand flames were alive upon it. She struck the child in the face, tore the poor, soiled hat from her head, the fastenings of her heavy hair from their places, and then cried out as she beat her:—

"Run 'way, will ye! Run 'way after fine clothes, and see what 'comes of 'um! Ye'll git back in yer old duds ag'in, let me tell yer! Oh, yer fiend! oh, oh, oh!"

With her trembling, spiteful hands, she tore Jig's dress from her, and then chuckled as she looked upon her under-clothing, so finely and nicely made.

"Oh, ye got inter a rich nest, my pretty," she screamed. "What laces ye've got round yer neck and arms! What a nice bit of silver they'll bring! Oh, a lady—a lady! You wanted to be a lady!"

"Yes," Jig faltered, sinking back into a chair.

"Oh, you did then! Well, stand up then! ladies can stand up, I guess. Take that for yer wants—you jade!"

She struck her in the face, again, and then laughed to see the tears gather in Jig's eyes. "You didn't use to cry, little fiend! If you were beat to death yer didn't howl! That's the way ladies do, ain't it? You're a lady, you run'way! but yer catched—yer catched!" she cried, madly.

How mute the poor child was! how perfectly helpless, and how completely in the power of the inhuman wretches! She had heard a great deal about people's dying. Mrs. Preston had told her that when little children died, God took them home, and they never knew anything about trouble again. They went to a beautiful place where there were green fields, sunny skies,

and silvery streams of water; they were not abused there; they were not bad or wicked, but happy, oh, so very happy! And God took care of them. Mrs. Preston had told her about God, and as the child stood silently bearing the insults and abuses heaped upon her, she remembered what the sunny-hearted little woman had said to her about Him; and she wondered why the same dear God did not come for her then, when she needed him so much; when she was so bruised and weary; when her eyes were blind with tears, and her limbs cramped with pain. How good she would be in that beautiful place, if she could only go to it, she thought! How well she would behave, how quiet and pretty she would be, where it was so fresh and clean and bright! Oh, if the great and good God, who saw everything, and knew everything, and who loved everybody, would only come after her then! Mr. Westerly could never find her, she felt sure; neither could Mr. Singleton or Mr. Preston—but God could! If there was only a way to get to Him, she thought; but—and her face grew darker and sadder than ever—perhaps even *He* could not take her from Daddy and Mammy Israel!

"Mayn't I sit down?" she asked meekly, looking up into the old woman's face.

"No, yer needn't; yer stood up when yer went off, and I guess ye can stand up now! Folks hev ter stand up ter run, don't they?"

"If I don't sit down, I shall fall," said Jig, tottering along towards the wall.

"Fall, then!" screamed Mammy Israel, giving her a blow that sent her reeling to the floor. "Lay there, now!"

And she did lie there, all the day through, and until the night came; receiving a blow and a kick when it was given her, and still without weeping or speaking, or even moaning in her pain.

In the evening old Suke came in to see her; her face looking sharper, her eyes keener than ever. She croned and chuckled to herself as she looked upon Jig, and then going up close to her, pushed the toe of her ragged shoe against her.

"Sleep, ain't you, little crow?" she said, clapping her dry hands together. "Toot! it's a lady's bed, ain't it? Toot! it's soft, what a piller it's got. Toot, pretty! toot, goodie! old Suke's here to see the lady!"

"Make her get up, Suke!" growled Old Israel from the corner where he had been resting ever since his return. "Tell her to

dance; see if she's forgut that? Hit her, Suke!"

Suke did as she was bidden; and Jig received blows from her hands. She stooped as if to help her from the floor, and as she did so, placed her withered lips for a second at the child's ear. "I hate 'em, crow! I'll help yer," she whispered, at the same time that she grasped her arm roughly:—

"Git up; now dance!" she cried aloud. "Dance, or I'll break your head!"

Tired and sick as she was, with that terrible load upon her childish heart, that terrible dread of the future bearing down upon her; bruised and stiff in every joint, poor Jig danced around the dingy room as she had done a thousand times before; danced, tottering here, staggering there, and going wrong in another place; and for her efforts, Old Israel jeered at her, and Mammy Israel and Suke croned and cried out together:—

"The lady! how the lady dances!"

"Now sing!" said Old Israel. "Try that, for you'll have to go inter the street one of these days."

Sing, with that poor, trembling, choked voice! She had sung to Mr. Singleton the very day before, and he had called her his robin, his clear-noted bird! how could she sing now? For her hesitancy, old Suke called out:—

"Toot, we must hear the *lady* sing! toot, toot!"

So she sang, but the melody over which her voice ran—up and down, here and there—sounded as though her heart was in it, bleeding at every note; breaking at every pause.

"Oh, how she sings! how the crow sings!" croned old Suke. "What has it swallowed, that makes its voice so rough? a shingle? toot! has the crow swallowed a shingle?"

Jig sat down upon the floor again, and leaned her head upon her hands. Old Suke went on. "The crow's lost the lily; the little Elsa has gone; the crow can't see her again. Oh, the crow stands up. Toot! what good'll that do? The lily's gone."

"Where?" asked Jig.

"Don't know, gone. Good for the crow, 'coz she ran off. She lost her. Toot! she lost her."

Perhaps God had taken little Elsa, Jig thought. Oh, if he would only take her, too! Little Elsa was never beaten; she lived with her aunt in a clean room, and had a pot of

flowers in the window, just as Mrs. Preston had; and if God took her when she was so well-off, why wouldn't he come for her—poor Jig—who was beaten, who lived in filth, and who had not a single flower to look at.

"Poor child! with her dim eyes, she tried to pierce the darkness above and about her, little knowing that while she looked so far off for help, that the good Father held her as it were, "in the hollow of his hand," and that through the darkness she was walking straight towards the light.

"Won't she ever come back ag'in?" Jig asked, creeping along towards old Suke. "Didn't she say she would?"

"No, she didn't," snapped Suke. "She went off to live—a long way off—she don't want to see you 'coz you run."

Jig looked up into Suke's face. It was hard and immovable as ever; the keen eyes glittered, the sunken mouth was shut together like a vice. She thought of her secret, and wondered if it would do her any good, could she learn it now.

"What yer lookin' at, now? What yer lookin' at?" demanded Suke, giving a quick glance towards Old Israel, who had leaned back upon his couch, and to all appearances was sleeping soundly. "Toot! do ladies look in that way? Shall I break yer head for yer?"

Now she looked at Mammy Israel, who was cooking an unsavory mess over the stove. "Come here," she said, "let me bang you; toot! let me bang you."

"Bangaway, old Suke," screamed mammy, turning away from her cooking. "We'll show her how to run and be a lady. Bang away; byme-by, I'll come! I'll come! It takes her mammy to lay on the blows solid."

[To be continued.]

"Yes, solid!" whined old Suke, grasping Jig by the arm and shaking her roughly; adding under her breath, "Some day the crow and I will break *your* bones, old fiend!"

Jig looked up into her face again, and made an attempt to speak. "Toot, keep still!" whispered Suke. "I'll cheat 'em, I'll show you the way to run next time. Get on the floor and sleep, old Suke'll help yer."

Mammy Israel looked up. "I'm lookin' at the lady, at the crow," said Suke, quickly. "What a pretty it is! Where's her nice clothes? Toot! where's her gold? Did she run when daddy went after her? Did it run, the crow?"

"Lost her tongue," growled Old Israel, rising up from his bed. "Curse her, but she must find it 'fore long."

"Isn't it hungry?" taunted Suke. "Don't it want some sweet things—some nice things—to put in its bill, poor crow? Shall I break its black head?"

"Yes, break it," answered Jig. "I don't care."

"Don't, don't! Toot! that sounds like it. Yes, I'll break yer head and yer bones for yer, poor crow! Ah, look at the lady, what rags she wears! Ain't she hungry?"

Jig glanced at the rough table. She was faint and sick, but she could not eat. There was nothing upon it that she wanted.

"Come 'long!" cried out Old Israel, starting towards her with an upraised hand.

"Yes, yes, daddy! I'm so hungry," pleaded Jig, moving forward.

"Terrible hungry, the poor crow!" whispered Suke to herself, hopping out at the door. "I'll help her. Toot! I'll help her. She shall be a lady, after all. Suke hates 'em, and Suke wants gold. Toot!"

DAILY RECKONING.

IF you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him that heard;
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act, most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost!

WHY I MARRIED THE WIDOW.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I ALWAYS did like the Widow Beasley. I liked her before she was married (her maiden name was Brown), and I liked her after she was married; and when Dan Beasley died, I liked her so much that when she advertised for boarders, I was the very first man to apply, and consequently I got the very best room in the house.

Mrs. Beasley is a most decidedly good-looking woman. I always said so, and I always thought so, and I still continue to think so. She wasn't one of your small, pinched-up, wasp-waisted creatures. Oh, no; Elizabeth—that was her Christian name—had a form of very handsome proportions. She had bewitching eyes, a shade or two darker than the oft-quoted raven's wing, and the most splendid purple-black hair I think that I ever saw. Her skin, though, was not so white as I like to see skins, but as she had a pair of very brilliant red roses in her cheeks, I never cared much about the absence of the lilies. Her lips, I must say, were about the most ravishing pair that I ever had pressed to mine (for I won't deny that I have kissed Elizabeth), and her teeth—but, pshaw! shall I make out an inventory of her charms? beginning thus: "Item, 'She hath a sweet mouth.'"

No, it is sufficient to say that she was most decidedly lovely—

"And thro' her clear brunette complexion shone a Great wish to please—a most attractive dower, Especially when added to the power."

And the widow did please me. In fact, I had always been pleased with Elizabeth, but had no more thought of loving her than you have, my gentle masculine reader, for, in the first place, she was five years my senior; and in the second place, I was terribly in love with another woman; and in the third place, the other woman was terribly in love with me.

I don't know whether you know me or not, but you've probably seen me if you've ever been in Yazoo. I'm always to be seen in Yazoo when the weather is fair. My name is Washington Wadman. It was my great-grandfather's notion having me christened after the "father of his country," for, you see, my great-grandfather was one of George's most intimate friends. They

used to go "hooking" watermelons together, as I've heard my great-grandfather tell many and many a time. I am happy to state that the old gentleman still lives at the rather mature age of one hundred and sixty, is as hearty as ever, and can read Chinese without glasses just as well as ever he could.

I haven't any profession, and as my Uncle John Wadman left me all his wealth at the time of his death, I don't really need one.

Yes, my Uncle John left me all his property upon one condition; and as the condition wasn't a very disagreeable one, I have always, since my uncle's death, considered myself a man of wealth, although the above-mentioned condition was not fulfilled until yesterday.

To understand my uncle's reasons for making such a singular will as he left behind him, it is necessary for me to inform you that he was a bachelor, and knew all about the discomforts of a bachelor's life; but as he didn't begin to realize all these discomforts until he became too old—as he thought—to marry, he began to hate himself for not marrying while he was young. And he extended his hate to every other old bachelor, not excepting his brothers, who, with the exception of my father, were bachelors also. So you see he left his property to me, provided I married before my twenty-fifth birthday. But in case I did not marry, thus forfeiting the property, it was to be equally divided between six old maids who all their lives had been willing and anxious to marry, but had never had a chance.

Now the reader will naturally suppose that I wasn't fool enough to throw away a fortune just for the want of a wife, particularly as I happened to be in love with—

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,"

who loved me in return, and had already promised to be Mrs. Wadman.

No, I had determined to marry; and for fear that something might happen to my darling Fanny, I had partially courted several other girls, and I won't deny that I had thrown one or two very tender glances at the Widow Beasley.

But the girl that I adored was sweet Fanny Codwell. Yes,

"She ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine," as Petrarch said about a certain Mrs. Laura (I wonder how Mrs. L.'s husband liked that style of poetry?) and she was calculating to rule my household.

I've given you some slight hints regarding Mrs. Beasley's beauty, and as I have admitted that I admired her, you may imagine that Fanny's beauty was of a similar order, but you never were more mistaken in your life. I don't confine myself to admiring one particular type of female loveliness, madam. No, I admire your magnificent Juno-like woman, be she light or dark, and I admire round, rosy, laughing-eyed women, and tall, thin, sober-eyed women, and short, thick, puffy women. But I love a small, angelic creature, with great blue eyes, golden hair, and a complexion "like rose-leaves swimming in pure milk," and her name is Fanny, and she's only seventeen years old.

It is a sad mistake on somebody's part that Fanny wasn't born several years before she was, because it was on account of her youth that her mother persisted in fixing upon the very last day that my uncle's will allowed for our wedding.

Yesterday was the day appointed for our wedding. For weeks and months we had been making preparations for that great day. I can't say that Fanny and I busied ourselves much about the preparations, for there was nothing that we could do except to sit in the drawing-room and talk about how happy we should be when the time came; for she did love me so, and I loved her so, that we were both very unhappy the moment we were out of sight of each other.

Well, the night before last being the very last night, as a bachelor, that I should pass on earth, I spent in the following manner: From seven o'clock in the evening until ten I was with Fanny. We sat on the sofa together. I had one arm around her waist, and she had one around my neck, and one of her little white hands was in mine; and her beautiful head was on my shoulder, and her golden hair swept my cheek. We talked—oh, about so many things, and we said ever so many loving things, and we kissed once or twice. Then the little clock on the mantel struck ten, and then I tore myself away from Fanny and went home.

It was just fifteen minutes past ten when

I got to the widow's. I went in and found that very charming woman sitting at the piano and singing, "Thou art so near and yet so far." When I entered the room she looked up at me so longingly that I really—well, I wished there was more of me—two or three, for instance. Then we sang "Auld Lang Syne," and a tear bubbled up in the widow's right eye, and rolled slowly and sorrowfully adown her decidedly handsome nose.

"Wash," said Elizabeth (she always called me Wash), raising her dark eyes to mine, the long, beautiful lashes still wet with a pearly tear or two. "Wash, I suppose this is the last night you will ever pass under my roof."

"I am thinking you are quite correct in your supposition, Elizabeth," I answered, with a sigh; for I was feeling rather blissfully melancholy, and the tones of Elizabeth's voice rather aggravated that feeling. She had a remarkably melodious voice. As the poet says:—

"Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear."

Yes, I always held my breath when Elizabeth spoke, and once or twice I got so red in the face with holding on, that I had to ask her to pause and allow me to respire.

"Wash, I—I hope you will be happy."

"Yes, Elizabeth, I rather hope so," I said, laying my hand very gently on her shoulder.

"But she's very young."

"Yes, but she'll outgrow that, Elizabeth. For the present, it is enough for me to know that she loves me as fondly as I do her."

"I shall be satisfied if she only makes you happy, Washington. But remember, no matter what may happen, I shall always be interested in you. I shall always re-re-main your—your friend," sobbed Elizabeth, burying her face in the finger-board of the piano, with a discordant crash, and bursting into tears.

Gentle reader, this was becoming decidedly affecting; and although I'm rather fond of affecting scenes, I objected very strongly to having one that night—the night before my wedding—in company with such a very charming woman as Mrs. Elizabeth Beasley, because I was afraid I might forget myself. So I hurriedly bade her good-night, and sought my chamber, leaving the widow to dry her tears with the pedal of the piano.

Now you, my dear fellow, I dare say, did not sleep a wink the night before you were married, but I did. I am not of a nervous

temperament, and I had a clear conscience. I was at peace with all the world. I was supremely happy, and had eaten a light supper. So you see there was nothing to hinder my sleeping; and consequently the moment my head touched the pillow, my eyes closed, and I floated off into the land of dreams.

"'Tis morn—the orange-mantled sun
Breaks through the fading gray."

I start from my sleep and rub my eyes. My brain is confused, and I stare wildly around me. There is a sickening odor in the room. What is it? Where am I? Is this my wedding-day? I cannot collect my scattered thoughts. Do I still dream? No, this is my chamber, and that is the widow's melodious voice that I hear in the hall below. Presently there is a knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me—Elizabeth. Oh, Washington, we've been robbed!"

I arose, partially dressed myself, threw on my dressing-gown, and opened the door. Elizabeth gave one fearful glance at me, screamed, and, turning quickly, rushed down-stairs.

I followed her, wondering what could be the matter. In the hall I encountered Smith, one of the widow's boarders. He looked at me, and turned pale as death.

"It's one of the burglars!" he cried. And then, with a terror, he burst into the dining-room, and throwing himself from a window, ran down the street screaming "Murder!"

"Egad!" said I, "they're playing a game on me. But they'll have to play it without my assistance. I'll go back to my room and dress."

But I had just reached the foot of the stairs when the widow put her head in at the front door. She drew back screaming.

"Come, come!" said I. "This thing is played out."

"It's *his* voice," said the widow, her face once more appearing at the door.

"Whose voice should I have but my own?" I asked, rather testily.

"It's *his* nose!"

Then she came forward and took me by the hand.

"O Washington!" she cried, beginning to sob, "*where—where is your hair?*"

Smith, Jones and Jencks came in just then.

"It is he!" said Smith.

"Yes, it's he!" said Jones.

"I'm sure of that nose," said Jencks, "but where's your hair?"

At that instant the cook came up and grasped me by the arm.

"O Mr. Wadman, where's your hair?"

"You think you're wonderful funny," said I, with a sneer, and a comprehensive glance that took in the widow, Smith, Jones, Jencks and the cook. "Yes, you think you're playing a nice joke on me, don't you? And I suppose you consider your conduct quite lady-like, madam? And you, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Jencks, are a trio of perfect gentlemen, no doubt, but I don't think so."

"Why, the man's crazy!" cried Jones.

"Mad as a March hare!" exclaimed Jencks.

"He really thinks he has got a head of"—

But Smith was interrupted by the entrance of my old friend Woodard, who advanced toward me with a very serious cast of countenance, and placing his mouth to my ear asked, in a very sorrowful tone of voice:—

"O Wadman! where the deuce is your hair?"

"*Et tu, Brute?*" I cried, tearing myself away from him. And then, bounding up stairs, I rushed into my room.

"Am I mad?" I asked myself, "or are *they* crazy? My head does feel queer; rather light and airy—decidedly cool, too." I raised my hand to it. "Good heavens! where is my hair?"

Then I ran to the mirror. The sight was too terrible, for my head had been shaved clean, and my face had been painted with iodine. I screamed and fainted.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself reclining in the widow's arms, with my shaved head pillowed upon her breast. All the boarders, the cook, the chamber-maids and the waiting-maids were gathered around me.

"Oh, horrible!" I groaned. "O Elizabeth, do tell me the meaning of this?" And I placed my hands upon my head.

"Tell him," said the widow. "I can't."

"Why, you see, Wadman," began Smith, "the house was entered last night by burglars. They took all Mrs. Beasley's silver ware, and everything else of value that they could lay their hands to. They took my gold watch, confound 'em! and all my money; and we suppose that, just for the fun of the

thing, they gave you chloroform—the scent of it is all through the house—and then shaved your head and painted your face with iodine.”

“And—oh, heavens!—this is my wedding-day!” And again I swooned.

When I again opened my eyes the company had retired, all excepting Woodard and the widow, who still supported my unprotected poll.

“’Twas a fiendish outrage!” said the widow.

“Yes,” I faltered, “it would have been horrible under any circumstances, but at present how much more so, on this my wedding-day!”

“The wedding’ll have to be postponed,” said Woodard. “I’ll go to Mrs. Codwell’s immediately, and tell her what has happened.”

“No, no. I’ll go myself,” I cried, starting up.

“What! with that head and face?”

“It’s the only head and face I’ve got to go with; and the wedding can’t be postponed. Do you remember my uncle’s will?”

“Unfortunate man! I had forgotten the will. Yes, the wedding must take place to-day. But will Fanny?”

“Do you think the dear girl fell in love with my hair?” I asked, savagely.

“Go and see,” said the widow, leaving the room.

I dressed hurriedly with my friend’s assistance, and jamming my hat over my eyes, was about to leave the apartment when Woodard stopped me with the question, “Hadn’t I better get you a wig?”

“No, I’ll go to my Fanny as I am. Remember, “Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.” And so saying, I strode from the house and walked proudly down the street, conscious of the fact, but too savage to care if hundreds of eyes were looking at me.

Yes, there were heads at every window, for the news of the horrible outrage had spread from one end of Yazoo to the other, and Fanny had been one of the first to hear of it.

When I reached Mrs. Codwell’s door I tarried not to ring the bell, for that had long ceased to be customary with me. No, I marched boldly into the house and entered the drawing-room unannounced. Fanny stood before me, but she did not speak, she did not move.

“You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair.”

“O Fanny, darling, speak to me!” I cried, extending my arms to embrace her.

Then she started, and shrieked. Her mother rushed into the room and caught her daughter in her arms, and then they both screamed in concert.

“O Fanny, dearest, don’t yell so! My hair will grow again, and my face will resume its original color, before our honeymoon is over,” I pleaded.

“Go! go!” she screamed. “I can’t marry such a fright. Go, and let your hair grow if it will.”

“But we *must* be married to-day, dearest,” I urged.

She gave one very scrutinizing glance at my face and at my hairless cranium, and then she covered her face with her hands.

“No, no, I—I really can’t marry you to-day. I”—she took one more peep at my shaved head—“I renounce you forever.”

Then she left the room, and I left the house. Returning slowly to my boarding-house, I met Elizabeth at the door. A world of pity beamed in her dark eyes.

“Is the wedding postponed?” she asked, observing my sorrowful countenance.

“Yes—worse. She has discarded me altogether. No woman will marry me now, and to-morrow I shall be a poor man,” I answered, jamming my head against the door in a rage.

“Are you sure that no woman will marry you, Washington?” Elizabeth asked; and her melodious voice was more musical than ever.

I looked down into her beautiful dark eyes. My heart gave one terrible thump as I asked:—

“Will you?”

“Yes, Washington.”

I pressed her to my heart, and she kissed my shaved head.

“The wedding shall take place this afternoon,” I said.

“Yes, love.”

Again we embraced.

And now the reader knows why I married a widow. And although I’ve only been married twenty-four hours, I’ve thought several times since the ceremony was performed, what a fool I was not to have married her long ago, and in *my hair*, without the fear of my uncle’s will before me.

MY GUARDIAN.

BY MISS H. E. HUDSON.

INSTEAD of doing my tasks, I had been sitting idly at my desk all that bright winter afternoon, building air-castles and dreaming day-dreams as young girls will; and I came sauntering home in the sunset, in spiritless fashion, wondering why my life had never been what I wanted it to be, but had always gone on just the same, without a bit of variety in it. For I did not find pleasure in the Philosophy, German, etc., that filled up my school hours, the everlasting music, or the sitting at home in staid propriety, with Mrs. Mechlenberger and my guardian for company. I did not love Mrs. Mechlenberger, and I had been afraid of my guardian ever since I was a little girl, and he, an austere young man of five and twenty, had made me say the multiplication tables to him evenings. He had taken me to live with him when I was five years old. I was seventeen then, but nothing about the house had changed. Its stately front looked down on the city street just as grandly—its great rooms were just as magnificent and gloomy as ever. As for my guardian and his housekeeper, one was perceptibly graver, the other perceptibly older—that was all the difference; and sometimes I used to wonder a little fretfully, if things would go on thus until I was an old woman, and my guardian or Mechlenberger died.

I was by no means in a hurry to reach home that night. It was quite dusky when I came into my chamber, and tossing off my hat and cloak sat down by the fire to think a little longer. I was scarcely seated, however, before there was a knock on the door, and a maid appeared to say that my guardian wanted me in the library, "and he had waited so long he would be glad if I would come immediately."

I went immediately, wondering greatly at this unexpected summons.

My guardian was sitting at his desk writing, busily. The lamps were lighted and the curtains drawn closely. He only nodded and pointed me to a seat as I entered, then went on with his letter, while I waited with what patience I might. It was a rare thing for me to be admitted into this sanctum where Mr. Roscoe passed most of his time. It was a large and lofty room, carpeted and curtained

with crimson. Numerous irregularly shaped alcoves and recesses were lined with books, and a smaller apartment separated from this by a curtain held the greater part of the library. The room was filled with rare pictures and peopled with statues. I used to think Mr. Roscoe cared more for their silent company, than for all the world outside. I sat watching him this evening as I leaned back luxuriously on my lounge, and wondering if he did or not—but his face told no tales. It was a dark, thin face, quiet and haughty—one of those faces that rebuked scrutiny rather than rewarded it. He finished and sealed his letter, then turned towards me.

"You kept me waiting and I have kept you waiting," he said. "You were late home from school to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have sent for you for two reasons; first to tell you that I am going abroad for a year; I leave to-morrow night."

"You are going abroad?" I echoed, in amazement.

"To Italy. You will remain with Mrs. Mechlenberger and pursue your studies as usual, but for fear you might find the house lonely, I have decided to close it, and have engaged rooms at the —— House. It may be that you will find the change pleasant."

I was quite certain of it, but only assented with a cool "Very likely," knowing Mr. Roscoe's dislike of superlatives.

"Do you mean to remain only a year?"

"That is all. I find it impossible to avoid going, and that is the shortest time I can give myself."

There was a silence between us. My guardian stood looking down at the fire gravely, and I had some dim idea of saying I was sorry, then checked myself to wonder if I was. The pause lasted so long that I half rose, thinking he was done with me.

"One moment. You remember there were two reasons why I wished to speak to you. To tell the truth, I hardly know how to say what I intended. I believe I had forgotten you are only a school-girl yet." And Mr. Roscoe glanced at me critically, as I stood before him in the fire-light. "How old are you, Elizabeth?"

"Seventeen years and six months."

"Almost as much a woman as you will be at twenty-one. A young lady at seventeen ought to have definite ideas of her future. What are yours?"

"Rather vague ones, I'm afraid," I answered, smiling a little as I thought of my wasted afternoon.

"Well, what is the substance of them?"

"They're too fanciful to be put into words."

"You want to try the world, perhaps; young people usually do. They won't accept the statement of experience—they want to beat back and forth in it, till they have found for themselves that it is all full of misery and wrong and oppression. Then they are satisfied. Does your life here content you? has it contented you thus far?"

I was about to answer, "Not always," but changed my mind and replied with a doubtful "Yes."

"Yet you will be glad three years hence when you are your own mistress?"

"Maybe."

"I know you will be glad; and yet—I am telling you this because I think you are old enough to hear it now—you father died of despair, because this world, that looks pleasant, used him so cruelly; and your mother died of grief for his loss; but the world gets a great deal of credit for benignity, in spite of occasional roughness.

Mr. Roscoe's dark face grew gloomy as he spoke, and he began to pace rapidly up and down the room. I stood watching him, wondering and dismayed.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" I asked.

"It would have been quite useless. I tell you now as a warning, lest you trust the future too entirely. What you know of your parent's history is substantially correct. I have only explained it."

Looking backward, I remembered a room with wide, sunny windows that let the eye look out over fields and up into breadths of blue sky. I remember a lady's face, white and patient, with tears often upon it, and a kind voice that used to tell me stories winter evenings. Mr. Roscoe's face used to be there. I used to study it then as now. It was very kind when he spoke to her. Many times I had heard her call him her best friend.

"Ah, you were so kind to them!" I said. "I can remember how you used to comfort poor mamma; but I never knew why she

died, and I never saw my father. Tell me about them now, Mr. Roscoe."

"There is little to tell. Your father was robbed legally by his dearest friend. Robbed of everything."

"You have never told me I was left penniless, sir," I interrupted.

"Chut, child! You were not left; I begged you of your mother, and had you for a charity. We will leave all this now, if you please, and come back to what we were saying. You are seventeen years and six months old. Have you ever thought whether you wish to marry?"

He asked the question straightforwardly, never ceasing his pacing to and fro, and scarcely doing me the honor to look at me as I stood there surprised and hesitating. I first blushed at the question—I believe all women do blush at the wrong times—and then laughed at his odd way of putting it.

"No, sir," I answered, briefly.

"Right," said Mr. Roscoe, with a little approving nod. "In that case you can think of it now more clearly. My other question is this, Will you marry me?"

I stood looking at him with every emotion gone out of my mind and every expression out of my face, save simple astonishment. Could I believe my ears? Here was the clever Mr. Roscoe, a man more than twenty years my senior, who had filled the place of a father all my life, asking me to marry him!

"Do you really mean it, sir?" I inquired, at last, breathlessly.

Mr. Roscoe turned round, smiled a little at my attitude and my face, and answered, "Certainly."

Seeing my surprise still unabated, he went on quietly:—

"I mean it with modifications. I do not ask you to marry me to-morrow, and I do not expect that you will regard me as a hero or a prince. It would not be easy to deify me, so I need not speak strongly as respects the last particular. I merely inquire if, at some future time, when you have seen something of the world, we will say, and get ready to begin living in earnest; when you have finished growing up, you will marry me—always providing there are no slips of inclination and no slips of chance."

"Suppose I don't improve," I suggested, gravely. "You are calculating on that, ar'n't you?"

"Not in the least."

I reflected. I thought what a fine thing it would be to be called Mrs. Roscoe, and have people know that such a clever man as my guardian was my husband. I thought how kind he had been to me, what a fine house and how much money he had; and having got through this strange jumble of thought, I took my resolution suddenly and said:—

"Yes."

"Very good; but if you had considered longer it would have been better. Do you suppose you will be sorry for what you have said to-morrow?"

"No. Certainly not."

"I'll take you at your word," said my guardian, "and I'll help you to be consistent if I can. Excuse me if I have been sarcastic, and choose which of these rings you'll wear to remember me."

He unlocked a drawer in his desk and drew out a tiny velvet case, wherein lay three fairy circles set with gems that sparkled like points of fire, laid it on the table before me and left me to choose at leisure, while he resumed his meditative pacing.

"I'll have the opal," I said, after trying the three many times over. "People say opals are unlucky, but they're beautiful."

"The opal. I'm glad you're not superstitious; and now—why the clock says eight and you have had no supper. Don't stay any longer to-night."

Accustomed to obey my guardian literally, and having had no time to take into account the change in our relations, I went out at once and ate a solitary supper, expecting all the while to wake up and find I had been dreaming, and continually looking to see if the ring was really on my finger.

The next morning Mrs. Mechlenberger met me on the stair-case at seven o'clock, and informed me that my guardian had breakfasted early and hurried away to attend to some business affairs.

"He said he would be back at noon," concluded Mrs. Mechlenberger, drearily, drawing her breakfast-shawl around her and glancing out at the chilly gray sky with an involuntary shiver, "and I suppose we must learn to do without him."

I did not go to school that morning. It pleased me better to sit down by myself and look at the ring again; when I was tired of that I found a novel and stationed myself in my chamber window to watch for Mr. Roscoe's return.

About eleven a heavy fall of snow commenced. The romance I was reading did not prove interesting, so I dropped the book, and fell to speculating about my own romance, and watching the snow and the passing people. Two o'clock—three o'clock—the maid came up to see if I wanted dinner and was sent down again. Half past four—I had abandoned my book in despair, and sat wondering vexedly why he did not come. Five o'clock—and the train would leave at six. "Why *didn't* he come?"

It was dusky in the street, and the lamps were lighted when he did come. I heard him hastily directing the servants about his baggage in the hall below, while the cab waited.

He was shaking the snow from his heavy cloak, and endeavoring to comfort Mrs. Mechlenberger, as I came down the stairs.

"I can't stay for supper, for I have only fifteen minutes in which to catch the train; but I can provide myself on the way. I hope the arrangements will all be satisfactory; if not, mend them as you wish. Don't forget my valise, John. Where is Elizabeth?"

"Here," I answered, from my station on the stairs.

He came up hastily, laughing at my dubious face.

"Tired of the ring yet?" he questioned.

"No."

"Well, a short wooing should make a sure wedding. Try and make my letters do for me awhile; and if you get tired of it remember I may be getting tired too. Good-by, my dear, good-by."

He only paused to shake hands with Mrs. Mechlenberger, to nod a final adieu to me, and hurried out again into the storm. The cab whirled off through the driving snow and the darkness, and the housekeeper and I turned back to the lighted parlors and began to realize that we were left alone.

A month after, we were settled in our new quarters, and, under the supervision of Mrs. Courtney, Mr. Roscoe's sister—in whose eyes I acquired an immense deal of importance as soon as she knew I was engaged to my guardian—I was being made ready to be "brought out." Mrs. Courtney had taken rooms close by us, and the days were a continual merry-making. School was abolished as derogatory to a young lady's dignity. "And how can a young lady attend to her

Greek and Metaphysics," argued Mrs. Courtney, "when she has to attend to her dress-maker? She cannot; therefore let her do the thing that is most important." Music, however, was sanctioned, and a tiresome Italian came to teach me every morning; but after his hour was over, the rest of the time was "devoted to frivolity." Calling, riding, theatre and opera-going, and discussion of costumes were the principal occupations. To my shame be it written, I considered all this perfectly delightful. The novelty, the interest of new scenes, and the sudden esteem into which I had grown, were all very pleasant; but it happened in some unaccountable way that I missed Mr. Roscoe. It was incomprehensible, for I used only to see him for a half-hour at twilight, when he took time for resting. He used to come into the parlors like a breath of fresh air, always bringing something or other that was new or interesting, wake Mrs. Mechlenberger up and set us both talking; and his quick wit and queer criticisms, with the fashion he had of dragging all sorts of subjects to light and ferreting out something new in each one, was sufficiently funny. I missed the variety that he had, somehow or other, put into my life; perhaps I missed him for his very oddities. If I had had the time, and if his later character of lover had not seemed so very unreal, I suppose I might have dreamed a wonderful set of day-dreams.

Mr. Roscoe's letters, however, seemed especially calculated to set day-dreams by the ear. They were mostly brief, containing terse and rather powerful descriptions of whatever he thought would interest me, kindly inquiries and advice. My letters were catalogues of places I visited and people I saw. I was quite too much in awe of Mr. Roscoe to show him any of my thoughts and feelings.

So the time went on, and the lovers of art in the city were electrified by the advent of a new star—a young French artist of extraordinary merit. He had come unannounced by fame, had taken a studio, had exhibited a picture, "Shylock and Jessica," and immediately the name of his admirers was legion. His natural enemies—critics and brother artists—consented to be carried away by the tide of enthusiasm, and worn-out gentlemen of leisure, who on principle had disparaged and treated with just contempt "the daubs that the world calls pictures," condescended

to become interested. In order to be fashionable, Mrs. Courtney and I went to see the picture.

I can never describe that painting as I ought. It was not a picture, it was a little bit of reality made permanent. Everything was actual to the beholder, and if he forced himself to analyze, he found himself wondering what colors could possibly have produced that subdued golden glow of an Italian afternoon that filled all the airy spaces, and warmed all the shadows that the painter had created? Was that sky, that let the eye see into its deeps of blue, and that far-off, sunny perspective, only living on the canvas? There was a broad stairway, in shadow, its balustrades and pillars rich with antique carvings. A door-way opening from it was guarded by the sculptured heads of griffins. Just within this door, through which a flood of sunshine poured, stood the figure of the Jewish girl. In one hand are the keys she has just taken from her father. She is listening to the Jew, who does not look at her, but turns his face aside somewhat as he speaks; and the dark eyes are at once joyful and apprehensive, hopeful and sorrowful. It is a face of rare beauty, but it does not please. It is smooth and subtle, and there are lines of craft about the mouth that the smile cannot hide. The artist makes you feel that there is a contradiction in Jessica. She can be sweet and gentle—she would be so, if she may serve self thus; she cannot, and she is cruel and deceitful as naturally as she was kind. It was strange how Jessica's look told you all this; how you pitied her first, because the face seemed appealing, and hated her next, because it also was triumphant. It did not weary the gazer, this countenance, for it never looked the same twice; all emotions of hope or joy, fear or sorrow, seemed to be in it, and to gain the mastery of it in turn.

The face of Shylock. A haughty and gloomy face, sensitive and passionate. Heavy lines of care upon the brow, and eyes that are melancholy; but the mouth is coarse, the lower face is square. You see in the face the bitter sorrow that oppresses him when he thinks of the wrongs of his people, his stubborn pride and fierce anger. He himself is weary of the world and its injustice. He has never been able to cope with it; he never has been able to repress the insolence of this impertinent rabble that insults him. Oh, if he might! if he might yet

before he dies! And yet he is an old man, hated and despised. Life cannot last long, and is of no account. Death may come when it will.

I learned to know Shylock and Jessica when I saw this picture; and I learned what art is, for the first time. The attraction the painting possessed for me was so great that Mrs. Courtney was obliged to remonstrate. Our morning ride invariably ended there, and when I was once seated comfortably before the picture it was impossible to induce me to leave it. Mrs. Courtney found no great pleasure in waiting on my motions, and, in self-defence, proposed to purchase a small duplicate and hang it in my rooms.

"I never knew you were so fond of paintings," she said. "Why hasn't your taste been cultivated?"

"Mr. Roscoe had me take a few lessons in oils, but the summer vacation came and we went to the sea-side. I never had another teacher, but I painted alone. I love it dearly."

"I wonder James shouldn't have let you go on! I remember you used to tint flowers very cleverly. Why don't you resume your lessons now?"

"I don't know."

"My dear! you have such a habit of saying you don't know, and letting everybody understand by it you don't care. I'm sure it would be very nice to turn out a genius. Here's this young French artist you're raving about—Maggai? is that the name. You like his style and so forth—why don't you go to him for instruction?"

"He doesn't have pupils, I believe."

"He certainly does. Did you ever hear of an artist who wasn't anxious that his own rules and opinions should be adopted? Monsieur Maggai might have a hundred pupils to-day—but he has only sixteen, Arthur tells me."

"Then there is no chance for me."

"We will go and see that to-morrow. It will be a good opportunity to find out if he is as handsome as report says."

We did not need to go to the haunts of artists and search out this one we wanted from among many. He had set himself apart in a retired street of the city, where a company of elm trees were growing greenly, encouraged by the patronage of the sky, and where dust and noise did not disturb the aristocratic quiet. We were shown into a studio, a large and lofty room, rather luxuri-

ous in its appointments. Mrs. Courtney was delighted to recognize some of her friends among the group of fashionables who were doing the artist the honor to examine his pictures, or rather what pictures he would allow them to see, for only three were uncurtained. We joined the lookers-on at once, and became involved in the tangle of conversation. I was loitering before an exquisite "Aurora Leigh," and Professor Ross, by my side, was expatiating upon this beauty and that, and for the fiftieth time remarking, "What a truly wonderful thing art is, Miss Colman, and what a wonderful specimen of it we have here!" when Mrs. Courtney touched my arm.

"Elizabeth, here is Mr. Maggai."

A young man, scarcely more than twenty-five, it seemed, with a foreign air about him that his loose velvet cap and dressing-gown did much to heighten, was bowing gracefully before us.

"Madam and miss were pleased to ask for me."

He returned the salutation of Professor Ross nonchalantly, and stood waiting to hear our business. I watched him closely while Mrs. Courtney was telling it, with all the curiosity of a girl who has found a hero for the first time in her life. The face shaded by the velvet cap was refined and delicate as a woman's, but there was nothing weak or effeminate in it. A pair of brilliant blue eyes looked out from under the arched brows, the outline of the features was bold, and a bright brown mustache curled over the lips.

He looked at me attentively while Mrs. Courtney was saying, with the most fearful disregard of truth, that I loved painting quite to excess and worked so nicely by myself that she had thought it a great pity I had no instructor. "Quite lovely," she was sure some of my little attempts were, "quite lovely! and it is always such a pity not to cultivate a taste one possesses! It is so pleasant," Mrs. Courtney concluded, "to be able to reproduce things that one admires and would wish to keep, by a few strokes of the brush."

Monsieur Maggai having followed her through this little speech bowed a grave assent.

"But mademoiselle has perhaps played with painting; as I teach it, it is work."

"Oh, I understand, and so I am sure does Elizabeth, what an amount of labor there is

about art; but then one is rewarded richly, don't you think so?"

"Madame forgets that the opinion of an artist is already declared in that respect. There must be recompense for work—inward or outward."

Mrs. Courtney evidently was not inclined to discuss the matter, therefore she only said:—

"I hope you can find place for one more on your list of pupils?"

Monsieur Maggai, leaning against a pillar in careless fashion, smiled and merely said:—

"Mademoiselle can try. I am not a popular teacher—I am critical—I will not deceive. Those who wish can come to me if they will accept my tests."

Mrs. Courtney looked bewildered.

"Tests?" she echoed. "Well, I am sure Elizabeth is ready for anything. Aren't you?"

"Quite ready," I said, with a little wonder. Monsieur Maggai explained himself.

"I say tests, because the word is short. It is very simple. I want mademoiselle to paint me something. If you will come, I will show you."

He led us into a long, inner studio, where were a row of easels with half-finished pictures upon them.

"Do you wish to remain this morning?" he inquired. "If you do, there is still another room at your service. My pupils will be here in ten minutes."

I signified my desire to stay, and, lifting a curtain beside us, he led the way into a sunny recess, where was a deep window filled with flowers. One easel was standing alone, and a palette with the colors freshly mixed lay upon it. Monsieur Maggai placed a stool for me before it, and passing to the window, cut off an English violet and two or three green leaves. Claspng a little wire hand about the stems, he set the flowers up before me on the table, moved them once or twice to get the right light and shade on the leaves and the blossom, then said briefly:—

"I want two violets, mademoiselle. One will fade and I must contrive to keep its idea. Here are my colors—paint me one that will last."

"Suppose I cannot?" I said, almost as briefly as he.

"Then you cannot; but it is good to try."

I drew off my gloves without waiting to say more, and turning to Mrs. Courtney, who was viewing these proceedings with

some amazement, asked her to call for me at three.

"It's twelve now," said my chaperone, ungraciously. "You'd far better have dinner to-day and come to-morrow."

"No, I think not."

"Well, I've nothing to say. If you can paint the violet, paint it. Only don't try to do it and fail, Elizabeth," she added, in a low voice, "for I've felt all along that it was just what Mr. Maggai expected."

"I'll do my best, and you can send the carriage at three. You can spare me as well as not this afternoon, can't you?"

"I suppose so." And seeing that Monsieur Maggai had already left the room, Mrs. Courtney also took her departure.

Mr. Maggai did not come back; and after waiting ten minutes, during which time I gazed round the room, made myself acquainted with two or three ancient pictures, and eyed longingly various canvas mysteries, with their faces turned to the wall, I comprehended that I was left to my own devices, so looked up my materials and went to work.

I knew very little of painting, but I had one virtue, which was the virtue of enthusiasm. Immediately the studio, the sunshine and the flowers vanished quite away from my consciousness and left me alone with my violet.

I passed through an eager period of mixing colors and mapping out the flower, and so got on the "work proper." For two hours and a half I painted away with as much zeal as if success would ensure immortal fame. The sun got quite away from the window, and only left a little beam to come in, corner-wise, and tell it had been there. The stir and murmur in the next room grew quiet as the pupils passed out one by one. There was the outline of the violet on the canvas; a purple daub to represent a blossom and two or three green patches that stood for the leaves. That was all the fruit of my labor, and it was no more like the original than a candle is like the sun. I studied it in desperation. It evidently wanted something here and something there, but oh, what was the something? I sat down and looked at it again. I put on a tint here and a tint there without bettering the effect. I looked at my watch—ten minutes past three! Well, there, the thing was done and the time was gone—that was all about it; and there wasn't the slightest use in fretting whether it was done well or ill.

I was trying to console myself with these reflections, and walking back and forth before the picture, brush in hand, scowling at it and otherwise manifesting my extreme disgust, when I heard an amused voice behind me, and, turning, came face to face with Monsieur Maggai.

"The work does not please you," he said, turning to fasten the curtains, in order to hide a smile. I laid down the brushes and palette despairingly.

"I acknowledge that I can't paint the flower, sir. Please take my word for it, and don't look at the attempt."

"I should be very happy to take your word, mademoiselle," he rejoined, this time laughing outright, "but I have already seen the painting. It was directly before me as I came in."

"Very well," I replied, resignedly; "then tell me it's a botch in as few words as possible, and I'll go home."

Monsieur Maggai deigned to give me no other response than to place a chair for me. He then sat down before the easel and contemplated the two flowers.

"In music," he said, suddenly, whirling round on the stool so quickly that he caught me staring at him, "it is one thing to know if notes are correct, and another thing to execute, isn't it? So in painting, it's one thing to know what a picture ought to be, and a harder thing to produce it."

Yes sir."

Well, that is your case. You can criticize, but you cannot perform. See here. This violet makes you miserable, because it is not what you want it to be; it is because you have seen it with your mind, and then it was perfect. Look now; I will make it."

He took the same unmanageable brushes—the same impossible colors, and by three strokes so altered the blotch of my purple and green on the canvas that I should not have known it.

"Here is your shadow—there the light shines through—the edge of that leaf defined, so—and here a richer purple. Now bend it a bit. Well, is it a violet now?"

"You have done in five minutes what I could not do in three hours," I said, ruefully.

"Ah, it all comes from thinking! But, now-a-days, the young ladies must sing a little, and play a little, know a little science, and read a little Greek, and when they paint a little, it is hard, because there is everything else waiting."

He said it in such a comically despairing way, looking up at me as he put the last touches on the flower, that I laughed.

"That is not my case, sir; nothing is waiting for me but dinner."

"I will not detain you longer. I can say in a few words all I want to say. You have not painted the violet, but you have seen it, and seeing comes before doing."

"You think, then, there is some chance for me?" I asked, anxiously.

"If you put enough work in your wishing, I shall say yes, certainly; and if you like to come here and paint, you can come. I think the lady is waiting now." And he put aside the palette quietly, and stood waiting to conduct me out.

So commenced my lessons with Monsieur Maggai—lessons so pleasant that I look back on them with a queer feeling of regret and wonder, that they should have passed and left me only the memory of what was new life to me then. Loving art as I did, with my whole heart, and seeing my highest ideals realized by my teacher, it is not strange that I devoted myself to my work earnestly. I went every morning to the studio and painted for two hours, and it was rarely that I failed to find another hour at home. Mrs. Courtney grumbled about the time stolen from her, and declared I was ruining my health; but was so well satisfied with my work, and so charmed with Monsieur Maggai, that she found it convenient to say very little openly. The young artist seemed to be a favorite with every one. His fresh originality made him a very agreeable person to lionize. He was in demand everywhere; and Mrs. Courtney, noting this with the sagacious eye of a fashionable woman, installed him as her prime favorite at once. If he did not accept her evening invitations, she would accompany me to the studio mornings, and while I sat a little apart from the other pupils, in a recess that had hit my fancy, and painted away, as satisfied with my easel and colors as a child with playthings, she would arrange herself comfortably on the sofa, and talk in her most gracious fashion.

Monsieur Henri, as I became accustomed to call him, had spoken the truth when he said he was critical. It was not an uncommon thing to see him toss a painting that had cost a scholar time and pains into the rubbish basket; but, although he was merciless in his judgments, there was something in his enthusiasm that was very contagious,

and no matter how many obstacles he put in the way of his scholars, or how many disappointments he gave them, the impulse and energy of effort seemed never to be overcome.

For me, though the work was hard, success was beautiful enough to compensate, and even failure was endurable, for my short-comings did not seem to vex Monsieur Henri. He would come over to my corner whenever I looked weary or dissatisfied, laugh at my difficulties in his merry way, and, by a rapid touch or a word of suggestion, set me all right again. He seemed almost as much interested in my progress as I was myself, and would often beg me to stay the afternoon and finish a painting, or look at his portfolios for a while; then, if he would only talk to me, as he did often, of art and Italy, quite losing himself in his own eagerness and eloquence, and by his odd, quick turns of expression seeming to bring the thing he wished before me palpably, I was quite happy.

So the time passed, and the warm spring days came. Monsieur Henri and I were well acquainted now, and he had gained new fame by another picture. Mrs. Courtney had dropped ceremony with him and treated him as an old friend, and I could not imagine how I had existed before I knew him. As times grew pleasanter, we used to form parties and go out into the country for a day's pleasuring; but oftener Mrs. Courtney, Monsieur Henri and I would ride away in the afternoon to some bit of woodland and have supper Acadian-wise, with the sunset to light us; and Monsieur Henri, forgetting his dignity as an artist, would sing to us and tell us stories and legends of France, as merrily as any boy. I used to think his face, with the haughty look lost or left behind in the city, and only happiness and careless enjoyment in it, the most beautiful face I ever saw.

On one occasion, when we were out with a party of young people, Monsieur Henri had rowed me across a little pond for some azalias. It was a perfect day in the last of June, and after he had filled the boat with the royal crimson blooms, so that we seemed floating in a little island of sweetness, he sat idly watching me as I gathered some tiny sprays together and tied them into bouquets. We were under the green canopy of trees, and cool shadow was all around us. Out beyond, the sunlight made a fairy world

on the wood and water. Monsieur Henri, leaning over the side of the boat, seemed to be noting it all dreamily—the stillness, the warmth, and the delicious scent of the flowers.

"I used to see my sister tying flowers thus," he said, suddenly, "long, long ago, in France, and the world used to seem to me then one great, beautiful festival that all people were enjoying."

"I think it so now sometimes," I said, smiling.

"The world is hard and cruel. I have learned it. But it will never be cruel to you, Mademoiselle Elsie. You have dear friends and a happy heart."

"How do you know I am happy?" I said, hastily. "I am an orphan, almost alone in the world. My friends are kind, but there is change and chance everywhere."

"I do not know—I guess. It is better for you as it is. You have friends on earth and friends in heaven. When my mother died, I tried to comfort myself by thinking I knew some one in the other country."

"Yes. I used to think that when Mr. Roscoe told me about my mother. He sent me a picture the other day that he says resembles her."

I checked myself suddenly, for the thought of Mr. Roscoe was unwelcome to me, and dropping my flowers sat as idly as my companion, looking out at the sunshine.

"And your sister?" I asked, finally, breaking a long pause. "Is she not impatient for your return to France?"

Monsieur Henri took up his oars again before he answered.

"My sister is dead, mademoiselle, and there is no one to watch or wait for me there. Shall we go on now?"

Early in the month of July, before we had left the city, came letters from Mr. Roscoe announcing his immediate return. I came in from the garden one evening, and heard Mrs. Courtney telling the news to Monsieur Henri.

"In one week," she concluded, joyfully. "Where is Elizabeth, Mrs. Mechlenberger? She will be so glad!"

Before I could get past the doors, the housekeeper had caught a glimpse of my white dress and was calling me in. Monsieur Henri only bowed good-evening as I came in, and turned away to the window. Mrs. Courtney came towards me.

"A letter for you, Elizabeth. Sit down

and read it, child. I want to know what it says. James is coming home! Think of that!"

I suppose I did not appear as overjoyed as she expected. I took the letter, opened it and commenced to read, with no very clear idea of what I was doing. The letter was, like all my guardian's letters, concise and vigorous.

"My business has fortunately completed itself," it ran, "and I am free to return to America. I have written to Mrs. Courtney of my coming, and shall be with you in a fortnight. It seems a long time since I left home, and I am bringing back more gray hairs and wrinkles than I took away; but perhaps home will make me young again."

"There is nothing of much consequence in the letter," I said, refolding it, "beside the news of his coming home." I could not change the tones of my voice; that *would* be cold in spite of me. Mrs. Courtney glanced at me in surprise.

"You are not very enthusiastic about it, Elizabeth, or perhaps you don't think it good taste to appear so. For me, I'm perfectly dazed with sudden pieces of news. Monsieur Henri announced first that he is going to return to France, and then we hear about James, and I'm waiting to see what will come next."

"I thought you intended to remain here, monsieur," I managed to say, falteringly.

"So I did," he answered, idly touching the keys of the piano at his side; "but my loving countrymen desire to bestow a medal upon me and various other little honors, which I suppose it would be ill-mannered to refuse; therefore, as a mere matter of politeness, I go."

While Mrs. Courtney was congratulating him volubly, I slipped out through the window into the garden again. The night had seemed beautiful to me a moment ago, but it was chilly now. I gathered my shawl around me and ran to the arbor. There I threw myself down and tried to think, but could only think of this: Mr. Roscoe was coming home, and Monsieur Henri was going.

The sound of music and gay voices came to me from the parlors, but I did not stir. I only sat with my face buried in my hands, with a dull sense of trouble and pain in my heart that I could not quite analyze. By-and-by there came a sound of steps on the garden walk. They stopped close beside me, and a voice said:—

"Mademoiselle Elsie!"

I raised my head with a start, for I had supposed it was a servant sent to call me. Monsieur Henri was standing close by in the moon-light.

"Why did you go away from me? I shall not be here very long now," he said in a low voice that had a reproach in it.

"My head aches," I answered, evasively. "I came out to let the air cure it."

"And my heart aches, mademoiselle!" was the passionate rejoinder. "Why do you wear the opal ring?"

I sat in silence, bewildered by the change in his manner, and not knowing how to answer him.

"I have offended you," he said, hastily, "but how can I help telling you what I feel? I know it is useless to hope that you care for me, and yet I *must* tell you that I love you, and that I shall carry your face with me all over the world—wherever I go! I have never loved before, I shall never love again; for you have all my world and my heart! I am saying this to you," he went on, "because I cannot go and leave it unsaid. If there is anything that stands between us, tell me and pity me, mademoiselle. If you do not love me tell me, but do not pity me then; that would be a mockery."

How could I say anything but the truth? How could I help letting him love me? Ah, this was different from Mr. Roscoe's love; this was warm and living; this would make me happy! and if everything were between us afterwards, there was nothing now. But oh, let me remember! Let me remember the one to whom I owed everything—the one whose betrothal ring was on my finger. How *could* I be so basely ungrateful as to be false to him?

"I do love you," I said, through my tears, "and I am wicked. You will never care for me again when I tell you that I am to marry Mr. Roscoe."

He did not relinquish the hand he had clasped, only said, eagerly:—

"But you *love* me! You *love* me!"

I drew my hand away and told him the whole story of my betrothal. I did not dare to trust myself to listen to him until he knew it all; but when I had finished he only reiterated his question:—

"You love *me*? There is no law for love, and no law for marriage but love. You cannot marry your guardian and be true to yourself. It is right you should marry *me*! "

I will not weary the reader by detailing all that followed. I suppose I was weak and too little mindful of my duty; I suppose I was very wrong; but what woman can resist the pleading of her own heart, backed by the pleading of a man who loves her enough to wish to convince her?

When Monsieur Henri went away, he went with the permission—the silent permission—to return, and, as he expressed it, speak plainly to Mr. Roscoe.

"I will tell him," he said, "the exact truth. I will tell him that you love me—that I love you. If he cares for your happiness he will never marry you."

He went away and left me more miserable than I can express. In the fortnight preceding my guardian's return we never saw him once. Mrs. Courtney wondered and fretted, and finally went to hunt him up, and learned that he had gone into the country for a week. Satisfied with this, she busied herself getting ready for Mr. Roscoe with great energy. We went back to the house, which was opened and refitted, and it seemed to me the old life came back again with the old scenes. All Mr. Roscoe's generosity and unselfish regard for me rose up and rebuked me; my broken promise, my uncertain hopes, all made me wretched. If I could have seen Monsieur Henri, I should have forbidden him at once to approach my guardian, but I did not even know his address.

Mr. Roscoe came back even earlier than he was expected, almost the same, but with the dark hair a little silvered, the face a little bronzed, and the eyes somewhat brighter. I never shall forget the evening when he came. I stayed up-stairs guiltily until I heard the joyful stir in the house that announced his arrival, and the cheerful voices below all talking together. He had brought two or three friends with him, and they were all in the parlor when I came down. Mr. Roscoe greeted me half merrily, half tenderly.

"I feel like the shepherd who came back to his enchanted mountain and found his little princess grown into a great queen. Why, Elizabeth, you are grown a head taller in these few months."

All that evening, while Mr. Roscoe made us jovial with a certain cheerful magic of his own, I felt an indescribable sensation of comfort, as if I had found something that was lost. I felt as if I had never been away, as if I should be quite contented to be al-

ways a little girl and Mr. Roscoe's ward; and Monsieur Henri seemed as far away as a person in a dream.

In the afternoon of the second day, Mrs. Courtney, Mr. Roscoe and I had been riding. My guardian passed straight into his library when he returned, stating that he had letters to write. A servant intercepted me as I was going to my room, and said a gentleman was waiting in the parlor.

I knew who it was instantly, and the fear of being questioned by Mrs. Courtney helped me to conquer the sudden faintness that came over me. I turned about immediately and opened the door. Monsieur Henri sprang forward to meet me with a low exclamation of delight.

"Elsie, my darling, it is like new life to see you again!"

He stopped as suddenly as he had spoken, and drew himself up to his full height, still keeping my hand in his. Instinctively following his glance, I turned and looked behind me. There, in the doorway, quite motionless with surprise, stood Mr. Roscoe. I tore my hand away, and, hurrying across the room, scarcely knowing what I did, threw myself on a sofa and hid my face.

"Excuse me," Mr. Roscoe said, with what seemed ironical politeness. "I had no idea of interrupting a conversation. I came in for a letter that was left on the mantel, which I will get in a moment."

"If I am speaking to Mr. Roscoe, the guardian of Mademoiselle Elsie, I shall beg you to remain a moment, sir."

"Very well. I am quite at your service. Please be seated."

I tried to speak—to tell Monsieur Henri to go away—to contradict all I had said to him, and beg him to leave me in peace; but I could not command my voice to utter a word.

"I must introduce myself first; this card will do it for me, sir."

"Monsieur Maggai. You are the young artist my sister has spoken of. I am glad to see you, sir."

Monsieur Henri hesitated, rather embarrassed by Mr. Roscoe's coolness.

"I am here on an ungracious errand, sir, and at the risk of seeming in a false position; but, judging from your face and from my knowledge of your relation to Mademoiselle Elsie, I cannot help believing you will appreciate my motives."

"I will try," said Mr. Roscoe shortly.

"Let me tell you. Mademoiselle and I are thrown together; we love each other; we wish to marry; but mademoiselle, ignorant of her own heart, has already promised herself to you. She loves you well enough to have deceived herself; but, monsieur, she has told me that she loves me better, and I, perhaps selfishly, perhaps because I feel that mademoiselle and I cannot be happy apart, beg her to tell you. She cannot. She refuses, and yet she wishes it were done. And I—I lose all my pride and dignity, and I come to tell you because I love her."

Monsieur Henri ceased speaking. There was a pause, broken by Mr. Roscoe.

"You come to tell me with Elizabeth's consent?"

"I thought so, certainly; it may be I am mistaken," was the proud answer.

It seemed to me I *could* not lift my face and speak to them. I knew not what to say—what to do. Did I love Monsieur Henri? Did I love my guardian? How could I grieve either of them? *What* should I say?

Mr. Roscoe waited for me a reasonable time, then said quietly, and I thought rather coldly:—

"It rests with you to decide this, Elizabeth. Will Monsieur Maggai have your confirmation of what he has said? Remember your own heart is to guide you."

In all my life I had never disobeyed my guardian. I lifted my face, scarlet with shame and confusion. Monsieur Henri stood by the window, with flushed cheeks and proudly-compressed lips, gazing at me, half in surprise, half in entreaty, and opposite him stood Mr. Roscoe, with folded arms and an impassible face. He just glanced at me once, then turned his eyes away and waited in all patience.

I could not help thinking that Mr. Roscoe was displeased with me. I could not comprehend why the thought of his displeasure should make me so suddenly miserable. Then he was so cold, so careless. I had expected something so very different. Ah, he did not care for me, after all! I think I understood myself then for the first time. When I admitted to myself that it was possible Mr. Roscoe did not care for me very much, I found that *I* cared very much that he should. He could turn me away without pain—he could let me go with Monsieur Henri, and go back and be just as happy with his books and pictures. Perhaps he

had only asked me to marry him out of pity.

And poor Monsieur Henri! Waiting in silence for that one word of justification from me—the word he had a right to expect. Two weeks ago I had been so sure I loved him, and now I seemed to be changed utterly, for some inexplicable reason or other. I never completely realized that a woman's heart is fickle until I learned it from my own.

The necessity of acting, of speaking, was dreadful. Perhaps I did the best thing I could do—burst into tears; but even this did not comfort, for, although Monsieur Henri was by my side in a moment, entreating me to forgive him for distressing me, Mr. Roscoe never left his station by the mantel.

"Only let me go away!" I pleaded. "This is *too* hard!"

"It is not hard at all," said my guardian, quietly, but with something of authority in his voice. "You do not contradict or confirm Monsieur Maggai. We are here before you. One of us you love. Which is it?"

"Elsie," said Monsieur Henri, hastily, "choose the hand that has the heart in it—the heart that will love you through life to death—and leave this hand with its gold! Elsie, look up; my eyes will tell the truth! Do not doubt me; it is cruel!"

"O Monsieur Henri, I *have* been cruel to you!"

"Do not say that," he said, "when one little word will make me so happy. You *do* love me; I am sure of it."

I could only turn away from him and hide my face again.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Roscoe, impatiently, "are you afraid of me? or are you afraid for me? Do not hesitate to tell the truth. I am not a tyrant, my poor child," he added, "nor selfish enough to wish to marry you for my own sake. You have misunderstood me all your life, Elizabeth, if you have not known that I would, at all times, seek your happiness rather than my own."

I tried to speak once more. Once more I met Monsieur Henri's eyes, and could not.

"I will let your silence answer for itself," said my guardian, at last. "It tells me that you love Monsieur Maggai. I accept that interpretation of it, and I will not pain you with my presence longer. Do not suppose I blame you. If you are glad of this, I am glad. For Monsieur Maggai, I can only wish him all happiness."

I forgot Monsieur Henri. I forgot everything except that he was going. I ran after him and seized his hand.

"You do not understand me!" I cried. "I have told Monsieur Henri a lie! I love you. Oh, I am wicked—I am wicked!"

Mr. Roscoe turned about with a sudden light in his eyes that made them almost beautiful.

"Is this true?" he said, hastily, taking both my hands in his own, and turning my face up to the light. "Look at me and say it again, Elizabeth."

"I love you," I said, again, feeling a certain happiness in saying it. "But oh, poor Monsieur Henri!"

In that one moment of happiness Mr. Roscoe and I had forgotten everything but ourselves. When we remembered to look for him, Monsieur Henri was gone.

Gone without a word of forgiveness—without a word of explanation—without a word of protest. He had taken his sorrow away with him and left us no hint of its sadness but his proud silence. In bitter remorse, with such keen self-reproach as I hope I may never feel again, I told Mr. Roscoe the story of my misdoing, and by his advice I sat down immediately and wrote to Monsieur Henri.

If he had seen that letter I think he must have been touched by its very hopelessness. Perhaps in his love for me, in his pity, he might have forgiven me; but oh, he never did see it!

All night long I paced my chamber, too wretched to sleep, and in the morning I begged Mr. Roscoe to take me to him.

"I want to see him alone," I said. "I must see him—I must try to comfort him a little."

It was a rainy morning. We drove hastily through the dismal, wet streets to his studio. The blinds were down, and there was a neglected, vacant look about the house that impressed me with a sense of disappointment and fear. A foreign servant admitted me, and on my inquiring for Monsieur Henri, informed me only that he was gone—gone back to France.

"I shall follow him within the week, mademoiselle, bringing all that he has here. Monsieur will never return to America."

My own letter lay unopened on the table in the hall; it had arrived too late.

"Did he leave no message?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"None, mademoiselle. Stay, there is a parcel here. Will you see it?"

He handed me a small package wrapped in white paper, with my name upon it. I opened it hastily. It was only the little violet that I had painted—that he had corrected.

I never saw Monsieur Henri again. A month later I read in a daily paper an account of the wreck of the vessel in which he had sailed. His name was among those in the list of the missing, and there followed a graceful tribute to his genius, and an expression of sincere grief for his early and sorrowful death. Ah, poor Monsieur Henri! I have the little violet as the most precious of keepsakes yet, and not all the love of later years can make me forget him and his unselfish, sadly paid affection.

IS THE PETREL IN?

A BALLAD.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

SHE sits on the rocks by the mournful sea,
A white-faced woman, and plaintively
Sings while the waves on the rocks below
Break with a murmur sad and slow;
She sings of the sailor who sailed away
Out to the west o'er the shadowy bay,
And she waits and watches all day long,
But he comes not back, for the tide runs wrong.
"Come, oh, my sailor!" she sings, and then
Turns to the pitiful fishermen,
And asks, "Is the Stormy Petrel in?"
And they answer "No," while the wild waves' din

Breaks on the shore like a funeral dirge
For the sailors drowned in their angry surge.
Ah! the Petrel cast all her anchors down
In the harbor which lies by the heavenly town.
"Come back, my sailor!" she sadly sings;
"Spread to the breezes thy snow-white wings,
O Stormy Petrel, and over the main
Bear back my sailor to me again!"
And all day long, till the night falls down,
She watches there by the fishing town;
And the tide comes in and the tide goes out,
But brings not the sailor she sings about.

ANALYTICAL MUSIC.

BY L. MAY HEBBLING.

IT was a season of recreation, I remember, and I had gone to the music hall of our beautiful college to enjoy a quiet half-hour at one of the pianos. The short, cold day was already done, and the light which fell through the windows of the apartment was softened and indistinct.

For once the many instruments on the floor were hushed, the doors of the music rooms were closed, and a silence strange and unusual there had fallen upon the place. Occasionally the sound of voices, now in gay conversation and now in light laughter, ascended from the lower halls, but practically all was still.

As I stood listening, a feeling of isolation and loneliness stole over me such as I had never before experienced and seldom since known. It was fraught with rest and peace, and seemed to lift me above the noise and turmoil of the world about me into a purer and more elevated sphere.

I sat down to the piano at length, and for a time my fingers strayed idly and listlessly over the keys. Then slowly and unconsciously I began that simple yet beautiful composition of Wyman's, "Woodland Echoes."

It was my custom to play it at this hour. I had done so for many years, but to-night it afforded me a peculiar pleasure. I do not think I thought much of the piece or what it was. I am not even sure I had any definite idea of what I executed. I only know the soft, sweet chords made a pleasant accompaniment to my thoughts, which were with the past. I have always loved it; I love it still.

I think I must have played a long time, repeating the strains again and again, without noticing what I did.

Suddenly the door of my music room was opened softly, and a lady entered. I readily recognized in her our teacher of fine art, and felt no little surprise at her appearance. I was not an art student myself, and had therefore no acquaintance with Mrs. Gilmore. Occasionally I met her in the corridors or on the stairs, when we exchanged a formal recognition and passed on our respective ways. I had had the honor of no

conversation with her, and, though I knew her to be an exceptional artist, was not aware that she possessed either taste or fondness for music. Her face, as I recall it on the evening of which I write, did not impress me as regularly beautiful, but she had a bright, intellectual expression which gave her a singular charm. She inclined her head slightly in token of salutation as she came in, and I half rose from my seat to greet her, but she motioned me to continue playing, and I accordingly did so.

The gloaming had fallen now, and the music sounded weird and strange in the still twilight. Mrs. Gilmore came close to the piano and watched me with intense interest. When I turned from the instrument I was struck by the great change which had passed over her face during my performance. A glow suffused her cheeks, a wonderful light burned in her dark eyes. She looked a poetess inspired, I thought, or an artist gazing on some dazzling vision seen only by herself. She looked anything noble and pure and good as she stood beside me, seemingly unmindful of my presence.

At last she said softly, "Please play it again." I silently complied. When I had done she drew a long deep breath and looked up with a bright smile. "Yes, I see it all now," she cried. "It was not quite plain before. There is a pretty stream of water rippling through the midst of a green wood. It is spring, I think. Early flowers are blooming here and there, and the birds are singing gayly in the sunshine. Some willows droop over the brink of the stream, and bathe their branches in its clear current. They impart a pensive and melancholy grace to the whole scene. A faint perfume of violets is on the air, and it is early morning. Yes, it is quite plain now. What did you call it? 'Sounds from the Wildwood?' Is that it?"

I looked at Mrs. Gilmore in undisguised astonishment. When I could speak I told her I had played Wyman's "Woodland Echoes," and said, "What a beautiful interpretation you have given it! Surely you have heard it before."

"No!" she replied, "never. It is pretty.

I like it. It is simple and dreamy, and suggests a quiet morning ramble."

I was filled with wonder, and asked Mrs. Gilmore if she interpreted all pieces as readily as she had done my little favorite.

"No," she returned, "some are more difficult, and require much time and thought, but all must be analyzed at last, you know. Without accurate analysis there can be no proper execution, since the expression must be lost. One who renders compositions he cannot interpret, is as one reading fluently a language he cannot translate."

I had studied for some years under excellent music professors. I regarded myself as far from an indifferent musician, but never in my life had I heard anything like Mrs. Gilmore's ideas on this subject. That they impressed me very deeply, I need not say. I had been taught certainly that in order to play well one must have some general conception of the character and sentiment of the composer whom he portrayed. I had indeed, been told that a knowledge of the circumstances attending the production of a solo or reverie, if it could be obtained, was extremely desirable, as it would assist the execution. But that a minute analysis of any composition was possible, I had never before heard hinted.

"You surely play yourself, Mrs. Gilmore," I said, after she had finished speaking. "You talk so beautifully of music, and understand it so well."

"I do not play now," she answered very sadly, "nor have I done so for more than three years. My art has occupied me completely of late. I have had no leisure for music. But my love for it is unchanged, and sometime—we all expect much of the future, you know—sometime I hope I may be able to resume my study of it."

There was something in Mrs. Gilmore's pathetic tone as she uttered these words which touched me very deeply. After a pause, she continued:—

"I heard you playing to-night. I was in the studio. I thought the theme sweet and simple and could not resist coming to listen to it here. You will pardon the liberty I have taken."

I assured her I felt honored by her interest. The tea-bell rang then, and our conversation terminated. I need scarcely say we were often together after this, nor that through Mrs. Gilmore I attained a higher ideal of music, and a purer conception of its execu-

tion. She interpreted many things for me in an extremely beautiful and graceful manner, and my playing henceforth became wholly unlike what it had been. She often entreated me with great earnestness to render nothing I could not accurately analyze. She said to do so was unjust to the composer and to desecrate his work.

"Not that you can hope always," she would explain, "to grasp fully the spirit and sentiment of the author. By no means. But you may, in every case, form a comprehensive idea of the rendition you attempt which will be of invaluable assistance to you."

It all seemed very strange to me at first, and I fancied I should never be able to make the interpretations satisfactorily. But Mrs. Gilmore was a very patient teacher. Very soon I was able to analyze simple passages quite easily, and her pleasure in my success was scarcely less than my own. One circumstance, however, troubled me not a little. I made an analysis of something one day, I do not remember what, which I carried to Mrs. Gilmore for examination. She regarded it intently for some time, and then said in her quiet, meditative way: "It is very good, I think, and extremely original. Now shall I give you my interpretation of the same composition?"

I bowed and listened in surprise as she proceeded. There was not the slightest similitude between the rendering she made and my own. My dismay can better be imagined than described. I never doubted that my analysis was entirely wrong, and felt quite sure I should abandon all attempt at interpretation for the future.

I suppose something of what was passing in my mind revealed itself in my face, for Mrs. Gilmore presently said: "You need not be concerned by the unlikeness of our conceptions. There is absolutely nothing in this. At least nothing to cause either of us anxiety. Let me explain. The great Wagner calls music the only introspective science. He believes all other sciences tend to draw the mind out and to fix it on external things, but that music so far differs from all these as to enable the heart to contemplate itself. A number of persons listening to the same melody may therefore form various interpretations of it, yet each be practically correct in his analysis, since each may find it some expression of some passion or emotion peculiar to himself."

I cannot express the consolation and delight this information afforded me. It did not mislead me in any way.

I saw instinctively that to grasp the composer's conception of any production must be to grasp all that was highest and truest in it. But I saw, too, that the impress of one's own character would inevitably rest on his analysis.

Years have elapsed since I last talked with Mrs. Gilmore, but the grateful remembrances I cherish of her can never pass away. I never listen to music now without some definite idea of what it shadows forth. I never feel justified in rendering any composition the meaning of which I cannot com-

prehensively explain. I have learned to embody thoughts and sentiments in productions of my own. But I have never forgotten her who first opened to me the world of mystic harmony in which I have found so much. I would that many might rise to the lofty conception of the art which she entertained. I would that what I have written here might inspire many to study music analytically as well as theoretically. I can assure any who may be inclined that the recompense is very great, and I believe with Mrs. Gilmore that he who is content with sound without soul is content with a foreign language without a translation.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF RUNEBERG.

O BRIGHT and placid Evening Star,
Say what thou seest from afar!
When gazing from the heavens blue,
More joy or sorrow dost thou view?

Upon the stormy sea, perchance,
To thee amid the waves doth glance
Some shipwrecked mariner afar,
As to his destiny's bright star;

Or in yon distant vale would fain,
Lone brooding o'er its secret pain,
In thy mild ray some wounded heart
Sweet solace seek for grief's keen dart;

Or now, it may be, unto thee
Some maiden looketh yearningly,
And fondly deems her lover's gaze
May also turn unto thy rays.

Shouldst thou some shipwrecked sailor see,
Safe light him to his port, prithee!
Should thou behold the lone heart's woe,
Console it with thy hallowed glow.

Shouldst thou espy my love afar,
Oh, greet her fondly, Evening Star;
And tell her gently then for me
That I am waiting wearily.

TWENTY-ONE MONTHS OF SILENCE.

BY DR. CHAS. H. CAMPBELL.

IT happened on a summer evening, now something more than two years ago, that the surgeon of a regiment of high standing, then quartered at Chatham, was engaged in his surgery in making some experiments of a chemical sort, when one of the men belonging to the regiment came to the door and desired to have speech with him. This man was a private, John Strong by name, lately enlisted, and not remarkable hitherto as having in any way shown himself to be different from the rest of the corps. He had come to the doctor, he said, to complain of the state of his health. He

felt so "queer" all over, as he described it; could not settle down to any occupation; was cold and hot by turns; had pains all over his body and limbs, and was altogether very much "out of sorts." After hearing all this, and after having recourse to the usual pulse-feeling and tongue-inspecting formula, the doctor wrote the man an order for admission to the infirmary, and telling him to go to bed immediately, promised to visit him when he made his usual rounds the first thing next morning.

True to his promise, at an early hour on the following day, the regimental surgeon,

whom we will call Doctor Curzon, went to the infirmary, and made his way to the bedside of the new patient, expecting to find him suffering from some slight feverish attack, or some other trifling ailment, which a day or two's quiet and a dose of medicine would quickly set right. The aspect of the invalid as the surgeon approached the bed was even more encouraging than he had expected, and Doctor Curzon was on the point of giving him his views on the subject of false alarms when, happening to look more attentively at the patient than he had done before, he observed that Private Strong was gesticulating in a very extraordinary manner, and especially twisting his mouth and jaws into a variety of strange and unearthly contortions, as if in an ineffectual attempt to utter some articulate sounds which would not come forth. On examining him yet more attentively, the doctor observed that a sheet of paper was lying on his breast on which was written the following inscription: "I have had a fit in the night, and have lost the power of speaking."

Doctor Curzon had been an army-surgeon for many years, and had come in contact with numberless instances of deceit and shamming, practiced by soldiers with the view of obtaining a discharge. He remembered how some of them had, to his own certain knowledge, assumed to be mad or idiotic; how others had scratched places on their limbs and rubbed them with phosphorous got from lucifer matches in order to make such abrasions resemble sores of a dangerous and incurable sort. Then, besides, there were books written on this subject full of the most wonderful examples of feigning in the matter of disease, such simulation being sometimes engaged in with a view to some special object. Among men this simulating of disease—malingerings it is called in military phrase—is resorted to with specific intention.

Doctor Curzon questioned the other occupants of the infirmary, and especially those who slept in the beds which stood on each side of that occupied by Private Strong, as to whether they had seen or heard anything of this seizure or fit, by which the dumb man professed to have been attacked in the night. Not one of them knew anything about it, and it was evident that if the man had ever really been the victim of such a seizure, he had taken it very quietly, and

had not thought it necessary to disturb his companions; which, even supposing dumbness to have been one of the first symptoms of his attack, he might easily have done, the very fact of his having inscribed the particulars of his case upon the paper which the doctor found lying on his breast proving that he was certainly in possession of all his other faculties.

Doctor Curzon proceeded next to subject the patient himself to a very searching examination. He addressed several questions to him—for the man did not profess to be deaf as well as dumb—and bade him try at least to utter some kind of sound more or less articulate, in answer; but beyond several extravagant distortions of the features generally, and much ineffectual opening and shutting of the mouth, no response whatever was to be obtained. Next the doctor set himself to ascertain whether there was—as might certainly have been expected—any loss of power in connection with any other of the faculties. No such thing. The man was in all other respects perfectly healthful and vigorous, and not only was so, but looked so. Lastly, Doctor Curzon proceeded to engage in a prolonged scrutiny of the man's vocal chords, using an instrument made expressly for the purpose of such examinations, by means of which the interior of the throat is exposed to the view of the investigator. This proceeding, however, was productive of as little result as the rest. Mr. Strong's vocal chords were, as far as external appearance went, in much the same condition as those of other people. The examination over, Doctor Curzon left his patient for a time, entertaining a pretty firm conviction that this was simply a bad case of shamming, and leaving directions with all those who were likely to come in contact with the dumb man to keep a sharp lookout.

Days succeeded days, and the lips of John Strong remained, as far as the utterance of any articulate sound went, hermetically sealed. Not one of those about him could betray him into speech, nor was he ever heard to utter any word or intelligible sound in his sleep. Experiments of all kinds, in which the body and mind were alike addressed, were tried. The doctor—a man of great resource and much ingenuity—would, for instance, wake the man suddenly, in the middle of the night, and make him get out of bed to attend patients who

needed assistance, addressing him, at that moment of sudden waking up, with some words which required an answer. Mr. Strong was, however, proof against these sudden surprises, and was quite himself even when thus abruptly roused in the middle of the night. Not a word was to be got out of him. Plenty of gesticulation, abundant evidence of attention and of a clear comprehension of what was required of him, but no speech. It was probable, the doctor thought, that if the man could for a time be deprived of consciousness, he would in that condition be brought to say something more or less intelligible. He determined to get the dumb man under the influence of chloroform, and try what could be done with him then. The chloroform was applied accordingly; but the man by resisting first its application at all, and then its influence when they did succeed in applying it, managed to defeat the doctor's efforts in this line, the doctor hesitating to incur the risk of administering by main force a dose strong enough to render his patient incapable of all resistance. An attempt was then made to intoxicate him, and, as he refused to take a sufficient amount of spirit to bring about the desired end, a considerable dose of alcohol was cunningly introduced into the medicine he was in the habit of taking; but he steadily refused, come what might, to swallow a single drop of the medicine so craftily qualified.

The doctor's wife had at this time in her employment a young woman, serving in the capacity of housemaid, who, besides being gifted with considerable personal attractions, was also endowed with a large share of that capacity for mischief, the possession of which persons of a misanthropic turn of mind are fond of ascribing to all members of the sex which doubles our joys and divides our sorrows. Having confided to this young person the particulars of Mr. Strong's case, the astute doctor, a little more than hinting that he looked upon the whole thing in the light of a "do," requested her as a last resource to come to the rescue. On a certain fine afternoon the patient was sent up to Doctor Curzon's house, ostensibly to do some work in the doctor's garden, but really to encounter the fascinations of the doctor's housemaid. During the whole of that afternoon the full force of those fascinations was freely exercised upon him, whatever he did and wherever he went. Did he set himself to the accomplishment of his allotted task in

the garden, there was this dangerous young person ready to help him with his work, and even to do that work for him. Did he, on the other hand, sit down to rest himself in the shade, there she was, sitting beside him and conversationally disposed. She plied him with drink when he was thirsty, and later in the evening made him comfortable with tea and toast. Strong ate the toast—nay, he smiled upon her gratefully, and expressed his contentment by the gesticulations which had by this time become familiar to him. All these things he did, but speak or utter a sound he did not.

Yet there was no sort of colloquial snare which she did not lay for her companion; sometimes appealing to him for directions when they were at work together, and this in the most artless manner as if she had forgotten the existence of that infirmity of his; at other times adopting a different line, and making open allusion to it, frankly telling him that she did not believe in its genuineness, and urging him to admit to her in confidence that it was all a sham. Then she would be angry with him for his obstinacy, and rate him soundly; or perhaps have recourse to ridicule, and laugh at him in the most aggravating manner possible. But Private Strong was proof against it all. He was deaf to her entreaties, he smiled at her irritation, he joined in the laugh against himself when she was sarcastic. Finally he retired triumphant from the encounter, having passed a very pleasant afternoon, and leaving the question of the real or fictitious nature of his infirmity exactly where it had been when he set out in the morning to spend the day in Doctor Curzon's garden.

The dumb man's statement now began to be believed by many who had before treated it with contempt. But the hand-maiden maintained stoutly her conviction that Private Strong was certainly shamming, and was no more dumb than she was.

It was soon after the failure of this experiment, and about four months subsequent to the time of Strong's first attack, that the writer of this brief abstract, happening to be in the neighborhood of Chatham, first heard the outline of the dumb man's story. It was soon arranged that on a particular day which suited the convenience of all concerned, he should go over to the depot and pay a visit to this singular person, in company with a certain military officer and the regimental surgeon, Doctor Curzon.

This last-named gentleman, as we walked along in the direction of the place where the speechless soldier was at work, took the opportunity of relating some circumstances worthy of recapitulation here. It appeared that in the very regiment in which Doctor Curzon held his appointment there had lately occurred a case indicating such power of sustaining a deception possessed by one of the ordinary rank and file, as might well serve to make any regimental surgeon suspicious of the men under his charge. In this instance the assumed disease had been a combination of rheumatism and paralysis affecting the head and one of the arms. The head was completely forced out of its natural position, and bowed over to one side, the shoulder on the same side being raised to the ear, and the arm fixed in a bent position against the body. Of course such an affliction was fatal to everything in the shape of drill, and to the performance of any military duty; accordingly all sorts of remedies were applied with a view of curing this unfortunate recruit of his distortion, and getting his head and arm back into their natural condition. Some of these remedies were sufficiently painful. Experiments were made with hot irons, and others in which certain forms of acupuncture were resorted to. The unfortunate cripple endured all without flinching, but none of them seemed to make the slightest impression on his malady. The obstinacy and peculiarity of the case had awakened some suspicion in the medical authorities, and he had been watched by night as well as by day. Not to the slightest purpose, the man retaining in his sleep, as in his waking hours, the same distorted position, with the head forced over on one side and the arm fixed tightly against the body.

There is no doubt that this fact—which if to be accounted for at all can only be explained by supposing some power of exercising the will to be retainable by some men even in their sleep—had its influence in disarming the suspicion of those with whom the power of granting discharge rested. At all events, a medical board meeting was held, evidence was adduced to show that night and day this unfortunate cripple was never seen in any other position than in this distorted one, that all remedial applications were inefficacious, and that the recruit being utterly useless and unfit for service, there was nothing for it but to discharge

him. Discharged he was accordingly. A fortnight afterwards, Doctor Curzon met him in the street walking along with his head erect and his arms swinging at his sides like other people. Indeed, the man actually had the audacity to address the doctor, and to congratulate him on the success of his medical treatment of the case, remarking that he was perfectly cured now, and very much obliged to the authorities for his discharge, as it had enabled him to take a very good situation in the town.

The doctor said, in reference to the present case, that he had resolved to utilize the man as he best could, and had accordingly sent him to the tailors' shop, where his dumbness would not stand in his way, and where his previous habits—for he had been bred a tailor—would be favorable to his making himself useful. By means of this arrangement, the necessity of taking immediate action in the difficult matter was obviated, and time gained in which to test him further. As the doctor concluded, we arrived at the door of the building appropriated to the regimental tailoring department, and went in.

Half a dozen soldiers were sitting on a raised tailors' board in the well-known professional attitude. They all raised their heads when we entered, except one, who, seated nearly with his back to the door, just turned his head and his eyes for a moment slightly in our direction, and then went on with his sewing. A moment afterwards, on the name of "Strong" being called out by the doctor, this same person sprang off the board with quite a curious display of activity, and stood confronting us, with his hands close down by his sides, his stockinged feet so close together that the great toes touched each other, and his eyes staring very intently straight before him at the doctor. This gentleman then proceeded to ask him some questions, as, indeed, we all did—how he felt, whether there was any change in his condition, what was the state of his general health, and the like. He answered by gesticulation, always of a very energetic kind, and sometimes by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet on his fingers. He told us in this way, I remember, among other things, that he came from Wales, and that he was the first of his family who had ever been afflicted in this extraordinary manner. "Come," said the doctor at last, "let us see you make an effort to speak. Try to say,

'How d'ye do?'" The man certainly *seemed* to respond to this appeal, and nothing could be more energetic than the violent chopping action of the jaws with which he did so; but no word, nor, indeed, any sound whatever, was uttered. After this we all stood staring rather helplessly, and in a state of mystification at each other. The soldiers sitting on the board with their legs doubled under them stared, too.

The scene was brought to a close by the doctor. "Well," he said, "you are very comfortable here, and usefully employed. You know we couldn't possibly send you out and throw you upon your own resources, in the state in which you are at present, so you ought to think yourself very lucky." This was said, as the doctor told me afterwards, to show the man that he had nothing to hope in the way of getting his discharge. He appeared well pleased with what he heard, nodded and smiled briskly, and jumped up on his board again.

"He is so extraordinarily sharp and quick of hearing," whispered the doctor, as we left the building, "that I must ask you not to speak about him till we are well out of ear-shot." I had little to say, however. My impression was simply of a good-looking young fellow of a light and active build, with exceedingly bright eyes, having perhaps something a little mad about them. There was nothing stupid or brutal in his appearance; on the contrary, he looked brisk and lively, as well as exceedingly cunning. He certainly gave one the idea of a man possessed of much dogged determination, and quite capable of carrying out any scheme of an underhand nature which he might set before himself as a thing to be accomplished.

What Private John Strong did set before himself as a thing to be accomplished, he did in this case most distinctly and completely succeed in doing. He carried his point. He was too much for the authorities. His powers were concentrated; theirs were diffused. He had but one thing to think of; they had many. For such work as mounting guard, with its necessary interchange of sign and countersign, as well as for all other forms of military duty of which speech is an essential part, this man was unfitted, as well as for the transmission of verbal messages or spoken instructions; and so it came about at last that on a certain day Private John Strong was brought before the medical

board, and after passing through another examination, and being subjected to a variety of final tests, was declared to be unfit for service, and was, then and there, formally discharged.

Soon afterwards, I found myself once more in the neighborhood of the great garrison in which this curious drama had been enacted. Now that the curtain had fallen, I felt a strong desire to hear something of the principal performer, and to learn what had become of him after his retirement. In accordance with this wish I lost no time in making my way to the barracks at which my speechless friend's regiment was quartered, bent on picking up all the information I could. Fortune was propitious to me. Almost immediately on my entering the barrack-square I had the good luck to run against a certain sergeant-major belonging to the regiment, who had had the subject of my inquiries directly under his charge. From this officer I learned that Doctor Curzon had been removed to another station, and that so the case had passed from under his superintendence; and that the doctor who succeeded to the care of the man had, after very careful investigation of the whole affair, become sufficiently convinced of the genuineness of the case to bring it before the medical board with the result mentioned. "A few days afterwards," said the sergeant, concluding his account, "I met a man walking along the street, in company with a young woman. 'Good-evening, Strong,' I said, on speculation, with a sort of notion in my head that he'd answer me. And so he did. 'Good-evening, sergeant,' he says, speaking as glib as possible, and with as knowing a grin as ever you saw." The sergeant concluded his narrative by informing me that the young man had got married, and was at work at a sewing-machine factory in the town.

It was difficult to find this factory; but I managed, after making inquiry, in unearthing my gentleman in a large building which quivered all over with the vibration of its machinery.

He was thinner and more haggard-looking, perhaps, than when I had last seen him, and was, of course, dressed in the costume of a civilian instead of the uniform of the regiment to which he once belonged, but in all other respects he was unchanged. He presented the same sharp, watchful appearance which I had remarked before, and had

the same keen, restless glance darting hither and thither. He did not speak on first coming forward to meet me, but merely made a movement with his head. I think it probable that for a single instant he was confused, seeing a stranger before him, whether he was to be dumb or not. Of course he soon remembered that all that was to be a thing of the past. In answer to my remark that I was curious to know how he had recovered the use of speech, of which, when I had seen him, nearly a couple of years ago, he had been deprived, he proceeded to tell a story which he seemed to have on the tip of his tongue ready for any such emergency.

He stated that shortly after his discharge, he accidentally met a young man with whom he was acquainted, and whose function it was to compound the medicines dispensed at a certain military hospital which he mentioned by name. The "compounder," wiser than any of the constituted authorities, told him that he knew of a medicine which would certainly give him back the use of his tongue,

if he only chose to take the trouble to go up to the hospital for it. Naturally enough, ex-Private Strong did agree to take that trouble, and, taking the medicine, too, observed that after the very first dose his whole interior arrangements were suffused with a glow of warmth; on finishing the bottle, commenced under such happy auspices, he was just able to speak, but in a low voice.

Such was ex-Private Strong's ingenuous story. After another bottle or two of the wonderful medicine, he had fully recovered his power of speech.

What qualities are displayed here! What concentration of purpose, what self-denial, what huge development of that which, in sporting phrase, is called the "staying" power; the power of holding on and sticking to a thing with a fixed intention, day after day, week after week, month after month, for a space of nearly two years! It seems pretty clear that it is not the mere possession of these faculties which is respectable, but only the application of them to a good and worthy purpose.

"MISSING."

BY NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

'T WAS after Antietam, on an evening dark and gray;
We had returned from the fight after a bloody day;
And we called the muster over, but one answered not the call;
'Twas the youngest and the noblest and the bravest of us all.
He had dared the direst dangers of that dread and dear-bought day,
For he had been the foremost in the fury of the fray;
But a solemn silence answered when we called him on the roll,
And we knew that we had lost him—and that heaven had gained a soul.

The night was closing chill and dim, and stars were in the sky,
When forth we went to look for him,—the battle-field was nigh;
The moon shone out to aid us in our grim and ghostly quest,
As we turned the brave men over that were lying there—at rest.
Where the fight had waxed the fiercest, on the margin of the field,
We found him, grasping hard the sword he never more might wield!
There was glory on his visage, like a rosy light or flood,
Though his golden hair was dabbled with his swiftly flowing blood.

Oh! rev'rently we lifted him, and wiped away the stain
That marred the bright young forehead, where a mother's kiss had lain.
We loosed the things about his breast, but turned aside,—for there
We saw a maiden's picture, and a tender lock of hair!
He was not dead. He strove to smile; he lifted up his hands—
But Death had turned the hour-glass, and was counting out the sands!
We were rough and hardened soldiers, and we could not mourn, because
He was dying for his country, like the hero that he was.

We laid him on the litter, but he neither spoke nor moved;
And tenderly we bore him to the comrades that he loved.
He was dead long ere we laid him on the mossy patch of ground;
But we hoped he did not suffer, for he died without a sound!
We have bled in many a battle, we have fought in many a fray;
But that night at Antietam is as fresh as yesterday;
And his name upon the muster-roll in fancy oft we call,
For we loved him as the noblest and the bravest of us all.

A TIMELY SHOT.

BY W. H. MACY.

IN the summer of 18—, I found myself adrift in New York, without employment. Times were dull, and the ship in which I had arrived was to be laid up for a time. Having but few shot in the "locker," I was up for almost anything in the way of a voyage, and cared little towards which of the cardinal points I steered my next course, provided the business were legitimate and honest.

In this frame of mind, I was strolling along the wharves on the East River side, having made inquiry at several shipping-offices without success, when my attention was caught by the neat appearance of a small barque, lying at the lower end of a pier. I took a turn down alongside of her, and stood looking idly at the stevedores taking in her lading, when a hand was clapped smartly on my shoulder, and another extended to meet my own.

"Why, how are you, Gorham?" said a hearty voice. "Where have you been drifting these last fifteen years?"

I had some little difficulty in making out, from under their hirsute covering, the features of Joe Calder, whom I had not met since we were both boys at school. I greeted him heartily, however, though I did not attempt to give a complete answer to his question. It would have taken some time to relate the story of my fifteen years' wanderings, or of his, either.

"Out of employ, just now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Southerly wind in your pocket-book?"

"Well, it's veering towards that quarter."

"Come, what'll you take to go mate of this barque? She's my first command, and will be ready for sea in three days. I haven't shipped any officers yet."

"Which way are you bound?" I asked.

"Coast of Africa—Gambia River—and so on."

"Palm oil?" said I.

"Mostly palm oil—a picked-up voyage."

"She's a fine-looking craft," I observed, quite willing to consider the offer favorably, but hesitating a little about closing with it.

"Come, let's go aboard, and take a look at things inside," he urged.

We did so; and, if I was pleased with her

appearance from a distance, I quite fell in love with her when I inspected her internal arrangements. By the time I had made the round of the deck, and taken a look at her cozy little cabin, I had almost made up my mind to ship.

"What cargo are you going to take out?" I inquired.

"Yankee notions," said Calder, carelessly. "Tobacco and rum—lumber and slops—and so forth. Come, go up with me to the agent's office. Make up your mind what wages you will go for, and there'll be no difficulty about it. If I say I want you, you'll be shipped without many questions."

I feared, when I named my terms, that they might be thought exorbitant, as seamen were plenty and ships scarce; but a word in an undertone from Calder to the agent made all satisfactory, and in a few minutes after entering the office, I had affixed my sign-manual to the papers of the barque *Bloomer*, for a voyage to the west coast of Africa, and had the advance money in my pocket.

I went on board the next day, and took charge of bending sails and getting the barque in readiness for sea. It was a new and strange voyage for me, for I had never visited the African coast. I knew it to be a sickly place, but Calder, who was an old stager there, assured me there was nothing to be uneasy about on that score. We would take good care of ourselves when we got there, and let the Kroomen do all the work.

There were only six seamen before the mast, he said; and as six reported themselves the same day that I took charge, I thought our complement was full. But the evening we were going to sail, six more came on board with the captain; I asked him if all those men were members of our crew? "Yes," said he, "I represented to the agent that I thought the vessel very short-handed, considering her spread of canvas. And, finally, I brought him over to my way of thinking. We shall be able to handle her easily with twelve before the mast, eh, Mr. Gorham?"

I thought so, too; and it occurred to me that he must have a very accommodating owner to deal with. It would not have been strange had one or two men been added to our force

at the captain's solicitation; but that the number should be doubled struck me as being a little odd, to say the least.

I had little knowledge of Captain Calder's history since we were school-mates. I knew that he had sought his fortune at sea, like myself, and he had told me when I shipped that he was familiar with the African coast.

But we had not been many days at sea before I had strong suspicions that the ostensible object of the voyage was far different from the real one. The large accession to our crew at the very hour of sailing gave the first impulse to my thoughts in this direction; and various circumstances occurred after we were in blue water which tended to increase my surprise and uneasiness. The lumber which formed a part of the cargo appeared to have been cut or selected with a view to some special use. The six last-comers, I learned, were all old acquaintances of the captain, and had sailed with him before; which, to put it in a mild form, was a coincidence. And one day I detected the cook, who was one of the six, burning staves for firewood. On inquiry, I found that they were taken from a pack of shooks in the fore-hold. I remonstrated with him about this, telling him I supposed he knew the shooks were to be set up into casks for palm oil.

"I tink we no want palm oil, sah," he answered, slyly.

"What do you mean?" I demanded, fiercely.

"Oh, it's all right, sah. Speak the ole man, sah. He tell you what I mean," was the good-humored reply.

I was both disarmed and mystified. I went aft and reported the matter to the captain, who was working up his longitude at the cabin-table. I asked him if he knew the meaning of the cook's reply to me.

"Sit down, Mr. Gorham," he said, coolly, "and don't get in a stew about it. The old shooks are of no value. There isn't one of them that would hold sand, much less oil; and they were only sent on board as a blind. We've got more profitable business in hand than box-hauling the whole Guinea coast to pick up palm oil by the calabash-ful."

"What is it, then?" I demanded.

"I suppose we may as well understand each other now, as at any time," he said. "*We are going after niggers.*"

Daylight had burst upon me with a vengeance! I could see the whole thing now,

and I wondered at my own stupidity in not having seen it before. Here was I, who thought myself engaged in an honest trading voyage, just waking up to the fact that I was in the middle of the broad Atlantic, chief mate of a slaver!

"Why wasn't I told this before?" I asked, with all the calmness I could assume.

"Because I was afraid you wouldn't go with me. I wanted you to go, for I have heard that you were a good officer and navigator. And now, if you have scruples about engaging in the business, I think they can all be overcome when you know how profitable it is."

"Profitable!" said I. "'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Oh, don't begin to preach here," he returned impatiently. "Your wages are liberal now, but they shall be raised higher if you demand it; and if we can run a cargo safely into a West Indian port, you are entitled to two niggers in every hundred as your commissions. All you'll have to do is just to carry on the duty and serve your employers just as you would on any other voyage."

"Have you been in this slave-trade before?" I asked.

"Have I? Of course, or they wouldn't have been likely to give me the command of this vessel. We had a great streak of luck while I was mate of the Harlequin. We ran three cargoes across safely, and landed them in fair order. I made a fat thing of it, I assure you; and if I can run clear this time, with my pay and commissions I shall have no need to try it again unless I choose."

As I looked and listened it was difficult to believe that my playmate, Joe Calder, was before me. But whatever he might do, or however he might argue the matter, I had no idea of selling my integrity at the price of two per cent commission on a cargo of human flesh and blood. Though I had been a wandering seaman, rough, and in some respects reckless, and was as poor as on the day I first went to sea, I had always, hitherto, preserved my conscience clear. It was my best bower anchor, and so I told the captain.

"Gorham," said he, "you'll find your conscience a bothersome shipmate in this business, and if you'll take my advice, you'll throw it overboard. I don't know, though,

why you need let your conscience trouble you, since you shipped in ignorance of our real object; and of course you are in for it now, for it's too late to turn back. You can just go on with your duty, and leave the responsibility upon me and the owner. Our shoulders are broad enough to take the whole burden."

"I can't quiet my conscience with any such logic as that. I am in for it, as you say, and it is too late to go back. I have no power, either, to alter the object of the voyage. But I tell you now that I will have nothing to do with kidnapping human beings, either black or white, if I can help it, and will leave your vessel at the first opportunity—with your consent, if I can get it—if not, without it. As for the commissions you speak of, I would not accept the whole cargo if offered me—unless it were to have the pleasure of setting them free."

"I would, then," returned the captain, with a light laugh, "and touch the doubloons for them. I must confess I'm disappointed in you, Gorham, for I didn't expect to find any seaman with those soft feelings. You talk more like a parson than a mate of a ship. Still I don't mean to say that you are not a good officer, seaman and navigator. We understand each other now, at any rate. If you leave the vessel before the voyage is up, you'll have to run from her, for I shall not make out your discharge. And I hope you'll think better of this before we make the land, and see it in a different light."

"Never!" said I firmly, as I turned to go on deck.

The subject was, by a kind of tacit understanding, dropped between us, and matters went on quietly, while the *Bloomer* sped on her course towards the Guinea Coast. I could well understand that Calder did not mean to have me leave the vessel, at least before his cargo was made up, for fear of my dropping some information that might lead to his capture; and that he would even, if necessary, restrain me on board by force. But he need not have feared me after I was clear of the barque, for, like the generality of seamen, I was strongly averse to playing the part of an informer, even in a case where I could feel morally justified in doing so.

The same day that we made the land an English man-of-war brig gave chase to us. As it soon became evident that she was more than our match in speed, we hove to like an

innocent trader, and a boat was sent to board and examine us. As she drew near, the captain called me below for a confidential word. "Mr. Gorham," said he, "we understand each other, I believe, as to our opinions of the business we are in. There is nothing about the vessel or her fittings that will lay us liable to seizure; and I don't fear this British officer unless some one turns informer by giving him some hints. If I thought you would do it," he continued with a bitter oath, "I would shoot you with my own hand, in spite of old friendships and the real regard I have for you."

"You needn't burden yourself with the cause," I answered, "for I am willing to make a fair agreement with you. If you will land me at any settlement of whites, where I can get away from this cursed coast, I promise to hold my peace and say nothing to bring you into trouble."

"I will bind myself to discharge you as soon as I have made my voyage sure and am ready to run westward again. And you shall be paid the full amount of your wages up to that time. But I can't, with safety to myself, let you go sooner."

I was fain to content myself with these terms, and thus I became, to a certain extent, a party in a great wrong. It was, I know, a false sense of honor that restrained me, in thus declining to do what was right because it would injure the interests of my captain and employers. But it was as good, perhaps, as the oft-quoted patriotic cry, "Our country, right or wrong."

The examination of the vessel and her papers developed nothing to excite the suspicions of the boarding officer, but, as I have since learned, one of the seamen, who, like myself, had been entrapped into what they believed was an honest palm-oil cruise, was not as scrupulous as myself. He found an opportunity to whisper his opinion of the real character of our enterprise to some of the boat's crew, and, as a consequence, we were never lost sight of from that day forward, while on the coast. Many were the dodges we played upon the cruisers, and at last Calder thought he had shaken off pursuit, and we ran into an anchorage at the mouth of a river, where the human cattle were herded in the barracoon, ready for shipment.

A few hours, now, would decide the success or failure of the voyage, and test the captain's sincerity as regarded his promise

to discharge me before leaving the coast. But we had not received more than half the blacks on board, when, as if the avengers had been watching from an ambush until sure of the evidence of our guilt, three armed boats made their appearance rounding a bend within half a mile, and heading directly for us.

The barque had been fitted to rely upon speed and stratagem for success in running the gauntlet of the cruisers, and possessed no adequate means of repelling force by force. But we had one little brass swivel which was capable of some execution, and small arms sufficient for the full number of men on board. And Joe Calder, in the fury of baffled rage consequent upon losing all his "property" at the eleventh hour, determined to show fight, and, if possible, beat off the boats.

"Will you fight 'em, Mr. Gorham?" he demanded, savagely.

"No, sir; I am only filling my position, as it were, under protest, and I'm sure I will never shed blood unless in an honest cause."

He had only his second mate and six seamen upon whom he could place any dependence to assist him in this strait. And even some of these remonstrated with him upon the folly of a course which could scarcely be successful, while it would call down vengeance upon us if it failed.

"I'll fight 'em alone!" he roared, beside himself with fury. "If there's any man who will sneak out of the fight, let him go ashore now, before the boats board us."

But he had miscalculated the effect of this taunt upon me and others. I saw no harm nor disgrace in taking him at his word, and at once called for volunteers to man the small boat which lay alongside. One followed another, until it was plain that the whole crew would, if left to themselves, abandon the vessel; but with four men in the boat, I pushed her clear of the side. The man-of-war's boat was drawing near.

"Captain Calder," said I, "the wisest thing you can do is to save yourself and your crew. You can gain nothing by fighting against odds, and the vessel is lost if taken, as she must be, with slaves on board."

"She never shall be taken! I'll blow her up first!" roared the infuriated captain. "Save yourselves, all of ye, if you want to! I'll be the last man out of her!"

In a moment all hands were crowding into the large boat, which had been veered astern, anxious only to escape the approaching enemy. The captain stooped, sighted the brass swivel, which he had previously loaded with his own hands, and fired! A good line shot, but not sufficiently depressed in range. It whistled, harmless, over the heads of the English seamen, who, bursting into wild hurrahs, advanced steadily, now returning the fire from a similar gun, mounted on their leading boat.

My attention was for a few seconds occupied in observing this, and when I again looked for the captain, he was not in sight.

"Pull ahead!" I heard the second mate exclaim in the other boat. "Pull ahead and get clear of the ship! He's gone below to fire the powder and blow her up!"

I involuntarily repeated the order to my own crew, shuddering at the thought that what I heard was really true. I knew where the powder was stored, and that there was enough of it to destroy the vessel if ignited. It was true he might lay a train, and have time to save himself by jumping overboard. But what was to become of the hundred and fifty blacks in the hold? And the crews of the attacking boat, if the explosion occurred after they got on board?

I gave the word to pull, placing the boat's head directly towards the approaching enemy. I made the most frantic signals to attract the attention of the British officer in command. I succeeded in making him sensible of the danger, and he ordered his men to rest on their oars.

I had, of course, placed myself and boat's crew in his power as prisoners, when I might have had time to escape to the shore. But in obeying the impulse of humanity, I had hardly thought of this.

As I was explaining the matter to the officer, the crack of a rifle was heard, and a ball passed near my head, breaking the arm of one of the seamen in the English barge. It had been fired from the stern window of the barque, and was, doubtless, intended for me. The barge again fired her swivel in return, and the officer gave the order to advance with a rush, seeming to care little about securing me or my men, if there was a chance of saving the vessel.

The large boat of the barque, in charge of the second mate, had meanwhile made good her escape, and was nearly ashore. But, trusting to my own honest intentions, and

those of the four men who were with me, I preferred being a prisoner to taking our chances in the pestilential jungles of the river-bank, or placing ourselves in the power of the slave-dealers at the barracoon, whose enmity we had incurred by thus warning the English officer. As a choice of evils, we followed the man-of-war's-men, who dashed without further hesitation alongside the *Bloomer*, and swarmed upon her deck.

"Come here!" said the English officer, beckoning to me, as I stood waiting his orders. "Wasn't that a timely shot?"

On the floor, at the foot of the cabin stairs, lay the body of the captain, his skull crushed by the last shot fired from the barge's swivel, which had entered at the stern window. In his hand he still grasped a match, which had been lighted and burned out. He must have rushed to light the fuse connected with his train of powder as soon as he had fired the rifle, as I suppose, at

me. Had he fallen forward upon his face, instead of backward, the train would actually have been fired by the match in the hand of a dead man! It was, indeed, a timely shot which had arrested his desperate career; and the match was harmless in his grasp, not a foot distant from the end of the train.

I thought of the narrow escape of the British party; of the poor blacks huddled in the hold; and, looking at the distorted features of the corpse, I wondered could this be my old school-mate, Joe Calder?

I was carried, with my shipmates, to St. Helena in the *Bloomer*, and after a short detention we were released, and found our way home to seek more honorable employment. The vessel was, of course, condemned, and the blacks liberated. And this, my first, was also my last voyage to the African coast.

HIS BROKEN PROMISE.

BY MISS MARY J. FIELD.

"**N**OW, Florence, listen to me for one moment. I promise to love you truly, and you alone; I will devote my whole life to your happiness. Tell me, in return, will you be my wife?"

The speaker was a tall well-built young man of twenty years, with a dark and somewhat haughty expression of face, regular features, and large lustrous eyes; his head was covered with black wavy hair. Walter Bohun was indeed a fine specimen of a man.

His companion was fair, with calm dove-like eyes and a wonderfully sweet, expressive face. No one ever called Florence Hamilton beautiful; yet all who knew her loved her for her charm of manner, her sweet disposition, her noble character. Hers was the highest order of loveliness—the beauty that comes from a noble mind and heart.

As she stood amongst the trees, the sheen of the golden sunlight falling upon her, she looked a fair and lovable woman—one whom a man might be proud to woo and win, and make his own.

She listened to her lover's ardent words with quiet happiness that shone in her love-lit eyes. When he had finished speaking,

she placed her hand in his and said gently:—

"Yes, I will be your wife, Walter; and I will be true and faithful to you until death!"

The words were few, but they meant more coming from Florence Hamilton than would a whole volume from more careless lips; they meant that through weal and woe, through good and ill, in sunshine and in shade, she would be true and loyal to him.

They said no more; there were no wild raptures over this solemn betrothal; both felt too deeply for words. Walter kissed the white hand that lay so confidently in his own, and then they walked home slowly through the verdant sunny fields.

The Bohuns of Carlshill were an ancient family. Carlshill Manor, situated in the most picturesque part of Devonshire, had been the home of the Bohuns for many generations.

The present Baronet, Sir Thornton Bohun, was a man of morose and unamiable character. Quite early in life he had quarrelled with his only brother, Clarence, the father of Walter; and, though the younger brother had tried to bring about a reconciliation, the Baronet declined it; and when poor Clarence,

on his death-bed, sent to implore his haughty brother to forget the past and take charge of his young wife and their little son, Sir Thornton paid no heed to his message.

The cause of their quarrel was never known. It was said that both had loved the same girl, and that the younger brother, having been the more fortunate wooer, had thus incurred the deadly hatred of the elder.

When Clarence died, his widow, with her only child, retired to the little village of Oulston. She could no longer afford to dwell in a large town, for Mr. Bohun had been unable to make any provision for his wife; and she had nothing but a small allowance which she received from the Baronet. The Carlshill estates were, however, entailed, and the harsh and moody Sir Thornton had never married; Walter was, consequently, the heir. His prospects were indeed bright, for the income of the reigning Bohun was above ten thousand per annum; but his present position was one of comparative privation.

Sir Thornton Bohun never took the least notice of his young heir and nephew, though he did once express a hope that the boy would be educated as a gentleman. This amiable speech having reached the ears of Mrs. Bohun, that lady made every effort to secure for her son the best education it was possible to get. With her limited means she could not, of course, send him to college; but she did all that lay in her power to remedy that deficiency. In the secluded village to which she had retired resided a very learned clergyman. The boy was placed under his tuition, and, being a sharp, intelligent lad, he made rapid progress in his studies. Thanks to his mother's care, Walter excelled in lighter accomplishments as well as in those that were more solid; he painted with no little skill, he could play well and sing charmingly; and to these advantages were added a sound constitution, a mind cultivated and refined, a quick, vivid fancy, and a passionate love of the beautiful.

Sir Thornton would have given much for the power to disinherit the son of the brother he had never forgiven; but, as this could not be, he revenged himself by utterly ignoring the existence of his young heir.

Oulston was a quaint little village standing on the outskirts of the forest of Charnley, in Leicestershire. Among the inhabitants were some families of good position; so that Mrs. Bohun did not find Oulston absolutely destitute of "society."

The Rector, Doctor Marsh, was a man of great learning, and since the death of his wife had employed his leisure time in the education of several youths who had been committed to his care. Then there was the Honorable Mrs. Thorpe, a little old woman with a sharp, cracked voice; and there was Mrs. Hamilton, the mother of Florence.

Mrs. Hamilton belonged to a good old family, but a very impoverished one. She was a lady of graceful presence, dignified yet gentle, accomplished and amiable. In the early years of her widowed life she had retired to Oulston, and devoted herself entirely to the care and education of her daughter; and Florence had amply repaid her mother's anxious devotion. The disposition of the girl was as amiable as her intellect was cultivated. But beneath the gentle, graceful manner there was a depth of passionate love, a capability of suffering, that one would hardly have expected in so delicate a girl. There were steadfast faith, constancy, and heroic endurance; there was, too, a world of tenderness that Walter Bohun's love had called into life.

Mrs. Hamilton saw with pleasure the affection that was gradually springing up between her daughter and the heir of the Bohuns. She liked and esteemed the young man for his intellectual powers and his many sterling qualities. For these alone she would gladly have given him her daughter; but the prospective advantages of wealth and position had weight with her also. There was a sense of satisfaction in the thought that her child would move in a sphere of life that was her own. Florence was in every way fitted for the position that awaited her, and the mother rejoiced that her child's fair face, her accomplishments, and her sweet character would not always be hidden in that obscure village.

Mrs. Hamilton was not worldly, but she was proud of her daughter, and somewhat ambitious for her future. She did not value Walter's love for the worldly advantages his affection would bring; but those advantages were a pleasing addition to what she felt to be his natural worth. When, therefore, Walter brought Florence home on that summer evening, and, with many blushes and much confusion, asked her consent to his one day making the young girl his wife, Mrs. Hamilton gave it gladly, rejoicing in the fair prospect that opened before her beloved child.

At that time Walter was motherless. Mrs. Bohun had lived to see her son all that she could wish. She died, however, before the wealth that was one day to be his fell to him. At her death, Sir Thornton, for once obliged to take some little notice of his heir, wrote to Doctor Marsh and asked him to act as guardian to Walter, refusing, even then, when the young fellow seemed alone in the world, to assist him beyond continuing the allowance which Mrs. Bohun had received. So, at the time when Walter asked Florence to be his wife, he was an inmate of the Rectory.

It was, perhaps, not strange that young Bohun had fallen in love with Florence Hamilton. He was so lonely, and she so kind and gentle. She sympathized with his sorrows, and helped him to endure a monotonous life of which he was well-nigh tired.

Glowing with pride at his success, Walter told the Rector what he had done, and was pleased to hear that worthy man's entire approval. He had acted wisely, the Rector said, for Florence Hamilton would adorn any station; but he strongly advised him to keep the engagement a profound secret for the present, feeling sure, from his knowledge of the Baronet's peculiar character, that any mention of the matter would entail most disagreeable consequences on Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter.

And so it was arranged that the solemn betrothal should not be made public. The lovers were inexpressibly happy with a quiet, deep happiness, and as the calm summer days passed, their love gained in intensity.

Walter continued his studies under Doctor Marsh, being anxious to fit himself for the position that would one day be his; and, when the day's work was ended, the evening was devoted to Florence. In the summer-time they wandered among the fields and lanes; in the winter they sang and read together in Mrs. Hamilton's cosy drawing-room. Walter intended remaining one year longer at Oulston, and then, if his uncle still refused to acknowledge him, he had determined to try to make a position for himself. He felt that he could not endure his present quiet, calm existence much longer. He decided that he would wait no longer for what another man had to leave him, but would strike out boldly for himself; and many a pleasant hour he spent with Florence, arranging the future that smiled so brightly before them.

Between the village at Oulston and the wood at some distance from it, there stood on a brow of a steep hill the principal residence for many miles around—Burgh Hall, the seat of the De Burghs. There had been a pitiful tragedy there. Hubert De Burgh, the present Baronet, had spent the greater part of his youth in traveling. In wandering through Spain he met with a beautiful Andalusian gipsy-girl. So bewitchingly pretty was she that Sir Hubert put aside all consideration of his position, and married her. It was a strange union, yet they appeared to be exceedingly happy. Within one year after their marriage they returned to Burgh Hall, the gipsy-girl transformed into a stately lady not unworthy, in face and figure, to form one of the long line of Ladies De Burgh. A little child, a girl inheriting her mother's Spanish loveliness of face, had increased their happiness. Sir Hubert had named her Inez, after his wife.

Lady De Burgh, before she met with her husband, had been for three years betrothed to the son of the head of her tribe, an Andalusian, who loved passionately the beautiful gipsy-girl. Her treachery half maddened him, and he swore to be revenged if it cost him his life.

One bright summer day Lady De Burgh was found lying dead in the little fir wood behind the Hall; and although every effort was made to discover the murderer, the search proved fruitless. From that time his English home was unendurable to Sir Hubert. He left the place, taking with him a few old servants and his little daughter; and from that hour the home of the De Burghs began gradually to go to ruin. Grass grew in the court-yard; the gardens, once the admiration of all the county, were overrun with weeds and brambles; deer ran wild in the undulating park that was bounded by Charley Forest. The Hall itself looked even more desolate than the grounds. The windows that once gleamed with lights were now closed and boarded up; a weird desolation seemed to brood over the whole place.

It was twenty years since Sir Hubert had fled from the scene of his sorrow, and the ponderous doors of the Hall had never been opened since. All recollection of the Baronet had nearly died away, for those whom he left young were now on the shady side of life, while the children he had known had become men and women.

The fir wood behind the Hall was a favor-

its walk with Florence and Walter. A little brook ran murmuring through it, and the the fairest wild-flowers grew there; a white stone marked the spot where years before the unfortunate Lady De Burgh had met with her death.

"Wonders will never cease!" said the Rector to Walter one morning. "What do you think this letter tells me?"

"I could never guess," answered the young man. "Perhaps my uncle is married, and writes good-naturedly to say that he has a son and heir."

"It is even more wonderful than that. The De Burghs are coming home—at last Sir Hubert is tired of wandering. An upholsterer is coming down from London, and the Hall is to be thoroughly renovated. We will have some stir in the county now, rely upon it, Walter. A friend of mine who met Sir Hubert and his daughter in Italy two years since, told me that Miss De Burgh was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She will not be very rich, though, I should imagine, for the estate is entailed and goes to a distant cousin."

"I am heartily glad to hear the news," said Walter; "it was really painful to see such a fine old place going to ruin. When are they expected?"

"In a few weeks, I believe," replied the Rector. "It will make a great difference to Oulston."

For a month after this conversation the villagers amused themselves by watching the constant arrival of goods for the Hall. Costly modern furniture came from London, pictures and statues from Italy. Horses, carriages, and servants all arrived in due course; but as yet no time was mentioned for the advent of Sir Hubert and Miss De Burgh.

One thing the villagers noted with feelings of relief—the fir wood was partially destroyed. The tallest trees were cut down, and the place so altered that it would hardly have been recognized. Florence alone grieved over the alteration; she had loved the spot, for it was there that Walter asked her to be his wife.

One beautiful evening, when the air was full of the balmy breath of spring, Florence asked Walter to go with her to say good-by to the little brook.

"You know," she said, "Sir Hubert is coming home next week, and then of course

we cannot trespass as we have hitherto done; let us go by the lane and through the park into what was the fir wood. I am so sorry it has been destroyed."

"But, Florence dear, only think—how could Sir Hubert endure the sight of a place where the wife he loved so well had met with her death? I never knew the poor lady, of course, but sometimes, when I have been sitting in the wood, I have almost fancied I heard her voice when the wind sighed among the trees; and if I, an indifferent stranger, could imagine such things, what would those who loved her as Sir Hubert did suffer on seeing the spot again?"

"Yes—that is quite right. But I was not thinking of the De Burghs; I love the place because"—Florence hesitated, while a vivid flush overspread her face.

"Because," said Walter, with a smile, "it was there that I made a certain confession to you—is that the reason?"

"I suppose so," replied Florence shyly. She was not much given to talking of her love—it was too deep, too sacred a subject for ordinary discussion; it lived in the depths of her heart, and its brightness made the light of her life.

So they wandered through the green lane where the hawthorn-hedges were all in bloom, where the violets and primroses were growing in rich profusion, through the smiling fields, and then through the park, where the chestnut-trees were already beginning to show their tufted flowers, and so into the grove that led to the brook. The fir-trees were almost all gone; only a few remained, but they were far from the white stone. A willow-tree drooped its branches over the brook and just touched the surface of the clear murmuring water. They sat down to rest beneath it.

"Our last visit to this dear old spot," said Florence regretfully; "I shall never forget it."

A dreamy silence fell upon them. They were too happy for many words. Walter was looking with loving eyes on the fair scene before him, the blue sky, the green fields, and the rippling brooklet. Florence was sunning herself in the light and warmth of the love that filled her heart.

The young man was aroused from his day-dreams by seeing his *fiancée* shiver.

"What is the matter, Florence?" he asked. "Are you cold?"

"No," she answered, with a faint smile.

"You will think me foolish, Walter, but you know how fond I am of listening to the murmur of the brook. I always fancy it is singing a song of joy. I was listening to it just then, and the water seemed to fall with a wailing sound that made me shudder to hear."

"You fanciful little darling!" said Walter, with a bright laugh. "The breeze has freshened, and the brook runs more quickly—that is all."

But Florence looked pale. She tried to laugh away the miserable depressing feeling which had so suddenly seized her; but she could not.

"If I believed in forebodings, Walter," she responded, "I should say I have one now."

"It must be one of happiness to come then, Florence; for, while I live and can shield you, no sorrow or care shall come near you."

"Can you tell me if the gate that leads from here to the plantation is kept locked?" interrupted a musical voice with a slight foreign accent; and looking up, they saw before them a beautiful vision that was never to be effaced from their memory—a vision of a young girl with a dark glowing face of bewitching beauty, with rich crimson lips that, when smiling, revealed white teeth gleaming like pearls, a pair of shining lustrous eyes full of veiled tenderness and of deep passion and liquid light, a ripple of black hair waving from a haughty brow and half hiding a neck as white and perfect as though sculptured in marble. All this they noted in the first astonished glance. A little Spanish hat of black velvet with a white drooping plume, a mantilla of soft velvet that seemed to hold a different light in each fold, a gossamer-looking dress that, just raised, revealed two pretty little feet, completed the costume. The strange visitor looked piquant and ravishing.

She had to repeat the question before her astonished listeners recovered themselves; then Walter rose, and, with a low bow, replied that the gate was close at hand, and he would see whether it was locked.

The lady smiled and turned to Florence, saying:—

"I am sorry to disturb you; but the fact is, I am an entire stranger here and have lost my way."

Florence looked up in still greater bewilderment.

"I see you wonder who I am," added the strange lady, with an expression of amusement. "I must introduce myself. I am Miss De Burgh, who ought to know every inch of these grounds by heart."

"You have been a long time absent," returned Florence, at a loss what to say.

"May I inquire," asked Miss De Burgh, with a half-haughty, half-familiar manner that seemed natural to her, "whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Florence Hamilton," answered the girl; and then a deep flush covered her face, for she did know how to name Walter.

"And your friend?" inquired Miss De Burgh, with a glance full of curiosity.

"Is Walter Bohun; he resides with Doctor Marsh, at Oulston."

A half-smile lingered on the haughty, curved lips of the fair questioner.

"Do you reside in Oulston, too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered Florence. "My mother came to live here in the same year that Sir Hubert De Burgh left the hall. Sir Hubert knew mama; he will remember her without doubt."

"That is right; I am so glad!" and a little white hand grasped Florence's own. "We must be friends, if you will consent. It will be an unutterable relief to me to have some one to whom I can confide my sorrow at returning to this desolate place."

"Desolate!" cried Florence. "Surely you like Burgh Hall?"

"Like Burgh Hall?" repeated the musical voice, with a slightly contemptuous inflection. "Surely I do not!"

"But it is such a grand old place," remonstrated Florence.

"I might like it very well if I had never known anything brighter; but after sunny France and its gay life, Spain and its Moorish remains, Italy and its marvelous works of art, to talk of liking a dreary old Hall, standing near a still more dreary village, with a dark wood behind it, is really too much! I often tell papa I have begun life at the wrong end. I ought to be just looking forward to life—instead of that I am tired of it all. I seem to have been everywhere, and to have seen everything. But I am wearying you."

"No, indeed," declared Florence. "What you say sounds very strange; I have never been away from this village."

"Then you have plenty to see and to

experience," rejoined her companion. "I wish I could say as much for myself. See; here is your friend returning! You must introduce me;" and Walter, to his intense surprise, was introduced to Miss De Burgh.

"We returned a week earlier than we at first intended," she said, in explanation of her presence. "But papa felt that he could never go through the ordeal of a public reception such as he had heard the tenantry intended for him. We reached the Hall only this afternoon. I felt curious to know if I remembered anything of the grounds, and, as you see, lost myself in my rambles. I was foolish to think I could recall anything; I was only three years old when we left. I like this brook," she continued, "and this drooping willow. What is that white stone? It looks like a monument."

Her listeners felt a shock of infinite pity; they perceived at once that the radiant girl before them was entirely ignorant of the sad fate that had befallen her mother.

"Please show me the nearest way home," she said; "papa will be anxious about me. Miss Hamilton, with your permission, I shall bring Sir Hubert to-morrow to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Hamilton, and then I shall try to have you the whole day to myself. Papa talks of giving a kind of inauguration ball, and you must tell me all about the people who are here."

She shook hands cordially with Florence, and then turned, with a half-shy grace that was most bewitching, to Walter.

"Good-evening," she said. "and thank you, Mr. Bohun."

Her eyes fell a little before the admiring look that Walter could not resist giving her; the long, dark lashes lay like a fringe upon the exquisitely-colored cheeks.

"How beautiful she is!" murmured Florence, as they watched her gleaming dress disappear among the trees. "I did not know that there were women in real life like her. I thought such characters were only in books. Fancy, Walter—she has been to France and Italy and Spain! How different her lot is from mine!"

But Walter made no reply; he was thinking that Miss De Burgh had looked at him with anything but disfavor.

The ball that Inez De Burgh called an inauguration one was a most brilliant affair. The state apartments of the Hall, so long closed, were thrown open; the gorgeous

hangings and costly furniture were all new and of rare and rich design. The ball-room seemed to be one mass of green foliage and rare exotics, the whole illumined by innumerable chandeliers.

Sir Hubert had been profuse in his invitations; all the leading families of the county were there, and the sedate, quiet inhabitants of Oulston had not been forgotten. The Rector was there, as were Mrs. Hamilton and Florence, escorted by Walter Bohun.

A great intimacy had sprung up between the family at the Hall and the Rectory people. Sir Hubert had taken a great fancy to the young heir of the Bohuns; he felt both pity and indignation at his isolated condition. In his early youth he had known Sir Thornton—they had been young men of fashion together. He could not understand how the Baronet could allow his heir to remain in such an obscure village as Oulston, and he resolved to do all in his power to atone for the old Baronet's neglect. The consequence was that Walter now spent some hours every day at the Hall, riding and fishing with Sir Hubert, driving with him over the estate, and gleanings from him many valuable hints concerning the management of landed property.

Mrs. Hamilton and Florence at first felt unwonted pleasure that Walter had found new and congenial friends. Inez visited them frequently, and was never more happy than when she could persuade Florence to pass the day with her; and Walter would often join them in their rambles through the forest of Charnley.

Florence Hamilton liked her new friend exceedingly, and Inez was not less fond of the fair, gentle English girl, who was in every respect so great a contrast to herself.

The ball was the first Florence ever attended, and for some days previously she had been, in what was for her, an extraordinary flutter of excitement. Mrs. Hamilton, remembering her own youthful days, had perhaps exceeded her modest means in purchasing the pretty dress that Florence wore. She could not procure new ornaments, but she placed the parure of pearls, that had been a wedding-present from her husband, in Florence's hands as the only gift she could offer her. The pretty pink dress and the gleaming pearls made a very simple and effective toilet.

Florence hardly recognized herself when she gave a final look in the large mirror.

The bright, glistening silk was softened by rich, white lace; the fair face, usually so calm and tranquil, was flushed with excitement; there was a light in her eyes which came from hopes as bright as they were beautiful. The thick coils of light brown hair were woven and placed like a coronet round the graceful head. The well-shaped arms and neck rivaled the pearls that gleamed upon them. A fair vision of loveliness was Florence Hamilton as she stood in her ball-dress. Her mother and lover were both proud of her.

Florence was bewildered by the *coup d'œil* that the ball-room presented; but she and Walter were more than bewildered when Inez stood before them, her radiant face bright with smiles of welcome. Walter had never seen Miss De Burgh before in evening-dress, and he was literally dazzled by her bewitching beauty. A robe of white satin gleamed through the white lace that shrouded its bright folds; a coronet of diamonds lay amid the dark, wavy masses of hair; a diamond necklace encircled the shapely throat; diamonds gleamed on the bare arms. In the bodice of her dress she wore one crimson camellia, and that was the only show of color which relieved her attire. She was, indeed, a vision of loveliness.

Inez opened the ball with young Lord Beasdale, then Walter claimed her for a waltz. The music, the perfumes, the flashing jewels, the waving plumes, and the beautiful women all brought to him a sense of enchantment. When the notes of the waltz sounded and he moved to its music with Miss De Burgh, he was fascinated beyond expression. Her lustrous eyes were raised to his, her red lips were parted with the sweetest of smiles.

"I am never tired of waltzing," she said, as they stood for a few minutes watching the happy couples as they went floating by.

"I should never tire of waltzing with you," declared Walter. "I would give years of life's sober joys for one such half-hour as this."

"I am not a 'sober joy,' I suppose," she returned, with a pretty pout.

"You, Miss De Burgh? You are fascination itself—irresistible fascination; you are"—

"Do not go into raptures, Mr. Bohun," she interrupted, laughing. "I am rather amused. I should hardly have thought you capable of appreciating anything but sober

joys. My own case is different. I confess honestly that I like excitement of all kinds. The only approach to a fault that I have noticed in you is that you seem too quiet."

"Ah, you do not know me! I feel as though I had awakened from a long, deep sleep."

"At whose call?" she asked, with an air of innocence that she knew well how to assume.

"Can you ask me, Miss De Burgh? I seem to perceive beauty and grace for the first time."

"That is hardly flattering to your old friends, Mr. Bohun. See; there is Florence looking at us with eyes full of wonder! Let us join her."

It was half reluctantly that Walter complied; he wanted to remain near this dazzling Circe who had captivated and enthralled him. A few weeks since he would have asked from Fortune nothing better than to be with Florence. Now the thought of leaving the radiant girl by his side for conversation or a dance with his betrothed was wearisome. He had tasted the charmed cup.

Florence had noticed the long *tele-a-tete*, and the admiring looks that her lover bent upon their hostess. A sharp pang of jealousy shot through the girl's heart as she saw Walter's impassioned gesture, and the blush that covered Inez's face.

Miss De Burgh had no idea of the engagement between Miss Hamilton and Walter Bohun, for the two still kept it a profound secret; and she was not displeased on that happy evening to read something more than admiration in the young man's face. For, with all the strength of her warm, passionate nature, Inez loved Walter Bohun, and she had resolved that he should return her love; she had loved him from the first moment she saw him by the brook-side.

Walter was simple and inexperienced; he did not know the charm that drew him constantly to the Hall; the glamor of love was upon him. He had made one mistake in life, and now he was to make a greater. He had mistaken the quiet, brotherly affection he had always felt for Florence Hamilton for affection of another kind; and now, when he was awakened to the knowledge of his own heart, he threw his love, uninfluenced by any thought of her real worth, at the feet of one who had won him by the simple powers of her lustrous beauty.

That he had made a mistake Walter felt convinced, as he watched the two girls—Florence so gentle, so fair, and so calm; Inez so beautiful, brilliant, and piquant. No thought of the future troubled him as he sunned himself in the light of her eyes; but, as he watched Miss De Burgh, he wished with a sigh that he had not been in quite such a hurry to engage himself.

"What a grave face!" said Inez to him, as she flashed by on Lord Beasdale's arm.

A few minutes later she returned alone. He was still standing where she had left him.

"Mr. Bohun," she said, "have you danced with Florence yet?"

He began to stammer some excuse.

"Nonsense!" she cried. "Come with me—she is in the conservatory with Mrs. Hamilton—and you will then be able to thank me for having procured you a 'sober joy.'"

There was a slight ring of sarcasm in her voice; yet, slight as it was, it gave fresh impulse to Walter's new train of feeling.

The ball, with all its glories, was ended at last; but when Florence thought of the events of the evening, she did not feel satisfied. There was something new and strange about Walter. Yet the next evening he came as usual, and was kind and affectionate in his manner. True he seemed rather absent, and once or twice he called her "Inez," at which she smiled, and her mother looked grave.

It was very slowly that the truth dawned upon Florence; but she could not avoid seeing it at length. Walter's visits to the cottage became less frequent; he seemed to live at the Hall. She had met him riding with Inez in the green lanes, and they had pulled up and spoken to her. But on such occasions she did not like the light on the beautiful face or the air of confusion with which her lover met her.

Outwardly things went on as usual; but in reality Walter had awakened to the knowledge that he loved the beautiful Inez de Burgh with a devotion to which he could set no limit. The affection he had entertained for Florence was as different from the overpowering, all-mastering love, as was moonlight from sunlight. He would have given a year of his life for one loving word from the haughty lips. It was first love, without reason, without control, without anything save its own violence. Still no word did he utter of love

to the one girl, while materially he did not change to the other.

But Florence saw it all. The gentle, faithful heart was stung to the quick. His love had been her life, her hope, her all; her mother had thought very much of it, and had rejoiced in the future that she believed her child would enjoy. Ah, why had this radiant beauty, with her proud face, come to take her lover from her? Florence wept passionate, bitter tears. Surely Miss De Burgh, with her ancient lineage, her noble name, and her bright loveliness, might have been happy with one of the peers she had talked about! Why must she step in and lure Walter from her?

The calm face grew pale and sad, the dove-like eyes had a deep shadow beneath them there was a ring of pain in every word that fell from her lips. Not that she had thought yet of the worst that might happen. She was jealous and unhappy, and, though she visited Inez, at times there was something like anger springing up in her heart for her beautiful rival.

While affairs were in this unsatisfactory state a new career was dawning for Walter Bohun. A message came one morning summoning him to London, where Sir Thornton lay dying at his town-house. He had wished at last to see his long-neglected heir.

There was but little time for uttering farewells. Walter went first to the cottage and told his news.

"I have not a moment to spare, Florence," he said. "I shall write to you however when I reach London. Good-by, dear," and he put his lips lightly to hers.

Only the day before he had kissed with far greater ardor a rosebud that Inez had touched!

"Good-by, Walter," she responded, quietly; and her lips quivered and her eyes grew dim with tears as she spoke.

Then he hurried to the Hall. Sir Hubert entered heartily into his affairs. Inez stood listening, with a dreamy, softened expression on her face. Sir Hubert left them to say adieu while he ordered the dog-cart, intending to drive Walter to the station himself.

"So you are going to London, Mr. Bohun?" said Inez.

"Yes; let me take one kind word with me to cheer and brighten the way."

"What would you like me to say?" she asked, smilingly.

His face grew pale with emotion.

"Say, 'Good-by, dear Walter; I will try to like you.'"

She repeated the words slowly after him, a deep blush covering her face.

"Will you try to like me, Inez?" he whispered.

"Perhaps I do so now," she replied. "We are going to London next month, and then I may tell you more about it."

"Now, Walter," said Sir Hubert, "are you ready?"

Walter pressed his lips upon the hand that he held in his and went away, the music of her words ringing in his ears.

Some weeks afterwards the family at the Hall left Oulston to spend the end of the season in London. Inez called to say good-by to Florence and Mrs. Hamilton. She thought the former cold and constrained in her manner, and so did not, as she had intended, ask her to write to her while she was in town.

The village seemed quiet and deserted now, and poor Florence began to count the days which must elapse before her lover returned. She little thought that Walter Bohun and herself would never meet in Oulston again.

Long, dreary months passed, and there was as yet no time fixed for Walter's return. Neither had the De Burgh family given any intimation of coming to the Hall.

Florence wrote to Walter, and he replied. His letters were always kind and affectionate, very much like the letters of a brother to a sister; but, if Florence had known the world better, she would have recognized that there was little in them that bespoke the lover. Of late, however, these epistles had grown rarer. Sometimes two or three weeks would elapse, and then a hurried little note would come, saying how much the writer was engaged.

But Florence could not avoid noting that there was never any mention of their marriage, or of the future that he had once painted for her in such bright colors. Nor did he speak of his prospects, his new estates, or the houses that at last were his. It was not a very cheerful state of affairs, and the girl's face began to look very grave; there was no light of happiness shining now in the clear eyes.

One morning—it was the last hopeful one of poor Florence's life—the welcome sound of the postman's knock was heard at the

cottage door. Mrs. Hamilton took the letters from the servant. There was one for Florence in Walter's handwriting. Thinking it would afford some pleasure to her daughter, who had seemed neither well nor happy of late, Mrs. Hamilton took it up to her room. Florence was still asleep, so her mother laid the letter on the pillow, where she could see it on awakening.

One hour passed after another, and Florence did not come down smiling and bright, as Mrs. Hamilton expected. At last she went up again and softly entered the room.

Florence was lying still and motionless, the letter opened and clasped in her hands. On drawing nearer, Mrs. Hamilton, to her great alarm, saw that her child was not sleeping, but had become insensible.

All else was forgotten in the anxiety of the moment; but, when the clear blue eyes had opened once more, and the colorless lips had parted to utter faintly something about her letter, Mrs. Hamilton bethought herself of it, and, picking it up from the floor where it had fallen, she read the words that had been as a death-blow to the trembling girl before her.

"Florence," the letter began, "I cannot, dare not ask you to forgive me. I am not worthy of you, and never was. When I asked you a year ago to be my wife, I thought I loved you as a man loves the woman that he chooses from all the world to share his fate. Now I know that my feeling for you was that of quiet, sincere friendship, and nothing more. I have met one whom I love as I can never love another. Florence, do not hate or despise me if I tell you that, when you read this letter, Inez De Burgh will be my wife. Fate and love have been too strong for me; still I shall never be truly happy until I know that you have forgiven my broken promise. Were you less good, less patient, less heroic, I would not expect it; but, knowing you well, I venture to plead for pardon. You will be happier as you are than if you had shared the life of one so inferior to you, and so unworthy of you as myself."

It was a cruel, almost heartless letter, written by a man who knew not how to excuse his breach of honor. Involuntarily Mrs. Hamilton's hand tightened on the paper.

"My poor, fatherless child!" she cried. "If we had had some one to protect us, he would not have dared to treat you so!"

She felt the hottest indignation against the man who had trampled the life and love of her darling child beneath his feet. They had not sought him; he had come voluntarily and asked Florence to be his wife. He had taught the poor girl to love him; he had made every wish and hope of her heart his own; and now a fairer face had taken him from her. He had broken the most solemn promise a man could make; what was to atone to her child, what was to heal her bruised, bleeding heart? For a few minutes the mother felt inclined to proclaim her wrongs to the world, to cover the traitor with shame and confusion.

"Mamma," said a feeble voice, "do not look so angry; it was my fault. I ought to have seen long ago that Walter loved her best."

"Do not say such things, my dear!" cried her mother, indignantly. "He is a treacherous"—

"Mamma," interrupted the poor girl, "you will kill me if you speak harshly of him! I do not think he is so much to blame. He had seen no one but me when he thought he loved me; now he has mingled with the world, and finds I am not suited to him. I am not beautiful and gifted." Here the speaker's voice faltered, her lips quivered, and the girl's wounded heart found relief in a passionate burst of tears.

Mrs. Hamilton was obliged for the present to control her hot, angry indignation; she saw that Florence could not bear to listen.

Soon after, the unhappy girl lay ill on a couch and heard the pealing of the bells in honor of the marriage of Miss De Burgh, which was celebrated in London. For days afterwards she rose and listened with an aching heart to the gossip of the many visitors who came to discuss the wedding. Ah, how thankful she was now that her fatal engagement had been kept so profound a secret! How little the unconscious callers, who wondered at Mrs. Hamilton's want of sympathy with the topic that engrossed them, guessed that the pale girl who listened so quietly to their comments had been the promised wife of the man whom they praised so warmly!

"It is such a suitable match," they agreed; "Miss De Burgh is so beautiful, and Sir Walter so rich!"

They were astonished when Mrs. Hamilton, unable to bear the conversation any longer, said, angrily:—

"I would not have a son of mine marry a girl descended, as Inez De Burgh is, from a gipsy-mother. He will live to repent it, as you will see."

Doctor Marsh called upon them. He had felt unwilling at first to see the girl whom his pupil had so cruelly wronged. He was a man of unblemished honor; he considered Walter more criminal even than if he had stolen Mrs. Hamilton's purse or forged her name. It was reluctantly that he went into the house upon which so dark a shadow had fallen.

But he did not see Florence; the gentle heart, though strong to bear, was crushed and broken. She had gathered together every memento of her betrayed love, every flower which Walter had given to her, and which she had carefully preserved, every letter he had written, the last violets they had gathered together in the fir wood, and had made a parcel of them, and on the inner wrapping she had written in a trembling hand, "I forgive you. Heaven bless you and make you happy!" Then she sent it to the young Baronet; and after that the sorely-tried spirit gave way. When the Rector called to express his indignation and his sympathy, poor Florence lay fighting hard for dear life.

It was well, the Rector and Mrs. Hamilton agreed, that the engagement had never been made public, and, out of consideration for the unhappy girl, they decided that Walter Bohun should be allowed to go unpunished, and the secret should remain a secret still; so that no one in Oulston knew that Florence had loved, had been betrothed to, and forsaken by Sir Walter Bohun.

Very slowly the girl regained health and strength and took up the duties of life once more; but she was changed. A sweet, patient gravity never left her; the suffering through which she had passed seemed to have robbed her of youth and all interest in life. No false hope deceived her. She knew that the one love of her life had been shattered, that the joys of existence were ended; but she tried bravely to live down the past and to devote her thoughts to the duties of the present and the future.

Four months after the marriage a rumor came to Oulston that Sir Walter and Lady Bohun were about to visit Burgh Hall, to spend some weeks there. The Rector, on hearing the news, at once informed Mrs. Hamilton.

"Mamma," said Florence, when the Rector had taken his departure, "I have forgiven him, but do not let me see him again. I must not look upon his face or hear his voice. Let me go away from here; it would kill me to stay."

Accordingly the pleasant little home at Oulston was broken up, and the mother and daughter went to London to reside with a cousin of Mrs. Hamilton's.

It was with no little embarrassment that Sir Walter Bohun inquired of Doctor Marsh how Mrs. Hamilton and Florence were.

"They have left Oulston," answered the Rector, coolly, "and, if I may express an opinion, Sir Walter, I should say that they would not consider themselves honored by hearing that you had mentioned them!"

The Rector could not forgive his old pupil, and coldness and restraint marked all their interviews.

"I should never have returned here," said Sir Walter to him one day, "I dreaded seeing the place again; but Lady Bohun had fixed her mind upon it, and I could not find an excuse for avoiding it."

Inez, on the first day of her arrival, had driven up to the cottage, and great was her surprise when she found that her friends had departed without leaving any message for her.

"It is very strange!" she remarked to Sir Walter. "I thought they were fixtures here. How will that quiet, thoughtful Florence like London, I wonder?"

An expression of pain passed over her husband's handsome face, but he made no reply; and Lady Bohun, in the multiplicity of her affairs, soon forgot all about the occurrence.

Ten years passed. Death had robbed poor Florence of her mother three years after they went to London. The girl continued to reside with her cousin; but she felt that her life was void, her heart empty. She had no one in whom she could confide, for her cousin was an eccentric maiden-lady wedded to her own habits and old-fashioned ways.

Florence felt keenly the want of some object to give her an interest in life. She had never loved again. During her mother's life she refused two eligible offers, her heart being dead to love; but that did not prevent her from longing for some occupation which should engross her time and her thoughts. She found it at last.

The British Army was fighting against terrible odds on the burning plains of Egypt, and the climate and the few fierce encounters had already laid many a brave fellow low. The hospitals of Cairo were full of sick and wounded, and experienced nurses were sadly needed. The want had only to be known to be supplied, and within a few weeks of the first cry for help a band of noble women volunteered their services. Among the brave band of nurses who left England for Egypt was Florence Hamilton. Thankful at last to have found an interest in life, thankful that she could be of use, she left old England without a sigh of regret.

And now, in her new sphere of life, Florence was, as far as could be, happy. She was one of the most skillful and energetic nurses in the devoted band. She never wearied; she soothed the last hours of many a dying hero; she never shrank from any duty, however painful. The sick men looked up to her with a grateful, reverent affection. Her gentle voice was often heard in the solemn quietude of the night repeating the prayers the soldiers had learnt at their mothers' knees. Florence had found her mission at last.

Sir Walter Bohun often said that fate had not been kind to him. He had been engaged to one of the sweetest and gentlest girls on earth, and he had basely deserted her. He had loved a brilliant, coquettish beauty whom he had made his wife; and she, by her whims and caprices, her willful temper and haughty spirit, made his life miserable and a burden to him.

Sir Walter and Lady Bohun had never been a model couple. When the first bloom of her wonderful beauty had disappeared, when the bewitching, graceful manner that had captivated him had become more familiar, Sir Walter began to perceive that beauty had been his wife's chief charm. He had never given a thought as to whether she possessed the more enduring charms which outlive mere loveliness of face. He had been attracted by her beauty; but he found now that mere charm of face was not all that a man required in his wife. "Society," however, considered Lady Bohun clever. She could talk brilliantly of the many countries she had visited; she had the gift of repartee in no small measure; her *bons mots* were repeated and extolled, and her beauty procured for her universal admiration.

Lady Bohun became, in short, one of the reigning belles in the world of fashion. No ball or party was considered complete without her, no *tableaux vivants* or charades could be arranged without the aid of her expressive face and graceful figure.

In the second year of his married life, Sir Walter Bohun found himself a complete nonentity in his own house. Every thing and every one in it were made subservient to her ladyship's whims. She seldom spent an evening at home. If her husband accompanied her in her many engagements, she smiled amiably; if he did not, she went alone.

Lady Bohun, in fact, had no idea of the true meaning of the word "home;" she would have considered an evening spent alone with her husband as one full of *ennui*—indeed, she boasted that she had no liking for "that kind of thing." Domestic comfort was almost entirely unknown to the young Baronet. They disagreed entirely on this one subject; and when Sir Walter did ask his wife to give up an engagement and remain at home with him, she always refused. Then he would say that she did not love him, and the willful beauty would retort that he was jealous because she was admired.

During the first years of their married life, while the glamor of her beauty still held him, these quarrels were soon made up; but more serious faults began to show themselves. The world spoke lightly of Lady Bohun, and commented upon her in a way that her husband could not bear to hear.

Once, and once only, Sir Walter appealed to Sir Hubert De Burgh; but the horror that overspread the father's face filled his heart with sorrow and dismay. He knew that the old man dreaded lest some unhappy fate should overtake her, even as an unhappy fate had overtaken her mother. So the young husband resolved to wait and hope.

Ah, how often, and with how keen a pang, his thoughts turned to his first, lost love, the gentle girl whom he had wronged in so cowardly a manner! He recognized her worth now; he knew that his life would have been crowned with honor had she shared it. As it was, his time was spent in watching the woman he had put in her place. There was an end now to his ambitious dreams. With Florence he had planned his future as far as he could see; he had longed to enter Parliament, to initi-

ate those reforms which he urged so ably in the daily press and the leading magazines. Inez, however, disliked all such notions; and, whenever he broached the subject, he was met with a storm of objections and reproaches. His ambition was dying away. Ah, how often and how sadly he thought of the quiet village home where he had been so happy! How often and how vainly he wished that he had been true to Florence and to himself!

At length death took Sir Hubert, who to the last was hopeful for his child.

"She is so young and so beautiful, Walter," he said, "that you must have patience with her. I spoiled her; but she will settle down soon."

The old Baronet, however, had been buried for more than five years, and Inez had not settled down yet. On the contrary, with her increase of wealth her whims also seemed to increase. Her life was a continual round of entertainments. Rest and repose seemed farther off than ever, and Sir Walter began to despair.

A darker shadow was creeping over his home. Rumor circulated strange tales of the beautiful Lady Bohun; another name was linked with hers. Matrons looked grave when the scandal reached their ears, and declared they had "always said so."

Sir Walter grew desperate, and declared that she should accompany him to his country seat, and so put an end to all gossip and idle reports. Inez flatly refused to consent to any such arrangement, and said that, if her husband went, he must go alone. It was a fierce contest, and the end was a sad one. When the day dawned that was to see the departure of Sir Walter and Lady Bohun for their country abode, Inez had left her husband's roof, never to seek its shelter again.

From that day the world of fashion in which she had played such a prominent part knew her no more. Strange stories were told of her fate later on; but in life she never met her unhappy husband again.

They broke the news of his wife's flight to Sir Walter as gently as they could, for he was a proud man, and he had loved the willful, erring woman very dearly. But, gently as the blow fell, it crushed him. The stain of dishonor was more than he could bear.

To hide his sorrow and disgrace, the Baronet hastened to his country residence. There he would try to forget her, to forget

the shame that she had brought upon his name. Never again could Sir Walter hold up his head among his fellow men.

Then the memory of his wronged, innocent love came back to him with increased bitterness. He felt that the retribution was just; he had forsaken her, and now, in his turn, he had been cruelly betrayed. He remembered the patient, love-lit eyes, and he acknowledged in the bitterness of his soul that they were full of a higher beauty than the dazzling charms that had led him astray.

He recalled the evening in the fir wood when they first met Inez De Burgh, and how poor Florence had shivered and had a foreboding of evil; she had fancied that the song of the rippling brook changed to a wail of sorrow. How sad the course of their lives had become since then! Full of sorrow and repentance, he admitted his fault, and confessed that the punishment was just.

What should he do with his life? This was Sir Walter's constant thought. He could not enter the world of fashion again. He shrank from all contact with those who had known him and were familiar with his story.

Fate solved the problem for him. On opening his letters one morning, he found one from the editor of a leading daily journal, offering him the post of war-correspondent. Here was the very opening he would have desired above all others. He was considered a good descriptive writer, and his knowledge of things military—he had served in the militia and he had at one time seriously thought of entering the Army—was sufficiently wide for the purpose. On the desert plains of Egypt, amid the din of battle, he would at least find occupation and forgetfulness.

Three days later Sir Walter was aboard the Rampant; bound for Alexandria.

Florence Hamilton was busy among her patients when the lady-superintendent of the hospital joined her, and in a low voice requested her attendance in another ward.

"I want you," said that lady, "to assist elsewhere for a little while. The patient I shall place under your care will require constant attention while he lives."

"Is the case so serious?" asked Florence.

"Yes, the poor fellow is fatally wounded. The doctors were talking of him this morning, and highly praising his reports. It is

Sir Walter Bohun; they call him the 'reckless correspondent.'"

It was in the dim hospital ward, with the life-blood oozing down his pallid face, that Florence saw again the lover of her youth, and her heart went out to him now as it had never done in the olden times, when his love was all her own.

She had heard that he was among the newspaper correspondents; she had heard, too, of his reckless disregard of his personal safety while getting to the front in quest of news; but she did not know that the dying man before her had been deserted by his wife. She gazed on him for a moment with unutterable love in her wistful eyes; then she was again the calm, collected nurse. She assisted at the operation that the doctors performed without the least hope of success. She heard a faint moan from the man's parched lips as his whole frame quivered with agony. Something like a dream came to her then, from which she was awakened by the lady-superintendent's low, firm voice.

"Miss Hamilton, I leave you in charge," she was saying. "It will not be for long, I fear."

Florence knelt by the dying man. Once or twice she distinguished the words that fell from the colorless lips. "Inez" was one, and oh, surely she also heard her own name! Surely the faint voice murmured something about forgiveness!

He opened his eyes at last, and met the wistful gaze bent upon him.

"Florence," he whispered, faintly, "is it really you?"

"Yes, dear Walter," she answered. "I am one of the nurses here, and am taking care of you."

"I am dying," he murmured, faintly.

"I will do anything you wish," she said, in answer to his look, rather than his words. "If you will leave a message with me for Inez, it shall be faithfully delivered."

A slight flush, weak as he was, passed over his pale face.

"Inez deserted me, Florence," he said, "more than a year ago. I have a request to make—let me make it while I can, for my strength is fast failing. I have to make it to you. Oh, tell me, my darling, that you forgive my broken promise!"

But he did not hear the response; a sudden light came into the wan face, to be succeeded by an ashen paleness, and Walter Bohun was no longer among the living. It

was to his dead face that Florence for one minute put her own while she murmured that he had been forgiven long since.

They buried the dashing young war-correspondent in that Eastern Land, and a small stone marks the resting-place of the last of the Bobuns.

Carlshill is in strange hands now; but they show the portrait there of the beautiful

woman who deserted her husband, and they tell of his untimely death in the little hospital at Cairo.

Florence Hamilton returned to England at the close of the campaign. She has a noble purpose now in life, and she is fulfilling it. The sick and the poor are her care; her mission lies amongst them, and she loves her work.

THE VICTORY.

BY WM. STRUTHERS.

"**K**ISS me quick, and let me go!"
Cried she, shaking saucy curls;
"Why on earth are you so slow?
What a poor hand with the girls!"

But he laughed, and holding tight,
Reckless of her biting speech,
Whispered, "I will aid your flight
When my lips more skill you teach."

GERMANTOWN, PA., 1888.

Quick she turned, replying well
That she was by far too young,—
That she'd scarcely learned to spell;
Then from him away she sprung.

Yet, swift as an antelope
Did he catch and kiss her o'er;
Till she'd given every hope
That next day he should have more!

ARIADNE:

THE REALIZATION OF A MYTH.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

THE love-making of Hume Jewett and Helen Campbell progressed far more successfully and smoothly than is usually the case until—

Boarding in the same house they were constantly thrown together, and met with ardor and passion, and the future was rosy with promise for the life-long union of their hearts.

By the subtle, mysterious, mesmeric attraction that at first draws the opposite sexes to each other, they had scarcely met before its influence was felt. As the weeks passed, it grew stronger and resistless; and willingly they yielded to it. The more they knew each other, the more they desired to know. Eyes interpreted before the tongue became sufficiently bold to give the burning thoughts and solemn vows realistic utter-

ance. Then reserve gave way; manliness asserted itself, and modesty listened, pleased when hopes were breathed; and the sky became brilliant with rose tints, and golden with the prospect of realization.

But the serpent came stealing into their Eden, and left its trail over the most glorious flowers that ever bloomed in the gardens of the human heart. Even amid the sweetest pleadings the blow was struck that blasted the oak and wilted the ivy training around it.

Seated in the cozy room the girl dignified with the title of "boudoir," they were breathing the most fervent, passionately longing words the heart can dictate, when a third party entered, unwelcomed and unannounced; and before the lovers could recover from their indignant astonishment,

a heavy hand was laid upon the shoulder of Jewett, and they heard the words, terrible at all times, and especially under such circumstances:—

"You are my prisoner!"

Paralyzed by the suddenness of the arrest, Jewett trembled and turned deathly pale. Then he hastily and indignantly struck down the arm that would have held him, and fiercely demanded the reason of such an outrage.

"You are an uncommon good actor and ought to be upon the stage," replied the detective, coolly and admiringly. "I feel sorry for you, but more so for the lady, and regret if I have interrupted any tender heart communion."

"Silence!" thundered Jewett. "If you have any duty to perform, do it, but refrain from offensive remarks, or it may not be well for you, even though an officer of the law. Of what am I accused?"

"Larceny."

"Who dare make such an infamous charge?"

"That you will find out soon enough," was answered by the detective, who did not relish being snubbed.

"As you please."

He turned to Helen Campbell with his face fully revealing the agony that was gnawing at his heart, and continued:—

"You certainly will not believe anything so vile, so monstrous, of one you have honored with your love."

"Never!" she answered, firmly, though whiter than the rose upon her breast. "Though all the world should swear to its truth, I would not believe; and I know you will be triumphantly and speedily proven innocent."

"May Heaven bless you now and ever."

There was a swift, magnetic glance between them. They saw that the detective had strolled to the window and was deeply engaged in watching something that was transpiring in the streets. With all barriers broken down, they were instantly locked in each other's arms, and the first, long, ecstatic kiss of love, the seal of a wordless engagement, was given and returned.

"Now," said Jewett, more happy than ever before (even though having the iron gyves of the law, at least theoretically, upon his wrists), as he walked to the side of the officer, "I am ready to go with you, sir."

He soon learned the charge against him,

and amazement took the place of exasperation. For a series of weeks, articles of value, as money and watches, had been stolen from various rooms in the house, and at last the crime had been fastened upon him.

"He was the last man I suspicioned," said the detective, in concluding his testimony. "but all the others proving innocent, I shadowed and caught him in the act."

"Do you mean to assert that you saw me stealing?" questioned Jewett.

"Exactly. I got you 'dead to rights,' as we say; saw you go directly to the room from which a valuable ring had been missed. If you want any other proof, it is upon your own finger. Let me see that ring, and if I don't find engraved in it a monogram of S and T strangely twisted together, I'll throw up the case and own up to being a fool."

Jewett hesitated, and the rising color flushed his face to crimson, and conclusively indicated his guilt to the lookers-on.

But a little time previously, in the first flush of love, he had purchased the ring, a heavy gold one, and had engraved in it the letters representing "Helen" and "Hume" woven together, with the intention of some day slipping it upon the finger of the lady. To give the heart secret to the world was repulsive to all the finer feelings of his nature, and seemed sacrilege.

But his innocence hanging upon it, and conscious of it, he took the band of gold from his finger and handed it to the officer.

"Just as I thought," was answered, after a brief inspection.

"Thought what?" questioned Jewett impatiently.

"That I should find the letters I mentioned."

"An S and a T?"

"If you doubt my word, let your own eyes convince you."

Jewett took the ring with an incredulous smile and scornful laugh. He turned up the inside to the light and then dropped it as if it had been a serpent, and its poisonous fangs had been buried deeply into his flesh.

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, sinking into a chair and bowing his head upon his hands. "I am lost, lost!"

"Perhaps," said the detective, sarcastically, "the gentleman can explain."

"I cannot, do not, understand how such a thing could be."

"Take my advice, and make a clean breast of it. Tell me where you have concealed the

rest of the property, and perhaps the matter can be arranged."

If a man ever had a "get thee behind me, Satan" look, there was one upon the face of Jewett. Trembling with excitement, and with eyes flashing dangerously, he replied:

"Confess what I know nothing about? Acknowledge myself a thief when I am not one? Do not dare to repeat such disgraceful advice, or you may tempt me to forget myself and add assault to my supposed crime."

Committed to prison, the hours passed wearily and heavily until bail was procured. And when he was free to again walk the streets he wished for the solitude of a cell. Everyone looked suspiciously at him, avoided him, and caused his sensitive nature the most exquisite pain.

To return to his business with such a black cloud hanging over him was impossible, so until the day of trial he was forced to idleness. Left to the bitterness of thought, he was constantly brooding, and would have been driven to desperation had not the girl he loved nobly cheered, sustained and proved her worth in countless ways.

Together they discussed the situation, and groped blindly for a clue to establish his innocence,—for some explanation of the change of the letters within the ring,—for some tangible evidence of the motive why some one should have thus attempted to ruin him, and through him to crush her almost to the death.

None could be found. The more they talked of the matter the farther they were at sea. It was true that upon searching his rooms and baggage nothing proving guilt could be found, but negative testimony, weighed against the positive of the ring, even with previous good character thrown into the scale, would be of very little avail.

More for the purpose of keeping her mind busy than for any other reason, his beloved plied him with questions. Had he ever been in the rooms of the ladies? Never. Did he remember having removed the ring from his finger at any time and for any purpose? No, he had sacredly worn it, and intended so to do until he had placed it upon hers. When did he purchase it, and of whom? He gave the name of the jeweler, and as near as he could recollect the time.

"And when," she asked, blushing rose-red, notwithstanding the nearness calamity had drawn them together, "did you intend giving it to me?"

"When you promised to become my wife, and of course to be followed by the customary diamond."

"Too late," she responded archly, "but it may be used for our wedding ring, darling."

"Too late for that," he exclaimed with a heavy sigh. "With such a terrible stain upon my name, I can never ask you to bear it. Yes, yes, dear, I know you do not believe me guilty, but the world does; as the matter stands a jury will so decide, and a prison"—

"Hush, my darling," she interrupted, and with tear-dimmed eyes she laid her fingers upon his lips and forced him to silence. "You must not talk so; the thought would break my heart. There must be some way to prove your innocence—shall be."

Her next to sublime faith lifted him for the time above the clouds of sorrow and despair. She inspired him with something of the hope and courage that was as sunshine to her own heart, and as they separated she merrily made him promise that as soon as his ring was found he would use it for a wedding one.

"Yes, I solemnly swear it on your lips," he answered, as he pressed her to his heart and kissed her. Yet his spirit was faint as he went away to solitude and loneliness.

Anxious and busy days followed to the loving and trusting girl. Without neglecting him, she found ample time to interview various parties, to consult with "their" lawyer, and make mysterious visits to a noted detective. But of these things her lover knew nothing, and when the day of trial came, he was so excessively nervous that every one was entirely satisfied as to his guilt.

The testimony of the officer who arrested him was brief but conclusive; that of a lady boarding in the same house established the identity of the ring. To the surprise of all present the counsel for the prisoner made no cross examination of the former, and reserved the right to recall the latter.

Then, the prosecution having closed the case on their part, Jewett's lawyer called to the stand a well-known and highly respected jeweler. He swore to the selling and engraving of both the rings. As he stepped down the lady witness was pleasantly requested to take his place and answer a few questions.

"You are certain," was the commencement of the examination, "that the ring

found upon the prisoner and bearing the monogram of S and T is yours?"

"Absolutely so, and the initials are my own," was answered glibly.

"Ah! I presume you value it highly?"

"Very."

"Then will you be kind enough to explain to the court why you exchanged it for that of Hume Jewett the other evening, when he incautiously left his upon the washstand in his room."

"Great heaven! How did you find that out?" she exclaimed with her face blanched to ghastly whiteness.

"No matter. Is it not true?"

Crouching in abject terror the woman pleaded for mercy, told in sobbing accents that she loved the prisoner and was driven to what she had done by jealousy.

Then she drew from her bosom the missing ring, confessed where she had hidden the other articles and after a violent spasm of hysteria fainted away and was carried from the court-room.

Cleared from every suspicion Hume Jewett reappeared in public, and was welcomed as never before. A week later a goodly company gathered to as happy a bridal as ever was looked upon. The presents were numerous and costly. One in particular attracted attention. It came from the detective who had arrested Jewett—a pair of

gold bracelets for the bride, and made after the pattern of handcuffs. With them was a humorous note stating that "although he was not the first who had been dec-Eve-d by a woman, yet after what had happened he bel-Eve-d nature had destined him for the stage, and particularly to play the part of a fool."

"It proved the pure gold of your nature, darling," said the proud and appreciative husband at the first opportunity, "for you to intercede for your guilty sister and save her from well merited-punishment."

"Why should I not, dear," she replied. "How could anyone keep from loving you? Besides, my happiness was so great that it was pleasure for me to make others so."

"You have not told me how you came to secure so great a victory."

"And gain a husband! Accident gave me a clue and the rest was easy."

"And following it I was led safely from the labyrinth of despair to the heaven of love. Henceforth, darling, I shall adore you as my Ariadne."

"And let us hope, my Theseus, there will be no Artemise to slay me with the arrows of Jealousy."

"And if there were you would still live to me as Helen, and fortunately you have no brother to steal you away from me."

WINONA.

BY I. E. DIEKENGA.

WINONA, I knew thee when life's sunny
morning
Filled every sweet hour with beauty and joy;
Thy face like a light the fair azure adorning
Brought me only pleasure unmixed with alloy.

I saw thee in youth, and I saw but to love thee;
If thou hadst but spoken thy wish were my will;
But deeply I felt thou wert far, far above me,
Yet every fond memory clings to thee still.

St. Louis, 1888.

Winona, I know not if thou be still living,
Or if, in death, sleeping, thou lowly wert laid;
I know only this, that my thoughts are still cleav-
ing
To thee in a tenderness never to fade.

Farewell, sweet Winona, thou star of the morning!
Upon this fair earth I may see thee no more;
But, oh! we may meet in that glorious dawning
When youth lives again on Eternity's shore.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

JAKE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"Plant de 'tatoes, hoe de corn,
Happiest darkie ever was born."

THESE words were shouted, rather than sung, the voice coming from the tall grass in front of Aunt Nancy's cook-kitchen, and though no one was visible, anybody about the place could have told you who was the owner of those remarkably sound lungs.

"Humph!" said Aunt Nancy, from the fire-place, where she had just deposited a hoe-cake in the ashes, mighty little corn and 'tatoes you'd hoe, if you had your way; lyin' in de grass kickin' up your heels. You ought to be keepin' de hens out dat garden. You don't earn your salt!" An opinion in which the family of her employer heartily concurred, but Nancy being a good cook, the boy was tolerated for her sake. The hoe-cake adjusted to her satisfaction, she approached the door, and called, "O Jake! Jake!" But all the answer she received was contained in a quotation from

"Rally roun' de flag, boys,
Rally roun', rally roun'."

Finding her first call unheeded, Nancy screamed again:—

"O Jake! you stop your noise, and go right along and weed that onion-bed. You hear, now?"

"Course I does," said Jake, rising with an air of injured innocence; "I isn't deaf. Why didn't you tole me 'fore? Might a had it done by this time. Been spoiling for work all day." And Jake tumbled down in the grass, and rolled over and over in the direction of the truck patch. His mother went about her work, muttering:—

"Don't know what dat boy'll come to. Ain't got no sort o' gumption 'bout him. 'Pears like he ain't satisfied 'less he's in mischief." An assertion the truth of which Jake's daily life and conduct seemed to aim at making good.

Arrived at the onion-bed, he stopped to consider.

"Drefful weedy! Pears like 'twould look a heap better if all dem was done pulled up and toted off. Take me to fix 'em. I make 'em fly!" And, suiting the action to the word, Jake went at it with both hands, pull-

ing up all he could get hold of, onions as well as weeds, literally making every green thing "fly" in all directions, until the ground was completely bare, and weeds and vegetables utterly exterminated. Pausing now and then to complete the clearing-up process he had inaugurated, he worked as he had never worked before.

Meanwhile, Nancy, having finished her work in the kitchen, walked into the house, which, like all Southern residences, was situated a few yards from the cook-house, to get her young lady's orders for dinner. She found her mistress perplexed and anxious, as many another young housekeeper has been, at the announcement of unexpected company.

"O Nancy!" she exclaimed, "I'm so worried! Here's a note which Major Longley's boy has just brought, saying that we may expect them all here to dianer. They have friends visiting them, strangers whom I have never seen, and the captain is gone, and I'm alone, and how I'm ever to entertain them is more than I know. If there was a soul on the place that I could send in the city with a note for Captain Ames, he could get out here before they arrive; but the hands are all gone to the river, and there's only you, and Delsie, and Julia; and you'll all have your hands full getting dinner, and— Why, there's Jake! I quite forgot him. Couldn't he carry a note safely, if you charged him to be particularly careful?"

"Tell ye what 'tis, Miss Sue, that boy's no 'count no ways. You can't trust him half as far as you can see him. Howsomer, if you want to try him, I reckon he couldn't do much harm. Dere's old Pete in de stable; he can tote de boy. I done set him weedin' de onion-bed half an hour ago. You write your note, and I'll get him ready; and laws! honey, don't worry. I'll get up the *splendid* dinuer ever was."

Greatly relieved, Mrs. Ames hastily indicated a note to her husband, while Nancy walked out towards the truck patch in search of Jake. She soon saw the destruction he had wrought in her onion-bed, and looking about, she spied him engaged in the same work of extermination upon her rows of

beets. Coming up stealthily behind him, she grasped him by the arm and shook him briskly.

"You ugly boy! Now what you been and done? You deserve a whipping, and if I wasn't in a hurry, I'd give it to you now. What you mean by such 'dickous conduct?"

"Don't care!" said Jake, his breath nearly shaken out of him. "Ye done told me to weed de bed!"

"Yes, but I didn't tell ye to pull up all de onions!"

"Laws now!" with his old air of injured innocence; "was dem onions? How's I goin' to know? S'ought onions was big as oranges. I never saw no sich onions as dese yere. Little nasty green sprouts!"

"Den here's de beets, too," shaking him fast and furiously. "If I'd done stayed away a little spell, you'd had dem all pulled up!"

"Sakes alive! you don't mean dem's beets? Well, I never!"

"Now look sharp," releasing his arm. "Miss Sue done want you to go on an errand. If you does it all up right, I'll forgive ye all dis yere mischief."

"Mammy," said Jake, penitently, "I's goin' to be good. I's *terminated*. Jest, you tell me what Miss Sue wants. I likes to do errands. You mind dat time I carried de note over to de Corners for Mr. Ames?"

"Yes, and didn't get back till next mornin'! You cut up dat way dis time, and see what you'll catch!"

"'Deed I won't," promised Jake. "I'll run every step of de way there and back."

Nancy explained that he was to ride old Pete, whereat Jake was so rejoiced that nothing could satisfy him but throwing up his rimless hat, and chasing it all over the remaining vegetable bed.

"Oh dear," sighed the despairing Nancy, "what's de use? Can't do noffin' with the child, no how. Here, you Jake, come out o' dem tomatuses and 'have yourself. Specs Miss Sue done got her note writ; now you get old Pete ready, and I'll bring de note out."

It was the delight of Jake's heart to be allowed to ride a horse, and though old Pete was a superannuated trotter, and anything but an easy-going animal, the idea of galloping off alone was sufficient to infuse considerable speed into Jake's usually slow motions, and he rode up just as Nancy made her appearance with the note.

"Now, Jake," said she, "pay 'tention and 'member what I tell ye: Miss Sue says take dis to Mr. Ames's office, and tell him to come right home."

"Must I tell him dat 'fore I gib de note, or fust gib de note and den tell him?"

"Don't make no difference. Just you give him de note, and dat'll tell him all about it. Now, Jake," raising a warning finger, "you go straight to Mr. Harry's office, cause Miss Sue she's in a peck of trouble, 'count o' 'tainin' a lot of strangers comin' to dinner, and she wants Mr. Harry to come fast as ever he can. You un'stan', now?"

"Course I do. Strangers 'tainin' Miss Sue. Wants Mr. Harry right off. Give him de note. Hey! Get!" the last to the horse. And Jake rode off cityward, swinging his rimless straw hat, and urging old Pete into his fastest gait.

Nancy shook her head with a very dubious air, but having the forthcoming dinner on her mind, soon forgot Jake in the more intricate and perplexing duties of her department. While Delsie and Julia prepared a whole regiment of chickens for roasting. Nancy stirred sugar, whipped eggs, frothed cream, which in the end turned into the nicest of custards, jellies and creams. Leaving them deep in their mysterious preparations, let us follow Jake, for he alone is our hero, and not to be lost sight of.

It was four miles to the city, and he calculated upon having what he called a "mighty fine time." The moment he was off Mr. Ames's premises, he commenced a curious performance, which may be better understood if we state that Jake had once been a delighted spectator at a poor circus, which had exhibited at The Corners. He stood up and danced a breakdown on the saddle; he stood on his head; he leaped off and then hopped back again; all this while Pete was plodding along, cudgelling his weak brain for an explanation of the strange antics his rider was cutting up on his old back.

Getting tired of the exercise, Jake concluded to play jockey, and put old Pete through his paces. Jamming his hat-crown firmly on, straightening himself back in his seat, and drawing the bridle tightly up, he shouted:—

"Hey! Get! Get!" striking his bare black heel against the animal's sides, in imitation of the booted and spurred cavalrymen.

Pete did his best, but his trotting days

were over, and his highest rate of speed was nothing to brag of. Jake, however, was possessed of powerful imagination, and fancied he was getting the horse over the ground in admirable style. Shouting and singing, he jolted along, his enjoyment so intense as to have driven from his head all thought of his errand, when he was hailed by,—

"Hey! Dat you, Jake?"

Looking in the direction from whence the voice came, he saw one of his cronies evidently making a great pretence of keeping the crows from his employer's corn.

"O Sam! you dere? Woa, Pete! Stan' still, can't ye? 'Clare to gracious, dis horse gettin' so fractious nobody can't manage him 'cept me."

"Where you goin'?" asked Sam.

"Oh, I's only ex'cisin' dis animule. He don't do noffin' 'sides stan' in de stable and eat de oats. He gettin' mighty lazy. You come along o' me, and I'll give you the fastest ride you ever had."

"Don't know," said Sam, looking wistfully at the horse and doubtfully back at the field. "'Spect de birds done pull up all de corn if I go 'way."

"Kil" said Jake; "wouldn't say dat if you knew how fast dis yere horse trots. We'll just ride roun' de square, and get back 'fore de birds find out you're gone. Jump up behind me, now; be spry! Old Pete won't stand no foolin'."

No sooner said than done. Sam clambered to his seat and clung to Jake, who immediately commenced to get the horse in motion by loud cries of "Get!" and vigorous applications of his heels. Had Pete been younger, he might have objected to the additional burden, but being old and infirm, his spirit was so far subdued that he made no protest, only stumbled along and made what haste he could.

"'Clare," said Jake, "never did see dis horse act so! Obstinate as a mule! Tried to run away wid me a piece back dere; now he won't stir off a walk, 'cause he knows I want him to run."

"Horses is contrary," said Sam, sententially. "But I say, Jake, what makes him jounce so?"

"Dat's de trottin' gait," replied Jake, knowingly. "You see you ain't 'customed to ridin'. Now I don't mind it; fact is, I rather enjoys de jouncin'." And Jake's enjoyment culminated in an outburst of one of his favorite songs.

Sam, who had enough to do to hold on and catch the breath which every leap of old Pete nearly took away, didn't see the fun quite so plainly. Nevertheless, he tried to persuade himself he was enjoying it hugely.

Not far ahead there was a railroad crossing, and Jake stood up in the saddle, and after gazing intently in the direction of the city, whose spires were visible, pronounced the way clear, and forward they went. But Jake had looked in the wrong direction, as he became aware when it was too late; for they were not more than two rods from the track when the express train thundered across their path, making the usual accompaniment of unearthly noises—screeching, whistling, ringing of bells, shaking the ground like a full-grown earthquake, and leaving behind an overpowering sensation of terror.

Now old Pete was mortally afraid of the locomotive, with its horrible clatter, and its long, snaky-looking train of coaches whisked quickly by. If there was anything in the world that could start him out of his usual quiet gait, the steam-engine was that thing. When, therefore, his dull eye caught a glimpse of the advancing train, and his slow ear recognized its dread tones, he pricked up his ears in a way that, a few moments before, one would have conceived impossible, pranced about in a way extremely coltish and silly for a horse of his years, and the moment the track was clear, started off on a dead run towards the city.

It did not take long to unseat Sam, who was rather glad than otherwise to be left behind, especially as he sustained no serious injuries in his fall; but Jake, although terrified, and aware that he was getting more than he bargained for, clung tightly to the neck of his frightened steed, calling out, "Woa! woa!" without in the least degree checking his speed.

Trees and fences flew past, seemingly in one unending vision, and it was not long ere they reached the city, where the rapid ring of the horse's shoes on the pavement, and Jake's continued cry of "Woa!" evinced to all within sight and hearing that the horse was running away. On went Pete swiftly towards the open market-place, scattering the truck-venders, overturning their stalls, and producing "confusion worse confounded." Men ran, women screamed, children shouted; geese, ducks and chickens, liberated from the rude cages in which they had

been brought to market, fluttered, squawked, quacked and cackled on every hand.

Now, the windows of Captain Harry Ames's office overlooked the market-place, and it was impossible for him not to hear the uproar in the street below. Looking out, what was his astonishment to recognize in the cause of all this disturbance, his old trotter ridden full tilt by Jake! Uttering an exclamation of astonishment, he rushed down-stairs, and came upon the scene just as Pete had succeeded in running plump into a fish-cart, pitching his rider over his head into a stack of early York cabbages. Unharmd and undaunted, the boy scrambled to his feet, crying out:—

"Stop dat horse! Cotch him, some of ye! Hold him tight!"

"Why, Jake," said the astonished Mr. Ames, "what does this mean?"

"Dat are old Pete, he done try to run away. But I stop him. He don't try dat trick again."

"But why are you here at all? What started you off on that horse?"

"Miss Sue she sent me."

"Miss Sue? Why did she send you? What has happened?"

Jake commenced searching his pockets, first one, then the other, but nothing rewarded his search except a few broken bits of china, and a string or two.

"Be quick, boy," said Mr. Ames. "Did Miss Sue send any message?"

"Don't know 'bout dat are, but she done writ a note, and I 'spect dat Pete he jounce it out my pocket."

"You careless boy!" said Mr. Ames; "if you know why you were sent here, tell me this instant."

"Oh yes, sir," with a sudden recollection of Nancy's charge. "Mammy she told me, Miss Sue she's in a peck o' trouble; strangers 'tainin' her—wants you to come straight home!"

Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Ames waited to hear no more, but mounting the horse on which he had rode in the morning, he fairly flew over the road towards his home, seeing visions of his young wife alone and unprotected, his house overrun by a band of marauding raiders—for what other interpreta-

tion could he put upon Jake's disconnected sentences? He hardly knew what to expect, but when his fleet horse had borne him within sight of his quiet home, and there appeared no visible tokens of the lawless band he half expected to meet, he was still more at a loss. Arguing, however, that the need must have been pressing which would force his wife to employ a messenger of Jake's well-known tendencies, he did not slack his pace, but rode forward as if for dear life, to the very door.

His wife, hearing the quick tramp of the horse, was advancing to welcome him, when he burst in with the exclamation:—

"My dear Sue! Thank God you are safe!"

"Safe and well, thank you, Harry. But what is the matter?" noticing the agitation.

"Tell me quick—who has presumed to insult you?"

"Why, Harry!"

"Jake said there were strangers in the house, and that they were detaining you. Now tell me all about it!"

"Did Jake give you my note?"

"No; he had lost it."

Mrs. Ames laughed merrily.

"That explains it all," said she. "Had you received it, you would have known that I was merely nervous at the thought of entertaining a whole room full of people who are coming to dinner, and that I requested you to come home an hour or two earlier than usual."

Mr. Ames then described, to his wife's infinite amusement, Jake's *entre*, and the confusion it created in the market-place.

Need I say that the dinner passed off in an admirable manner?—that little Mrs. Ames, having her husband to support her, acquitted herself in a highly creditable way?—that Nancy's chickens were just right, and that her dessert was a marvel to behold?—and finally, that Jake came home the next morning, declaring that Pete was so "done beat out" he "couldn't get home 'fore, no ways," and that he had found it necessary to stop over night at a neighbor's, in order to allow the horse to gather strength wherewith to perform the rest of the journey?

I am afraid Jake is incorrigible.

THE DISOBEDIENT PIGEONS.

BY LILY F. WEST. ~

ONCE upon a time, a pair of pigeons were hunting about for a shelter from the snow-storm that was fast approaching. They had ventured too far from home where they had lived with many others, and were unable to find it again. They looked into every barn and shed they passed, but as yet had found none they considered safe enough to venture to remain in. In one, the cracks in the roof were large enough to let in the wind and storm, and another was not out of the reach of cats that might be prowling about.

It was growing dark, and the poor pigeons were cold and hungry, and felt they could not fly much further, when to their great joy, they spied a barn with a little house built in it expressly for the accommodation of pigeons! They feared to find it already inhabited, and if it were so, knew they should have difficulty in persuading the occupants to take them in; for pigeons are not always so kind and hospitable to wanderers as they should be, and sometimes treat them very cruelly when they ask for a shelter.

Our pigeons consulted together a few moments, as to whether they should seek to force an entrance, or continue their search. They decided to obtain an entrance if possible. The little male pigeon left his little wife sitting on the ridge-pole of the barn while he investigated the premises.

Very cautiously and noiselessly he lit on the platform of the little house, and hearing no sound, peeped carefully in. Not a soul was there! There were neatly made boxes for nests, and bars for roosting on at night! Everything was new and clean, and looked as if it were built for any pigeons that might like to take up their abode there.

The little male pigeon quickly called to his mate, and they both entered their new home. How thankful and happy they were to find such a pleasant resting-place; but they were so sleepy and tired that they soon put their little heads under their wings, and went off to sleep.

All winter long our pigeons lived in the new home they had found, and enjoyed very much the quiet life they led there. Before long, the warm days of spring appeared, and our pigeons suddenly became very busy. As soon as the sun was fairly up in the

morning, the little male pigeon was seen carrying straws and wisps of hay into his house, where his mate kept herself busy in making a nice warm nest. All the morning they worked, and when afternoon came, took a long excursion over the meadows and woods, picking up choice bits of food, and enjoying the fresh air of spring.

At last the nest was ready, and what a cozy nest it was, made of soft straws and hay, with a few downy feathers inside to keep out the cold. Then the female bird laid two little white eggs in it, and was very careful to keep them warm. Her mate, too, took his turn whenever his wife was tired; but he never sat on them so long as she did. After he had sat still for a little while, he grew quite uneasy, and fidgeted about, as if he wanted to say:—

“I wonder what that little woman is about all this time?”

He never looked so comfortable, either, in the nest as his little wife, for he squatted down in a very awkward manner; but he kept the eggs warm with his thick, soft feathers, and seemed very willing to do his part.

At last, after many tedious days of watching and waiting, two little baby pigeons came out of the eggs. They were homely little things, with not a single feather on their little bodies, and great heads with beaks almost as big as their father's and mother's. They were vigorous little things, and at once began chirping for food.

The father and mother pigeons were busier than ever now, finding food for their little ones. They were obliged to first swallow the grains themselves, and soften them in their little crops, and then when they were soft enough, bring them up again, and put them into the beaks of the young pigeons.

The pigeons were very proud of their little ones, and the male pigeon strutted about and cooed as loudly as he could, as if he would like to tell the whole world what a nice wife and babies he had.

With such good care the young pigeons grew very fast, and got beautiful white feathers all over their little bodies. They grew so fast that before six weeks were over they were able to fly about. The father and mother pigeon were very particular, and

never allowed them to go far from home, for fear they might get lost, or fall into bad company; for there are bad and good pigeons as well as bad and good little children, and our pigeons tried hard to make their little ones good.

One day the old pigeons were obliged to leave their little ones for several hours to go out in search of food; but before they went, they cautioned them not to stir from the barn in which their house was, and not on any account to make the acquaintance of any stray pigeons that might fly by.

The little ones promised to do just as they were told, and the father and mother pigeons bade them good-by and flew off.

The sun was shining brightly on the roof of the barn, and the young pigeons were very happy to sun themselves in the pleasant heat. They first took a bath in a tub that some good little boy had placed there for them to drink from; and very funny they looked, splashing about in the water. They bobbed their little heads under water, but didn't dare keep them there long, and shook the spray from their wings, chatting gayly to each other all the time.

By-and-by, however, they became tired of sitting in the barn with nothing to do, and found the time passing very heavily. They saw groups of pigeons flying about, chatting and laughing together, and longed to join them.

At last they were surprised to see a pigeon of about their own age alight beside them. They remembered what their parents had told them about making the acquaintance of strangers; but they were very tired of being alone, and then they thought it would be very impolite to go into their house and leave him sitting there alone, when he had taken the trouble to come and see them.

"Good-morning," they said, pleasantly.

"Good-morning," replied the stranger, in a gay tone. "How have you been passing this fine morning?"

"We are at home alone," answered the others, "and we have never been but a short distance from this place."

"Is it possible!" said the stranger, surprised. "And you know nothing of the beautiful world about you! of the corn-fields, and brooks, and meadows, that delight every pigeon's heart?"

"Nothing," answered the little pigeons, sadly, "but what we see from the ridge-pole of this barn."

"Why, I pity you from the bottom of my heart," replied the gay young pigeon. "Come with me, and I will show you a little of the happy life I lead."

"Oh no, indeed," answered the others. "Our parents told us to remain on this roof until they came back."

"How cruel your parents must be!" said their new friend. "You must be hungry, too. Only come with me, and I will show you more hemp-seed than you can eat in a week."

Now all pigeons are fonder of hemp-seed than of anything else, and as they were very hungry, the temptation was great. They thought how lonely they should be all by themselves, and how hungry they should become before their parents returned with the food; and as to hemp-seed—why, they had never eaten it but a few times in their lives!

"Well," they answered, "we will go a little way, if you will promise to bring us back whenever we wish it."

"Certainly," replied the stranger; "you can come back at any moment you choose."

So saying he flew off, and the young pigeons followed him. They found it, at first, very delightful to be sailing along in the air, over the trees and houses, that appeared so small from their great height.

Their new friend kept on and on, and they began to feel rather tired, when he alighted in a field where corn had recently been planted.

"Where is the hemp-seed you promised us?" asked the little pigeons.

"We shall come to it by-and-by," replied their friend. "In the meantime, help yourselves as you see me do."

So saying, he began scratching briskly with his little feet, bringing to light kernels of the newly-planted corn. His companions followed his example: but they were not so expert as he, and had only succeeded in finding one or two kernels, when bang! went a gun close by, and off they flew, frightened almost to death.

They didn't fly quickly enough, however, to prevent one of the little pigeons from being shot through the wing, and it bled quite freely. It was sore and lame, too, and he could fly only very slowly.

"Oh, take us home!" he said, piteously. "I want to see my mother."

"I shall do no such thing," replied the naughty pigeon, sharply.

"You promised to take us home whenever we wished it," said the little lame pigeon.

"No, I didn't," answered the strange pigeon. "I said you could return whenever you wished it, and so you can. As for myself, I am going on further."

Poor little disobedient pigeons! How they wished they had minded their parents, and stayed at home on the sunny barn! They had already seen enough of the pleasant world the strange pigeon talked about to sadden their little hearts, and make them long for their parent's kind care. Of course they could not find their way home alone, and if they didn't wish to get lost, they must follow their unfeeling friend wherever he chose to carry them; so they kept on as well as they could until their leader alighted again in front of what seemed to be a little house made of netting, with the door standing wide open, and just inside plenty of inviting looking hemp-seed.

"Now eat your fill," said the stranger, "while I stay outside and watch. When I call, you must come out."

The silly pigeons were in such a hurry to reach the tempting hemp-seed that they waited to hear no more, but quickly entered the open door, not noticing, in their eagerness, that it closed after them, never to open again. It was a trap, set by some cruel boy, to entice pigeons, and our little friends had fallen into it. Before they had eaten much of the hemp-seed, the pigeon on the outside called out:—

"Come out quickly; I hear some one coming!"

The caged birds turned, very much frightened, to go out, but to their surprise, found the door shut. They pecked with their little beaks, and scratched with their little feet, out it was of no use; the door would not stir.

"What shall we do?" they cried, in despair. "Pray help us. You can easily undo it with your beak from the outside."

"So I can, if I choose to," replied the other, saucily; "but I have not a mind to. In the morning, the boy who set the trap will come and open the door; so scratch away there, and perhaps you can do it yourselves, for you have not much time to lose."

He perched himself comfortably upon a bush near by, and watched their frantic efforts to free themselves with great delight; now and then bursting into a noisy laugh, as they tried in vain to force an opening.

In the meantime, let us see what the parents of the little prisoners were doing. When they returned from their long expedition, they were very much surprised not to see their little ones coming to meet them, as usual. They thought perhaps they were hiding, and intended to pop out suddenly and surprise them, so they hunted about everywhere, but, as you may suppose, with no success. They immediately concluded that they must have gone off with other pigeons, and perhaps got lost; so they resolved to set out at once, making inquiries of whomever they met, as to whether they had been seen. They had not gone far before they met a neighbor, who called out:—

"Are you looking for your children, my friends?"

"Yes," they quickly replied. "Can you give us tidings of them?"

"I think I can," she answered. "I saw them flying off with a young pigeon who lives in the large stable over the way. A very mischievous fellow, and I fear he will get them into trouble."

She pointed out the direction she saw them take, and the anxious parents, thanking her for her kindness, quickly set out that way.

Soon they obtained still further information, and just at sundown found themselves in the field within hearing of their little ones' voices. As soon as they approached, the mischievous pigeon quickly flew off, fearing they might punish him for the mischief he had done; and if they had done so, it would have been no more than he deserved.

You may be sure the little pigeons were happy enough to see their parents, although they felt dreadfully ashamed to think they had been so disobedient and foolish.

The door was soon opened, and they flew to their mother's side and cuddled down close to her warm feathers, resolving never again to disobey her. They were too tired, and the little lame pigeon was far too weak to fly back so far that night; so they all perched on a roof near by, and slept soundly till morning, when they flew back to their own little house.

They never ventured off so far again, for experience had taught them that the pleasantest place in the whole world was their own home. As to the naughty pigeon who led them away, they never saw him again; and I have heard of so much mischief that he has since done, that I conclude he has never reformed.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

It always gives us great pleasure to answer the requests of our subscribers. "Mrs. L. M." will, we hope, find the following menu a satisfactory one.

Little Neck Clams. Bisque of Oysters.
 Broiled Lobster garnished with Lemon.
 Roast Turkey stuffed with Boiled Chestnuts.
 Celery. Cranberry Sauce.
 Duchesse Potatoes.
 Broiled Quail with Currant Jelly.
 Sweetbreads with Peas or Mushrooms.
 Canned Asparagus. White Sauce.
 Queen Pudding.
 Fruit. Wafers. Cheese. Nuts. Coffee.

This is a somewhat ambitious dinner, but none too much so, we take it, for our correspondent. At a feast of this kind, laying the table is half the battle. If you have beautiful silver, china, glass, and linen in abundance, to make a sparkling array on the table, it is better to serve everything from the side. If, however, your resources in this way are limited, you may depend greatly upon the different dishes for adornment. Dark-green olives, in a pretty dish, a glass of tender white celery, with its yellow-green tops, a dish of pickles—green gherkins—white sprigs of cauliflower, and tiny onions, with here and there a slender red pepper, makes an attractive bit of color. A mold of crimson cranberry jelly, or one of ruby currant, or purple-red plum jelly, gives life and tone. The dull brown of brandied or pickled peaches, and the varied hues of a dish of nuts—even the plates of evenly cut and piled white and brown bread, if placed artistically, go to make up that "thing of beauty," a well-laid dining table.

A bisque of oysters is quite a different thing from an oyster soup. The lightly stewed oysters must be strained from the liquor, chopped fine, and returned to it with a pint of hot and thickened milk or cream for a quart of oysters, and a seasoning of salt, pepper and mace. Bring it to a boil, and serve with thin wafers.

Broiled lobster is an expensive luxury, and few cooks can serve it properly, or have the fire to broil many of the sprawling fish. They are merely split in half and laid on a gridiron over glowing coals. Cutlets of lobster—the *modus operandi* of which have been detailed in BALLOU'S—are a delicate and delightful substitute.

As all of the above dishes have also been described at various times, with the exception of the pudding, we pass on to that.

QUEEN PUDDING.—With a very sharp pen-knife shave the thin, yellow rind from a lemon, and simmer it for ten minutes in a pint of new

milk; strain and mix with a gill of cream: sweeten with four ounces of white sugar, and add six well-beaten eggs, a little salt, and a glass of brandy. Have in readiness a buttered pudding-dish containing layers of thin bread and butter, alternating with currants, candied lemon-peel and orange and citron shredded fine. Pour the custard over these very slowly, allowing it to be absorbed by the bread. Soak for two hours, placing a plate on top to keep the bread under, and then bake for half an hour. This is a very rich pudding, and is sometimes substituted for a plum pudding, even on holidays.

After a dinner of this kind, it is a pleasant revival of the English custom to serve tea and thin folded bread and butter in the drawing-room. People grow chatty and well-acquainted and lose formality over a repast of this kind.

One of the prettiest of centre ornaments for a table is a low, handsome basket, the outside of which is twined with smilax, while the inside is filled with perfect bunches of Malaga grapes, each stem being tied with satin ribbons of different and prettily contrasting hues. Little Mandarin oranges may be placed among the grapes with a good effect.

Another uncommon dish is made of oranges alone. Choose large, handsome, thin-skinned fruit; cut in two evenly, and carefully take out the pulp in sections, removing the seeds and using great care to break the inside skin as little as possible. Make handles of fine wire to these halves of skin, thus forming little baskets; twist orange-colored ribbon about the wire, and fill the baskets with the sections of orange, nicely sugared; arrange them on a dish with sprigs of holly, or some stiff, dark-green leaves resembling orange leaves.

Even presuming that such readers of BALLOU'S as are interested in the Housekeeper are amateur housekeepers, there is nothing else in the above dinner in which they need to be initiated, except the white sauce; presuming, again, that they have also been readers of this department for the past two years.

White Sauce is the basis of so many sauces that it is important to make it properly. The old orthodox name is simply melted or drawn butter, and the French call it *Sauce Blanche*. The easy process is to melt the butter, which you have cut in bits, in the bottom of the saucepan; add the flour, and stir until thoroughly amalgamated, and then by degrees add boiling water (if for fish), or milk and water, or milk or cream alone if for vegetables. Season with salt and white pepper, and stir until smooth and creamy.

If there is the least suggestion of lumpiness, pass it through a strainer into a heated sauce-boat, and in any case add a portion of the butter after it is removed from the fire. This gives the desirable buttery flavor, instead of the usual and detestable floury and watery one. For a pint of sauce the proportions are two and a half ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, and a pint of liquid,—broth, milk or water. Mingle two ounces each of flour and butter, and add half an ounce of the latter in the finishing. A tiny pinch of sugar is of benefit to white sauces. Broth, if used, gives sauce blonde, a richer sauce than can be made with milk or water.

For boiled fish use some of the liquor in which the fish was boiled, first reducing it by boiling; or a broth made of the trimmings of the fish. Any deviation from the above quantities or directions will produce an unsatisfactory article. From the above can be made an Hollandaise sauce, by the use of milk or cream in the making, and the addition of one egg, beaten up with a tablespoonful of cream, and added with the half-ounce of butter after it is removed from the fire. A tablespoonful of minced parsley added to the plain sauce gives parsley sauce, or sauce *au persil*. Chopped capers give sauce *au capres*.

CREAM OF COD.—This nice Lenten soup will, I am sure, be appreciated by our readers. Take a cup of cold, boiled cod, freed from skin and bones, and rub it through a fine wire sieve with a potato-masher, moistening with a cup of hot milk to make it pass through. Put two even tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and when it melts rub in smoothly the same quantity of flour. Add gradually one quart each of boiling milk and water, and then stir in the fish. Season to taste with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Let it boil slowly for two or three minutes and serve. Any kind of cold fish may be used. The mixture should be of the consistency of cold cream, and very smooth. Thin wafer biscuits are better than croutons, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley, added just before it is taken from the fire, will be considered an addition by many.

FRICASSE OF HALIBUT.—This is a nice, staple dish for a Lenten dinner. Wash, and cut in two-inch squares, two pounds of halibut. Remove the skin, and as far as possible the bones. Set over the fire covered with cold water, slightly salted. Let it come to the boiling point very slowly. Take out the fish with a perforated skimmer, and put in a hot covered dish where it will keep warm and not dry out while you make the sauce.

Make a white-sauce as directed above. Put in the fish, and heat until the flakes fall apart. Add the beaten yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and two of minced parsley. Pour over squares of fried or toasted bread.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The high four-posted beds of a century ago are again popular.

Decayed vegetable should not be left in the cellar, and cellars should be whitewashed to be kept sweet and clean.

The best bath-rooms have a natural wood floor, or are covered with oilcloth, or something of that kind of material.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve heartburn.

No matter whatever fancy soap may be on the washstand, a piece of old brown Windsor or white Castile soap should find a place on it also.

A good substitute for buttermilk is a thin batter made of flour and tepid water, and allowed to remain long enough to sour.

Many very fine cooks will not use baking powder, soda, or cream of tartar in cake-making, while others think it impossible to do without it.

When laid away for any length of time, linen should be washed, rough-dried, without bluing, and laid in loose folds without much weight on it.

Since so many women have to spend so much of their lives in the kitchen it should be made a place of comfort. Be sure and have a lounge or easy-chair there.

For a good tooth-powder mix together one ounce of powdered orris root, one dram of gum camphor, two drams of powdered myrrh, half an ounce of prepared chalk.

Buttonholes in children's garments are apt to tear out, especially in waists and drawer bands. If you will stitch a strong cord immediately in front of the buttonholes, you will have no more trouble of this kind.

For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

Great care should be taken in washing milk cans, and all vessels into which milk is set, as milk "turns" very readily when put in an unclean dish. Wash first in cold water, second in a strong solution of soda and water, and then in clean tepid water. Wipe dry, and if possible set out of doors to sun and air.

Women who do their own work regard their rough hands with great distress. To make and keep them soft wear old gloves at night, just rubbing in an ointment made by beating the white of an egg to a froth and stirring it into a cup of melted lard to which is added one teaspoonful of glycerine. Keep the mixture in a covered jar, excluding the light. Perfume may be added.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

ROYAL BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.—The following information regarding the preparations for the marriage of the young Emperor of China is gleaned from Shanghai papers: Thousands of hands are already busy on the bride's trousseau and wedding presents, which have probably never been equaled in splendor or value. Up to a month before the wedding the fiancée is presented with ten piebald horses with complete trappings, ten gilt helmets and cuirasses, also pieces of satin of the first quality, and 200 pieces of cotton material. The bride also receives 200 ounces of gold, 10,000 ounces (taels) silver, a gold tea-service, consisting of teapots and cups, with lids of silver; tea-service, two silver wash-basins, 1000 pieces of satin of the best quality, 20 horses with complete trappings, 20 horses without trappings, 20 saddles for pack-horses and mules. The parents of the lady received 100 ounces of gold, one gold tea-set, 5000 taels of silver, one silver tea-set, one silver wash-basin, 5000 pieces of silk, 1000 pieces of cotton material, six horses completely harnessed, helmet and cuirasses, bow and quiver of arrows. Each parent received one court dress for summer and one for winter, one for every-day dress, and a sable coat. The brothers and sisters of the bride also received rich and costly presents. The bride's hats are the most remarkable articles among the rich trousseau. The winter court hat has a rim of sable; the crown is made of red velvet, from the centre of which rises a button composed of three parts, each of which is ornamented with three small oblong pearls of great beauty, and seventeen ordinary pearls, while in the centre of each part another splendid pearl, set in gold, is surmounted by a gold phoenix. The button is surrounded by seven gold phoenixes, of which each is inlaid with seven large and twenty-one small pearls and cat's-eyes. At the back of the hat below the button, a gold pheasant is placed, with one cat's-eye and sixteen pearls. The tail of the pheasant is divided into five parts by 802 small and five large pearls, forming a pendant, the centre of which is made of *lapis lazuli*, surrounded by pearls. At the end of the pendant a big coral is suspended. The collar is fastened at the back to the hat, outside of which is bright yellow material, with velvet ribbons, embroidered at the ends with diamonds. Three gala court dresses are of a dark blue color, with borders of gold embroidery, with large dragons embroidered all over the dresses, while down the front are sewed in gold the words "Wanfu" (eternal happiness) and "Wanshun" (eternal life). The necklaces and chains are of enormous value, composed for the most part of pearls, turquoises and diamonds. A handkerchief, which is worn in the belt, is

green, richly embroidered and trimmed with tassels of jewels and yellow ribbons. A gala apron of red blue satin, trimmed with otter skin, embroidered in gold dragon fans, and skirts of many different kinds are also included in this gorgeous outfit. The future Empress is keeping every trade brisk throughout the empire.

A "PROFESSOR" OF TATTOOING TELLS ALL ABOUT IT.—A proficient "professor" in the art of tattooing was found in his office by a reporter the other day, busily engaged in picking a figure of Liberty upon the back of a sailor. In answer to a series of questions the professor said: "I have followed this business for thirty years, and have always made a good living by it. My patrons come from all classes of society. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, clerks, men engaged in every walk of life come here to be decorated. I tattoo a large number of ladies also. During the late war I was with the army of the Potomac tattooing the soldiers right and left with marks of identification. After the war my business was slack for a time, until Constantin, the Greek, made his appearance in Barnum's show. He was first discovered as mate of a sailing vessel which lay in Boston harbor with a cargo of fruits and spices from the Mediterranean. His face only was tattooed then, but Barnum engaged him, had his entire body pricked with fantastic figures by Jack Florence, of Boston, invented the story of his exile among savages, and exhibited him with great success. I saw my chance and went into the same business. I turned out tattooed women for the dime museums and traveling shows as fast as I was able. They invented stories of shipwreck, exile and marvelous rescues, with all the horrible details they could imagine. It paid well for a time, but the public discovered the fake, and tattooed ladies are now a drug in the market.

JUSTICE IN PERSIA.—A traveler in Persia relates the following incident of the cost of justice in that country:—

I was on a visit to a judge when a man was brought in who stoutly denied the offense with which he was charged. The beglerbeg (judge) sent for a whip. "I vow I am innocent," said the accused, as he crossed his hands over his breast, at the same time stretching forward one of his fingers. The minions of justice stood ready to strike at a signal from the judge, who fixed his eyes on the breast of the prisoner and exclaimed: "You are guilty." "By thy venerable head, I vow I am not guilty!" protested the accused, now raising two fingers. This process was continued until he at last stretched

out five fingers of each hand, when the beglerbeg remarked, "Good, let him go; he is innocent." I learned afterward that by raising his finger the prisoner meant the judge to understand that he offered one tonan (about 10s) for his release, and had been compelled to raise the amount by successive bids to ten tonans (£5) in order to satisfy the demands of Persian justice.

RODENTS.—The rat-catcher uses from five to ten ferrets, two terriers, and a rat net, said a professional expert to a reporter of the *Philadelphia Times*. The dogs scent the rat holes. Then the ferrets are put in the holes. The rats run from the ferrets to the holes, where they run into the nets. Sometimes a she rat shows battle to protect her young, but a rat is no match for a ferret. The ferrets only kill about one rat out of ten. The rest of the rats run into the nets and then the dogs kill them. A ferret catches a rat by the throat, sucks its blood and then leaves it. The ferrets destroy all the nests and young rats, but after a ferret has appeased its appetite it is useless until it gets hungry again. It's harder and more dangerous for the ferrets to work in the city than in the country. Sometimes they will get into a sewer or well-hole and perish, or they will come out of a sewer two or three squares away from where they entered, and dogs will kill them. Very often there is poison in the holes, which has been put in to kill the rats. The rats carry it to all parts of the passages, but when I know it, I never allow my ferrets to work where poison has been used. Ferrets are worth from \$10 to \$15. They have to be imported. I tried to breed ferrets here, and succeeded in raising fifty, but they were puny and didn't live long. The climate don't agree with them. My ferrets don't live over two or three years, and it takes a good deal of money to keep a good stock on hand. I've had as high as one hundred at a time. They have to be given the tenderest care and kept from catching cold. I've made a power of money catching rats, and I've spent a power of it for ferrets. I charge from \$5 to \$50 a job, according to the quantity of rats likely to be in the place. There's money in the business, and there'll always be a demand for a good rat-catcher.

AN HISTORIC PIGSTY.—On the premises of John Cummings, of New Derry, Pa., are a corn-crib and a pigsty, both of which are built of logs. The logs are thickly punctured with bullet holes, and the bullets that made them are still embedded in the logs. The logs were cut more than one hundred years ago by Colonel Pomeroy, one of the first settlers in what is now known as Westmoreland County, who built a

log cabin in the wilderness with them for himself and family. Pomeroy was a famous Indian fighter, as was Major Bell, who lived in a cabin half a mile distant. One day Colonel Pomeroy's cabin was attacked by a band of Indians. Pomeroy barricaded himself and family in the house, and the Indians besieged them all one afternoon, firing almost continuously into the log walls of the cabin. The firing was heard by Major Bell, who crept through the woods to the spot. Seeing that the Indian force was too large for him to attack, he returned to his cabin, put his wife and two children on his two horses, and taking a circuitous route, he approached Colonel Pomeroy's cabin in the rear. He succeeded in signaling the cabin from the woods, and Pomeroy and his family stole away from their cabin under cover of the woods in the rear, and escaped with Bell's family to Fort Wallace, five miles away. Soldiers were sent back to attack the Indians, but they had disappeared. The bullet-punctured cabin was occupied by Colonel Pomeroy and his descendants until 1840, when John Cummings bought it and made his pigpen and corncrib of its historic logs. The logs are pine, and as sound as they were when first cut.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.—The people of the United States spend the following sums annually: For missions, \$5,000,000; education, \$85,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$150,000,000; boots and shoes, \$196,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000; lumber, \$233,000,000; woolen goods, \$237,000,000; iron and steel, \$290,000,000; meat, \$300,000,000; tobacco, \$250,000,000; bread, \$505,000,000; liquors, \$900,000,000. Total, \$3,361,000,000. The people spend about one-third as much for liquors as they do all other things combined. The expenditures yearly are more than the public debt at the end of the war.

KNABE PIANOS FOR EXECUTIVE MANSIONS.—Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co. have just furnished to Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, a beautiful upright grand piano, ordered by him for the executive mansion at Harrisburg. The case is of artistic style in rich variegated rosewood, and the instrumental part of the highest order of merit, with a tone of very rich and sympathetic quality, and a touch of remarkable ease and elasticity. A very fine concert grand was supplied by them recently to Gov. Fitzhugh Lee for the executive mansion at Richmond, Va., which, excepting on some of the outside ornamentation of the case, is a fac-simile of the celebrated White House Knabe grand, the piano of the President's mansion, described in our columns heretofore.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

Answers to January Puzzles.

1.—Cornet.

2.—S I R E	8.—N E B
I D O L S	C A M E L
R O W E L S	N A T U R A L
E L E V A T E	E M U L A T E
S L A K E D	B E R A T E D
S T E E D	L A T E R
E D D A	L E D

4.—Hoangho.

5.—R	6.—S t a R t e R
P E N	T h E s E
P I L E R	E G G
R E L A T E S	A
N E T T L E	I L L
R E L I C	N o i s e
S E C T	S t e a m e R

7.—Repair.	8.—S-hale.
9.—T-ruffle.	10.—T-runnions.
11.—S-tipple.	12.—S-wale.

13.—S-kipper.

33.—A Charade.

The TOTAL falls, but soon will rise again,
Bearing a burden to recruit the brain,
Support the body, and refresh the soul,
The spring yields up its treasures to the WHOLE.

When one abundant are, need any last,
Or droop beneath the hot and sultry blast,
The spring first forth its bounties for us all,
While TOTALS will, as ever, rise and fall.

MAUDE.

34.—A Half Square.

1 Once. 2 To act. 3 Rewards of merit. 4
To efface. 5 A fable. 6 A pronoun. 7 A pro-
noun. 8 A letter from BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

MARQUIS.

35.—A Hexagon.

1 A feminine hand. 2 Minute particles. 3
Rings. 4 A large division of the earth. 5 To
tear off. 6 Part of a drama. 7 Any open sur-
face.

CYRIL DEANE.

Decapitations.

36.—Behead to glimmer, and leave to join.
37.—To encumber, and leave corrupt.
38.—Judicious, and leave to grow old.
39.—A tablet, and leave efficient.
40.—To catch, and leave to grate.
41.—To baffle, and leave an unctuous liquid.

STAR.

42.—A Diamond.

1 A letter. 2 A highwayman. 3 A frolic. 4
The Brazil nut. 5 An ornamental dress for a
horse. 6 To naturalize. 7 Tricks. 8 A weight.
9 A letter.

MARQUIS.

43.—A Double Acrostic.

(Words of six letters.)

1 A small variety of fowl. 2 With elbow bent
outward. 3 A lake in a coral island. 4 Dor-
mant. 5 A town in Ashland county, Wis. 6
Profitable. 7 Regular. The initials and finals,
read down, name an old and valuable publication.

VINNIE.

44.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of 24 letters, is a quota-
tion from Tennyson. The 1, 12, 23, 3, 16, 19, is
handily. The 2, 18, 20, 6, is to quiet. The 11,
17, 8, 13, 10, is a weapon for cutting. The 15, 5,
4, 14, 9, is to vary. The 21, 24, 22, 7, is to wear
off with the teeth.

VERBENA.

Changes.

45.—Change rarely, and make shapes.
46.—To attend to, and make to enroll; again,
and make still.
47.—Soiled, and make holy; again, and make
delays.
48.—Places for statues, and make measures;
again, and make back bones.
49.—Chief, and make certain dishes; again,
and make parts of flowers.
50.—Part of a fireplace, and make to grieve;
again, and make oral; once more, and make to
suffuse.

CYRIL DEANE.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the largest list of correct answers to this
month's puzzles, received before March 10th,
we offer an illustrated novelette; and for the
next best list, a small book of poems.

Solvers.

Answers to the November puzzles were received
from Geraldine, Tri Angle, Ann Eliza, Eulalie,
Black Hawk, I. O. T., Birdie Lane, Nicholas,
Katie Smith, Teddy, Willie L., Peggy, Birdie
Browne, Vinnie, Dull Dick, Ida May, A. Mary
Khan, Cora A. Lee, J. D. L., and Bert Rand.

Prize-Winners.

Tri Angle, Toledo, Ohio, for the largest list of
answers; J. D. L., Philadelphia, Pa., for the
next best list. No. 69 was not correctly solved.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

A POST-NUPTIAL TRANSFORMATION.

There was a man of knowledge deep, commanding sweep, who knew a heap, a man who studied day and night, and hardly spared the time to sleep.

This man so staid, he knew a maid, demure, afraid, and half-dismayed, shy as the nymph of ancient myths sequestered in some sylvan shade.

This maid so rare, with golden hair, and modest air, so debonair, she charmed this man of learned lore and caught him in her witching snare.

This man of thought and learned lore his hair he tore, and o'er and o'er he loudly swore that he would cherish her for aye, and he would love her evermore.

Now they are wed, in his library nooks, among his books, his knees he crooks, and sees his wife so seldom now that he's forgotten how she looks.

The wife, to whom the man before so loudly swore he would adore for evermore, lives with her mother and declares her husband a regular bore.

HE MIXED THE TOKENS UP.— In four out of every five watches brought us to be regulated, repaired, or cleaned, we find some token. Sometimes it is a bit of ribbon or lock of hair, or a rose petal. But oftener it's a four-leaf clover. The four-leaf clover is a love-token always. It is by the maiden fair given to her lover, who tenderly stows it away in the back of his watch-case and forgets all about it. When his watch goes wrong he takes it to a jeweler and doesn't think of the relic it contains. It is difficult always to keep things straight, and once in a while we mix them up.

One fellow came in a short time ago and registered a kick. He took out of his watch a tiny bit of blonde hair tied with a piece of pink ribbon, and told me in good round terms that it had got him into trouble. "I brought my watch here a few weeks ago to be regulated and forgot to take out a four-leaf clover I had in the back of it. I didn't think any more about it till last night, when my girl looked in the back case to see if the clover was still there. When she found this lock of blonde hair she fixed me with a cold, glittering glare, and offered me back my ring. I put in the next hour trying to explain that I didn't know anything about the infernal blonde hair, and didn't meet with flattering success. Now, if you don't hunt up that clover, I'll make more trouble in your blanked old store than a deputy sheriff. And you've got to give me a written statement that you put this dashed blonde hair in my watch, or I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief. You hear me!"

Well, I foresaw trouble in the air, but took the

yellow hair and pink ribbon and laid it away, and in a day or two a middle-aged man came in with wrath all over his face. "What in thunder do you mean by disrupting a man's family peace?" he began, as he pulled out his watch and took a four-leafed clover out of the back case. "Do you want to break up a loving household and get me into the divorce court? I left my watch here with a lock of my wife's hair in it, and last night she found this measly four-leaf clover in place of it. I've carried that bit of hair ever since we were engaged, and if I don't get it back you had better move to some other town. What d'ye mean, anyway? I never picked a four-leaf clover in my life, nor did my wife, either. I wouldn't go through the row I had last night again for your whole blanked store. Now, you hustle and get me back my own keep-sake."

I produced it and explained how it occurred, and his brow cleared. "Now I think of it," he said, as he started to go, "just you write me a letter and tell how this happened, and sign it and seal it for all you're worth. Women never believe a man unless he lies to 'em, and I want something to save further trouble." I did so, and he departed with his mind at rest.

The other young man came in, in a day or two, and said he desired to make his regular Thursday evening call, and wanted his four-leaf clover and the accompanying affidavit. He got them both. *Jewelers' Weekly.*

It was at a big August meeting in North Carolina, and there were acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of the discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a 'man-cipated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner. He had just closed by saying, "Moses and the chil'en of Isreal crossed ober the Red Sea on the ice, but when Faro and his lumberin' big charlots come 'loong, dey broke frue the ice, and dey were all drowned," when a young man from town arose, and said:—

"Brer Dukes will you 'low me to ax you a question?"

"Sartinly; what is it?"

"Well, Brer Dukes, I' bin studdin geografy, and geografy teaches me dat dere ain't no ice in the tropicks. What I want to ax is dis: Whar dat ice cum from what Moses crossed ober on?"

Brer Dukes cleared his throat, mopped his brow, hesitated a moment, and replied:—

"Well, I's glad you ax dat question. It gives me an opportunity to 'splain. My dear young brer, you musn't think 'cause you w'ar store close

an' bin to skoll, dat you know everything. Dis thing I'm preachin' 'bout took place long time ago, 'fore dere was any geografys an 'fore dere was any tropicks."

They were in a railroad car, journeying to Chicago. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure, massive brow, and thoughtful expression.

"What a fine countenance, James! I wish I knew his occupation."

"Maybe he's a lawyer, Amelia."

"No, he's not a lawyer. There's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"He may be a banker."

"Not a bit of it. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't content himself with money-getting. His aim in life is higher than that."

"Do you think he's an editor?"

"An editor with such a face! An editor, saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing long dresses, and abusing his mother-in-law! An editor, cutting and slashing his enemies, skinning public men indiscriminately, and mercilessly slaughtering his best friend for the sake of a three-line paragraph! No, James; he's a philanthropist. He's a Christian minister, or a learned professor, spending his life for the good of mankind. His face indicates that he is all that is noble, pure, and true."

"I guess you're right, Amelia. I'll take your word and his face for it."

At the next station, an inquisitive farmer took a seat beside the man with a noble brow, and asked him about his vocation. Amelia held her breath, and listened to the reply. It was this:—

I keep a saloon and meat-shop. My wife sells the beer, and I do my own butcherin'."

Smith—"Here is something peculiar. This paper says that a man who was buried in North Carolina a few months ago, was disinterred last week and was found lying on his face."

Mrs. Smith—"How strange! I wonder who he was?"

Smith—"I don't know; the paper does not give his name. But I should judge he was a farmer or merchant; at any rate he wasn't a lawyer."

Mrs. Smith—"How do you know he wasn't a lawyer, my dear?"

Smith—"Because if he had been a lawyer he would have been found lying on one side or the other."

Minister (to young man)—"I am very glad to see you at church so regular on Sunday evenings, Mr. Smith, but think you sit too near the door to fully enjoy the services. If you like I will instruct the sexton to show you a seat further"—

Young man—"Well, er—I am much obliged to you, sir, but I like my present seat very much.

I did sit up in front one evening, and the result was that before I could reach Miss Jones she was half way home with the leader of the choir.

When Mr. Montgomery came home the other night, he found Mrs. Montgomery weeping. Great, salty tears chased one another down her fair cheek.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked, as he put a new clove in his mouth and prepared to kiss her.

"Oh, everything is the matter," she sobbed, as she placed one arm about his neck and laid her head down on his shoulder, "I want to die."

"Oh, no, you don't, dear," he remonstrated. "Tell me what is the matter. Now do."

"Fergy," she questioned: "Do you love me as much as you did when you married me?"

"Why, of course I do. What put such a question into your head?"

"Are you sure that you do?"

"What do you mean, Ellen? You know that I love you as much as I ever did, and more, if anything."

"Don't be silly, Fergy. How am I to know it? The minister was here to-day, and said that a loving husband was continually showing his devotion for his wife. He always bought her everything that she wanted, and did everything that she asked him to do."

"Yes. What are you driving at?"

"It pained me when I heard that, and I have been crying all day."

"Have I been unkind to you?"

"No-o-o, but then the minister went from here over to that hateful Mrs. Brown's, and I just know that he said the same thing to her."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only Mrs. Brown is going to have a new sealskin cloak, and she will go around and tell what the minister said. Then she will tell how much her husband loves her, and hint that you and I are going to separate."

Mr. Montgomery ordered the new cloak the next morning, and incidentally put out a story about the minister having lost a great many friends, and that he had better look for a different field.

"No, I don't want any, I tell ye," said a farmer's wife to a peddler of patent medicines.

"But, my dear madam," continued the undaunted vendor, "you have no idea of the many virtues the medicine possesses. It cures corns, bunions, scrofula, rheumatism, headaches, back-aches, stomachaches, indigestion, neuralgia, nervousness, and all ailments with which the body can be afflicted. It can be used internally or externally with equal success, and is good for man or beast. It is particularly good for lame horses and"—

"See hyer, Mister, you've conjumerated 'bout

'nuff; you can't fool me. My man bought some o' thet stuff last spring and he tried it on the saw-horse, an' the blamed thing is ez rickety ez ever. You'd better try the next farm. We don't git bit on er thing twice."

During the darkest days of the war there was a squabble in Syracuse over the appointment of a postmaster. Two factions of the Republican party had candidates, and each had sent to Washington numerous signed petitions for its favorite. Finally, to get the matter settled, a delegation, composed of the wealthiest men of the town and several of the most prominent ministers and lawyers, headed by General Leavenworth, visited the national capital and secured an audience with President Lincoln. General Leavenworth had carefully prepared his speech to Mr. Lincoln, and it ran something like this:—

"Mr. President,—It is with great reluctance that we intrude upon you this morning. We appreciate the awful responsibility and perplexities of your position, and do not forget that the very life of the nation is in your hands. But, Mr. President, the people of the great, loyal North are at your back, and they are praying, sir, that your life may be spared, and that you may be given strength to carry this war through to a successful issue."

Mr. Lincoln listened to General Leavenworth with some impatience until he reached this point, and then interrupted him with,—

"I assure you, my dear sir, that it isn't the war of the army that is worrying the life out of me; it is that blamed Syracuse post-office that is keeping me awake nights."

General Leavenworth did not finish his speech. The delegation presented their case in the briefest possible manner, and felt much more comfortable when they reached Pennsylvania avenue than they did in the presence of the President.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried Idle Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends? Why, you have ten!" said his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. Dennis looked at his large, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

John Paul says, "I never was a good carver, which is one good reason why I do not have turkey on my table every day instead of only once a year. Hash is much easier to help; there

are no joints to puzzle me, no crooked necks, side-bones and gizzards to drive one to distraction, so I make it the standing dish in my household. Those who think we take it for cheapness make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its recommendation.

A Kentucky preacher rose to speak, and opened the Bible. The first verse that met his eye happened to be: "The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land." "Brethren," said he, "at first sight one would not think there was much in this text, but, on a little consideration, you will see there is much in it. Now you all know what a turtle is. If you have been along by a pond, you have seen them sitting on a log sunning themselves. Now, it is said, 'the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land.' But the turtle hasn't any voice that anybody ever heard, so it must be the noise he makes in plunging off the log into the water. Hence we must conclude that immersion will become universal." He was a Baptist.

The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wall":—

"There are some sad sights in this world; a city sacked and burnt—a battlefield after a great slaughter—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jug of molasses wrecked on the pavement. All bad, but true. But to us the saddest sight is an old bachelor wearing toward the end of his journey of life, his great duties undone. Miserable creature! Just look at him; his shirt buttons off—his stockings out at the toes—not a son or daughter, nor a relative to drop a tear, close his eyes, or to leave his money to—nobody, in fact, to care for him—"shunned by saint and sinner!"

A silver dollar weighs nearly an ounce. This is what makes printers so bow-legged on pay days.

In Guatemala biscuits pass as currency. The government is evidently run on a hard-money basis.

The Japanese have a coin of which it takes 1000 to make \$1. The contribution-box must have been used in Japan a great many years.

It is rough upon a newly-married man who discovers, before the honeymoon is half over, that his first business engagement ought to be to cowlhide the minister who married him.

"A penny saved is a penny earned." But one must earn the penny before he can save it, and it is hardly worth while to waste one's energies in earning a penny when one can borrow a dollar in much less time.

"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," is an old saying. But as dollars are very slippery things, most people would rather take care of them themselves.

Never write "rush" across the face of a telegram, says the *New York Sun*. If you do you will retard rather than accelerate its dispatch. Employees of telegraph offices pay no more attention to a message with such an inscription on it than post-office men do to letters marked on the envelope, "In haste," "Very important; forward as soon as possible," "Deliver immediately," and with other phrases of like import.

"I always smile," said a retired operator, "when I think of the way we boys used to treat 'rush' messages in the Western Union office. Some blooming jay would come in and want a dispatch shoved through in a hurry. He would write 'Rush' across its face, thinking that would help it along. Now, the idea of such a thing. Just as if everything wasn't rushed in a telegraph office—that is, if left to itself. The boys look upon anything like that almost as a personal affront. What is the consequence? The receiving clerk takes the message, frowns a little when the 'rush' comes to view, receives the money, says 'all right,' and the sender walks out complacently. Then the clerk picks up the dispatch again, looks it over slowly, toys with it, and smiles. Just here two or three other persons come in, and he lets go the 'rush' to wait on them. Finally he takes up his little pile of messages, puts the 'rush' at the bottom, and hands the batch over to the record clerk. When the record clerk comes to the 'rush' message he also smiles. As it is the last on his desk he plays with it for a while, practices penmanship on it (does the Spencerian act, you know), takes his time in recording it—in fact, does everything but

rush it. From the desk of the record clerk the messages are given to the operators by the file boy. He, too, has a great antipathy for 'rush' messages. If all the operators are not at leisure he supplies all those who are from the top of the pile and sticks the rest on a hook. If there is a 'rush' in the lot it always goes on the hook. The upshot of the whole matter is that this precious piece of paper, with its immensely important communication which the sender wanted 'rushed,' is about the last dispatch sent out.

One winter evening, not many years ago, three young lawyers were seated at a table in the law library room playing cards. One of them had recently been admitted to practice law, and during the evening he frequently used the expression, "It is me." The incorrectness of the phrase grated upon the ears of the other two lawyers, and at last one said, "Joseph, don't you know you are frequently saying, 'It is me,' when you are well aware that you should say, 'It is I?'"

He replied, "Jacob, I know I should say, 'It is I,' but I say it incorrectly from habit."

Jacob said, "I think I can aid you in saying it correctly if you will only commit to memory the rhyme, 'It is I, said the spider to the fly.'"

"Well, that would aid me, I admit," said Joseph, "if I had not committed another rhyme when a boy."

Inquired Joseph, "Well, what is that?"

Joseph said, "'It is me, said the spider to the flea.'"

QUICK TRANSIT.



"From the Earth to the Moon in Ten Minutes."—"JULES BURN."



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GERALD'S O'GRADY'S COURTSHIP.

BY G. M.

SOME years ago, in a village called Miltane, situated near the sea-coast in a wild district in one of the western counties of Ireland, lived and thrived Denis O'Grady, a well-to-do farmer and cattle-dealer. Denis, in the parlance of the country-side, was a "warm man;" he was never short of money, a very unusual circumstance in the district, and was possessed of a small, freehold property, which he had inherited from a long line of ancestors, upon which stood his residence, Rathgrady, or Castlegrady, as it was indifferently, a straggling graystone house, the remains of what had been at no distant date a considerable mansion, the tall chimney-stack of which was visible for miles around.

The family of the worthy farmer or Squire, as he was sometimes called, consisted of his son, Gerald O'Grady, and Miss Nora O'Grady, his maiden sister, who acted as his housekeeper—for he was a widower.

Gerald O'Grady was a fine specimen of a frank, open-hearted, young Irishman. He was twenty-three years of age, fairly educated, had a clear complexion, bold features, and his manly, upright figure was almost a foot higher than that of most of his fellows.

One fine morning in the middle of August Gerald O'Grady, after an early breakfast, took down his gun, and stood for a moment at the open door, as if lost in thought; then a tender smile overspread his face as he muttered to himself:—

"It's a long trot, certainly, but the day is fine, an' my time's my own, so I'll off to the hills to see dear little Vread"—*anglice*, Margaret—"for the poor girl—how I long to see

her sweet face again!—must feel lonely with no one to speak to except Bridget O'Halloran, an' the rest of the girls, who, though merry as crickets, an' first hands at a dance, are no fit companions for one whom I intend some day soon to make my wife; for, though poor an' simple, the winsom maiden is pure as snow, beautiful as a fairy, an' fit bride for a prince. But I'm afraid"—here he gave a deep sigh—"my father will be against the match—ay, an' for that matter, the whole country-side, both men an' women, especially the women, will be unanimous for once in saying that sweet little Vread is no fit mate for the heir of the O'Gradys. Pshaw! what's in a name? Sure it is almost all that remains to us of the by-gone glory of the family! It's a good name, 'tis true, an' I'm proud of it; but it will lose none of its lustre if Gerald O'Grady acts the part of an honest man, an' takes to wife the lovely an' trusting girl he has taught to love him."

"You're goin' shootin' this day, Gerald?" said his father, coming out of the house. "Well, it's you that deserves a holiday, for you've worked hard to earn it. An', boy," he added, with a twinkle in his bright gray eyes. "I'm thinkin' a brace or two of grouse would be no bad addition to the dinner-table."

"Trust me to find them, father; for, though it may be rather late by the time I reach the moor, ten guineas to one I'll bring home a brace or two; for I know their haunts after feeding-time."

"True for you, Gerald," said his aunt, who had joined them; "an' as you're goin' to make a day of it, it's a salmon an' a pair

or two of trout you should be bringing home as well, if you can get a good cast of flies up the river."

In less than a quarter of an hour Gerald was rapidly making his way towards the distant hills where his humble sweetheart Vread O'Neil, like a true mountain maid, and certain female companions were tending a herd of cattle belonging to his father and other farmers.

According to an ancient custom in western districts of Ireland, farmers in the lowlands or on the coast have a right, usually reserved to them by their leases, of pasturing cattle and sheep upon the hills and mountains; and, as in the majority of cases the grazing-lands are often at a considerable distance, it is necessary that some one should remain upon the spot to milk the cows and prevent the animals from straying out of the bounds. This duty is generally allotted to the young girls of the village, who bivouac on the hills, occupying temporary huts called *boolies* while engaged in this pastoral and isolated occupation.

The fact of Vread O'Neil's being thus engaged had prevented Gerald from seeing his sweetheart for a week or more, and it was doubtless on this account that he stepped out at a pace much faster than he would otherwise have adopted. He had progressed about three miles on his way to the chain of hills which still lay blue in the distance, overtopped by a high range of mountains, when he left behind him the enclosed and cultivated lands of the parish, and followed a rough uneven path by the side of the river.

Presently he came to a large lake-like pool, formed by masses of rock which had fallen from the precipitous banks into the stream, completely damming it from side to side. Standing on this natural weir, he gazed for a moment upon the surface of the water. The fish were rising freely; he saw the wide expanding rings where the "speckled beauties," the red trout, had darted at the winged insects which floated lazily over the water; and presently a splash in another part of the pool and a gleam of silver indicated the presence of the lordly salmon.

After an hour's angling, he succeeded in landing two salmon and three pairs of white trout fresh from the sea.

"It's a shame to quit the sport, an' the beauties rising so nicely!" said Gerald, with half a sigh. "But I've other fish to fry, an' it will take me a good two hours to reach the *boolie*, where I feel sure—ah, my heart tells

me so!—my little Vread is anxiously awaitin' me. But I can't carry all this fish to the hills. No; I'll hide the salmon where I can find it on my return; but the trout I'll take with me. Vread shall broil them, an' together we'll enjoy the natest little lunch that ever fell to the lot of a hungry sportsman."

With a regretful look at the river, Gerald ascended to higher ground, the scenery becoming wilder in advance. Descending the sunny brow of a hill covered with luxuriant heather, the young man soon came, as he had anticipated—for he knew the ground well—upon a pack of grouse basking in a sheltered hollow, and secured a brace of birds, to which three more brace were quickly added. Having now fulfilled the behest of his sire, he struck out straight for the hills, at the foot of which he arrived after a tiring two hours' walk—for the ground was rough and broken, and he had found the short cut the longer way. He had barely set foot upon the winding path which led to the spot where he expected to find his sweetheart, when he heard his name pronounced by a clear sweet voice; and, looking up, he saw her bounding from rock to rock with sure foot and the activity of a chamois as she descended rapidly towards him.

A charming picture she presented to the eyes of her lover—a perfect type of wild, untutored beauty. She had a figure lithe and graceful as a fawn's, her eyes were black as sloes and scintillated with a light the sparkle of diamonds, a radiant flush bright as a summer morn glowed on her sunburnt face, a charming smile parted her ripe red lips, disclosing a row of teeth white as ivory, and her long abundant hair—

"Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of a raven's wing"

—floated out behind her on the caressing breeze. As she paused for a moment, her maiden modesty rebuking her for the warmth of the reception she accorded her lover, as evidenced by her impulsive rush towards him, her features all aglow with mingled shyness and arch delight, she formed a picture which, if an artist could have transferred it to canvas, must have brought him both fame and fortune; and it could be perceived that, though under the usual height of the sex, her slight form was perfect in its graceful outlines; and, although no corset regulated the contour of her gently-swelling bust, her simple attire was arranged with an instinctive

taste, and was allied to the natural ease and grace that distinguished her every movement.

Calling her to him, Gerald advanced towards her with extended arms, into which she threw herself with the *abandon* and confidence of a child.

"Oh, Gerald dear, how I have longed for this meetin'! An' it seems so very long ago since I saw you last; though sure I have seen you an' heard your dear voice every night in my dreams!" she sobbed, in an ecstasy of joy, as she nestled her head upon his breast.

"Not more than I have longed to see you, *mavourneen*!" exclaimed Gerald, as, pressing her to his heart, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and read in her soft dark eyes the fathomless love that lay quivering in their liquid depths.

Chatting merrily, they proceeded to the mountain hut, whence Gerald, after exchanging greeting with Vread's companions, who flocked to meet them—the wicked little witches, how they laughed and poked fun at the pair!—led her to a bank, where he disburdened himself of his gun and creel, and renewed the conversation which had been interrupted by the appearance of the girls. For some time they talked in soft tones and in the indescribably inconsequent manner peculiar to lovers—with instinctive delicacy the girls had left them to themselves—when Vread, with an arch look and a sudden ejaculation of pity, exclaimed:—

"Och, Gerald, dear, to think that I should be so forgetful an' selfish, an' you starvin' an' faint wid your long journey! An' sure it's a long road an' a rough one that leads from *Multane* to this spot; but the delight of seein' you again has driven all thoughts out of my head except that"—Here she paused, and covered her face with her little hands; but Gerald could see her eyes sparkling through her fingers.

"That you love me, darlin'; is it not so? Ah, I see it is! But I'll forgive you that same if you'll promise always to give me the like reason for findin' fault with you," he returned, giving her a kiss. "But, to tell you the truth, I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Whirra! an' to think that I've nothin' to offer you but bread—an' barley-bread it is, an' you accustomed to the white—an' a drop of milk, an' a morsel of cheese that is as hard as a flint! But sure I could make some skilleen!"

"Ha, ha! make yourself aisy, little one!" laughed Gerald. "Sure I've got my lunch

in the basket, an' I think there is enough for two; an' as I came along I caught some trout—illigant fish they are as ever gladdened the eyes of a priest in Lent—an' we can broil them."

"To think of that now! Oh, it's a rale fayst we'll have, Gerald!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands with glee as she hurried to the *boolie*, where a handful of embers glowed upon the hearth, which was composed of a few rough stones.

Gerald cleaned the fish with the skill of an accomplished cook, and soon a couple of trout were broiling upon the fire.

"But sure, Gerald, darlin', we can't ate all this fish!" said Vread, holding up her hands in astonishment. "Why, there's wan, two, three, half a dozen of them!"

"But Bridget an' the rest of the girls can."

"Ah, for certain! An' the poor colleens have not tasted fish or mate since we have been up here mindin' the cattle! Jump for joy they will when they know the rale trate in store for them! It's a kind an' thoughtful man you are, Gerald, to think of them. Sure there's not one of the colleens that would not go to the end of the world an' farther to sarve you!"

"I'm afraid, Vread, you'll be gettin' jealous now; an' I have observed that Katty Blake has a pretty face of her own."

"Whist now! Oh, it's a wicked one you are, Gerald, pokin' your fun an' tasin' me so, an' lookin' all the time as if you mint it! Ah!"—here the maiden gave a well-feigned sigh—"it's like the rest of the men I'm afraid you are—a gay decaver! Let me look in your eyes now. Ha, ha! It's myself I see there in the pupils, lookin' as wee as a fairy at the bottom of a well of blue wather; an' it's the blue eyes that are the true ones, they say, an' my heart tells me you'll be true to me!" and here the girl pressed her lips upon his forehead.

"An' if you could read my heart, Vread, you would find it full of love for you as the spring by the cross at *Multane* is full of water, an', like that blessed spring, which is always overflowin' winter an' summer, my love shall never fail you!"

When the trout were ready, the lovers, notwithstanding certain pardonable interruptions, did ample justice to the repast spread out upon the greensward; and Miss Nora, with thoughtful care, had not forgotten to include in the contents of the basket a flask of "rale mountain-dew," which, diluted with

water cold as ice, procured from a neighboring spring, formed a nectar the gods themselves might have envied.

Their simple meal concluded, they seated themselves on the moss-covered ridge of the hill. They were seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and enjoyed the brisk rarefied air, to breathe which was in itself an exquisite delight, with their faces turned towards the magnificent panorama, tinged with a thousand bright and tender hues by the rays of the western sun, which was now shining brightly, that lay extended before them.

The lovers however paid little attention to the beauties of the scene, the time passing all too quickly; and it was with a cry of surprise that Gerald, after looking at his watch, started to his feet.

"Ah, Vread, Vread!" he exclaimed, "the envious sun has stolen a march upon us! See—he almost touches the line of the horizon! I must hasten homewards without delay, for there is no moon; an', if I am overtaken by darkness upon the moor, I may lose my way, an', if I do not get stuck in a bog, have to wander about till daybreak."

"Oh, Gerald, it is so hard to part! But I shall soon see you again?"

"It will not be long first, darlin'. An' I may tell you, Vread, that before the month is out I intend to claim you as my wife."

"My heart will break wid joy to think of it. But what will your father say, Gerald, an' me so poor, widout a brass farden to call my own, an' he so proud? An' Misthress Nora, sure her kind heart will harden at the thought"—

"Never fear, darlin'; Denis O'Grady is not the man to stand between his son an' happiness; an did he not himself lead home his wife from a humble cabin—did he not marry for love—love an' beauty?—for my mother, I have heard, was a sweet creature, as good an' pretty as yourself. No, darlin'; do not let the thought of that distress you; my father will forgive me for the sake of his own past happiness. But what is the matter, mavourneen? Why, there are tears in your eyes!"

"Tears of joy they are, Gerald. My heart will break wid joy! And, oh, it's the true, good wife I'll make you!" said the girl, throwing herself upon his breast, where for a moment she lay trembling with his strong arms about her. "Oh, that I may not die before our happiness shall be complete!"

"Heaven forbid that such a thing should be!" returned Gerald. "For, if I were to lose you, darlin', the light would die out of my life, the darkness would fall at once an' forever, an' never again would a gleam of happiness illumine the gloom that would rest upon my heart. But of what are we talking? Look up again, an' let me see the smile upon your face, the love-light in your eyes. Ah, that is better! You are again my merry little Vread. Smile again, darlin', an' let me remember that I left you lookin' bright an' happy as a bird in springtime, for the thought of it will cheer me on my lonely way across the moor. An' now a farewell kiss! Another, an' another! But, Vread," said her lover, as he parted from her, "I am tired. This gun is heavy; an', as I have another at home, I may as well leave it with you. Mind—it is loaded; an' keep it in a dry place. Maybe I'll fetch it in a day or two—anything for an excuse to come an' see you; an in the meantime it may be a protection to you; for I often think that some danger may threaten you in this lonely spot. Bad men may be abroad, an', with your beauty, child"—

"Do not fear for me, Gerald," interrupted the girl, as she took the weapon: "I know how to protect myself. Ill would it fare wid the man, or men—if there were more than wan—who molested us mountain-girls!"

Here Vread drew herself up to her full height, and looked so courageous and full of spirit that her lover felt her boast to be no idle one.

"Farewell, darlin'; may all good angels guard an' protect you!"

A last embrace, and Gerald was rapidly descending the mountain-path. With wistful eyes Vread sat and watched the form of her lover until it had become a mere speck upon the moor, and at last the rising mists hid it entirely from her view.

She was sitting by the blinking fire, for the evening was chilly, when the hut was darkened by a figure that appeared in the doorway. It was that of a young man, tall and strongly built, with a heavy, forbidding countenance, upon which was a sneering and determined look.

"An' is it no word of welcome, good or bad, you have for me, Vread O'Neil?" inquired the intruder. "I ask you, have you no smile, not one kind word for Shane Donovan?"

"What brings you here, Shane?"

"What brings me here, is it?" exclaimed the man, with a bitter, mocking laugh. "Why, the same errand that brought Gerald O'Grady here! An' he's been cometharin' wid you in the *boolie* alone, I'm told; an' I ask you, is that the conduct that becomes a modest girl?"

"What do you mane? Would you insult me?" cried Vread, the hot blood mounting to her cheeks.

"Troth an' it's well you may blush, Vread O'Neil—it's well you may blush, an' your ears burn, for great will be the talk about this goin's on. Oh, that I should live to see this day, an' me lovin' you wid my whole heart!"

"Ag'in I ask, what do you mane? Is it to cast a blast upon a poor girl, you would, Shane Donovan?"

"Heaven an' the Holy Mother forbid that I should say the word that would harm you—me that loves you so!" replied the man, with a pathos in his voice that contrasted strangely with the fierce expression he had thrown into his previous words.

"Spake not to me of love, Shane," said Vread, in a softened tone. "Why will you tase me when you know I can never look upon you except as a friend? My heart feels for you, Shane, but"—

"As a friend is it you look upon me?" he interrupted, fiercely. "Is it no more than a friend I'm always to be to you? But I know how it is! Is it as a friend," he sneered, "that you look upon Gerald O'Grady? Is it as a friend you look upon the man—curse him!—who would rob you of your good name an' characther?"

"Say not a word against Gerald O'Grady, Shane; I will not hear it!" angrily retorted Vread. "He is a true man, an' he loves me, an' will not decave me."

"He loves you, does he? An' you think, Vread O'Neil, that he will make you his wife?"

"An' he will—sure why not?"

"Why not—why not, you silly colleen? Do you think it's the likes of Gerald O'Grady, an' he so proud, wid his fine house, an' his horses, an' his cattle an' sheep an' pigs, an' his bit of land, an' his money in the bank, an' he the heir of the ould family—do you think it's the likes of him will make a wife an' an honest woman of you—a poor girl wid nothin' but your good looks—which, widout you mind, will be a curse to you—for your fortin? Marry you! Oh, you lit-

tle fool of the world, is it no sense you have? An' has he told you he will, an' you belave his words?"

"He has, an' I belave him. But, Shane Donovan, you have already said too much; I will talk wid you no more. Lave me, I say, this instant!" and the girl stamped her foot passionately upon the ground.

"Again I tell you, Vread O'Neil," said Donovan, "Gerald O'Grady will not, does not mane to make you his wife."

"You lie! Out of my sight this minnit, or I shall forget that I am a woman!" cried Vread, her eyes flashing fire, her voice quivering with passion, her outstretched hand pointing to the door.

"Forget yourself, will you? But you'll make me forget myself! Vread O'Neil, mine; mine only shall you be, an' glad you will be to marry me!" and, with a vile threat, the ruffian seized her arm.

In a moment the girl released herself from his grasp, and, bounding to the other end of the cabin, drew Gerald's gun from its hiding-place, and presented it at the head of her persecutor.

"Stand back, I say! Away wid you, Shane Donovan, or I will kill you on the spot where you stand!"

The baffled villain looked into the determined face of the girl, and then, with a muttered imprecation, slunk out of the hut.

In the meanwhile the girls who were Vread's companions, alarmed by her cries, had rushed to her assistance, and in an instant, comprehending how matters stood, armed themselves with sticks and stones. Alarmed by their threatening looks and words, Shane Donovan quickened his pace, then broke into a trot, then into a run, and finally disappeared round a corner of the hill amid a shower of missiles, some of which struck him smartly on various parts of the body.

It was a dark night and past nine o'clock when Gerald O'Grady emerged from the *boreen* leading from the river to Rathgrady. He was just opening the gate of the field in front of the house, when a ragged scarecrow-looking lad of from fourteen to fifteen years advanced towards him.

"Whist, Misther Gerald!" said the youngster, in a low voice. "Sure I've been waitin' for you this hour an' more."

"What is it, Patsy?"

"There's to be a *matin'* of the Laguers,

sor, this night at tin o'clock, at Tim Daly's shebeen."

"Hold your tougue, you *omadhaun*! Don't you know that walls have ears?"

"Bedad, if they have, it's stone-deaf they'll be, I'm thinkin'! But will you come, Misther Gerald?"

"Not to-night, Patsy."

"Then I was to give you this. It's from the captain himself," said the boy, putting a crumpled bit of paper into his hand. "Thank you, sor; sure it's a rale gintleman you are!"

Entering the house, Gerald was warmly greeted by his father and mother, who had grown somewhat alarmed at his prolonged absence.

"It's a nice cutlet from that fine *brid-dawn*," said Nora, indicating the largest of the salmon, "wrapped up in butthered note-paper, I'll broil for you, Gerald; an' wid a sprinkle of red pepper an' some of those praties I've got stamin' on the hob—balls of flour they are—I'll set before you a supper the Queen herself would not turn up her nose at."

Retiring to his own room, Gerald opened the letter he had received from the *gossoon*. It was from Captain Julian Cassidy, an Irish-American, who was engaged in organizing a Fenian rising in the district.

"Dear Gerald," wrote the Captain,—"If you cannot join us this evening, pray do not fail to do so to-morrow night at eleven o'clock, as important business will be under the consideration of the Committee of Action, and, to prevent any misunderstanding, it is desirable that you should be present. Remember—eleven sharp, at the Retreat.

"Destroy this.

"Yours, J. C. (Centre)."

With a deep sigh, Gerald tore up the letter, then seated himself, and, leaning his head upon his hand, gave way to reflections.

"Heaven knows I love my unfortunate country," he murmured, "an' would sacrifice all I possess to see her happy an' prosperous! But I feel these puny efforts to strike at the Government to be worse than useless, for they cannot but recoil upon those who make them, adding misery to misery an' increasing the difficulties in the way of those—be they Celts or Saxons—who would help us. No; our best hopes lie, not in an appeal to force, but in an appeal—a nationa appeato t he sympathies, good feeling, an'

justice of the English people; for I feel certain, if they saw us as we are, realized our sufferings, our struggles for bread, the unrequited toil of the poor peasantry—in a word, understood our position—they would grant, ay, an' grant willingly, a substantial portion of the favors an' the rights an' privileges we ask at their hands."

Holding such sentiments, it was plain that Gerald O'Grady regretted having joined the political society of which he was a member; and indeed he had been led into doing so against his better judgment. When on a visit to Castlebar, whither he had gone to dispose of some cattle for his father, he had fallen in with an old school-fellow, one Julian Cassidy, who had gone to America and risen to the rank of Captain in the Federal Army during the war between the Northern and Southern States. The Captain was a good-looking, rollicking fellow, apparently rolling in money, and a real soldier of fortune; for he cared little on which side he drew the sword, provided that by so doing he replenished his purse. He had fallen, a ready tool, into the hands of a clique of unprincipled and selfish agitators who, while not risking a single hair of their own heads, were anxious, for their own evil ends, to commit their dupes to a career of inevitable misery and disaster. Captain Cassidy had received a roving commission, a bundle of greenbacks, and a promise of further supplies from these worthies, who were reveling in luxurious ease and safety at New York, together with instructions to "initiate a revolution"—so they termed it—in the West of Ireland, and to be quick about it, for funds were low, and to refill the exchequer it was necessary that "active operations" should be reported to them from "the seat of war," and in the newspapers which were the organs of the society.

"If ould Ireland is to be free," the Captain had said to Gerald, "she can be made so only by the aid of such men as yourself. If I'd a thousand such as you, my boy, there'd soon be news ringing through the world that would make the tyrants"—the Captain was occasionally rather vague—"tremble, and the green flag would be carried on the tip-top wave of pathriotic enthusiasm from Derry to Clare. The time has not yet come, you say? Well, perhaps it has not; I'll admit that it has not; but I can tell you it soon will be here though; for there's a power at the back of me you little drame of. Bu

drink, me boy! Sure it's many a long day since we met. I've been a bit of a rover since then. Ha, ha, it's some fine tales I can tell you! and, bedad, there's no help for it; we must make a night of it!"

And the next morning Gerald, awaking with an aching head, had found himself duly enrolled a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and pledged to a movement which in his sober senses he felt to be utterly hopeless and impracticable.

The more he saw of his confederates the more he pitied them and was dissatisfied with his own position. Was such a ragged band, consisting of a few hundred ignorant peasants armed with pikes and a few revolvers, fit to contend against the might of the Government? No; the thought was madness; a couple of score of Constabulary would quickly put them to flight. He grew angry at and impatient of Cassidy's jovial recklessness—for such it was; he saw clearly through the selfish purposes of those who were the springs of the conspiracy, and determined to avail himself of the first opportunity for withdrawing from the position in which he had placed himself.

One of the leaders of this deluded band—"The Leaguers" they were called in the district—was an old shoemaker residing in the village, named Hamish Donovan, the father of the young man Shane, who was one of Vread O'Neil's most ardent admirers.

Donovan was a gaunt, black-visaged, hollow-eyed man of about sixty years of age, and of a morose and unsociable disposition. There was something of mystery, too, about the man, for he was tolerably well-to-do and always appeared to have plenty of money, although it was notorious that the profits of his business were infinitesimally small, and he did not seem to care whether he was paid for his work or not. But it was not much work he did; the greater part of his time was spent in brooding by his fireside, or wandering in a desultory manner about the neighborhood. Occasionally, however, he showed another side of his character, for sometimes, when sitting in the village tavern, he would join in the political discussion of the moment—it was ever upon the same subject—with a fervor and an impassioned eloquence that were startling in their intensity, as he dilated upon the wrongs and sufferings of his countrymen, which, ignoring all benefits he received, he put down

wholly to English misrule and the oppression of the landlords.

But this man had not always been the reserved and melancholy being he was now. In his youth he had been one of the merriest of the little community; but this was before his sweetheart, Kathleen Byrne, a humble village girl whom he loved passionately, had refused the offer of his heart and hand, and married Denis O'Grady, the handsome young proprietor of Rathgrad. There was still one weak point in the armor of reserve and callousness within which this strange being had enveloped himself, and that was the love, the idolizing affection, he bestowed upon his son Shane, his only surviving child, an idle young scamp who was the ne'er-do-weel of the village. His little cabin, which stood by itself, was almost as desolate-looking as its master, and was situated on the outskirts of the village.

Hamish Donovan was sitting in an old armchair, lazily smoking his pipe, and occasionally casting a look of affection at his son, who occupied a chair at the opposite side of the fireplace, with his elbows upon his knees, and was gazing moodily at the flickering flames of the peat-fire.

"An' what is the matther, Shane," presently asked his father, "that you have never uttered wan word, good nor bad, since you came home? Speak up, I tell you!" he added suddenly, in a tone of voice that intimated that he expected an immediate answer to his inquiry.

"Well, then, I say, if an answer you must have, May the curse of Cromwell light upon Gerald O'Grady!" exclaimed the son, in bitter tones, and with a fierce gesture.

"What has happened?" asked the old man.

"He has not only come between me an' my sweetheart Vread O'Neil, but he has struck me!" cried the young man, his whole form shaking with suppressed excitement. "I'll kill him—I swear it—even if I hang for it the next day!"

"Whist, boy—fool that you are! Take a dhraw at the pipe, an' be quiet, an' tell me all about it," said his father in a calm voice, though his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Shane Donovan drew a short pipe from his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and sat as before, with his eyes fixed upon the fire.

Neither the father nor son spoke for full five minutes, when the old man said, in a low, stern voice:—

"An' I, too, say, Curse the O'Gradys! Denis O'Grady was the manes of blastin' the happiness of my life, an' now the son stands between my child an' his happiness! But tell me all about it, Shane—he s'thruck you, you say?" As he asked the question, the speaker's long, lean fingers clutched his son's arm, and the look of a demon was on his face.

In a few words, interrupted by fierce ejaculations, Shane related how he had visited the hills—how Vread had rejected his addresses, and incited, as he said, the girls to stone him, though he forbore to mention his dastardly conduct towards her. He further stated that Bridget O'Halloran, one of her companions, being on a visit to the village, had met Gerald O'Grady and told him of the circumstance.

"An' he met me this afthernoon," continued Shane, "on the road just beyant the Cross, an' then an' there seized me by the collar of the coat an' s'thruck me wid the whip he held in his hand—bate me—bate me like a baste; an' the marks burn still—burn like fire! Look—look here!" he cried, tearing off his coat and baring his arms and shoulders, which were covered with wales and bruises. "Look—this is his work—this is what he has done!"

"We'll have a deep revenge for this, Shane!" hissed his father between his teeth.

"Revenge is it? Lave that to me. Again I say, I will kill him—kill him wid his own gun, an' so cleverly that no one will suspect me of the deed!"

"His own gun, you say, Shane? Where is it? I do not understand. What do you mane?"

"I mane that the gun is here," replied Shane; and, going to a truckle-bed in the corner of the room, he produced the fowl-ing-piece Gerald had left with Vread. "I knew that he had left the gun with Vread O'Neil; so, watchin' my opportunity, I stole into the *bookie* unobserved when the girls were afther the cattle, an' brought it away. Ha, ha, it will be a great revenge entirely to shoot the proud half-sir wid his own weapon!"

"So it will, boy; an' this night we'll consider the matther. It's a great schame I have in my head, Shane; an' it was a bad thing for Gerald O'Grady when he joined the Laguers. An' I shouldn't wondher if the death of the son killed the father, for

it's the pride of his father's heart he is; an' well he may be," concluded the old man, with a low laugh and a demoniacal smile. "for it's a fine, handsome man he is—an' it's a pretty corpse that he'll stretch!"

"An' then I'll marry Vread!" observed Shane, rubbing his hands gleefully together.

"An' so you shall, Shane—so you shall! we'll tempt her wid goold, boy; it's plenty of the yellow boys I have, an' every girl, Shane, has her price. But let us dhrink, boy, success to our revenge and your love-makin'!"

The rain was falling in driving showers, and the chilling night-wind wailing around the tall, savage-looking cliffs, as Gerald O'Grady made his way through the gorge which led from the valley to the sea-coast to the meeting-place of the Leaguers. He could taste the salt spray of the booming waves of the Atlantic upon his lips when, turning suddenly to the left, he climbed a narrow and tortuous foot-path which led up the face of the precipitous rocks. He had ascended about one hundred feet when he gained a small plateau. Here he paused, and gave a low whistle.

"The pass-word!" said a low voice.

"*Tiggum Tighe Thigienn*" (*Anglice*, "Tim understands Teady"), answered Gerald.

"Come on!" said the voice; and Gerald, mounting a few rough steps, turned a corner of the rock, and found himself at the end of a low passage which seemed to lead into the heart of the hill.

Advancing a few paces, he entered a large cavern in which were assembled the conspirators. The gloomy space was dimly lighted by a few tallow-candles fixed in lumps of wet clay, and about a dozen men, apparently of the lower class, in slouched hats and enveloped in long great-coats of rough frieze were seated around a table constructed of planks placed upon empty casks.

"Welcome, Gerald O'Grady! I knew you would come, though some of the boys said that you would show the white feather," said Captain Cassidy, rising from his seat and giving him a warm grip of the hand.

"If any one thinks I am a coward, let him dare to say so in my presence!" exclaimed Gerald, in a sharp voice, scanning with keen eyes the group of men, amongst whom he recognized Hamish Donovan, who was regarding him with a sullen scowl upon his face.

"Nay, do not lose your temper, man; 'twas said but in joke," hastily observed Cassidy; "for every one knows the pluck of the O'Gradys to be above suspicion. Will you take anything? This bitter cold night is surely excuse enough for a dram."

Gerald declining this hospitable offer, Cassidy resumed his seat at the head of the table, and motioned him to one beside himself. The business of the meeting proceeded; and, after certain reports had been made, accounts audited, and funds disbursed, Hamish Donovan, in response to a general request, arose to his feet and proceeded to address the meeting.

An intense silence fell upon the assembly as, with his arms folded upon his breast, and in a low voice, he commenced his harangue. In plaintive tones, and with all the art of an accomplished orator, the untutored old man unfolded the story of the wrongs and sufferings of his countrymen, and so pathetic at times were his utterances that tears started to the eyes of his auditory; but a startling change took place in his voice and manner when he called for vengeance upon those whom he accused of being the authors of the miseries with which they were burdened. His eyes flashed, his sonorous voice rang out loud and clear as the sound of a trumpet, and his hearers were carried away by the enthusiasm which it had been his object to evoke. But a solemn silence again prevailed when the orator, in a low, constrained voice, as if it were with difficulty that he kept down the fury that raged within his breast, after stating that it was for them to fight how and best they could with such poor weapons and resources as they had, advocated a policy which was nothing less than the stealthy murder, one by one, as opportunity should afford, of those whom he called their oppressors.

The speaker ceased, and a burst of applause told that the murderous work he had proposed was approved of.

Captain Cassidy was watching the face of Gerald O'Grady, as if anxious to ascertain what effect this wild harangue had upon him, when Hamish Donovan, leaning over the table, fixed the young man with his piercing eyes, as he asked, in a low voice which yet was perfectly audible to all:—

"An' how say you, Misther Gerald O'Grady—how say you? Is it one of us you'll still be, or are you too much of a coward to join in the good work?"

Every eye was turned upon Gerald, when, waving his hand as if to demand silence, he stood up to answer.

"As you well know, Hamish Donovan—as you all know—I am no coward, and love my unfortunate country as truly and as deeply as any man here present; and, standing here amidst you all, unarmed and entirely at your mercy, I am not afraid to say that I will never consent to the murder, the cowardly"—he emphasized the word—"murder, of even the worst of our foes in cold blood; such foul crimes, such fiend's work, as a moment's reflection must convince the most excited of you, could not fail to bring down upon our cause the curse of Heaven and the execration and abhorrence of all Christian men"—

But here the band of maddened ruffians, many of whom were half drunk, leaped to their feet, and his voice was drowned in passionate exclamations.

"Death to the traitor!" yelled Hamish Donovan in strident tones, as he advanced towards him with a knife in his hand. "It's to inform against us he manes! Death to the white-livered coward, I say!"

"Make for the door, Gerald—quick, or you are a dead man! I will do what I can to protect you," whispered Cassidy in his ear; then, facing the band, the American-Irishman drew a revolver from his breast, and, presenting it at the foremost, shouted, in a firm, commanding voice: "Stand back, madmen! Halt, or, by the Heaven above us, I'll blow out the brains of the first man that lifts another foot from the ground!"

Cowed by the undaunted front of the speaker, the ruffians paused for a moment, as if bewildered; then a loud yell burst from their lips, the table was overturned, the lights were extinguished, and a wild rush was made for the entrance of the cave.

But the would-be assassins were too late; for Gerald O'Grady had already reached the bottom of the cliff, and was lost to view in the impenetrable darkness that hung over the ravine.

A few days later Vread O'Neil returned to the village, and Gerald O'Grady informed his father of his determination to make her his wife. The old farmer at first made some demur, for he had hoped for a better match for his son; but, when he found that his mind was fully made up, he relented, and soon became reconciled to the marriage; for

Vread was not only beautiful, but possessed a charm of manner that was irresistible.

Vread resided at the cottage of her father on the outskirts of the village, less than a quarter of a mile from Rathgrady, and during his temporary absence in England, where he was engaged harvesting, had induced Bridget O'Halloran to bear her company, feeling safe in the protection afforded her by that redoubtable young lady.

Gerald was anxious that the wedding should take place without delay; but Vread would not consent to the ceremony's being performed until her father's return; and the young man was the more pressing because he had received a communication from Cassidy to the effect that it would not be advisable for him to be abroad after dark, and this prevented him from spending the evenings with his sweetheart. It was not that he went in any personal fear; but somehow or other it had got whispered about that he was under the ban of Leaguers, and Vread would not hear of his visiting her after dark.

Since the night of the meeting which had nearly been attended with such fatal consequences to Gerald, he had seen several of the Leaguers, who assured him that they bore him no ill-will; but one and all warned him to beware of the *Soogah dhu*, or black shoemaker, as Donovan was called.

One evening, just as twilight was beginning to fall, Gerald proceeded to Vread's cottage to have a few minutes' chat and to take her a small present from his aunt. He was just entering the door, when Hamish Donovan passed, and, to his astonishment, wished him a cordial good-night.

"Perhaps, after all, the old fellow is not so bad as he's painted," said Gerald to himself, "an' a reasonable creature enough when his head's not turned by politics."

Gerald was conversing merrily with Vread, his arm around her waist, when a cinder suddenly bounced out of the fire.

"What is it—a purse?" said Vread.

"No, it's a cradle, I'm thinkin'," laughed Gerald.

"Oh, for shame!" exclaimed Vread, blushing to the tips of her little ears as she tossed the hot cinder from hand to hand. "It's a purse, I believe—it's lucky we'll be; but—No—yes—it's a coffin!" she added, turning a pale face towards her lover.

"Nonsense!" cried Gerald. "Surely you're not so foolish as to believe in such tokens?"

"But it is a coffin, I tell you!" persisted Vread. "I'm afraid somethin' ill will happen to wan or the other of us. O Gerald, you must get home at wance!" And the girl was so earnest in her entreaties that the young man shortly afterwards bade her good-night.

She had just taken up some needlework and seated herself by the fireside, when the latch of the door was raised, and Shane Donovan entered the room. It was with a feeling of terror that the girl gazed upon his wild and haggard face; he had evidently been drinking heavily, and she was alone, for Bridget had just started on an errand to the little "general-shop" of the village.

"Is that you, Shane?" asked Vread, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, it's me; who else did you think?" returned Shane, as he bolted the door. "An' Vread O'Neil, I've come to have your last answer to the question I've axed you times before. I'll take my sate here," he said, as he seated himself on a chair with his back close to the window, the blind of which was down, and laid an open knife upon the table, "an' I'll give you five minutes by the clock on the mantel to consider the matter; an', if your answer is not as I wish it to be by the end of that time, I swear"—here he uttered a terrible oath and brought down his clenched fist heavily upon the table—"neither you nor I shall quit this place alive!"

The girl sat as if spellbound, with her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Three—four minutes have passed," said Shane, with the look of a maniac—"five"—

At that moment the deafening report of a gun rang out upon the air, shaking the very rafters of the cottage, and Shane Donovan, with an inarticulate cry, leaped up, and then fell dead at her feet.

Gerald O'Grady was standing at the front door of Rathgrady, when he was startled by the report of a gun, which was immediately followed by a piercing scream. With his heart almost in his mouth, he rushed towards O'Neil's cottage. Vaulting over the wall which bounded the little garden, he stumbled and fell. As he put forth his hand in the effort of raising himself, it touched the barrel of a gun, which he grasped instinctively. The next moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"You are my prisoner, Gerald O'Grady!"

said a stern voice, which he recognized to be that of a sergeant of constabulary quartered in the district. "It's of no use resisting, for three other constables are with me. Come here, men!" he added, and immediately three sub-constables appeared.

"Your prisoner!" gasped Gerald. "With what am I charged?"

"With the murder of Shane Donovan," replied the sergeant.

"Shane Donovan murdered!" exclaimed Gerald, in astonishment. Believe me, I know nothing of it; I am innocent. I declare I have not seen the man for days. Release me! I repeat that I am innocent."

"Well, you may be, and I hope you will be able to prove that you are; but this does not look like it," returned the sergeant, as he took the gun from Gerald. "Why, man, the barrel is warm; it has only just been fired, and we heard only one report! And—why—yes, I know the gun well." Here he examined the weapon by the light of a bull's-eye which one of the constables had turned upon the scene. "Why, the gun is your own! And we know that there was bad blood between you and young Donovan."

In a moment the horror of his position rushed upon the mind of the unfortunate young man, and he could not but acknowledge that appearances were terribly against him.

"And Vread O'Neil—is she safe?" he inquired, after he had heard further particulars of the tragic affair.

"She is all right, I'm glad to say," answered the sergeant. "We found her in a dead faint, lying by the body of the unfortunate man, but soon brought her round. Bridget O'Halloran is with her now."

"I must see her, speak with her, if it be only for a moment; for, as you may know, she is my affianced bride. Pray let me go to her at once!"

Moved by Gerald's entreaties, and conscious that his reiterated protestations of innocence had the ring of truth in them, the officer conceded this favor, muttering to himself as the party returned to the cottage, "There never was a piece of mischief yet but there was a woman at the bottom of it!"

A painful scene ensued between the lovers; and when it was over Gerald left his affianced bride in the charge of his father, who had arrived on the spot before he parted from her, and she spent the night under the roof of Rathgrady.

On calm reflection, Gerald was sanguine that he should be able to prove an *alibi*; and the police, having heard the statements of Vread, his father, and others, inclined to this opinion, and he was treated with all sympathy and consideration, although bail was refused, and he was locked up for the night.

At noon the next day the prisoner was taken before the magistrate of the district. Colonel Burke was a stern, clear-headed old soldier, well qualified to fill the arduous post he held.

"Well, Gerald O'Grady, it's sorry I am to see you in that position," said the bluff old soldier, when the prisoner was placed in the dock. "The crime with which you are charged is that on the night of the thirtieth instant you did feloniously kill and slay one Shane Donovan."

"I am entirely innocent of the crime, colonel."

"I sincerely trust that you will be able to prove that you are," replied the magistrate. "Have you any legal adviser? No? Well, then, I'll adjourn the court for a short time, if you prefer it."

"I prefer leaving the matter entirely in your hands, colonel, and wish the case to proceed."

"Very well," said Colonel Burke. "Now then, sergeant, what evidence is there in support of the charge?"

The officer was giving his evidence, when there was a sudden stir in the body of the court. It was occasioned by the entrance of Hamish Donovan; and, as he was known to be the father of the murdered man, room was immediately made for him by the sympathizing spectators.

"What is this I hear?" inquired the old man, in a quavering voice, and with a strange expression on his face. "Let me see the prisoner."

"What is the meaning of this interruption? Who is that man?" inquired the magistrate.

The clerk informed him who he was, and Hamish Donovan was ordered to come forward.

With slow steps he advanced until he gained a position that enabled him to see the face of the prisoner. He then stood still, and, with starting, blood-shot eyes, great beads of perspiration rolling down his pallid face, and his trembling hands upraised, exclaimed, in a hollow voice so full

of anguish that it sent a thrill to the hearts of all who heard it:—

"Who is this I see? Gerald O'Grady alive and well! Great Heaven, I see it all! 'Tis a judgment upon me—I was mistaken in my victim! I have killed my own son! Oh, that I should live to see this day! I have murdered my child—my only child—the only one that was left to me—the only living thing that I loved on earth! O Shane, Shane!"

Here, in a paroxysm of agony and despair, the wretched man fell back into the arms of a constable.

In a few more minutes Gerald O'Grady was discharged from custody, and Hamish Donovan placed under arrest.

It was as the miserable wretch had stated; he had killed his own son. Seeing the

shadow of a man upon the window-blind of Vread's cottage, and having observed Gerald enter it a short time previously, he had hastily concluded that the reflected form was his, and, firing upon it, had unwittingly caused the death of his much-loved child.

Hamish Donovan was tried at the next assizes, found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. The sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life; but the wretched man died of a broken heart before the expiration of a year.

Gerald O'Grady married his bewitching mountain-maid. Of course there was a "great weddin'," and equally of course the devoted pair were blessed with a fine family of boys and girls; and, as the old, old story-books say, "they lived together happily ever afterwards."

THE FRIENDLY MEETING.

BY H. E. BENTON.

THE first walk that I ever took upon the high Alps was with two friends of mine—experienced mountaineers, who wanted to make a certain pass without guides. They persuaded me to come with them, and it was agreed that, as we knew little of the route, it would be well to spend the first night as high on the hills as possible. We therefore started one morning, and climbed the mountain-side in the direction of the pass. It lay at a great distance, and we had rather a hot walk, which was tiring to me as a beginner. My friends, according to the amiable custom of old travelers, took the opportunity of cramming me with a variety of appalling stories as to mountain dangers—to impress upon me, as they said, the necessity of caution. One I happen to remember particularly well, for reasons which you will soon perceive. I had pointed to a heavy mass of cloud in the opening of the valley.

"Ah!" said one of them, that looks like snow. It is an awkward thing sometimes on the mountains!"

And then they proceeded to tell me of the sad accident which occurred, now many years ago, on the Col du Bonhomme. Four English

travelers, I think, set out rather late to cross the pass, which in fine weather is in no way dangerous. A terrible snow storm, however, came on. They were forced to return; but on the way back, two of them became so exhausted that they insisted upon lying down and sleeping, in spite of the efforts of their comrades, who knew their danger. When these and the guide had got back with great difficulty to the inn, they sent help immediately, but both the poor fellows were dead. You may still see the last words they wrote in the travelers' book at the inn, when starting in high spirits for their walk.

Soon after this anecdote, we got to a little chalet, a kind of a lean-to against the side of the mountain, where we resolved to pass the night. The back of it was formed by the rock, and the roof was supported by loose beams, resting at one end against the rock, and sloping nearly to the ground at the other. It was secured, as usual in the Alps, by heavy stones resting upon it. It was nearly full of hay, which would make a good bed. I was tired, and glad to rest; but my friends resolved to make an exploring expedition, to see if they could lay down the proper route

for the next day. We took a meal, and they started, whilst I sat comfortably down on a big stone, and watched them off. They were soon a long way above me, and a wreath of mist wandering about the valley hid them from my sight. I resolved to make everything comfortable for the night. I smoked two or three pipes, made soft and easy couches of the hay, spread our plaids over them, and sat down to think. Naturally, there was not very much to think about. My seat was very comfortable, and I put up my feet to muse. Somehow, I began to wander a good deal, and before I knew it, I was as fast asleep as a marmot.

How long I had slept I know not. When I opened my eyes again, I felt like a man in one of Poe's stories, who fancies himself buried alive. I was in pitch darkness. There was a melancholy, wailing sound, which seemed to fill the very air. For a minute or two I could not guess where I was, and was quite frightened and bewildered. As my recollection partly returned, I knew that I had started with my friends, and called out, "Marsden!" No answer. "Fitzroy! where are you?" Echo did not think it worth while to answer according to the precedent; but the low moan, which I now understood to be caused by the rising wind, continued drearily. I came fully back to my senses, felt about with my hands, and groped my way to the door. I threw it open, and looked out into the blank and utter darkness. The wind, which seemed to be getting more furious every moment, was driving a heavy mist down before it. I stretched out my hands, and a wet, cold flake or two melted upon them. It was beginning to snow. My friends were out on the hillside, without a plaid, and I thought of the Col du Bonhomme.

What was I to do? My first impression was to strike a light. I groped in a knapsack for a long time after the matches. At last I found the box. One match after another missed fire; one or two made a feeble sputtering, and threw a dim blue light upon an area of about an inch in diameter. They had got wet through, and all my attempts were fruitless. I stood still for a moment, and tried to think. To go after my friends would be madness. I should be hopelessly lost in a moment. A hundred yards from the hut it would be as hard to recover as if it were a mile off. To go down the valley for help was equally absurd. It was several hours' walk by daylight, to say nothing of

the probability that I should be dashed to pieces over the cliffs I had seen in the morning. There was nothing for it but to wait till dawn. If, I thought in a moment of selfishness—if I could only get to sleep again! But there was not much more chance of that than if I had been waiting for execution. My nervous irritation was getting more unbearable every moment. I walked up and down, feeling for every step. I stamped on the ground with vexation. Possibly, if I had kept awake, I might have been able to give them some signal. I began to feel a sense of something like awe creeping over me at my utter helplessness and desolation. I threw myself down on the hay, and listened to the wind. It rose higher and higher, and seemed to howl in triumph, as it swept past the hut, and whistled through the thin, ill-fitting boards. A deep growl seemed suddenly to shake the very rock which formed the back of the wretched hovel, and for an instant a blue phosphoric glare lit up the darkness. The growls gradually became louder, and the lightning nearer, and I seemed to have been lying for hours where I was. At last a crash seemed to shake the roof, as if some monster had fixed his claws in it, the big stones overhead rattled and almost jumped, and with a vague impression that the whole rickety concern was coming down on the top of me, I instinctively sprang to my feet and made a rush at the door. It opened outwards, and I plunged into the storm. The door shut behind me, and there was I left, staring vaguely into utter blackness.

Well, I never knew how long it lasted, or how I got through it. I had been trying to fancy at intervals what could be the fate of my friends, alone in this tremendous storm, amidst treacherous cliffs, which they did not know, and where the most experienced native could hardly have found his way under such circumstances. As we afterwards had reason to think, they had got upon the snow, and must have partly lost their way among the mists before the storm came on. They had wandered—no one can say where—among the cliffs. At last they had climbed down a kind of a gully, feeling their way carefully with their Alpenstocks. We could next day see the marks of their spikes, where they had stuck into the soft ground, and the impressions of their nailed boots. The gully brought them down a steep, slippery slope, strewn with great bowlders, just

above the edge of a fall, whose depth it was, of course, utterly impossible to distinguish in the darkness. They had felt over the edge with their poles, but had only been able to make out that the slope stopped abruptly. Suddenly one of them slipped, and, in falling, grasped the other. Both of them were precipitated over the edge.

Next moment two most unpleasant bodies were hurled violently against me, and hob-nailed boots stamped on my toes; whilst a voice exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Halloo!"

I thought, in a bewildered way, that bandits had sprung out of the earth, or that I was being collared by a demon of the mountains. But a minute or two brought an explanation. The cliff over whose edge my friends had been precipitated was in front of the chalet; the slippery, bowlder-strewn slope above was its roof; and the final crash

with which, as I thought, the storm was fairly destroying everything, was nothing but the feet of my friends trampling immediately over my head.

They blew me up for not having kindled a fire, which might have acted as a signal; and wanted to know, when that was explained, why I had not shouted. They declared that they had been for an hour within two hundred yards, and had not really lost their way. Some people are always right.

"Why, you would never have heard me through the thunder; and besides, to tell the truth, I never thought of shouting. If you doubt that, you may read De Quincey; and you will see that when he was just running over two people with a four-horse coach, he never thought of shouting till he accidentally remembered a passage in Homer, where some hero shouts. I didn't remember a passage in Homer."

A RETROSPECT.

BY J. B. L.

I WAITED long;
My love was strong
For Cary.

"In spring," she said,
The darling maid,
"We'll marry."

The winter passed;
Spring came at last
With showers.
But what of them,
When after came
The flowers.

Our wedding-day,
A grand array—
Bells ringing!
Blue sky above,
Hearts full of love,
Flowers springing.

My blushing bride
And I beside
The altar.

She looked so nice,
Although her voice
Did falter.

Our honeymoon
Ran all too soon
Its measure.
We roamed at will
By vale and hill
With pleasure.

And years have flown;
We're wiser grown,
And older;
But aye the same
Love's kindling flame,
No colder.

As down we glide
Still side by side,
Life's river,
Each opening spring
New joys will bring
Forever.

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER X.

BACK again old Suke went to her cheerless den, but not to eat or sleep; keen and restless she paced the floor half the night through; sometimes muttering to herself, sometimes clenching her hands as if in the face of an imaginary foe; and sometimes creeping softly along, as though she were cautiously dodging the steps of an enemy. Twice after she had locked her door for the night, she started towards it, as if to go out, and returned again with her head bent low, her arms folded, and her whole figure bowed in an attitude of deep study.

"I must help the crow, and have the gold!" she said, beating her hands together. "The crow will go, and the gold will go, and they'll think they go together. Toot! good for old Suke, *she'll* know all the time! She'll laugh, toot! It'll do for her to laugh, then!"

After giving her plan utterance she hopped along faster, as though relieved of a burden. Then she stopped short and held her hands across her eyes. "What can be done with the crow? Won't they catch her? No, old Suke must look out for that. Toot! yes—I'll carry my little bottle of good stuff in to them. Toot! They'll drink—they'll go to sleep—toot! I'll drink, but not much, and I won't go to sleep. They'll sleep hard. Jig will be in her nest, but I'll whisper it in her ear. Toot! While they sleep I'll hook out the silver bits, and copper bits and hide 'um; then the crow may begin to run. Jack shall know. He may lock her in here and 'gin me the key in the mornin'. Toot! I'll go to sleep then. We'll sleep together; toot—when they wake up, I'll wake up. Toot! no Jig, no crow. It'll be broad daylight—no crow—no money. Old Suke'll run, but won't know. Toot! not a word will old Suke know. She'll come here, and hide the crow under her bed; crow'll stay long time, and then she can run. Toot—toot—toot! It takes old Suke to do it; how I hate 'um, I know; I know."

After this outspoken soliloquy, the strange creature could not be quiet. She moved from one side of the room to the other; listened at her door, and at the broken win-

dows. Went to the old chest to see if everything was safe there, and then tried to peer under the bed, in the darkness, as if it was a possible thing for anyone to be hidden there.

"I'll go to bed," she said. "But, toot—no, must see Jack. Good Jack Farley that's lost the lily and the crow. Toot, I'll tell him; old Suke'll tell him. He'll help the crow; he knows. Toot—he knows, good Jack Farley."

She sat down by the window and waited for the daylight and Jack, well knowing that they usually made their appearance together. She did not wait in vain. At an early hour the boy's shrill whistle sounded through the alley. She crept out to meet him.

"Good Jackie," she began, in her whining, wheedling tone, putting out her hands to him.

"No, yer can't *good Jackie* me," mimicked the boy. "It's no sort of use, good Sukie."

"Oh, now, Jackie, stop; I want to say something."

"Oh, Jackie, yer do, Jackie," laughed Jack. "I've seen my good Sukie before; toot—I have."

"It's about the crow," Suke whined, fixing her sharp eyes upon his face.

"Oh, the crow—what in the deuce have you to do with the crow, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Jack, his manner changing instantly.

"She's catthed, she come back yesterday. Toot! didn't ye heer it?"

"Not a word," answered Jack, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets, and opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"She's banged and beat, old Suke knows; she does, toot, she does. Won't good Jackie come into old Suke's room? Somebody might hear 'um."

"Yes, good Jackie *will*!" said the boy, his bright face growing cloudy.

"Good Jackie," said Suke, shutting the door after him. "Sit down, Jackie."

"Hurry up; I can't stop."

"No, you needn't, toot! it's about the crow, poor crow! she don't say a word, but she gits banged and beat; poor crow. What'll good Jackie do?"

"Kill every one of 'um—and you, too, if I find out you're trying to come it on me. You can't come none of your *sly* over this chick; he crows too early in the morning for that. Now tell, what is it?"

"Toot—don't yer want to help the crow?"

Jack looked thoughtful. "Of course I do; what of it?" he answered, gruffly.

"Coz, I do, I'll help her; poor crow—I'll help her run."

"Oh, you will," said the boy, in an insinuating, sceptical way; "you needn't talk to me—what's in yer head now? You've got some sort of a plan in your tight old head, or you wouldn't do it!"

"Toot, no—no, poor crow. I must help the crow! The crow must run ag'in."

"So she must; but if I catch you up to any of your tricks I'll pummel you, so sure as my name's Jack Farley."

"Toot, no, Jackie, no. Old Suke likes the crow, and she'll help her; she's goin' to hide her under the bed, poor crow."

"Under your bed!" repeated Jack, eyeing suspiciously the tumble-down couch in the corner. "I'd sooner hide under it than on it, that's a fact," he added, laughing.

"Good place, Jackie, good place. Toot! daddy and mammy can't find her there, coz"——

"They can't get through the dirt," interrupted Jack, shrugging his shoulders. "How long are you going to keep her there, good Suke, eh?"

"Till she can run. Toot, that's all. She wants a chance to run; old Suke knows. They caught her, and they beat her and bang her—poor crow. Toot, poor crow."

"Yes, poor crow, that sounds like it. But if I *do* catch you foolin', old grandmother, I—I"——

"Oh, don't, don't, good Jackie," pleaded Suke.

"Don't what!" said the boy, opening his blue eyes, widely. "Who said I's going to do anything?"

"Good Jackie," whined the woman. "Good Jackie must help."

"Help what?"

"Help the crow; help old Suke. Toot, the crow can't run 'less you help her."

"How can I help her? She can't run with my legs, can she?"

"Toot, no! But you can show her how to go, can't yer?"

"Go with her feet," said Jack.

"Yes, that's it, poor crow. Old Suke's going to help her; will good Jackie help her, too?"

"That I will, and my hat on it!" exclaimed the boy, flinging his coarse straw hat at old Suke's feet. "Now tell me just what you want, and I'll be off."

After whining to herself a while, and extorting promise after promise of secrecy from Jack, she commenced telling him her plan for the liberation of Jig, only leaving out that part connected with the taking of Old Israel's money.

"That's it, by ginger!" Jack exclaimed, after she had finished. "Old Suke, you're a stunner! What a jolly smart wife you'd make some poor man! Your plan will work, that's a solid fact; and I'll help with all my might."

"Good Jackie," said Suke, approvingly; and Jack, warming with zeal, as he was convinced of the old woman's sincerity, commenced opening his heart to her.

"It's good for Jig to run off; and I'll go myself one of these days. If Jig and Elsa get to be ladies, why there's nothing in the world for me to do but be a gentleman. That I can do if I work for it, and so I will."

"Toot! a gentleman!" echoed old Suke.

"Yes, I'm going to have a paper—a newspaper of my own when I grow up. I'm going to be an *editor*. Why, Suke, I can write like one now! as well as half of 'um do."

"Can? toot! can?" said Suke, wonderingly.

"And after Jig gets off again I'm going to try my luck. Now don't tell; if yer do"——

He shook his fists before her and strutted up and down the room like a military hero.

"Oh, you'll do, you'll do, good Jackie," said Suke. "You'll help the crow tonight?"

"Yes, I'll come home early and wait. They can't get ahead of this boy, let me tell you. They can't lather him down with their slick soap. I'll see to Jig myself; and when she has been here long enough I'll help her off. I must go now."

Suke unlatched the door for him, muttering half-inaudibly as she did so, "Good Jackie, come early, Jackie; old Suke knows; toot, old Suke knows!"

The day that followed was a long one to old Suke, and a long one to Jack; but to Jig how very, very long! Rested in mind

though not in body, she lay in her miserable home, the same wish in her heart that had been there since her capture—that God would come after her. Old Suke might help her, she thought; but she was vacillating and treacherous, and she did not dare trust her much. She was afraid, after all, that she should grow up to be a woman in that filthy place; that her pretty dream of ladyhood would never be realized; she should grow old like Mammy Israel, and croning like Suke. And then, while she was thinking of this, she would go off into a sort of waking dream, vague and misty; she would know where she was, but all the time she could see, oh, so plainly, the home that she had left; the faces that were so bright and kind! What would be said there when they knew she was gone, she wondered. How long did Mr. Singleton converse on the street? and how long before he knew that she was no longer in sight? Would Mr. Westerly care much? Would he hunt for her? Would Mrs. Preston be frightened, and cry? Would she give her pretty clothes away? her white aprons, her nice shoes, and clean, whole dresses? Would they ever think where she had gone, that she was stolen away when she could not help herself? Oh, what would they say if they knew it all? if they could see her lying there so bruised and tired, in her dirt again; her slippers worn out; her little hat dusty and grimmed; everything spoiled and gone!

From her dreams she would be occasionally wakened by a blow from mammy, or a kick from Daddy Israel. How uncomplainingly she bore these abuses, neither crying out nor moaning, but silently, as good Mr. Westerly had told her to treat Bridget when she said naughty things to her.

"She'll git tied up and licked!" Old Israel said, after looking at her awhile at noon. "To-morrow she'll catch it; she can snooze to-day, but to-morrow she'll have to pay right out of her hide for the tramp she put me to. Curse her!"

To-morrow! If God would only come for her before the terrible to-morrow came! Dear, dear! she could not be beaten again; she knew she could not. If she could only be helped; only be saved from Old Israel's rage!

Towards evening Suke came in, bearing in her hand a small tin cup. "What yer got?" asked mammy, putting her sharp nose down close to it.

"Something to help the crow, the lady, so ye can give her another banging. Toot! old Suke knows what she's 'bout. She likes to see ladies. Toot!"

"She don't want it, Suke; 'twill make her tired—don't give it to her," pleaded mammy, edging up to Suke and smelling the whiskey.

"Oh, you want it, that's it? Toot!" laughed Suke, holding the cup above her head.

Mammy turned to Old Israel, who stood by, watching them with greedy eyes. "Won't it hurt Jig?" she asked.

"Yes, but it won't hurt you and I," he grinned. "Got any more, Suke?"

"Toot! a little more—a little more."

"A bottlefull?" questioned Israel.

"Toot—guess so."

"A whole bottlefull?" put in mammy.

"Yes, toot! Do you want some? Does old Suke guess right? Is daddy and mammy dry?"

"Dry as a fish," growled Israel, rubbing his broad mouth with his filthy sleeve.

"Give me a little taste, Suke, won't ye?"

"Sometime. Toot! Sometime."

"Sometime! Give it now."

"But the crow?"

"The crow don't want it. Just a little taste, Suke!"

Suke handed him the cup slowly and hesitatingly, and, to all appearances, reluctantly. He swallowed its contents at a single gulp, and smacked his lips greedily for more. "Good!" he muttered, giving it back to her. "Can't you give me a little more?"

"Toot! Give ye all I've got? Old Suke knows too much. Guess she does."

After a half-hour's bantering the wily creature consented to do just what she had intended from the first; to come in after dark, with her bottle of liquor, and allow Old Israel to drink his fill. She must do this with apparent reluctance, she knew, or he, knowing her well, would be put upon his guard.

"May I pinch the crow?" she asked, as she started to go out. "Toot! old Suke likes to pinch."

"Pinch away, then; I don't care," answered Old Israel, who was by this time in the best of humors.

Suke bent down to Jig, but instead of pinching her she whispered hurriedly, "The crow can run to-night; old Suke will help her!"

CHAPTER XI.

TRUE to her promise, Suke made her appearance at the house of Old Israel at an early hour; both he and his wife were anxiously awaiting her. Jig sat by the window for the first time since her return, looking, as she had done so many times before, into the filthy yard. The room was hot and stifled, and the poisonous air loaded with odors rank and sickening.

"Toot! who'll drink first?" exclaimed Suke, pulling a good-sized bottle from under her shawl. "It's good; toot! shall I give *this* to the crow?"

Jig turned her head quickly. A thought flashed through her mind that old Suke had indeed come to help her, and her countenance grew bright for the moment; but it soon darkened again.

"I don't want it," she said, in a discouraged tone.

"Toot! You wouldn't get it if you did," was the curt answer. "Ladies don't drink out o' jugs. Toot! *You're* a lady; a lady. Toot! What fine rags you wear!"

"I don't care!" answered Jig, something of her old spirit rising within her.

"Oh, don't care? That's like the crow. That ain't like a lady; toot! Wouldn't you like to run ag'in?"

"Run ag'in!" exclaimed Old Israel, eyeing the precious bottle greedily. "Hang her, let her try it! To-morrow I'll lick her so she can't run for one while."

"And I'll help," spoke up mammy, smacking her lips in anticipation of what was so soon to pass them.

"And so'll I. Toot!" piped old Suke, whirling her bottle about in her hand. "Gin me a tin cup," she commanded, turning to Jig.

The cup was brought, and the revel began. What a strange revel it was, in the grim, poorly-lighted room; the heat, so oppressive, the atmosphere so thickening, and the three wretched creatures cowering and whining over their liquor. Jig watched them silently, wondering how it would end; and wondering, too, why old Suke did not grow boisterous with daddy and mammy, and why she held her cup so long to her lips, and did not re-fill it, as her companions had theirs, times without number. Once or twice Suke glanced towards her, but when she addressed her her language was rough and abusive. Two hours went by, and the bottle stood

empty upon the table. Old Israel's eyes grew heavy and his voice thick, while mammy, dropping upon the floor, slept deeply and soundly. Suke's eyes grew brighter and brighter every moment.

"You're sleepy," she said to Israel, imitating to perfection the tones of a drunken person.

"Hanged if I am. Jig, where's Jig?"

"Sleep," said Suke, in the same maudlin voice.

"If—if—I don't."

With this he staggered from his chair, and fell down beside his miserable companion. Suke rested her head upon her hands and watched them silently; while Jig glanced from them to the door, and then to the window, wondering in her heart if she could not make her escape then. Suke motioned her to be quiet, and she obeyed her. A long half-hour went by. At its expiration Suke arose softly and went to Jig.

"Run, run!" she whispered in her ear. "Run to my room; Jack's there; he'll let you in. Run."

The child did not need a second command. Trembling in every limb she went across the floor, and then with a careful hand, raised the latch. Oh, if they should awaken then! Oh, if her feet should fail her, and she could not get beyond the door! Softly she went out—softly, very softly, yet the slight noise that she made sounded like thunder in her ears. It seemed a long time before she got safely into the alley, and a long time before she reached old Suke's door. Jack was waiting for her as he had promised.

"By thunder, Jig!" he exclaimed, as he turned the key in the lock, "I was scar't."

But Jig did not answer a word. For a moment she thought she was dreaming; her partial escape, fear for the future, and a vivid remembrance of the past crowded down upon her heart. Clasping her hands over her eyes she broke into a violent fit of crying, which so disconcerted poor Jack that for a little while he did not know what to say, or which way to turn.

"Don't, Jig, don't! Why, oh, I wouldn't. There, don't cry, don't feel so; they sha'n't catch ye—they sha'n't have ye."

Finding that this did not produce any effect upon her, he changed his manner of address. "Dear Jig," he began, "my Jig. my own little Jig. I'll take care of ye. I'm big enough. I'll protect ye; don't cry; I'm

round, and they'll have to pound me into sand before they catch you. Don't cry, my Jig; see, you're my Jig!"

But Jig could not be quieted in this way, and Jack, getting more and more distressed, made another desperate effort to console her.

"Thunder, ain't old Suke a stunner, Jig? Didn't she come it like an aged rat? Didn't she altogether take the starch out of the old cusses! Ginger, if there won't be a bloody row to-morrow, when they miss you! and the best of it all will be that you'll be right here under the old woman's nose. I'll help you run off again—there, don't cry; I've got some money to give you when you go. I've saved a lot, 'cause I'm going to New York to live before long. I'm going to be a printer and an editor. Golly, Jig, do you know what an editor is? He's some pumpkins!"

Now, if this fact was known to Jig, she maintained a profound silence upon the subject, answering, as she had done before, with sobs. Another idea occurred to Jack, and acting upon it he began again:—

"Elsa's gone; did you hear that, Jig? It's awful lonesome here now. She went just after you did, she and her aunt; she carried the piece of hair that you gin her; she had it tied up in a bit of pretty paper—say, Jig!"

Jig grew quiet. "Where did she go?" she sobbed.

"Oh, way off to some nice house where she used to be. Her aunt found her and came here in a smart carriage and took her. But she's coming back some time. She said so; she's coming back to see me, and to see if I know anything about you. Won't she laugh when I tell her about it?"

"I sha'n't never see her again," Jig said, mournfully. "I wish I could. And I've lost the little book she gave me, and"—

"The wallet?" interrupted Jack. "I wouldn't mind that part of it at all; coz, you see, I'll give you 'nother one that's much prettier. I b'lieve I've got it in my pocket this minute."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and fished up an ancient-looking porte-monnaie, which he extended to Jig as consequentially as though it had been made of gold. "There, keep that," he said. "Before you go you shall have something to put in it."

"Tell Elsa of that, too, won't you?" asked Jig, getting to be quite like herself

again. "Tell her how I had nice clothes, a pretty hat and shiny slippers when they nabbed me. Oh, dear, dear! what if I can't find 'em again?"

"Oh, but you can. I know you can if you go the same way again. You must look out, though, or the old bat'll find you. I'll pull his nose for him one of these days; and as for old Suke, if she comes any of her slick games around here, I'll set her to sayin' her prayers in another world, or my name's not Jack Farley!"

Jig said "yes," and clapped her hands delightedly, and then went on asking all sorts of questions about Elsa, to which Jack replied with a patience that was highly becoming. It was nearly morning before Jig was stowed away in her hiding-place under the bed, and left to enjoy her solitude alone; and it was near the middle of the forenoon before old Suke returned, triumphant over her success.

"Toot! old Suke did it!" she cried out in a sing-song voice. "Now who's up in the air, and who's down below ground? Who's got the best of it? Toot! does old Suke forget it? Not once! Where's your bag of silver bits, Old Israel? Where's your crow? Toot! Where's the little creeter with the bright hair that ye saw starve many a long year ago? Does old Suke forget? God above knows she never does."

She was half-crying now as she hopped excitedly about the room. Suddenly she thought of the bag of money hidden in her bosom. With a trembling hand she drew it forth, while her countenance took on its old look of greedy sharpness.

"Toot! under the floor!" she said, under her breath. "Nobody can find old Suke's silver. Toot! if she could only stow away the crow with it! Poor crow! good Jackie!"

With her strong, hard fingers she pried up a board close by the brick hearth. It was so closely fitted in its place that its removal seemed almost a miracle. But it was soon evident that this feat had been performed before. Beneath it numerous little boxes—including the one which Jig had tried to gain possession of—had from time to time been stowed away. A few silver pieces tied in bits of rag were scattered about here and there. How they came into old Suke's hands it is not my purpose to explain; enough to say that Old Israel's bag of money was put out of sight in that apt hiding-place, and the accommodating board fitted

into its place again. Just as this was accomplished a loud rap sounded at the door.

"Toot!" crooned Suke. "Who's disturbin' a sleepy old woman in this shape, I'd like to know. Who's there?"

"It's me!" screamed Old Israel, at the top of his voice, for it was none other than he.

"Toot, it's you!" flouted Suke. "Nobody's lost their ears, though, that yer should sing up at that note. Toot! come in."

"Where is she—where's Jig?" he asked, the moment that the door was open.

"Toot! ask that of the moon!" answered Suke, dumping down, and dropping her head upon her hands. "If we all snored over our rum, how can one tell what 'nother don't know? Toot! Can't you give me a chance to shut my eyes up, after the bottlefull that I 'gin yer?"

"Cuss yer bottlefull. I wish I'd been drowned afore I touched it. Where's the gal, I say?"

"Ask—ask—mammy," mumbled Suke, as if half-asleep.

"She's 'sleep!" roared Israel. "Kicking and scratching and beating won't wake her, cuss it."

Suke did not answer. "Here, Satan's wife, why don't you wake up?" he continued, stamping his foot. "When did you see the gal last?"

"When we had the bottle!"

"Oh, yer did; she may be to the deuce before this time."

"Toot! yes," answered Suke, without opening her eyes.

"Where's Jack, can you tell me that, yer she-hopper? Do yer know anything 'tall?"

"Jack—Jack!"

"Yes, Jack!" screamed Israel, jumping up and down in his terrible rage. "Let me catch him helping her off, and I'll skin him alive—the little white-faced sneak! Suke, I say, where's Jack?"

He was hoarse, now, and his harsh, bad voice broke upon the last word. Old Suke sprang up, rubbing her eyes, and just as she did so, Jack himself made his appearance at the door.

"Jack, here's Jack," said Suke, as if startled at sight of him.

"Yes, here's Jack; what do you want of Jack?" said the boy, straightening himself up, and folding his little arms across his breast.

"Where's Jig?" asked Israel, in a dogged way, the boy's cool manner setting him aback. "Can you tell me that?"

"You tell!" answered Jack, with a wink.

"Be dogged if I can," was the reply.

"She's cut ag'in, as true as the devil."

"What, run?" queried the boy, breaking out into a shrill whistle.

"Yes, run; and I b'lieve you did it yerself—I!"

"I did it? Wish I had, old brick; yer ugly as Satan to her."

"Where is she—tell me that?"

"Ask your youngest son?" laughed Jack, defiantly.

"I'll break your head if you sarse me," said Israel, between his teeth.

The boy's eyes flashed. "Try it, you old bow-legged skinfint, and I'll pummel your brains into molasses, for you. You needn't try to come any of your *swell* around this chick, you jest can't do it. If I knew where Jig was, I wouldn't tell you a word; and if I do catch her running off, I'll keep still about it!"

"Toot! don't, good Jackie! don't, old daddy!" spoke up Suke, getting up and going between them. "Don't fight; the crow's gone. Good daddy, go after her; toot! go just as you did afore. He knew how to catch her then! Can't cheat old daddy."

Somewhat mollified by this speech, Israel Potter unclenched his hard fists, and took a step backward. His strong anger turned from Jack, but to flow out more intensely upon poor Jig, who, trembling with fright, listened, in her hiding-place to every word that passed his lips.

"Let me catch the torment!" he cried. "I'll kill her—she'll feel my hand upon her cursed head. I'll grind her inter blood, I'll!"

"Toot!" interrupted Suke. "Catch the crow first. Help him, Jackie. She run last night. Poor daddy's lost his baby."

"Poor baby," said Jack, with a grimace.

"It's lucky that I ain't his baby."

"Toot, good Jackie; help poor daddy," persisted Suke.

"Where, out of doors?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Help me find the jade, and I'll gin ye five dollars!" cried Israel, suddenly starting up.

"Five—dollars! five—dollars!" repeated Jack, slowly. "You can't trap *this* cub, old bear! What if I can't find her—what then?"

"Oh, two dollars."

"Two dollars," said the boy, thoughtfully. "It won't pay, I'd sooner sell newspapers. Besides, the business is too mean. You'd better do your own catching; and the sooner you're about it the better, is my opinion."

"You're a back-out," muttered Israel.

"What!" demanded Jack, clenching his fists.

Old Suke stepped between them again, and the old man was silent. "Go 'long, Israel. The crow flies fast. She knows her way. Mammy'll take care of herself when she wakes up. Go."

Without answering, he made his way into the alley. "I'd like to give him a h'ist down the steps," said Jack; but old Suke said—"Poor crow," and understanding her meaning, the boy grew silent.

CHAPTER XII.

AS soon as Old Israel was out of hearing, Jack made a move towards Jig's hiding-place, but Suke held him back.

"Toot! You'll make it wuss for the crow if yer hurry. Wait; time enough."

"Guess you wouldn't think there was time 'nough if *you* were under that old caboose without a breath of air," retorted Jack, contemptuously.

"Crow might be in a wuss place," was the quiet answer. "What if he should catch her?"

Jack made a gesture of impatience. "He can't just do that little thing while Jack Farley is round," replied the boy, impatiently.

Suke laughed. "Go ahead and see!" she said, in a low tone. "But don't talk so like a fiddle. Toot, somebody might hear."

"Oh, the deuce! What are you going to do, then?"

Suke moved up and down the room slowly, with her hands folded before her. Her face grew thoughtful, and her small, sharp eyes cloudy. She muttered inaudibly to herself, and leaned her head first upon one side, then upon the other.

"Toot, boy, look here!" she exclaimed, at last, bringing her hard hands together. "Let Old Israel walk round for three or four days, 'twon't hurt him; the crow can stay where she is."

"What, under that old bed!" exclaimed Jack. "Thunder and lightning, Suke, she'll die there!"

"Toot; can't kill her so easy"——

"But it's hot under there, I say," protested Jack. "I wouldn't wonder if she's dead this minute. By thunder, she can't stand it!"

Suke laughed. "Toot! guess good Jackie's heart is soft to the crow," she said. "Why don't *he* hide her if he wants to?"

Jack was silent. Where, indeed, could he find a better place for poor Jig? he thought. Alas, he could not think of any. "How long will she have to stay?" he asked, in a subdued voice.

"Toot! Four days, guess likely. When Daddy Israel comes home we'll start her off. That's the way. Old Suke knows. Who could do better than she's done. Toot!"

"Nobody but the old boy himself," muttered Jack, looking pityingly towards the bed.

"Toot! You'd like to say a word to the crow now, I guess. Well, be quick; I'll watch. Good Jackie likes the crow. When Jackie grows big, and the crow gets to be a lady, toot, somebody'll get married. Old Suke knows."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Jack, drawing his coarse hat over his eyes suddenly. "Guess *you've* been nibbling at the little black bottle again. You talk like it, old woman."

"Are you dead?" he asked of Jig, stooping down and thrusting his head under the bed. "Coz if you are, just speak and tell a poor fellow."

Jig did not answer for a moment; then she said, timidly, "Has he gone—won't he catch me?"

"No, by jingoes, he won't catch you. Did you hear me give it to him, Jig?"

Jig said "yes" very faintly, and then wanted to know if she could ever come out.

"One of these days, when the old owl has his eyes shut, you can. It's deuced hot under there, ain't it?"

"Some," Jig answered, resignedly. "I don't care, though. I don't care for anything, if *he* don't catch me."

"Oh, you don't. Perhaps you'd just as lives be baked as not under there! Pretty item for the newspaper: Jig Potter baked under old Suke's bed. Cause unknown. But when I get to be an editor I'll have something like *this* in my paper: 'Hung, in the year of our Lord 18—, Old Israel Potter, for the murder of his aged devil of a wife. (Glad he did it!) Old Potter kicked forty minutes after his neck was broke; for which

all good folks are slightly grateful' How's it sound, Jig?"

"Nice!" Jig whispered.

"Good for you. I must go now. I'll bring you an orange when I come home to-night. Good-by; keep cool."

The boy's advice was a superfluity, but Jig bore it with a true Christian resignation. All that day she lay crouched down in her hiding-place, listening attentively to every sound, and noting with an unusual eagerness every movement of old Suke. Once Mammy Israel came into the room, querulous and complaining. Israel had gone after the she-tiger, she said, but he had kicked and banged her first; she hoped he wouldn't catch her. If it hadn't been for the rum the gal wouldn't have run. So she went on, but old Suke wisely feigned sleep and refrained from answering her; so at last, finding that she could not raise a quarrel, she went away again, and Jig breathed more easily.

"Don't mind her a bit, crow. Toot! old Suke knows how to come it," whined Suke, after she had gone.

"But can't I come out just a little while after 'tis dark?" asked Jig. "I ache."

Suke shook her head. "Wait till the boy comes, little black. He'll tell you."

And poor Jig waited; but not for a moment was she released that night. Jack pitied her, but could not help it. He was afraid Old Israel was around. He was sure that he had seen him sneaking about that very afternoon, and if he should catch her! The boy drew a quick breath at the thought, and then amused himself by wiping first one eye and then the other with the rough sleeve of his jacket. Jig unwittingly asked if he was crying, and received an answer more indignant than truthful.

"Crying!" Jack repeated, in a contemptuous tone. "Did she think he was a baby, or a girl! Couldn't a boy snuff a little without crying! or catch a cold without getting weak in the head? When he was an editor he'd fix *that* subject up."

Jig was silenced but not convinced. One thing was sure, *she* was crying. She couldn't help it at all; she was so uncomfortable and tired, and she ached so in that little narrow place; and, besides, she was afraid that she should never see Mr. Singleton or Mr. Westerly again. Poor Mr. Singleton, whom she had left standing upon the street, talking with a friend. Talking—dear,

dear! if he hadn't talked so long, so very long, she would not have been caught again. She thought once more of God, and all that pretty Mrs. Preston had told her about Him.

"Jack," she whispered, "do you suppose God will ever come after me?"

"God, did you say, Jig?" asked the boy, in a comical manner.

"Yes."

"Don't know him," answered Jack, with more mirth than reverence in his manner.

The following morning, while Jig was still lying in her stifled lodging-place, and longing for her release, she heard the door of the room open, and old Suke utter a joyful exclamation.

"Toot!" cried the woman, hopping from her chair. "Where in the great world did it come from, and such a lady, too. It's the lily's own face. Toot—toot—toot! It's little Elsa." "I came to see you," answered a soft sweet voice, which thrilled little Jig to the heart.

"I can't stay but a minute. I came with my aunt, the same one who came after us; after Aunt Jane and I."

"Toot—wouldn't you like to see the crow?" asked Suke, quickly; "the poor crow!"

Elsa glanced up into her face. "Do you know where she is?" she asked.

"That I do; but wait, sweet lily. What lady's clothes it wears; what fine slippers; what a nice cape, what a hat, and what ribbons! Toot, if it ain't a real, live lady."

"Don't, please, Suke—where's Jig? Do you know anything about her?"

Suke glanced towards the bed, and then to the door. "I'll lock it," she said, moving forward, softly. "They've caught the crow once, but old Suke has outwitted them," she whispered. "She's hid under the bed, and old daddy's out hunting for her. Toot!"

"Oh, let me see her—let me speak to her!" said Elsa, eagerly, clasping her little hands together.

"Toot—be quick; she's under the bed. Be quick. Toot!"

"Dear little Jig," whispered Elsa, kneeling down upon the dusty floor close to the bed. "Elsa has come to see you."

"Oh, if I could come out!" cried Jig.

"Toot. No; keep still. You can't come out," spoke up Suke. "If you do, you'll get caught."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Elsa said. "If I could only help you. Can't I get under there, Suke?"

"Toot. With your lady's clothes on? Guess not—wait, old Suke knows. Talk fast."

"Perhaps I can help you, Jig," Elsa said, her face brightening. "I'll ask my aunt, and when we go home to-night, I'll coax her to come round this way and take you. Don't cry, Jig. Won't it be so nice! I know she'll do it."

"Are you a lady, Elsa?" faltered Jig.

"I—I've got clothes like one," was the reluctant answer.

"So I had," whispered Jig; "but they tore 'um all off from me, when they nabbed me, everything; and I don't believe I'll ever find any more, or any more good folks to like me."

"Yes you will, too; Aunt Jane shall like you—she does, now, and I know Aunt Lucy will. It was Aunt Lucy that came after us. Aunt Jane is her own sister."

"Aunt Lucy—Aunt Lucy," muttered Jig, slowly to herself. "Does she live in a big house where there's lots of trees round it?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"Yes, in the prettiest place in the world. It's out of the city. You shall certainly go there."

Jig remained silent. She was holding her hands over her hot face. She knew, then, that Elsa's Aunt Lucy was the same lady who had befriended her; and from whose house she had been frightened away by the bold-faced young man. "What is her other name?" asked Jig.

"It is Jennings; her name is Lucy Jennings; but I have got a cousin Frank, and oh, he is so handsome! He has such eyes. I wish you could see him."

"Is he like Jack?" whispered Jig.

"No, not much; that is—I can't tell," was the hesitating reply. "Won't it be so nice if you can only go there?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," said Jig, shuddering, just as she always did when she thought of the youth who had whispered such foul words in her ears, on the day that she ran away. "I don't want to go there."

"Yes you do, too. Aunt Lucy wants a little girl, I know she does. Because she said once that she'd tell me something about a little girl that came there, and when she was going to keep her she ran away. You wouldn't run away, would you, Jig?"

"No," whispered Jig, but all the while she was planning in her heart how she could escape from Elsa's dear kindness.

"Come away, quick!" called out Suke, just then. "Somebody's coming."

Elsa seated herself by the window, and the door was opened to admit Jack Farley. The meeting between them was a happy one, but they had little time for idle gossip. Jig and Jack's troubles had the whole of their hearts. In a few words Elsa communicated to him her plan for Jig's escape, which was received joyfully. That it had Suke's undivided approbation, was to Jack a surety of success, for he had begun to think that anything with which she had to do could not fail.

"I'll take Jig round to the same road that she ran on before; right north. You can be there to meet her."

"Wouldn't it be better for us to come here after her?" asked Elsa, hesitatingly. "I'm afraid something will happen."

"I'd like to see anything happen!" blustered Jack, doubling up his fists. "I rather think I can take care of her."

"Oh, yes. Toot! When folks get big, somebody'll get married, little lily!" croned Suke.

"Perhaps, old Suke and I, Elsa," answered Jack, putting a bold face upon the matter.

"Toot! I'll die afore that happens! Die just like the little 'un! Toot."

After this, the three conversed in whispers for a few minutes, and then Elsa went away, leaving Jack in the doorway staring after her in mute surprise.

"By jingoes!" he exclaimed, as she disappeared from the alley. "Won't I be an editor, though!"

It was on the evening of that day, and past nine o'clock, that Jig was wrapped up in one of Suke's old shawls, and hurried by Jack into the street. He did not allow her time to see which way she was going, but holding her fast by the arm, led her first in one direction—so it seemed to her—and then in another. In an hour's time they gained the road where Elsa had promised to meet them in a carriage, with her aunt. But there was no carriage to be seen. Jack stamped impatiently upon the ground, while Jig grew white with fear.

"We've missed them! The deuce is in the luck!" he exclaimed.

"Don't talk so loud," whispered Jig. "I see somebody by the fence, there."

"No you can't, either, you're scar't!"

But Jig could not be so easily persuaded. She saw the object moving slowly towards them, she was sure. Her heart sank like

lead within her. She felt certain that it was Old Israel.

"Let me go, Jack," she whispered. "Don't stop me—let me run; he'll kill me if he catches me."

Before Jack could answer her, she had sprung away from him. He opened his mouth to speak, but seeing, himself, the person by whose strange appearance she was so frightened, he remained silent. He walked slowly forward, losing sight of Jig as he did so.

"If it was Old Israel," he thought, "he was strong enough to knock him down." At the same time he trembled so that he could hardly keep his hands still. In a moment more he heard the rumbling of a carriage in the distance. Elsa was coming. His heart leaped up with joy. But where was Jig? He did not dare to speak her name. He did not dare go after her. The dark figure had stopped near him. He was sure, too, that it was Old Israel. The carriage came up to the spot where he was standing, and the driver reined in his horses. It was, indeed, little Elsa and her aunt.

"Where's Jig?" asked Elsa, before Jack could warn her to be silent.

"She's gone over the way, terribly scar't;

somebody is after us. I think it is old daddy," he whispered.

"Go after her, we'll wait!" was the trembling answer. "We'll wait, won't we, Aunt Lucy?"

Jack did not wait for an answer, but sprang forward in the direction which Jig had taken. For a whole hour he searched for her, coming back at last, weary and disheartened.

"I'm afraid he's got her!" he said, his voice completely breaking down; while Elsa, unable to control herself, burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Get into the carriage and come home with us, my brave boy," said Mrs. Jennings. "In the morning we will search for her again."

"No, I'll stay all night and watch," he answered, trying his best to be brave. "I—I—wish the old rascal was dead!" he burst out, anew, as he turned away.

"So do I," sobbed Elsa. "I don't care if it is wicked, I wish so."

Mrs. Jennings tried to quiet her, and then made another attempt to induce Jack to accompany them home; but in both undertakings she failed, and the carriage rolled away.

[To be continued.]

APRIL.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

O APRIL! in thy face and voice
Are hints of summer brightness;
No wonder that our hearts rejoice,
And throb with buoyant lightness.
The blossoms raise their dainty heads,
The sun is warm and glowing;
Thy breath a dewy fragrance sheds,
Sweet balm on earth bestowing.

Though clouds above thy forehead loom,
Thy aspect still is tender;
So quickly sunshine follows gloom,
They but increase thy splendor.
Thy showers moisten darkened roots
That stir when skies are weeping,
And upward send forth tiny shoots,
Their pulses joyful leaping.

Capricious month of smiles and tears,
Thy whisper soft and thrilling,
The gloomy heart of nature cheers,
Her darling hopes fulfilling.
The birds fling out their gayest notes
To greet thee in the morning,
Through all the air their music floats
As soon as light is dawning.

But ah! whence came that icy breath?
Is winter, then, returning
To blight the buds with sudden death,
Their pleas for mercy spurning?
O April! thine is now the sway;
Dost thou refuse to cherish
These nurslings, and their trust betray,
And coldly see them perish?

MATCH-MAKING.

SOME people have a positive mania for match-making. Whether from want of better employment, or because they believe, like Mrs. Jellyby, that they have a great and glorious mission, they are never happier than when scheming and contriving to dispose matrimonially of one or other of their young acquaintance. They regard all their unmarried friends, especially their unmarried lady friends, with an eye of compassionate solicitude; and their ingenuity is continually on the rack to discover what they can do for this, that, or the other, in the way of providing him or her with a partner for life. Like most other busy-bodies, these missionary match-makers, as we might call them, do a world of mischief. They meddle, and plot, and manage where they have no right whatever to interfere, and are seldom deterred by a sense of the responsibility which attaches to any one influencing and encouraging young people in such a serious matter. On the contrary, they think nothing of ignoring, and even attempting to override, the opinion of parents and others upon whom the direct responsibility ought to devolve.

Match-makers of this description are usually less concerned about the future of their young friends than about the diversion and excitement of a certain sort which they themselves derive from the part they play in superintending and promoting the negotiations, and the subsequent importance they will be able to assume as the persons who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about the match. So long as they are enabled to play out their favorite game, they bestow but little thought upon the possible consequences. If the match prove to be an unfortunate one, they exhibit a remarkable facility in disclaiming all responsibility. They recall the many words of counsel and of caution which they had given; and to hear them speak, one would suppose that they had done everything in their power to dissuade the young people from marrying, instead of having done all they could to encourage them. If, however, the marriage is a happy one, they are seldom slow to claim a full share of credit for the part they have played, and find constant opportunities to remind the young couple and their friends

how much all this present felicity is due to their foresight and sagacity.

No sensible person does voluntarily undertake the office of match-maker. Mothers with a numerous following of daughters have the office thrust upon them to a certain extent whether they will or not; but theirs is a very different case from that of the person who takes to match-making as a sort of recreation or pastime, or, still worse, as a mission. It may be said that mothers would often be much better employed, and would really be doing more for the best interests of their girls, if they devoted the same amount of time to their education and instruction in household duties as they spend in "trotting them out" for the inspection and admiration of possible sons-in-law. The rebuke, wherever merited—as it no doubt is in some instances—is perfectly just. But when a mother has done her duty otherwise, a reasonable amount of managing and manœuvring on her part to provide her daughters with husbands, is perfectly justifiable. She may feel tolerably certain that, with or without her cognizance, some sort of match-making, or, at all events, flirtation is sure to occur; and that being so, it is undoubtedly better that such proceeding should be conducted under her watchful care and direction, than they should be carried on clandestinely or under less responsible supervision.

To parents with a large family of daughters, the successful bestowal of them all in matrimony is no light matter. It is a matter involving not only much serious thought, but often also great trouble and expense. A wit remarks that when a man's only resources consist of a numerous family of daughters, the best thing he can do is to husband his resources. That is no doubt very sage advice; but girls are a kind of resources which it is sometimes by no means easy to husband. In order to execute that manœuvre, a great many others resources have generally to be called into requisition, and not the least important of these is a substantial bank account. If his daughters be his only resources, both he and they will be placed at a decided disadvantage.

But when *paterfamilias* has provided the sinews of war, there, as a rule, his share in

the match-making ends. Men have not sufficient tact to be intrusted with such delicate tasks. When they take it upon themselves to interfere in these matters, they are sure to make trouble of one kind or another. Match-making is essentially the ladies' province. It is, moreover, a branch of diplomatic service in which few men have any ambition to distinguish themselves. At the best, it is a somewhat invidious task. A mother and her six marriageable daughters have been facetiously described as a "school of design;" and that is really the aspect in which they are generally regarded. The very appearance of mamma at the head of such a battalion is sometimes enough to scare away the most stout-hearted eligible single gentlemen, whose suspicions are immediately aroused, and who, rightly or wrongly, persist in regarding the party as a veritable school of design. The difficulty is immensely increased if the young ladies do not happen to be particularly brilliant or attractive. It is here that papa's financial resources come into play. But even when these resources are considerable, intending suitors are apt to pause when they think of the process of subdivision that will have to be undergone. To manœuvre her forces so as to bring about a series of successful engagements, thus demands, on the part of the maternal head, no little skill in generalship as well as in diplomacy.

American mothers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management on behalf of their daughters. A Parisian newspaper some time ago recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match-making, executed by an American lady of this order in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and after "doing" the continent, had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasure. Attractive and clever, she had many suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, "What shall I do?" Ten days later, she received a cablegram from mamma: "I sail to-morrow; hold both till I come." The next transatlantic steamer

brought Mrs. Blank with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival, the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters, that in a few weeks she had reached port with all colors flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination, she had decided that neither of the nice fellows should go out of the family.

We have said that men do not, as a rule, figure conspicuously as match-makers; nor do they; but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentleman of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished tactician of either sex. "Brown," said a neighbor to him one day, "I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry." "Oh! that simple enough," he replied; "I marry my girls off on the buckwheat-straw principle." "But what principle is that? Never heard of it before."

"Well, I use to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat-straw nicely, and built a high rail-fence around it. My cattle of course concluded that it must be something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away, and put up the fence a few times; but the more I hunted them off, the more anxious they became to eat the straw; and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I married my girls on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins to call on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often, and stay as late as he pleases; and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young man that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted about my house. I tell him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathize with each other; and the next thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are de-

terminated to marry, I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters, fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches. If the phosphorus diet caused the young ladies to shine in society, they in all probability did not adopt it in vain; for, just as fish are easily attracted in the night by any bright light thrown upon the water, so young men are invariably found to flock after any girl who "shines," even through her accomplishments may be of a very shallow, superficial, or phosphorescent character. No ex-

perienced match-making mamma requires to be taught the value of display as an almost certain means of attraction. And that is why so many of these match-making ventures have so often resulted in the most deplorable sequels. Display is met with display, the one frequently as hollow and false as the other. The distinguished foreigner, or the fascinating young nobleman, is discovered, when it is too late, to be nothing more nor less than an unprincipled adventurer; and the merchant who was supposed to be little if anything short of a millionaire, is found, also when it is too late, to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Very often, in such matches, both parties are sold, and then the universal verdict is, "Serves them right."

GERALD'S TEMPTATION.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"**THEY'RE** as different as light and darkness, or winter and summer. To this day, I can't make it seem natural that they should be father and son."

Mrs. Murdock, the housekeeper at Wharnley Lodge, paused from her steady sewing, at the close of this speech, and, with the shining point of her needle poised in somewhat ominous proximity to her queer little turned-up nose, gave two or three significant nods, by way of emphasis.

Her cheery gray eyes were fixed away from the comfortable sitting-room, out through the cool drapery of vine branches festooning the window by which she sat, upon the smooth green lawn, where two figures were pacing, side by side.

A tall, angular, shambling-gaited man was the elder, with a cold, dry, rasping look about him, which inevitably warded off, as with an icy hand, the gazer's hope of sympathy, or fellowship, or cordiality—anything, in short, except the strictest justice.

His very flesh seemed withered and dried upon his bones—worn, perhaps, by the incessant friction of the restless, uneasy, discontented spirit which looked out warily from the small, deep-set, and piercing black eyes. Short thick masses of iron-gray hair stood out on either side of the tall, peaked

forehead; the nose was hooked, like the beak of a bird of prey; the lips straight, grim, resolute. An iron man, one who moved straight on his course, and leveled whatever obstacles lay in his way. For this trait, one indeed could not look upon him without involuntary respect. But affection—it was a very absurdity to couple the thought of anything endearing with the idea of Squire James Wharnley, the wealthy retired barrister, whose subtle penetration and dogged obstinacy in following up a clue had given him a fame which, years back, had been almost sufficient guaranty for whatever case he undertook.

He still held a prominent position in the county, notwithstanding he had retired from the bar, and his sharp wits and keen insight into human nature gave him a high reputation for wisdom and shrewdness, which were often called into use for public matters. For this, and for the sake of the generous fortune he had amassed, he commanded, as I said before, the respect and esteem of the neighborhood.

He had married, somewhat late in life, a timid, shrinking orphan, who had been left as a ward to his care, by a client for whom he had gained an important lawsuit. Acquaintances had marveled at this singular match; but no one who had witnessed the quiet but

invincible control which the guardian of her property exercised over the timid, yielding girl, wondered that blue-eyed Mary Wilson could not find courage enough to refuse the offer of a suitor twice her years in age. She did not live long after her marriage. She had never been gay and blithe, like other girls; but after she became Mrs. Wharnley she was still more quiet, and meek, and grave. She glided around upon her household duties as noiselessly as a ghost; and she grew as pale, and almost as impalpable. Day by day wasting slowly and surely; "never seeing a well day," as Mrs. Murdock phrased it, from the time of her son's birth. She only lived to see the wee white feet of the baby boy go toddling over the house with a sturdy strength which mocked her own feeble foot-falls, and then the doting mother's fond eyes closed softly and forever, for the earthly life, upon the sweet cherub face of her darling. Closed contentedly, too. The warm-hearted housekeeper would tell of it with an awed look in her eyes, a quaver in her voice—just how, before she sank away, the dying mother crossed her two wasted hands upon the curly head lying against her pillow, and whispered, softly:—

"It is better so, my lamb. Your mother is too weak, timid and doubting, to be a sure guide for such tender feet. She will kneel in the heavenly courts, and pray for you there, and watch over and guard you from evil, by the wondrous spell of that unseen land."

And, as if beneath some such tender benign influence, Gerald Wharnley had grown up into a handsome, manly, generous-hearted youth, gay of heart and blithe of tongue, the favorite and delight of whatever circle he entered.

This son of a stern, cold, hard man, a tyrant in disposition, a selfish miser, except as the fear of the world's contempt restrained him, and of a timid, melancholy, spiritless mother, grew up a wonder and marvel to all who had known the parents intimately. Free-hearted and generous to a fault, quick in sympathy and affection, frank, unreserved, buoyant, Gerald was one of the most delightful companions, the most valued friends.

It was he, walking now beside his father, with that graceful erect form, that handsome, happy face and cheery smile. A contrast indeed!

Mrs. Murdock returned to her seam, and continued, with a little sigh:—

"It is a mercy, indeed, for us all that the young master has pleasanter ways than his father! Dear heart! how lonesome it is when he's away to the college! and how we all brighten up when the vacation is coming! There isn't one of us but would do anything for him; and as for me, I think I should break my heart if any harm happened to him. But then you know it's rather different with me. It almost makes me a kind of mother, that promise I made to the poor dying woman to watch over him, and save him from harm as much as lay in my power. Bless his honest heart! it's only a pleasant straight course he's taken, so far. Everybody has loved him and cared for him, and he has had no mind to walk in evil ways. I own I've feared for him, since he went to college. It's bad doings and wild actions he must see there; and he's so free-hearted, and so ready to follow anybody's lead for a little sport, that I didn't know but we should hear of him in mischief; but it's only good we've heard thus far."

"I have heard that the young men there were very wild, and many of them recklessly unprincipled," answered her companion, for the first time interrupting the housekeeper's garrulity.

The speaker, a clear-eyed, sweet-looking young girl, was looking thoughtfully through the open winnow, to the pacing figures on the lawn, and in a moment she added:—

"But one cannot think of Mr. Gerald's going wrong, with so wise and sagacious a guide as his father."

Mrs. Murdock shook her head, slowly.

"There's where the trouble will come from, if ever Mr. Gerald's dear, careless feet make a slip. You see they are so different. The master will never understand the temptations before Gerald, because to his disposition they were not in the least enticing. There is an honorable generosity towards his friends, too, which may lead our dear boy into trouble, and even disgrace. And Squire Wharnley is a terrible man when he is aroused, Miss Ada. He is one of your iron men, thinking more of meting out just the law to the sinful, than of being tender and forbearing, lest he drive the erring deeper into the pit. He is strictly just himself, one must own that. He keeps to the letter of kind and upright dealing, but oh, he woefully misses the spirit, sometimes! After all, the blessed New Testament shows us, better than justice is mercy and charity and love."

Good Mrs. Murdock laid down her needle, folded up the napkin she had been hemming, and looked over her spectacles with a gentle smile, into the fair face before her.

"You are right, dear Mrs. Murdock," answered Ada Willoughby, with sudden fervor. "What a dreary desert would this world become, if only Justice, with her unerring but oftentimes pitiless balance, reigned supreme! We are so weak and sinful, the very best of us, it is hard, indeed, if we refuse sympathy to those who fall into the snares and pitfalls of the world."

Squire Wharnley will do it. He would turn Gerald away like a stray dog, if once he disobeyed his commands, or in any way excited his displeasure. That is why I tremble over it so much, whenever I get to fancying such a woeful happening as that Gerald should get mixed up in any wild frolic at the college."

"What! do you mean that he could be so inexorable with this only child of his? O Mrs. Murdock, I cannot credit you! He must be very fond of his son. Why, he is all he has in the world."

"He is as fond of him as lies in his nature. He is proud of Gerald, beside; but will not bear with any grave fault of his, no, not a single day or hour. I know my master well, Miss Ada. I have lived with him ever since Mrs. Wharnley was taken, and that is twenty-one years this next spring."

Miss Willoughby caught her breath a little nervously. "You quite frighten me, Mrs. Murdock. I must be wary myself, for he has unlimited control of my movements until I am twenty-one, and that is a long way off. How much sorrow it might cause me if, by mischance, I offended him! My poor father had the utmost confidence in him. I know how much he admired and respected him."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ada. I forgot all about that he was your guardian. You see it is such a new thing, your coming here. But there's no fear for you. In the first place, how could you offend him? And then, besides, he could not make a beggar of you. He must fulfill his trust as guardian to the property, if not to you; and when you're free it will be yours, beyond anybody's meddling. Now it isn't so with Master Gerald. His poor weak mother gave her property all to her husband, when he asked for it, to make some great investment, and there it is, where her son can

never have it if his father has a mind to keep it from him. Don't fret over what I have said, Miss Ada. There's not the first reason for you to be troubled; and I ought to be ashamed for being such a dismal croaker just now, when the old place is brightened up by two gay young faces, like yours and Master Gerald's. It's a rare treat, indeed. Ah! Master Gerald has spied you out; he is coming this way. Say now, Miss Ada, in the fine city where you have been living, saw you ever a pleasanter-looking young man than our young master?"

Ada Willoughby laughed merrily at this appeal, and, as presently the handsome, boyish face was thrust into the window—the sunny blue eyes and smiling lips merry and gay enough to have answered for a portrait of Alcibiades, fitly framed for such a presentation in the cool green border of vine leaves—she blushed a little at the honest housekeeper's home question.

"Miss Willoughby, how can you sit in this close room, when it is such a delicious day? All Nature is glad some, and calling everybody to come and join her glee. What will you have, a canter on the pony, a ride in the open carriage, or a nice cool row down the lake? I am at your service, on condition that you will come out of doors, and promise to be happy."

"Oh, the lake, by all means! unless, indeed, it will be tiresome for you to row."

"What are these stout arms of mine good for, if not to do a little work now and then? Rowing is my delight. Don't you know the fellows in my boat boast of my stroke? We have famous rows, we collegians."

"I'll come in a moment. I am sure I shall enjoy it beyond all the others."

"Don't come to the boat in that snowy dress, I beg of you. It will spoil my comfort to be obliged to watch the spray from the oar. I won't promise not to give you a little shower now and then, and you know it's only the lillies can stand the pelting of the water and keep fresh and unsullied."

"I've a mind to try it. You may splash to your heart's content; there's no harm to come of it, except delivering the dress a little sooner to Lucille's getting up, and it always comes out from her adroit French fingers more exquisite than at first."

She disappeared, and the young man, leaning against the window-frame, continued talking cheerily to the housekeeper.

"But, Mr. Gerald," interrupted she, "this

is a nice, sweet young lady, this new ward of your father's; don't you think so?"

"A very pleasant girl, Mrs. Murdock. I was greatly relieved that she did not turn out a demure, frightened, lachrymose schoolgirl, nor a stiff, solemn prig. The poor thing will have a lonesome time of it when I am gone, unless you or my father turn hoydenish, and give her a romp now and then; an unlikely relief, I'm afraid."

"Ah, she's just as merry-hearted as you, Master Gerald. It makes me ache, sometimes, thinking how hard it will be for such blithe spirits to come into the shadow."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and made a comical grimace.

"Does the earth refuse this glorious sunshine, because by-and-by are coming the cold rains and the drifting snows? I won't go ahead, to meet trouble half way. I'll be happy while I can, thinking there's none in sight."

"The Lord send it may always be as bright for you!" murmured the old housekeeper, with dimmed eyes, as the youth turned hastily to meet the graceful girl who came tripping lightly down the steps of the side door.

She had thrown a thin shawl around her white dress, and tied on a straw hat fluttering with ribbons. The shining waves of hair beneath the jaunty straw brim, the clear untroubled eyes, the delicately-flushed cheeks, and the cool white dress, made a pretty picture, as Gerald fixed her comfortably in the stern of his boat.

"I declare, Miss Willoughby, you're not so much unlike the water-lily, after all. I assure you, you look exceedingly nice in my boat," said he, as he pushed off from the shore.

Ada Willoughby smiled in response. She did not express aloud her inward comment, that the lithe, erect, graceful figure at the oars, with its eager, animated face, was, in its way, a picture for which she could find no symbol grand enough.

It was a happy day for these fresh young spirits. Mrs. Murdock watched them from the drawing-room window, coming up the walk on their return. Squire Wharnley, catching her pleased smile, bent forward from his newspaper, and followed her eyes, and a thoughtful look settled upon his face.

Gerald had her hat and shawl on his arm, and was looking eagerly into her face, which was turned toward him, bright with smiling

attention. Their mingling voices, clear and musical, floated forward before their lagging footsteps.

The grim master of Wharnley Lodge watched them closely, conscious, meanwhile, of Mrs. Murdock's curious observation.

"Well," said he, as if in answer to a question of hers, startling the worthy woman so that she nearly dropped the picture she was dusting, "I suppose it is natural they should take to each other. I have no objection. She seems a good, sensible girl. Her property will treble under my management before she comes of age, and it is already a snug fortune."

Mrs. Murdock smiled with an air of great relief. Her master turned, with a wonderfully happy face, to meet the young people. It was only a continuation of their sunshine, and they entered merrily.

CHAPTER II.

SIX months later, and before one of the university buildings, in the quaint pretty town toward which goes the yearning thought of many and many a famous man, as he recalls the pleasant memories of his *Alma Mater*, was gathered a little knot of young men, conversing in low and suppressed tones, but with eyes and gestures plainly betraying deep excitement. A tall, sedate man came slowly down the street, and the young men eyed him anxiously.

"It's all up with us, boys," said a blue-eyed youth, tossing back a curly mass of fair hair from his forehead. "I can see well enough, by the old fellow's face, what has been the verdict. Didn't you see how black a frown drew down those bushy eyebrows of his? We've all got to march, that's positive. If we don't get expelled instead of suspended, we may count it clear gain."

"Confound their sanctimonious gruffness!" growled another. "What do they expect? that young fellows like us are to go without any fun, whilst digging into their musty old books?"

Gerald Wharnley had stood a little apart from the others, and though he had given keen attention to their conversation, he had not joined in it until now.

"It was miserable fun, MacPherson. I don't need this forlorn *denouement* to prove it to me. My bitterest humiliation comes from the contempt I feel for my own folly. Don't try to excuse the disgraceful affair in

my presence," said he, in a bitter tone.

"Ho, ho! Here's Wharnley, ready for the penitent's seat at a confessional. I wish the worshipful faculty might put upon him all the punishment, since he is so ready to acknowledge his guilt," sneered the previous speaker. "For my part, I am not aware of transgressing the old customs in the least. Didn't we stand our chance of hazing, when we were freshmen? and haven't we a right to take our share of the fun, when the turn comes to us? Besides we have only served the poor little country sprig a good turn. We've taken out of him, not only the self-esteem he brought from the village academy, but the verdancy of his rustic home."

"For shame, MacPherson!" returned Gerald, indignantly. "Don't you know we may thank Heaven's mercy that the life was not taken out of him, too! He's been raving all night in a delirious fever, and the doctor says it is an even chance whether his delicate constitution will get through it or not."

Something of the horror of his tone was reflected on the faces of the thoughtless young men, who eyed each other ruefully.

"You don't say so, Gerald!" "By George! that's too bad!" "It's a bad business, that's a fact!" was echoed around him.

Gerald Wharnley's voice trembled, as he replied, "I know it is so, because I have been taking care of him all night. His mother has just arrived. I tell you, boys, if you had seen her anguish when he did not know her, in answer to her piteous entreaties, you would agree to the worst the faculty can say about this accursed hazing."

"Pooh! the fellow was sick before. I haven't a doubt of it," said MacPherson, the only one who still attempted to brave out the affair. "I don't see what it has to do with us, because the fever has taken hold of him."

"It has everything to do with us," replied Gerald in a deep stern voice. "It is the result of our wanton cruelty—the natural effect of fright and that icy cold bath, upon a delicate constitution. If he dies, I, for one, shall feel myself his murderer. And I was not the ringleader, MacPherson. I think I had wit enough to remonstrate against the bath."

A rueful silence fell upon the young men, and one by one they separated, and went away to their rooms, terribly disconcerted by this unlooked-for result of a night's frolic. To be called together again in a few hours, to undergo the dreaded ordeal of the presi-

dent's severe reproof, and learn of their suspension from the college.

It was very little like the hilarious, frolicsome, half crazed band which had made their dreaded raid on the quiet room of the freshman—this slow, crestfallen, rueful procession which emerged from the president's room. A few made feeble attempts at nonchalance and indifference, but only MacPherson really felt the punishment undeserved, and no inward accusations to render the catastrophe still more intolerable.

"It will save us a deal of fagging and hard work, lads," said he, with a careless whistle. "I'm off for livelier scenes than this. Thanks to all these wise professors, I sha'n't have to touch a book for a good while."

Gerald Wharnley looked after him as he went swaggering down the street, and his lip trembled as he muttered, fiercely:—

"And I have allowed a heartless wretch like that to lead me into a course which has tarnished my good name, nearly ruined my prospects, and for aught I know, endangered all the hopes I hold dearest! Oh, fool and blind! What will my father say? How will Ada receive this humiliating announcement?"

He wrung his hands, and, pulling his cap over his eyes, darted down a narrow alley, to escape meeting one of his acquaintances, who was coming towards him with a cheery, genial smile. The latter followed him, however, and calling after him, compelled him to turn reluctantly toward him.

"A letter for you, Wharnley. It just arrived, by private hands. From home, I presume. Don't look so ghastly, man! You'll get the governor's lecture, no doubt; but I'll wager it ends with the paternal blessing. Why, there isn't one of the others stands half your chance. An only son, the sole heir to a goodly estate—of course you'll be forgiven at once."

Gerald Wharnley shut down his teeth savagely against his whitening lip, to keep back a groan.

"Don't talk just now, Brown. I know you mean the best, but I can't bear it," cried he, hastily snatching away the letter, and glancing shiveringly at his father's bold familiar writing.

"I don't want to torment you, Gerald, but you are taking this thing to heart in an entirely uncalled-for way. You couldn't look any more guilty if you had committed murder."

"It might have been that. I know, now, just how wicked and cruel was our frenzied sport with the poor fellow. He's better this morning; I thank Heaven for that!"

"His mother is poor, too, I understand. We're going to start a subscription to pay her expenses and the doctor's bill."

"There's no need. I emptied my purse into her lap last night; it was enough for all her needs, I think. Now let me go."

Holding the still unopened letter in his hand, Gerald Wharnley turned away, and walked slowly on towards a grove at the end of the village. Once safe in that solitude, he threw himself upon the mossy ground, and tore open the seal. He glanced over the bold handwriting, as if to gain some hint of its purport, and then beginning again, read every word slowly and firmly.

There was less agitation in his face, now that the blow had actually fallen. A certain firm determined resignation took away the careless boyish look, but left a grave manliness scarcely less becoming. He folded the letter deliberately.

"Well, my forebodings were not without cause. He is fearfully incensed. That hateful newspaper paragraph has made for me just the mischief I expected. I cannot wonder that he is indignant to see my name printed there in full, as a malicious, wilful, disgraced rowdy. I cannot blame him for his anger; but it is my first offence, and he might take my promise that it will be my last, instead of turning me so relentlessly from his home and affections. I cannot believe that he will continue so angry when he has received my letter, telling him just the truth of the whole matter. Ada will intercede for me, unless—oh, I dare not picture her grief and resentment! I will try to be calm and hopeful. I will wait till they get my letters; then I can decide upon my future course."

Saying which, with the most composed manner he had been able to assume since the disgraceful frolic, the young man rose to his feet, and walked slowly back to his boarding-place. On his way he met the president of the college, who paused, and, seeing his shame-flushed face and drooping head, said, kindly:—

"We are all very sorry for you, Wharnley; not only because you are so general a favorite but that it is your first offence. But the affair is of too grave a character to be passed by. I trust the lesson will be salutary for you, and that you will come back after this

suspension better fitted to resist the temptations these wild young men can offer to your genial, social disposition. I have written as favorably as I could to your father."

"Thank you, sir. Indeed, this lesson is bitter enough to last me a lifetime."

"The poor lad's mother is full of pity for you, while she has only anger for the others. You have promptly acknowledged your fault, and done your best toward repairing the mischief. I wish we could have spared you the suspension; but after that hasty article in the daily paper, it would look partial and ill-advised."

"I deserve it," answered Gerald, ruefully, "and I bear it as a merited penance, if only my father will forgive me."

"I will write again, as favorably as I feel toward you."

"You are very kind. I will never try your patience again, if I return to the college."

"Of course you will return."

Gerald did not express the conviction which weighed heavily on his mind, that this assertion was a hopeless one, but passed on.

Another day, and his doubts were all put at rest, by the certainty of his doom. His father sent back the letter he had written, with the seal unbroken.

"You are no son of mine, henceforward," wrote he. "As you have sowed, so must you reap. As guardian of Miss Ada Willoughby, I likewise forbid all communication with her. What debts you have contracted before this date, I shall pay, as becomes an honorable man of business. After this, I shall not be responsible for even the crust that keeps you from starving. Your name is a forbidden sound in this house."

"Pitiless, inexorable!" muttered Gerald, as his eye flashed, and his pallid cheek took a momentary glow of indignation. "Has he no particle of affection? no human commiseration for a soul thus set adrift from everything that can hold it away from the whirlpool of sin? Truly I am now to commence the world on my own account. I have nothing to aid me, my purse is empty. I am glad that poor widow had the money while it was in my power to give it. I will not even have his name, since he holds that my actions fling disgrace upon it."

He had never looked handsomer, more like a hero than now, when he stood with

folded arms, glittering eyes and pale, stern face.

"This grievous reverse shall not crush me. I will show him that there is the spirit of a man within me. I am young and strong. Shall I bewail this experience like a weak woman? It is a dreary thing to stand alone; but I think there is that within me can rise above despondency and face it manfully. There is but one course before me; I must find some situation in which to earn my daily bread. I must go away from here at once. Oh, if there had only come one single, encouraging word from Ada!"

He smothered the groan which accompanied the last words, and walked to and fro fiercely.

"She forsakes me, too. She joins my father in his resentment, or I should have received a line, a word, in answer to that appealing letter of mine. So perish all my fondest hopes! Beggared in fortune, exiled from home, wrecked in love! And yet, I will not be crushed. There is that within me shall rise above it all."

Clinging almost fiercely to this dauntless resolution, Gerald Wharnley went away from the pleasant little town, from the *Alma Mater* which thrust him forth, into the busy, hurrying, selfish world, to seek a place there for his young arm to work. Alack! he little dreamed of the heart-breaking, disheartening ordeal before him. He gave his name fearlessly at first, until he saw the suspicion and discouragement it produced.

"What, a son of the rich Lawyer Wharnley, and turned adrift in this style! You are no safe character for any one else to harbor, if so bad that your own father turns you off," said one after another; and turned a deaf ear to his explanations and apologies.

He soon grew weary of the fruitless attempt, and presently, though with a hot cheek and faltering voice, gave his name as Geoffrey Gerald. Then came inquiries concerning his references and abilities. He had no references. Give him a trial, and he would show what he could do, answered he, boldly. He felt the keen, inquisitive eyes glancing over his tender white hands, his genteel clothing, the unmistakable look which betrays luxurious nurture and habits, and knew well enough why he received, everywhere, such persistent refusal.

If his own father turned away from his entreaties, how could he expect better of the heartless, selfish world? Before long

the proud spirit, the stout young heart, died within him. He had pawned his watch long ago; sold every little trinket, all his superfluous clothing, and still he was without a permanent situation—only enabled, here and there, now and then, to earn a meagre pittance, wherewith to keep away the gaunt wolf of poverty. He grew reckless and bitter. In an evil hour he came across MacPherson. Gay, brilliant, lavish, the young aristocrat's company gave a sort of respectability to his appearance, which his rapidly-diminishing resources could not bestow. He was kind and generous in his ways, and poor Gerald had grown greedily hungry even for such little show of friendship as his old comrade could give. MacPherson, dully conscious of his own instrumentality in bringing about such a woeful result for his companion and classmate, made a sort of *protegee* of him; invited him to sumptuous dinners, drove him along the race-course with his matchless horses, coaxed or bullied him to have recourse to billiards and wine, to drown his cares, and kept him near him by the oft-reiterated promise to provide him with a good situation in which he might earn an honest living. The good, honest heart of the youth loathed this miserable life, yet he had no power to turn away from the only hope held out to him. Gerald was standing upon the very brink of ruin. Where was the friendly hand to snatch him back? Where, oh, where was the angel whisper to warn him of his fatal position?

At Wharnley Lodge the stern old father sat gloomily gloating over his own invincible rectitude, his impartial justice, his swift rebuke for evil—and at the door of a gambling-house, in the dissolute city, his distracted son stood, irresolute and dizzy, driven thither by the harsh decree over which the grim old lawyer exulted.

For the crisis came to Gerald speedily. MacPherson grew tired of his sombre company. He had, moreover, become himself seriously embarrassed by his reckless expenditure, and was quite ready to shake off this poverty-stricken comrade.

He did not care to part unkindly, or without the show of patronage he had hitherto kept up. He looked around, therefore, and laid before Gerald the proffered employment. It would replenish his empty purse, and put him in the way of future advancement. Gerald saw that at a glance; but he saw, also, with a deadly sickness at the

heart, that it would lose him his good name, and steep his soul in guilt—that it was work no honorable man would soil his hands in touching. He faltered out his scruples, and MacPherson laughed them to scorn.

“Pooh, lad, that is stuff, utter nonsense. Haven’t you come to see that it is just as a man’s purse is lined that he stands in the world’s respect? See what a poor devil you are now, and remember how you were courted and admired when you were heir to the old governor’s snug pile! Be rich, and you will be successful and honored and applauded. You can quit the business as soon as you are on a safe footing. I have had hard enough work to get the chance for you; I thought you’d be eternally grateful to me. But it’s all of a piece—the ingratitude of the world. I’m a little down myself; I positively can’t help you another dime.”

“I will decide to-night,” answered Gerald, wondering if the voice which brought the slow words through his dry, parched throat could be the same to which Ada Willoughby had once so tenderly responded, which generous comrades had ever gladly hailed, which poor Mrs. Murdock had many a time declared to him was better than music in her ears.

MacPherson yielded to his whim. He did not ask him to accompany him to dinner or to supper. If he thought a famished stomach would aid his design, he betrayed no such hint to Gerald.

The unhappy youth found his way like a blind man, groping and staggering, to the miserable attic which he had called his home. He sat down at the table, and dropped his aching head upon his crossed arms.

“What can I do?” muttered he. “I tried my best to earn an honest living, and no one would give me a chance. I cannot starve. I would draw water or hew stone, gladly enough; but because of the bringing up my father gave me, I am looked upon as an impostor when I offer my services. Misfortunes accumulate upon me. What shall I do? what shall I do? Surely I am justified in accepting this only opportunity offered me.”

The hours dragged themselves on with a terrible slowness; the silence in the room had something awful and thrilling. Gerald was numbly conscious of the battle going on between the good and evil spirits for the possession of his precious, undying soul.

He glanced around him with nervous shudders, as though he heard the rustling of angel pinions, the heavy tramp of vicious hoofs. His cheek gathered a fever spot of crimson, in contrast to its deadly whiteness; his throat grew still more parched; a deadly faintness succeeded the pangs of hunger. His eyes wandered wildly around the wretched apartment. There was nothing left, actually nothing, that a Jew would advance a dime upon. With a hollow groan he dropped his head again; the shadows were lengthening swiftly, and the twilight, which comes so abruptly upon the narrow streets of the city, gloomed its gray into the dismal attic chamber. Suddenly springing to his feet, he seized his hat.

“Let me go before I am fairly crazed. A man must have food. If the world refuses it to me in honorable recompense for honest toil, I must get it as I can.”

How mournfully the angel pinions waved their farewell flight! How demoniac was the evil chuckle that seemed to sound within his ears! He glared about him in angry terror, and strode forward toward the door!

At that moment steps were heard on the crazy stairs without. One, slow, stumbling, agitated—the other, light, swift and eager. The door swung open, and Gerald Wharley stood staring blankly at the vision before him.

Two women. One dowdyish and clumsy and countrified, wrapped in a gray plaid shawl, the good old face crimson with mingled joy and grief; the other, fair and lovely and gracious enough for the beneficent spirit, whose rustling wings stirred again to the depths of Gerald’s heart—a perfect picture of girlish grace and daintiness. Both fell at his feet, sobbing, incoherently:—

“We have found you! O Gerald, at last we have found you!”

“My blessed boy, my poor, dear boy? Did you think we joined in his cruelty?”

“Ada, O Ada!” sobbed Gerald, glancing from the girl to his wretched surroundings, and hiding his face in his shaking hands.

She drew them away with her soft fingers, kissing them between the dripping tears.

“Gerald, Gerald, you are not to blame; we know it well enough. Oh, we have been cruelly deceived! But we have found it out at last. We know you have no shadow of guilt upon you. We shall never fear that.”

The young man shuddered, and shrank away from the pure hands, the holy, inno-

cent eyes. What if they had come an hour later? He sank, half fainting, into a chair.

Mrs. Murdock had taken a sharp look around the bare, forlorn room, and back to the hollow, wasted cheeks, the pale lips, and fever-bright eyes. She put the girl away resolutely, and with her own stout arm lifted up the feeble form.

"Mr. Gerald, you're sick. You've got as good as a fever this sorrowful minute; and I'm going to take you right home with me and nurse you up. I sha'n't allow you to talk much with Ada—only just to keep your mind peaceable she may tell you how the master kept from her your letters, and wouldn't let us do anything to find out about you. He said you'd grown to be a wicked villain; but we didn't believe that, only we were sorely troubled by your not writing to us. We know all about it now, and we've hunted you up; and we're going to take care of you till you are well, and then you are to take what we've both got and look out for us. That's just how it is, Mr. Gerald; so don't you say another word. We'll have a carriage and take you home, for you will never walk a step in the world with such a tremble as this on you."

He was, indeed, growing too ill to resist the worthy woman's energetic will. He clung to Ada's hand, and whispered:—

"Don't leave me, Ada! But you must not take me to my father; he will never allow it. If I die, tell him I forgive him."

"Alack!" exclaimed Mrs. Murdock, "he will never speak one of his hard words again; he will never write you another cruel letter. He had a shock yesterday morning, and the doctor says he will never speak or know anything again. We found the letter among his papers and started to search for you. You're his heir, after all, Mr. Gerald, and nobody can unsay it; for he tore up the new will the last thing before he was taken."

Gerald was beyond the realization of this great change in his fortunes. The shock of the abrupt announcement had been too much for him. His head had fallen back across Ada's arm, and her wild, frightened eyes were peering frantically into his pallid, insensible face.

"He's clear fainted away. How shall we ever get him away? Sure, it must have been his mother's spirit put it into our hearts to come to-day instead of writing to him; for another day, I do believe, would have been too late to help the fever!" ejac-

ulated Mrs. Murdock, while she was busily chafing the chilly hands.

Ada was too overwhelmed to venture a single word. The wretched room, the evident destitution, had been frightful enough; but this illness completed her horror. She stood blankly gazing into the inanimate face with a look of utter despair.

"Find some water, Ada. That is cheap enough to be even here. Sprinkle some in his face and then he will revive."

In a short time they were able, with the coachman's help, to take him to the carriage. It was decided the wisest course to get out, by easy drives, to Wharnley Lodge.

Accordingly, one sunny afternoon, into the presence of a white, deathly figure, with drawn mouth, and dull, meaningless eyes, was borne another drooping form and pallid face, which was laid on a couch beside that of the dying master of Wharnley Lodge. Father and son were face to face.

Gerald's cheek paled to a still more waxy hue, and his eyes overflowed with tears as he bent forward, with claspings hands, to seek for one sign of recognition. The dull, filmy eyes of Squire Wharnley turned slowly and questioningly to that worn, haggard face, from which the boyish bloom had been brushed away by the ruthless hands of care and grief. A sudden flicker of interest brightened the pale pupil; there was a convulsive but impotent effort for speech; an expression of intense agony, of wild yearning, was in those wistful eyes, as though they longed to fulfill the office of the dumb, palsied lips.

Gerald's sob shook his whole frame, as he cried, "O father, father, give me some sign to show that you have forgiven me—that you are no longer angry with me!"

The poor, distorted lips made their best efforts for a smile, the thin, crippled fingers reached forth feebly. Ada was quick to guess his wish. She took Gerald's hand and laid it in that weak clasp. The father smiled again as his fingers closed over those of his son. The peace and content revealed by the lips crept upward, and gave a tender joy to those still eloquent eyes, which, in the days of health and strength, they had seldom known. They lingered fondly on the young man's face, and then turned appealingly to Ada.

"Yes, yes," sobbed she, "I will love him—I will care for him—I will try to make him happy!"

Another smile. The effort, the peacefulness and content had wonderful effect upon him. The distorted lines were smoothed out of the face; that haunting look of dumb agony vanished, and left a childlike calm. The fingers still clung to the hand of Gerald, but slowly the stiff lids settled over the gazing eyes. The spasmodic breath eased away softly and almost imperceptibly.

"He is asleep," said Ada and Gerald, in low, hushed voices.

"He is dead!" said the physician, solemnly.

"Heaven be praised that I was brought here in time for this scene!" ejaculated Gerald, the tears pouring over his pale cheeks.

"It was only because of these unusual circumstances that I consented to so unwise a proceeding," answered the good doctor. "Now you must consent to resign yourself to the tender nursing of Mrs. Murdock. Grieve not for this happy release from so pitiful a state as that of your father must have been had he lingered here. I am confident that he welcomed the approach of the merciful release. Now you must consider your own health, Mr. Gerald. And, indeed, it is a refreshing sight to see you here again, and a most beneficent chance that brought you in time to receive and give peace at this deathbed."

"Not chance," whispered Gerald to Ada; "oh, no, not chance, but a blessed interposition of Providence. Some time you shall know all you saved me from."

Gerald recovered health and strength slowly but surely, and was thenceforward a firm, staid, reliable man, free from all those dangerous traits of character, that easy, indolent, yielding nature, that complaisant good-humor, which could be drawn hither and thither at the caprice of his associates, or by the will of circumstance.

Two years after his marriage he had occasion to visit the national capital, and while there he attended, with his wife, a fashionable levee, given by one of the leaders of the ton. In the midst of the gay talk and merry scene, Ada felt him start nervously, and saw him shudder in horror. She looked around wonderingly, but saw only a tall, showily-dressed gentleman making his way, with a peculiarly significant smile, toward them. Her husband drew her hastily away, and did not seem at rest until he had placed the crowd between them and the unknown man.

"Who was it?" asked Ada, wonderingly.

"It was one who stood in the place of the arch-tempter himself, Heaven forgive him! I cannot think of him without a shudder—to be obliged to speak to him would, I think, be intolerable. It was MacPherson. The sight of him has brought before me, with terrible vividness, all the particulars of my first temptation. Let us go out into the cool air, under the calm light of the stars, my Ada, and I shall forget it all, and only remember the dear guardian angel who came in time to save me."

THIS IS ALL.

BY ROSIE CHURCHILL.

JUST a saunter in the twilight,
Just a whisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that hearts enthral—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,
Just a silence proud and cold,
Just a spiteful breath of slander,

Just a wrong that is not told,
Just a word beyond recall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,
Just a heart by sorrow filled,
Just a faith that trusts no longer,
Just a love by doubting chilled,
Just a few hot tears that fall—
This is all—ah! this is all.

"DANDY JIM";

AND HOW "BUB" PAID HIM OFF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"HELLO, Bub! Like to run over you, didn't I? Didn't mean to, I'm sure. Little boys ought to keep out of the way if they don't want to get hurt."

Then Mr. James Morgan adjusted his shiny new hat at a genteel angle on his head, gave a touch to his necktie, lighted a cigar, and minced off down-town, unconscious of the wrathful glances of the "little boy" he had stumbled over on the steps.

"My name's Johnny Bangs, an' I'd like to slap the man that calls me 'Bub'!" grumbled the angry lad. "Bub! It does make me so mad to have *anybody* call me that, an spech'ly *him*. I jest everlastin'ly hate you, Dandy Jim," and Johnny shook a threatening fist after the young man going down the street. "I don't see what Mag sees in you to fancy. If she was me, she wouldn't freeze to you worth a cent."

From which forcible, if not elegant, language the reader will readily understand that Johnny hadn't any particular love for his sister's beau. The dislike was mutual. Dandy Jim—the name he went by among the boys—was inclined to be lofty and domineering among the "younger fry," and it isn't in the nature of even very young America to be snubbed, and treated with contempt. Young eyes are keen, and see through shams as well as older ones. That Dandy Jim was a sham of a certain sort almost everybody knew; but he was good-looking, polite, and dressed well, and as there was nothing particularly bad about him, he was on calling terms with most families in town. He had taken a fancy to Maggie Bangs, or the money her father could afford to give her, and as money was a very desirable thing for a person like himself to have, he had about concluded to marry her, if he could; and as that young lady was something of a flirt, and had encouraged him to think she was sorely smitten by his charms, he was certain that all he had to do to secure the young lady was to say the word.

But a favorable opportunity for saying the word didn't seem to occur. If he thought he was sure of being alone with her long

enough to ask the question, and declare the tender state of his heart, Johnny, or some of his sisters, would pop in and spoil the chance. The interruption generally came in the shape of Johnny. He seemed to be always getting in Dandy Jim's way. As Johnny hadn't the least respect for him, and didn't hesitate to let him know it, Dandy Jim disliked him thoroughly, and treated him in a way that made Johnny "jest b'ilin' mad!" The climax of ill-treatment came when he called him "Bub."

"Never you mind," said Johnny. "I'll get even with you sometime, an' don't you forget it!"

There was to be a masquerade ball. A brilliant idea came to Dandy Jim. If he could only find out what costume Miss Maggie was to wear, so that he would know her, he could take advantage of the opportunity and declare his tender passion, without any fear of small boys coming in at the critical moment and upsetting him, figuratively.

"I'll pump that young Arab," said Dandy Jim, meaning Johnny.

So the next time he saw Johnny, he began the pumping process.

"I say, Bub, don't you want some candy?" he asked, patronizingly.

"No," answered Johnny, with curt emphasis. "If I do I can git my own, I reckon."

"You needn't be so huffy," said Dandy Jim. "See here, now. I'll give you a quarter if you'll find out something for me. Will you?"

"Depends," answered Johnny.

"It's about the masquerade," said Dandy Jim. "What's your sister going to wear?"

"Clothes, I s'pose," answered Johnny, with wondering and lamb-like innocence. "They do, to them things, don't they?"

"Oh, come now, don't you go to hedging," said Dandy Jim. "I want to know what costume she's going to wear. Nun, flower-girl, gipsy—what character she intends to represent, you know."

"Yes, I know now," said Johnny. "I can't tell now, but I can find out, I guess."

"Well, you find out and let me know, and I'll give you the quarter," said Dandy Jim. "Let me know to-morrow, if you can."

"All right. I'm you're huckleberry," answered Johnny; and then, as Dandy Jim went down the street, he fell to chuckling in a way that indicated dark and mysterious designs on his part.

"Oh, I'll pay you for Bub-bin' me, you bet yer boots!" he said, jerking his head in Dandy Jim's direction. "I'll git yer quarter, an' lots o' fun to boot, old Nip-an'-tuck;" and then he tipped his hat over on one side, in imitation of Dandy Jim, gave himself that young gentleman's mincing gait, and peculiar hitch of shoulders, and went homeward in a clever parody of the man who wanted to marry his sister, chuckling to himself meanwhile in that mysterious way peculiar to boys when they see a prospect of fun ahead.

The next day Johnny met Dandy Jim on the street.

"If you see an old Quaker woman with a red posy in her hand, that'll be one o' the Bangses, but don't you let on that I told you," said Johnny. "Where's yer quarter?"

Dandy Jim handed over the money, and they separated.

The next evening was the masquerade. Dandy Jim was there in the costume of a dashing army officer, not looking very warlike, though he meant to lay siege to a heart, and compel it to capitulate.

Pretty soon the door opened and a gipsy-girl and a Quakeress came in. The Quakeress had a red rose in her hand.

"That's she!" said Dandy Jim, and went to meet her, on warlike thoughts intent.

The Quakeress seemed very shy and modest, as became one of her sect. She let the young man in regimentals lead her around the room, but not a word could he get out of her.

"She doesn't know who I am," said Dandy Jim to himself; "and she thinks I don't know who she is, I suppose."

Dandy Jim "meant business." To marry a fortune was the height of his ambition, and in his self-conceit, he thought he was sure of Miss Maggie's eager acceptance of his heart and hand as soon as he could offer it formally.

By-and-by he succeeded in coaxing the demure Quakeress into the conservatory. He got a seat for her under an oleander, and

then he sat down by her and began to tell his love.

"Miss Bangs—may I say Maggie?"—(here he pressed the drab-gloved hand which she suffered him to hold) "I have, for some time, been waiting for this opportunity. I love you, Miss Bangs,—Maggie, let me call you; may I not?—and I shall be one of the happiest of men if you—if—if you'll—(here he seemed to get stuck) "if"—(desperately) "if you think you can make me happy. Ahem!" and Dandy Jim cleared his throat with an emphasis that made the oleander shake. The Quakeress shook, too. The excitement of the occasion, and of the feelings roused by his tender declaration, doubtless, seemed likely to overcome her. She trembled like the aspen of the poets.

"Don't be so agitated, dearest," he said, pressing her shaking hand. "Tell me that my love is not—is not—ahem!—is not wasted on the desert air." For the life of him, that was all he could think of to wind up his sentence. But the fair Quakeress was too agitated to take any notice of the rather doubtful compliment.

"Ask papa," whispered the damsel, in a choking voice. "Come to-morrow, dear James;" and then she sprang up and fled like a deer from the room, leaving him about equally delighted and astonished.

"I never dreamed she'd take it in this way," said Dandy Jim. "But I don't mind it, as long's she's willing. Mr. James Morgan, you're in luck. Allow me to congratulate you," and he made a bow to his reflection in a mirror. "Yes, my dear Maggie, I will call to-morrow, and ask papa."

An hour later perfect roars of laughter might have been heard coming from the Bangs parlor, where Maggie and Johnny and one of his boy chums sat.

"O Mag!" cried Johnny, with convulsive indications, "you jest ought to have been there. I thought I should die, I did, sure! I set there, just this way," (illustrations on the part of Johnny) "an' he grabbed holt o' my hand, an' squeezed it, so," (more illustration) "an' says he, 'Miss Bangs, or let me call you Maggie, I'—Oh, dear! I do b'lieve I shall die, thinkin' of it," and Johnny tumbled off his chair and lay sprawling on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter. "Oh, Mag, it was rich, you bet! An' says he, 'I love you,' jest as tender, an' I thought he was going to kiss me; an' says he, 'Don't be so agitated!' an' somethin' else;

but I was so nigh fits, I was so tickled, that I couldn't stan' it a single minnit more, an' I jest lit out at two-forty, after I'd whispered to him to ask pa. Oh, but wa'n't it jolly, though? You bet your boots it was! An' to-morrer he's comin' to ask consent, an' next day we'll be married, mebbe!" and then Johnny doubled himself up like a jack-knife and laughed till he cried, and Maggie, heartless girl! laughed with him.

The next morning Dandy Jim put in an appearance.

Maggie met him with a suspicious twinkle in her eyes.

"Ah, my shy little Quakeress," he began, trying to take her hand, "you don't know what a happy man you made me last night!"

"Last night! I didn't see you last night," said Maggie, looking very much surprised.

It was Dandy Jim's turn to be surprised.

"Not see me last night?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, come now, Miss—Maggie, that's a good joke. Didn't you say I might call and ask papa?"

"Good-morning, Mr. Morgan—may I say James?" tenderly inquired a voice in the doorway of the sitting-room, and looking

that way, Dandy Jim saw the Quakeress again, this time without a mask, and out from under the poke bonnet beamed the face of Johnny Bangs. "O James!" and Johnny's voice shook and he gave signs of last night's agitation, "*dear* James, how happy we *will* be when we are married, if papa only gives his consent. I didn't know you loved me so, till last night," and then Johnny's voice broke, and he sat down on the floor and laughed till he cried.

Dandy Jim gave one ghastly look at Maggie. He read by her face that she understood the trick that had been played on him, and most likely had assisted at carrying it out, and then turned and left the room without waiting for any explanation. None was needed.

"The compliments of Bub, and his congratulations," called out Johnny after the departing visitor. "I'm ready to have you whenever pa consents;" and Dandy Jim heard a boy's provoking laugh ring down the hall as he closed the door. "There! I guess 'Bub's' about even with him," said Johnny. "O Mag! but it was rich!" and he went into convulsions for the twentieth time that morning.

WHO KNOWS?

BY JOHN NAPIER.

[GRANT her fair, ay passing fair,
As lovely as a budding rose;
But is there soul behind that face,
A beauty 'neath that outward grace?
Who knows—who knows?

Does light of love beam from those eyes—
The love that in her bosom glows?
Or is the light that lingers there
Delusive, though it shine so fair?
Who knows—who knows?

Does that fair form a fairer charm,
A tender, loving heart enclose?
A heart whose tendrils, like the vine,
Would round the heart that loved it twine?
Who knows—who knows?

And should life's sky be overcast,
And gathering clouds around thee close,
Should fortune frown and false friends flee,
Would that heart still cling close to thee?
Who knows—who knows?

Or is she, can she ever be,
As fickle as the wind that blows,
And veers as if it were at play,
Trifling with all who own her sway?
Who knows—who knows?

But why a prey to doubt remain?
Why halt 'twixt hope and fear? Propose!
She may be waiting till you dare,
To crown with love that beauty rare.
Who knows—who knows?

DEARBORN'S JUDGMENT.

BY MARGARET ALSTYNE.

DEARBORN was congratulating himself. Who that has experienced the trial of securing a boarding-house to suit, would not do so under like circumstances? Here he was in the nicest, neatest room that had ever been his; and his landlady—why, he had liked her at first sight! She was a middle-aged, quiet, lady-like woman. Dear Mrs. Penrhyn! Dearborn was certain that only order and harmony prevailed in the household of which she was the head. Her calm dignity would have stilled stormy waters; how peaceful, then, must be the sway that she had, no doubt, exercised for years! So Dearborn rejoiced. He had only been an hour in the room, but he felt contented. He had found one whom he could trust to minister to his comfort. When he should eat his hash, no such uncomfortable question as the following would trouble him: Of what is this composed? He felt that he could trust Mrs. Penrhyn, and that is saying a great deal. When a man has no uneasiness as to what his hash is composed of, his faith in his landlady is very strong. And Dearborn had never eaten a meal in her house, either; still, he was positive. He would have staked his best beaver on the fact that the hash would be altogether clean.

"Jing-a-ling! jing-a-ling!" went a little bell. It was dinner-time. Dearborn had been ready for five minutes, at least, and rising, he started toward the dining-room. He entered a parlor, a homelike place, first. At first sight he didn't perceive any person. Yes, the apartment was empty. A half second later, however, Mrs. Penrhyn entered.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Dearborn," she said, simply. "I want to escort you to dinner."

Mr. Dearborn bowed and murmured his thanks.

"It's the first time, you know, that you have eaten with us. I want to make you feel at home; so I concluded I would show you the way myself to the dining-room."

Dearborn remembered his boyhood days, when his mother's hand had threaded his hair. She had died years before. Since then had he ever beheld any one who seemed so much like a mother to him as Mrs. Penrhyn? Dearborn thought not.

Mrs. Penrhyn led the way, and Dearborn followed.

"I am going to take you to the east parlor, and introduce you to the rest of my boarders."

Entering the parlor, Mrs. Penrhyn was as good as her word.

"Vic isn't here," Mrs. Penrhyn added, when she had finished. "If you see anybody that you do not know about the house, you may conclude that it's Vic, my daughter."

Dearborn had been introduced to some six or eight different persons, male and female. Dear reader, if it becomes necessary at any time during this little story, you shall be introduced to them.

Then they all went into the dining-room. Dearborn didn't at first see anybody but those whom he knew, and in a very short time he had forgotten Mrs. Penrhyn's last words. He was half through his dinner, or thereabouts, when he beheld a face, to the owner of which he was positive he had not been introduced. Of course Mrs. Penrhyn's words rushed into his mind immediately. The pretty face, with its bright eyes, and cherry lips, belonged, no doubt, to her daughter Vic. Her glance accidentally met his, and he turned his gaze away. In a very few seconds he was looking at her again. She was pretty, anyway, she was, no doubt, a sparkling, mischievous little beauty. Dearborn wondered if he should like her. That question didn't puzzle him for but a few seconds, however. He mentally decided that he would no doubt like her very well; decided that very shortly.

Miss Vic talked. She said nothing very extraordinarily brilliant or witty. Yet she secured the attention of the table. There was something so vivacious and sparkling in her manner that she attracted all.

Dinner over, the boarders all returned to the parlors, Vic with them. Very shortly, however, she left. There had been something of an oversight in that Dearborn had not yet been introduced to her; so he had not yet spoken to her. Mrs. Penrhyn had scarcely intended her words to take the place of an introduction; still, she had not come back to the parlors with them, and I suppose the boarders did not understand the situation.

Dearborn thought about the young lady after she was gone. I must state that this was a little singular. It is very probable that if either of the young ladies had left the apartment, she would have been out of his mind in less than five minutes; and I am not sure but that it would be more accurate to say five seconds.

After Dearborn had gone to his room, the girl returned to his memory frequently. Wherefore? I dare say I could tell the reason better than Dearborn could have told it himself. But I shall not do so. I do not want you to guess, either. I don't think—there, you've thought too quickly for me! No; it wasn't love at first sight. I supposed you would guess just in that way, and I didn't desire, particularly, to deny it. Let it pass now.

Dearborn did not see Miss Vic any more that day; neither was she visible the next morning at breakfast. He found himself several times glancing over toward where she had sat at dinner the day before. She did not appear, and Dearborn left the breakfast-table feeling a little disappointed. But his disappointment was taken away presently. Soon he was coming from his room; his head was bowed, and he was thinking; at the same time he was whistling a bar from an opera tune.

Suddenly, while his thoughts were far away, he ran against some person. That person had a bowl, or something of the kind, in her hand, which was knocked violently to the floor and broken.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Dearborn.

"Granted," said a musical voice. And Miss Vic Penrhyn stood smiling in his face. She was perfectly composed, and for some reason or other, her composure only made him feel the more embarrassed.

"It was altogether unintentional," he stammered out.

"You needn't be so sorry, Mr. Dearborn. The damage is not very ruinous to"—And here she stopped and laughed.

Her laughing put Dearborn at his ease.

"Rather ruinous to the bowl, I should think," he said, laughing himself.

Then they stood for a moment in silence.

"You are Mr. Dearborn, our new boarder," she said, shortly. "I am Vic Penrhyn. There, we can consider ourselves introduced, can't we?"

"And the introduction gives me a great

deal of pleasure," murmured Dearborn. "I am sure that I have been wishing for it ever since I saw you at dinner yesterday."

Then they both gathered up the fragments of the broken bowl; and, laughing again, Miss Vic vanished down the hall.

After that their friendship advanced rapidly. That little incident placed them on better terms of acquaintance than a month of ordinary intercourse would have done. Time passed, and the two were very intimate friends.

Dearborn had never known anybody very much like Miss Vic. She was a perfect little home body; a little household queen, knowing all the mysteries of the work-basket and the kitchen; a laughing and mischievous girl; a creature who was as happy as she was innocent.

I must pause right here to state that Dearborn had placed an ideal woman in his mind. He said to himself that if he ever came across any one like that ideal he would love her, and, if he could, would marry her. I don't believe in ideals. Dearborn's ideal was one, no doubt, who would appear to better advantage in the niche in which he had placed her than she would have done in real life. All that I have to say further about the ideal at present is that she was to be very stately and intellectual. Miss Vic was a sweet, graceful little blossom, and not the queenly lily. So you perceive she wasn't at all like Dearborn's ideal. Then, if he would only love a woman of his ideal, Miss Vic had no chance of winning his love.

Please do not misunderstand me. No such train of thought as this occupied Dearborn's mind. He was content to find a term, for his and Miss Vic's position with regard to each other, in the word friendship. After that it didn't occur to him to ask himself if she could take the place of his ideal. Perhaps that time might come sometime, but it hadn't yet.

Mrs. Penrhyn had a new boarder. His name was Harry Ayers, and he was a clerk in a dry-goods establishment up-town.

Mr. Ayers wasn't very long in getting acquainted with Mrs. Penrhyn's boarders. How could he be when he met them all every day? Additionally, he was introduced to, and soon became apparently very well acquainted with Miss Vic, which you will no doubt say was eminently proper.

Moreover, Mr. Ayers was a somewhat

handsome young man; rather better-looking than the majority of his sex, a gentleman in manners; so that under the circumstances Miss Vic could only treat him kindly, of course.

But what was it that made Dearborn grow a little uneasy as this friendship progressed? Surely, a lady can have as many friends as she pleases without its bringing any pangs to any of them. Why was it, then, that if Mr. Ayers turned the music for Miss Vic when she played, or read the last novel to her, or anything of the kind, that Dearborn felt badly? I can only repeat, why was it?

One afternoon Dearborn had been in his room for an hour or two, busily engaged upon a magazine article. He grew weary, and asked himself if he should go to the parlor. He might find Miss Vic there. He had found her there frequently of afternoons before. Dearborn decided that he would go down in search of her, and ask her to play him some merry tune to enliven him.

He didn't find her. The parlors were empty. However, Mrs. Penrhyn passing the door, shortly, beheld him, and looked in.

"I came in search of Miss Penrhyn," said Dearborn, boldly. "I'm in a state of ennui, and I thought if she would sing, 'I saw Esau kissing Kate,' it would make me feel better."

"I will tell her to come," replied Mrs. Penrhyn. "I saw her in her room a few moments ago, reading, and she will come with pleasure."

"Don't trouble yourself on my account, Mrs. Penrhyn," said Dearborn. "It isn't important at all. I will take a walk up-town to enliven myself."

But Mrs. Penrhyn did not heed his words; she turned away, and went in search of Miss Vic.

In a very short time Dearborn heard Miss Vic's step approaching.

"Well, sir," she uttered, as she appeared at the door, "your pleasure?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Yes; music."

"Just so; music from *your* lips and hands."

The girl noticed the emphasis, and a faint flush rose to her forehead.

Dear reader, that was the first sign that Dearborn had ever given of there being anything in his heart besides friendship. It was a very slight one, I confess; but the manner of uttering a word may say a good deal. You needn't tell me, either, that an intelligent girl does not understand such things,

for I know better. Of course they never think of admitting that they do.

Miss Penrhyn seated herself at the piano, and played and sang several songs that he named.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked, at length, ceasing playing and seating herself on a sofa.

"Yes, for the music," he answered taking a place beside her.

And then the man was forced to ask himself what was coming over him. The girl's smile and voice were thrilling him strangely. He had experienced much pleasure in her company before, but this was—positive delight.

I think that something like a revelation came to him then; something that told him he was thinking more of Vic Penrhyn than the mere term of friendship could express. I have said that Dearborn had not experienced love at first sight. I do not know that there is any such thing. But I do believe that an impression may be made (at first sight) that, cultivated and favored by circumstances, will grow into love. So Dearborn had not fallen in love with Miss Penrhyn when he had first beheld her. But something had been planted in his heart that had taken root, and had been growing, perhaps unknown to himself, ever since, till now it stood forth a sweetly blossoming plant of full growth.

Most men in such a moment as this, realizing what Dearborn did, and sitting by the side of the object of the sentiment, would have forgotten all else, and would have said, "I love you."

But Will Dearborn did no such thing. His was a very cautious disposition. Matters of momentous importance to him would have been viewed deliberately and calmly. Dearborn's love might be impulsive, but his judgment was cool, and no doubt said to him in this moment, when he was thrilling beneath the discovery he had made of the condition of his heart, "*Be cautious; make no mistake.*" He had put thrilling words of love on the tongues of his characters; had pictured it forth as the ruling power; had written of it as the great influence on man's destiny; and here he was sitting beneath the sweet realization of it, and calmly asking himself if it could be possible that it was so.

Please do not blame him. Remember the ideal that he had set up. Do not be too harsh on him that he did not wish to hurl it from its place in one instant; even though

a sweet, tender, lovable, graceful flesh-and-blood reality was to take its place.

So Dearborn made no declaration of love. He did not even take her hand, for all the time that cool judgment of his was saying, "Are you certain?" and telling him that even if he did love her, there was no need of haste. I think that he even grew a little colder in manner than he had been hitherto.

Then he sat by her side and talked about indifferent subjects. I suppose when a man gets started in a strain that is to hide his feelings, he tries to sustain himself in a manner that is calmer than usual. Dearborn tried to do so, and he succeeded.

So their conversation ran on. At last he said, "Nilsson sings to-night."

"So I understand," replied Miss Vic.

"Would you like to hear her?"

"Yes," the girl replied, hesitatingly. "I shall take pleasure in hearing her."

"Then, with your permission, we will hear her together. Shall we?"

"I do not know positively that I understand you exactly, Mr. Dearborn," her honest eyes meeting his.

"I simply ask to be your escort to the opera," Dearborn answered.

"I am sorry it cannot be," she said, in some embarrassment.

"I do not comprehend you," he said.

"I have promised to go with Mr. Ayers."

Her eyes were cast on the floor so that he could not see them.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, coldly; "I beg your pardon."

Then of course the subject was changed. I think that Dearborn came nearer a declaration during the course of the next five minutes than even he himself had any idea of. A blow half a dozen times as hard might have made that precious judgment of his hide its head, till love could show him where he stood.

I will tell you a little secret: Miss Vic shed a few tears over that affair. It was the first time he had ever asked for anything of the kind, and she had been compelled to refuse.

Foolish little Vic! That was just what Will Dearborn needed. I think that if he could only for a moment have been made to believe that her love was cut off from him utterly, in that instant his love would have cried out for victory, and would have reigned supreme in his heart.

The days passed on, and still between Dearborn's love and Dearborn's judgment there was war. His judgment cried out to him continually almost in a strain like this:—

"Is this the kind of woman you have always said you would love and marry? Where is the glorious creature, the very queen that has been the ideal of all your dreams? Is she here?"

Then Dearborn's judgment would answer and say:—

"She is not here. It is granted that Miss Penrhyn is a very sweet little creature; but, man, if you marry her, you will be going contrary to what you have intended all your life."

I am afraid that Dearborn in those days smothered the cry of love to some extent; turned, in some degree, a deaf ear to its plea. Alas! if he should ever realize that only in Vic Penrhyn could be found happiness. Alas! I repeat, for those who, for some false plea, cruelly sacrifice this truest, sweetest blessing—love!

Happy will it be for Dearborn if he can realize in time the utter falseness of the argument that his judgment is offering him. Oh, that he may be brought to the knowledge that the tenderest blessing that can ever come into his life is the clasping of the girl's white arms about his neck, with the words, "I love you," uttered then! I believe that I may as well tell you now that Dearborn did realize that at last; and I will tell you how.

One day he had been up-town on business, and strolling homeward, entered and walked along the hall toward the parlor. Of course he was hoping to find Vic there. His judgment didn't have quite influence enough over him to make him absent himself from her presence. My dear reader, if you have ever loved you can understand just how Dearborn went to that parlor; just how he felt; just how he tried to make himself believe that he wasn't desiring that *she* should be there; just how coolly and calmly he would saunter in; just how he would struggle to put himself at ease in her presence, and very probably succeed.

But he wasn't destined to carry out this programme entirely this day. Reaching the door, he glanced in and—well, Miss Vic was there.

But Dearborn stood there transfixed, as it were, at the sight that met his gaze. His

heart sunk like lead, and it required all his self-control to keep back the cry of despair that rushed to his lips. There before him was Harry Ayers, as well as Vic Penrhyn; he held her hand in his, and on the first finger of it was slipping a jeweled ring. Neither saw Dearborn, and the girl's lips were wreathed in a smile.

No wonder that for an instant the room swam before his sight; that his hands clenched, and his teeth gnawed at his lips till the blood flowed from them.

Only for an instant did he stand there. He supposed that the next moment would behold the kiss of betrothal pressed on the lips of the woman whom he realized at last it would have been happiness for him to kiss. Even if he should desire to behold all, he felt as if he should die in seeing that. He walked noiselessly down the hall, sought his room, and entering it, locked the door and threw himself on a sofa.

At last love had conquered. But oh, it was in bitterness, and not in sweetness! No wonder that the man lay there and groaned in anguish of spirit! At last! yes, at last he realized what a cowardly thing that cool, precious judgment of his was. He had bound down himself from wooing, and here was his reward.

That ideal of his, that proud, stately affair that he had erected to himself, was torn from its pedestal, and crushed to pieces in the ashes of his despair, nevermore to be raised. It was natural that he should blame himself too severely. There have been far worse cases. Dearborn had only thus far wronged himself. Others, for such paltry reasons as his, have flung hearts broken away from them; have flung them away, I verily believe, to their own undoing and agony.

Yes, he blamed himself too severely. I think I can make this plain to you. All the pain and misery that had come to him from witnessing the scene that he had viewed, he laid right on his own shoulders. But suppose he had been ever so diligent in wooing and this had happened; still, would it not have gone like a dagger to his heart? Oh, I know that he would not have had that charge of blind folly to prefer against himself, but tell me not that any man can, under any circumstances, see the being that he loves wrested from him, and not feel the agony that crumbles, as it were, the very heart to ashes.

Poor Dearborn! Pity his anguish!

And, dear reader, I can desire you nothing better than that which you know should be the sweetest influence of your life, may never bring you anguish such as Dearborn's. Oh, that the sweetest of all words, the three, "I love you," may be returned for yours, sincerely said!

But Dearborn did not remain quiet very long. Presently the dinner-bell sounded, and then he got up, bathed his face, and looked in the glass to see how much of his pain was showing there.

The human countenance is a wonderful mask, and you need not be surprised when I tell you that very little of it was visible. And when Dearborn went down to dinner no one dreamed of what he had experienced. I dare say he laughed as gayly, seemed as merry, and talked as lightly as usual. Thus are hidden the secrets of our lives!

The ring was on her finger. Oh, the sight of it cut into Dearborn's heart like a knife! Then he uttered some witticism that made them all laugh, and—so the dinner passed.

The days went by. I don't think that Dearborn found any relief. At last he made a decision. You can guess what that decision was. It was that he would have to leave Mrs. Penrhyn's. He felt that it was more than he could bear to remain there, and be thrown daily in her presence. He must leave; that was the long and short of it, or else sometime he would forget himself, and then—he would make a fool of himself. Yes, he must go; he couldn't bear to forever wear a mask over his face. The dull throbbings of his heart would sometime cry out in anguish.

Arriving at that decision, the first time he found Mrs. Penrhyn alone he told her of it. Of course she was astonished, especially as their connection had been only pleasant; the more astonished because he gave no reason, making only the simple statement that he intended to go.

If she had not been Vic's mother he would have told her all. Oh, that he might tell her all and remove part of the weight, if possible, from his own bosom! Dear, motherly Mrs. Penrhyn! how kindly would she have sympathized! But he felt that he could not tell her. Not telling her he knew of no one whom he could tell; and thus he would be forced to keep the secret in his own heart that he loved a woman who had never

thought of him in the light of a lover.

An hour later Dearborn found Vic in the parlor; found her as he had many times before, alone. She was sitting by a window, her face resting in her hands; something in her attitude seemed to say that she was out of spirits. She raised her head as he entered.

"Mr. Dearborn," she said, quietly.

He returned her salutation, and seated himself by her. For some time conversation was a drag.

"Mother tells me you are going away," she said, at length, after a silence of considerable duration.

"Yes, I am going," he said.

Then something, I know not whether it was an expression of her face, or what, caused him to move closer to her.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," she answered, candidly. "Why shouldn't I be?"

Surely, there was nothing uncommon in that question. Wasn't she his friend? Of course, then, she would be sorry.

But something made Dearborn's heart leap. He caught both the hands of the girl in his, and looked into her eyes. They fell before his, and his fell to her hands.

The ring! Where was it? Not there.

Not there! What a great wave of hope rolled into Dearborn's heart in that instant!

He caught the girl's gaze again. He kept it. Her face dyed. Her lip quivered. A moment later she burst into tears. Dearborn leaned toward her, and the words that he had never expected to speak found utterance.

"I love you."

If you can tell what made Vic Penrhyn burst into tears you are wiser than I. Love? I think not—at least not exactly. Probably that had something to do with it. Woman's pride almost invariably sustains her in such cases. I think I will venture a guess. It

was the *consciousness* of Will Dearborn's love. Remember, he had not spoken the words, but consider that her heart did not understand. But when he did speak the words her tears dried, and she released her hands from his grasp. She even straightened herself up coldly. Still an enigma! Yes, I suppose so!

Most certainly so, unless a woman's heart can read a man's love from his glance, and the next instant her pride make her believe it is not so, though he utter the very words.

"Can you, do you love me?" Dearborn murmured.

"I fear, Mr. Dearborn, that pity makes you say this."

"And wherefore pity?"

"Because—because, you leave soon—because you think I love you."

Dearborn looked at her a moment. Her eyes were moistening again. He caught her face between his hands, and drew it down upon his shoulder. An instant later his lips met hers.

"I love you," he murmured once more.

"And I love you," he heard her say almost beneath her breath.

And love reigned.

Of course it was not an engagement ring that Mr. Ayers was putting on Miss Vic's finger. The whole affair was merely a jest, and she had consented to wear the ring temporarily. Dearborn had witnessed all there was of the affair, and had been mistaken in his conclusion; that was all. Vic had worn the ring for a few days, and had then surrendered it.

I am happy to be able to state that Dearborn rejoices in the possession of a true, sweet little wife, whose name is Vic; and whom he will never love any less than when he first uttered the words, "I love you."

BABY MAY.

BY JEAN DONALDSON.

WE face, now sober and wise,
Then merry in infantile play,
Now thoughtful, as though the deep eyes
Could fathom the dim far-away;
Little hands that never knew toll,

Yet busily working all day;
Little feet that never touched soil,
Though formed of the dust and the clay,—
This picture we form in our hearts,—
Our darling, our sweet Baby May.

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

BY M. QUAD.

"WE shall have a visit from the Indians before night," remarked my grandmother, looking across the breakfast-table at grandfather.

"Well, I hope we will," replied grandfather, a little doggedly. "You are eternally predicting an Indian raid; and, just to please you, I hope we shall get a call from at least a hundred."

"Look out, Peter Barnes! You may have cause to regret that speech before you are half a day older. I dreamed last night just how they came, what they did, what we did, and it makes my blood run cold to think of it."

Grandfather made no reply, realizing that she had always had the better of him in argument, and the meal was finished in silence.

A year before, my relatives, both of whom were nearly fifty years old, but strong and hearty, sold out their farm in Ohio, and located in Western Kansas. Their children were all married off, and the old couple were entirely alone. They had a stout and comfortable log cabin, good farm, and had already made many improvements.

The location was not thought to be a dangerous one, although a few miles beyond the last hamlet in that section, and three miles in advance of the location of the previous settler. The Indians had raided this part of the country the year before, but the soldiers had given them a severe rebuke, and it was not believed that they would dare venture back again. Grandfather was certain that he would not be interrupted in his peaceful pursuits, and was annoyed that grandmother should croak of evil.

More because it was the custom, than from any idea that he would ever have use for it, grandfather kept a rifle in the house; and one day, when a settler who was owing him money, and could not pay, brought a revolver to him as the only offset he could offer, grandfather took it and laid it up on a shelf.

In her young days, grandmother had been an emphatic "romp." She could skate, play ball, pitch quoits, ride at a gallop, shoot a rifle, and even to the day she was married went by the name of "Bailey's Tomboy;"

yet, after all, she made a good wife, and was the "making" of Peter Barnes.

She stood in the door that morning and watched Peter bring his horse and plow, and drive off through the fields to his work, half a mile away. Then she looked to the west, back at the sun, and went in and took the rifle down from its hooks. It had been loaded for months, and she drew the bullet, carefully wiped the barrel, and loaded the weapon again as nicely as a hunter could have done it. Placing it in a corner, she went to an old chest, fished out powder, lead, caps and bullet-moulds, and soon had fifteen or twenty shining bullets on the table. Then the revolver was got down, cleaned up, loaded, and finally the woman went to the door to look for her husband.

She could see him following the plow in the distant field, and the happy songs of the birds were anything but harbingers of a coming affray in which more than one of those shining bullets would find a human target.

"Peter Barnes, you are an idiot!" spoke the woman, watching him a moment. "I don't want harm to come to a hair of your head, but you will get a fearful lesson before noon this day!"

The arms being in good order, the woman shut the door, nailed it up, and then nailed boards over the windows on the inside. The south door fastened with a bar, and she was satisfied with its strength. She went to the spring, filled two pails with water, picked up and carried in the axe, and then cleared the table of dishes, not stopping to wash them. Then she sat down in the south doorway and waited—waited for the Indian attack which she had dreamed of and predicted.

An hour passed, and she had not changed her position. Half an hour more wore away, and then she suddenly leaped up and seized her rifle. She had seen the horses stop and begin to rear and plunge as they came near the south end of the field, which was fringed by the forest. She saw her husband pulling them and using the whip, but in a moment more the animals dashed off at full speed. Just as they started, grandmother heard a faint "Yi! yi!" and the next moment caught sight of a score of savages as they dashed

out of the woods and made for her husband.

"Just exactly as I dreamed," she whispered to herself, lifting the rifle clear of the floor.

Grandfather caught sight of the redskins as soon as they broke cover, and he wheeled and made for the house at his best pace. For a few rods he held his own, but then his fifty years commenced to tell on him, and the shouting Indians began to gain. They were thirty rods behind at the start, but before half the distance to the house had been traversed, they were not ten rods behind.

"Run, father! run for your life!" shouted grandmother, waving her hand to him; and he did his best.

But the old man did not have it in him. He was within rifle-shot of the door, when the redskins bore him down to the grass, right in plain sight of his wife. Five or six of them halted to take care of the prisoner, and the rest, whooping and yelling, made for the house. Grandmother stood square in the door, and the rifle was slowly lifted. When the foremost savage was twenty rods away, out on a line went the barrel, there was a quick report, and the Indian fell forward on the grass. Then she stepped back, closed the door, and the next moment the shouting demons jumped against it. The door stood like a rock. Baffled and disappointed, the Indians hacked at the boards with their tomahawks, as if to hew their way in. Striking away, one of the blows fell on a knot in the plank, and the knot fell at the woman's feet, while a hole as large as man's fist was left in the door. Encouraged by this, the Indians were chopping away, when grandmother seized the revolver, took swift aim, and a horrible yell mingled with the report. The Indians then fell back to where they had left their prisoner, and were out of range.

Grandfather had his arms tied behind him, and after a few minutes, walked out a few feet in advance of his captors. He looked at the house, then looked back, and refused to obey the command given him. The Indians advanced, drew their tomahawks, and then the captive shouted:—

"Nancy! Nancy! unbar the door, leave the rifle in the house, and come out here. They won't hurt you!"

The wife heard every word of it, and the trembling tones of the old man's voice made her heart ache. But she knew that the Indians had forced him to make the appeal,

and that it was only a ruse for them to get another prisoner. She made no reply, and directly the redskins forced the old man to speak again.

"Nancy!" he called, "the Indians say that if you don't come out they will murder me right here."

It was the hardest struggle of her long life, but grandmother realized that both would certainly be murdered if she complied, and that if she held out there was hope that help might come from immigrants or hunters before night. Tears came to her eyes, and she could not choke down her sobs as she thought of her husband's fate; but she was determined to resist to the last. As she did not reply, one of the Indians, who could speak English quite well, stepped out and shouted:—

"Come, hurry up, quick! You no come out, we kill old man!"

"Peter Barnes," shouted grandmother, her mouth at the knothole, "I know that you don't want me to come out, and I shall not come! I have the rifle and revolver, and I shall defend the house to the last! Be on your watch for a chance to break away and run to the house."

The Indians understood sufficient of the speech to know that the woman did not propose to surrender, and they gathered around the prisoner and held a consultation. At length, leaving two of their number to guard him, the others, fifteen in all, made a *detour* and collected on the north side of the house. They had no arrows to fire the house from a distance, but gathered brush and piled it against the north door to force the woman to come out.

She had no loopholes on that side, but going up-stairs, she softly removed a strip of "chinking" from between two of the logs, thrust through the hand holding the revolver, and, shooting by guess, badly wounded one of the savages. With a great whooping and yelling, the rascals drew out of range and held another consultation. In a few minutes they all reappeared on the south side, gathered about grandfather, and directly struck a course for the woods from which they had first issued, grandfather being led along behind. The woman watched them with the greatest anxiety, believing that they had abandoned the siege, and that she would never see her husband again.

She watched and waited for about half an hour, and was just thinking of opening the

door, when a faint whooping reached her from the woods. A moment after grandfather came flying across the fields, waving his hands to her as soon as leaving the woods. Two or three minutes later the Indians burst out of the woods in full cry, but were forty rods behind the fugitive. Grandmother realized that an escape had been made, and she laid down the revolver and stood ready to open the door. As the fugitive got within twenty rods, being then thirty rods ahead of pursuit, she began to unbar the door. She had only touched it, when some one leaped against it—not one, but four or five. Finding it fast, the savages, for such they were, set up a howl of rage and retreated out of range. "Grandfather" was standing still, about fifteen rods from the door, and the woman did not have to look twice to see into the game. One of the Indians had donned the prisoner's clothing, jammed the familiar hat over his forehead, and the pursuit was all a sham. Before he had left the woods, four or five Indians had made a *detour* and softly approached the house, so as to be ready to leap in when the bar came down from the door. It was not grandmother's wit, but their own haste in leaping out, which had prevented the capture of the house and her death.

The savages then tried another plan. They brought the old man out of the woods, naked except his shirt, tied him to a wild plum tree just out of rifle range of the house, and then set about maltreating him, hoping to work on the woman's sympathies. Grandmother could see every movement made, and she was nearly crazed to see them assault the old man with knives and clubs. They pricked him until he was covered with blood, though not seriously wounded in any spot, and, cutting a number of switches from the hazel bushes, they whipped him until all were tired with the sport. The old man groaned a little, but they could not make him cry out as they hoped to do; and in his heart he hoped that grandmother would not be imprudent enough to attempt any interference. Her heart big with sympathy and distress, and her eyes full of tears, the woman allowed the savages to get ahead of her. Several of them moved back out of the range of the knethole, skulked around to the north side of the cabin, and grandmother's first intimation of their presence was when she heard the crackling of flames in the brush which they had previously piled

against the north door. As soon as the flames were lighted, the savages drew off a few rods and commenced shooting at the spot over the door where she had pulled out the chinking to shoot at them before. Notwithstanding the whistling of the balls which every moment came through into the garret, the woman mounted the ladder with a pail of water, dashed the contents out through the crevice, and mere accident guided the dash so that the flames were dowsed out.

Two hours had passed since the first appearance of the Indians; grandmother had killed one and wounded others, and such a firing and yelling had been kept up that the redskins were fearful that help might come to the woman, and therefore they withdrew. She counted them as they went away, to be sure that none were left behind. They took the dead one on their shoulders, and the wounded were assisted along each between two of his companions. They entered the woods, and after an hour had passed without their reappearance, grandmother realized that all danger to her was over. She opened the door, took a scout around her house, and then her eye fell upon the horses. The animals had made a long run when first taking fright, going across the fields for a mile or more, and were now coming towards the house, dragging a portion of the plow after them. In ten minutes the woman was galloping towards the nearest settlement, carrying both rifle and revolver. A ride of an hour brought her to the hamlet, and seven or eight men quickly mounted their horses and returned with her. The cabin had not been disturbed, and leaving their horses there, the men, headed by the anxious and tireless woman, took up the trail of the Indians. Following it for an hour, nearly always on the run, they suddenly heard the report of rifles, followed by whoops and yells.

Two bachelors named Turner had a cabin and a farm in the direction of the shots, and the pursuers realized that the Indians had attacked them. They were hurrying on to the rescue, grandmother leading, rifle in hand, when she suddenly gave a sign of warning, and all sank down. She had caught sight of grandfather and his two guards. Through the sparse timber the men could see grandfather bound to a tree, and his guards standing near by, but their faces turned in the direction of the battle which was raging beyond.

Like so many tigers the pursuers crept forward, and only halted when within eight or ten rods of the captive. They silently arranged for a volley which should riddle the bodies of the guards, and would have delivered it in a moment more but for grandfather. He caught sight of them, and his joy was so great that he could not repress a loud shout. The Indians turned on hearing it, and also catching sight of the pursuers, gave a yell and darted away. A volley was fired as they fled, and the one behind made a great leap into the air and fell over a log, four or five bullets having struck him in the back.

The other one ran directly for his companions, and his news raised the siege of the Turner cabin in a moment. Finding that a revengeful foe was on their trail, the Indians

made all haste out of the neighborhood, and could not be overtaken.

Grandfather was like a child when released. He laughed and cried by turn, threw his arms about grandmother, shook hands with the men, and acted like one gone crazy. He had been cruelly used by the red rascals, and was so weak when he attempted to start homeward that the men had to carry him most of the way. The couple were not a week getting out of the State, going back to their old home; and in time grandfather recovered and was about again. But to the day of his death, when grandmother took occasion at the breakfast table to say that she had dreamed of this or that, he never again charged her with being whimsical, or expressed a desire to see her midnight visions fulfilled.

MISS BRIGGS'S ENEMY.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

MR. PERRY was an old bachelor, and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge mastiff and an old knock-kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe that he is too mean and miserly to buy one."

Miss Briggs would have hardly felt pleased, had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this wornout piece of horse-flesh, for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare, by disagreeable manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour after hour beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cat perched upon the sill, and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, received, and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath which sent him howling to his

master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his enclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home, and informed Miss Briggs that a second offence would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins, one afternoon as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea, and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."

"Will that old bach over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? oh yes! We could not get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter. I sha'n't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over.

Well, it would look a little like that, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceited wretch!

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon, and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round rosy face, clear brown eyes, and beautiful hair, and if she was near thirty there was not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the looking-glass in the chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well. There was a bright healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of light and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins's sitting-room, and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mr. Perkins entered followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well-laid plan to make the two become friends!

Miss Briggs bit her lips, and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to give "that man" her hand in friendship. She hated him and always would.

He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuits or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper, that they nearly choked her.

Before evening they both were persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door ready to depart, when he called:—

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs.

Perkins came and triumphantly led her out and packed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way, and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike to that article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him, it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few rods and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness, until Mr. Perry's "help" came with a lantern to her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs's enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her plump hands administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cats and the canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty face, trim figure and tender hands, and—would you believe it?—he fell in love with her.

How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves, and nice invigorating cordials. She had, in all probability, saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs!" he said, one day when he was able to sit up.

"Well, Mr. Perry?"

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There! now stop right where you are. You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your goodnature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge the rest of my natural life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed and her answer came thus:—

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding in the church a few

weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and the canary.

The mastiff and the knockkneed old horse are with their forefathers.

FRANK OSBORN'S BROTHER.

BY W. H. MACY.

THE inner harbor at Honolulu presented a lively scene at the close of the month of October, 185—. A hundred and fifty ships were crowded into that little basin, all moored head and stern, with flying jibbooms in, and yards pointed fore and aft to economize space. For nearly all the belated whalemén from the various Northern cruising-grounds had made their port, and were refitting; either for home, or for a "between-season" cruise, some in quest of spermaceti in the low latitudes, others among the "ripsacks" in the Californian lagoons.

There was not, throughout the whole fleet, a more promising young man, professionally considered, than Frank Osborn, of Martha's Vineyard, our mate in the Senator. A man of decision and energy, with the courage of a lion; a Hercules in physical build, an Admirable Crichton in his knowledge of all matters pertaining to his calling.

But, added to all these qualities, Mr. Osborn possessed a heart as tender as a girl's; and at the time of which I write, it was tortured with anxiety at the non-arrival of the Casco, in which ship his younger brother filled the station of boatsteerer. She had been whaling near us in the Arctic Sea, and we had last seen her off St. Lawrence Island at the close of the season. She was bound to Oahu, and, as she outsailed us, we had expected to find her snugly moored in advance of us.

But a fortnight had now elapsed since we anchored; the last stragglers of the fleet were dropping in, one by one, and still no signs of the Casco. Day after day, the anxious brother, as he carried on the duty of the ship, cast wistful glances in the direc-

tion of Diamond Hill, hoping to see the well-known vessel heave in sight; at early dawn, and again with the last fading twilight, he swept the sea-horizon with his glass, becoming daily more moody and despondent.

"She has made her port somewhere else, perhaps," said Captain Childs.

"Not at these islands. I have overhauled the Hilo and Lahaina lists; and here's the little schooner, Keoni Ana, arrived this morning, direct from all the windward islands. Her name isn't on the list."

"Hauled up for San Francisco, maybe," suggested the captain, as one who feels it necessary to suggest *something*, though he has no belief in it himself.

"No chance of that, sir," replied Mr. Osborn, with a gloomy shake of the head. "Captain Taber told me himself he should make Honolulu as fast as canvas would drive him. He had two slight cases of the scurvy aboard when we saw him last. She should have been here, on a common chance, when we arrived."

"That's true. She must have gone in somewhere before this time—if no accident has happened to her."

"No sane man, who wished to keep his crew together, would put his ship's head inside of San Francisco, now. And I know that Taber wouldn't be hired to go in there," said the mate.

"Have you heard from Atool, to leeward, here? She may have touched there, you know."

"No, she hasn't been heard from there—or hadn't two days ago. There is a bare chance that she may have fallen to leeward of the whole group. Though it's very un-

likely that they should have had the trades so very different from what we did."

So, clinging to that last hope, that she had fallen to leeward, and been obliged to keep on, to make a harbor somewhere further south, he dropped the subject for the time. There was no longer any chance of seeing his brother by waiting at Honolulu; and, the Senator being ready for sea, we sailed for a short cruise on the Line.

We pushed our inquiries anxiously on board every vessel spoken during the cruise. We again visited the Sandwich Islands for our spring outfit, and letters from home, meeting there numerous vessels from the various Pacific cruising-grounds, but failed to obtain any tidings of the Casco. She had not been seen or heard from on the California coast, and was universally spoken of as a missing ship. She had gone to the Arctic last season—and had never returned.

The Sea of Okhotsk was our destination in the Senator, and we arrived off the "fifty passage" very early, to find it so blocked with ice that we must necessarily spend a few days outside. The captain's health had been failing for several months, and he had been advised to give up the command of his vessel and remain at Honolulu for medical treatment. But he had made up his mind, he said, if he must die to die in harness. He hoped that the change to a colder climate might be beneficial; but it proved the reverse. He sank rapidly after entering the high latitudes, and on the second day after we tacked off-shore, Frank Osborn succeeded to the command, by Captain Child's death.

He had said little about his lost brother since we had left our spring port. He seemed to have fully made up his mind that he should never again hear from John, and to have resigned himself to the inevitable. Something of his old gayety was gone; he was not as boisterous in his merry moods among his brother officers; but he was still Frank Osborn, a little sobered down.

The remains of our late commander were launched into their ocean-grave with all due honor and respect. Services were read by Mr. Osborn himself, the ship lying hove to, with the ensign at half-mast, as usual on such occasions, and the cool Arctic air fanning our heads as we stood, uncovered, round the corpse on the main-deck. When all was over the crew were mustered at the mainmast, by order of the new captain.

"Boys," said he, in tones which indicated no hesitation or diffidence in view of his new position, "you understand, of course, that I command the ship. The voyage will be followed up the same as if Captain Childs had lived, and I trust to you all to do your duty and help me to make it a successful one. But I shall change our course, so far as this season's work is concerned. I shall make the cruise somewhere outside, instead of going into the Okhotsk. Brace full, Mr. Hudson, and down tacks!" And, leaving the sterile bluffs of Marikan Island with the ice-bound strait on our quarter, we bounded on our north-easterly course up the Sea of Kamtskatka.

Little cared we, in the fore-castle, about this change of programme. The chance of success was as good, for aught we knew, on one ground as the other, and we had no fear that our young chief would neglect the interests of the voyage. But we did not fail, as we canvassed the subject that night in full conclave, to attribute his course to a lingering hope of learning something about the fate of the Casco and his young brother.

"I tell you, lads," said old Sam Decker, "the old man has never been able to give the boy up yet."

The commanding officer would have been spoken of as "the old man" even though he had been but a child in years. As in this case he was, comparatively speaking; for Decker was quite old enough to have been his father.

"Not that I think he'll go on any wild-goose chase after him," he continued. "He'll attend to his business, trying to fill the ship. But I think he has a kind of wild idee that the Casco may be making a kind of Flying Dutchman of herself somewhere between the Arctic and the Fox Islands."

"That's far enough to veer and haul upon," growled Jobson, the shipkeeper. "No good'll ever come of chasing phant'm-ships. It's bad enough to have 'em come in sight of ye when ye can't help it."

"Oh, dry up with your phantoms! that's all my eye and moonshine!" put in Dave Greely, a matter-of-fact Yankee from down east. "There's no more Flying Dutchmen racing round this sea, or any other sea, than there is bog-trotting Irishmen. A ship's always a ship."

"Ay, lad, but a phant'm isn't," was the dogmatical retort.

Greely muttered something about "yarns

for marines," only the last word being overheard by the shipkeeper.

"Marines, eh?" he burst out, indignantly. "You'd ought to know better than to use the word to an old shipmate. Hows'ever, you can't expect much manners from a chap with only one voyage experience. You're giving your opinion about 'this sea, or any other sea'—you've never doubled Good Hope, I take it, have you?"

"No," answered Dave. "I can't say that I have, yet."

"I thought not," answered the other, dryly, seeming to indicate that that clinched the whole argument. "Hows'ever," he resumed, after an oracular pause, "Mr. Osborn—I beg his pardon, the old man—is a whole-souled fellow, and a rare seaman for his years. And that goes a great ways. We ought to be quite willing to follow where he leads."

Thus Johnson took credit to himself for magnanimity, while simply making a virtue of necessity. For the young captain was not likely to be much influenced by his opinion or that of any other subordinate. He had taken entire command of the ship.

We made the snowy crags of Behring's Island, and stood in so near that we thought we were going to land. But suddenly the captain appeared to have changed his mind, as if he thought it only a waste of time. Again we swung her off and ran to the eastward across Behring's Sea, till we fell in with right-whales in vast numbers and went to work with a will.

We had pretty good luck in taking oil, though we had much fog, and not a little rugged weather to contend with. But I noticed that the ship was always kept on the southern tack whenever it was possible to do so; so that we gradually worked towards the land. For we were on the ground that lies directly north of the Aleutian Chain, or as we usually called them, Fox Islands. Still we found the whales plenty and made the most of clear weather. Captain Osborn was much preoccupied in mind, and appeared anxious to run in still nearer the land. But he never neglected his duty to his owners, and no lance in our light flotilla of boats did more execution than his own.

We had lain wrapped in fog for three days, without seeing so much as a patch of blue sky, though we did not mind it much, as we were busily employed in securing the spoils we had captured during the last open

weather. We had got into thirty fathoms of water, with whirling eddies or tide-rips about us, when the fog partially cleared, and we found ourselves within two miles of the land, a rugged pile of volcanic upheavings, looking dreary and barren enough.

"Younaska!" exclaimed Captain Osborn, at the first glance. "See! here's the passage we went through, bound in from the Arctic last fall." Then he added, in a lower tone, while a shade went across his fine face, "It's just about where the *Casco* would have come through, too, as she must have had the same winds."

As there was but little wind stirring, and the currents were uncertain and treacherous, the anchors were made ready for letting go. We knew not how soon the fog might shut down again; in which case we could be guided only by the depth of water, and by our sense of hearing if near breakers.

This chain of islands forms a dangerous barricade across the North Pacific, extending more than half the distance between the two continents. The passages through the chain are numerous, and comparatively safe in clear weather. But ships are often under the necessity of running blind, uncertain as to what particular channel they may be navigating.

But we were not driven to the necessity of anchoring, for a breeze sprang up which dispersed the mist, and gave us a view of the other island forming the west side of the passage. We stretched across towards it, and approaching within a mile of the shore, coasted it along with a leading wind.

"If we had three or four more whales, now," said Mr. Hudson, "our voyage would be made; and what a time this would be to run through! We shall never have a better one—what's that, sir? A flagstaff?"

He was pointing, as he spoke, to the top of a crag, apparently inaccessible to any living thing but a goat or a sea-bird.

"'Tis a pole of some sort, and something flying from it," said the second officer. "Human hands must have raised it there. Most likely some Russians that come here sealing."

Captain Osborn had as yet said nothing, but was surveying it intently through an opera spy-glass, a short, double affair, very convenient for use at the mast-head or in rugged weather. He spoke at last, with a new light in his countenance, such as had not been seen there for months.

"No Russian planted that! There's a piece of an American flag flying. Let her come to, Mr. Hudson, head off-shore, and lower away my boat!"

So impatient was he that we were clear of the ship and pulling with all our might, ere she had fairly stopped her headway. We made directly for the spot that looked most favorable for landing; and having succeeded in doing so, had still a tiresome jaunt before us, climbing over rocks which looked as if an army of Titans had been employed to throw them into heaps. There were no traces to indicate the recent presence of man on the shelf where we had landed. A few bleached bones of seals and other still larger *amphibia* were found, which might have belonged to animals slaughtered the year before. By advancing inland a little, we found it possible to ascend the cliff which had shown us nothing but a precipitous wall on its sea-face. And after a toilsome struggle, we stood, fatigued and blown, upon the summit of the pinnacle, with the strips of bunting flying over our heads—tattered remnants of our own country's ensign.

The staff, which had, beyond question, done duty as a whale-boat's mast, was planted in a crevice between two great boulders of rock, and further secured upright by lashing. It was the most conspicuous spot on the island for raising a signal, to attract the notice of passing vessels.

Wedge firmly in a crevice, edgewise, was a piece of board, such as every whaler has, for repairing boats. The captain jerked it eagerly up to the light, and revealed an inscription in black paint:—

"Ship *Casco*, of New Bedford, wrecked Sept. 27, 185-. 14 men saved. Seek the crew at the foot of the cliffs on the south side of the island."

He turned his face to the southward, and looked over the waste of volcanic rock, pile beyond pile, stretching away inland. To cross the island by that route would be a formidable undertaking, if indeed it could be done at all. Beside, we could be of little service when we arrived there, unless the ship were placed in communication with us.

"Back! Back to the boat!" he cried, leaping from crag to crag in mad haste, as he led the way, down the dizzy descent.

Inspired by his example, we were not long regaining our ship. The impatient brother could not think of waiting for another day to commence operation. The weather, for

once, was clear; the nights were short in that latitude; and darkness settled down upon the Senator, heading boldly into the passage. No one left the deck that night until our anchor was let go, at two hours after midnight, when the broad Pacific lay open before us to the southward. No more could be done until daylight.

As soon as the outlines of the land became once more distinct, we were again under sail, running down the southern coast. The scene of the winter-residence of the castaways opened to view within an hour afterwards.

A rude shanty, framed with wreck-lumber, and covered with skins of seals and sea-lions, stood near the beach, sheltered from the icy north winds by a precipitous cliff which rose behind it. The site was just sufficiently removed from this sheltering wall to avoid the dangers and inconveniences that might arise from heavy snowdrifts.

Another staff, with no vestige of a flag remaining, stood close by the house, and several casks were standing or lying, here and there, by the water side. But no human being appeared to welcome us; and, on landing, we found the place deserted. Over the door of the shanty was another piece of board fastened up, on which we read:—

"Five survivors of the crew of ship *Casco*, wrecked in September last, left this spot, which has been our winter-quarters, June 9th in a leaky whale-boat. The graves of nine of our shipmates, who have died during the winter will be found behind the house at the foot of the cliff. We shall try to reach Onalashka, hoping to find human beings there, or meet with some vessel—Aaron West, 1st officer—Daniel Mills—*John Osborn*—Richard Burns—Manuel De Souza."

June 9th, only two weeks ago! And the captain's brother was alive! Of course he did not give us much time to linger here, after learning this. Our observations were but hurried ones. No record of their proceedings was found; if any existed, they had taken it with them. The story of their terrible winter's experience was, most likely, unwritten. But each reflective mind could supply, in its own way, the dreadful details.

We hurried on board, leaving all as we had found it, and lost no time in resuming the prosecution of our search, which had now, at least, a definite object. The captain was still further stimulated to exertion by the certainty that his brother was so recently alive. He reasoned that the castaways would keep

on the south side of the island, as most likely to fall in with human habitations by so doing; and the ship's course was shaped accordingly.

Three days had elapsed, and, again fog-bound, we lay under short canvas, finding ourselves within a few miles of Onalashka. The captain walked his narrow limits, chafing at the fatality which seemed to attend his efforts, for he was powerless, as to making any further search, until a change of weather.

Suddenly, the ship, forging slowly through the water, met something on the bluff of her bow with a slight shock. There could be no floating ice here at that season; and, astonished, we all ran to the side, to behold a boat sunk level with the water; only the stern and stern-post rising above the surface. She was vibrating and dancing about from the effect of the blow, which had merely pushed her aside, out of our path.

She was soon secured and hauled alongside, when it was found that she had sunk in consequence of a lap having started off, in one of her lower streaks, from the nails rusting out. There were no oars, no loose matters—everything had floated away; but under the stern was a magazine of provisions, in the shape of pieces of seal's flesh, closely packed; and the name "Casco" was branded in the loggerhead, putting her identity beyond question.

Here, then, was an end to the hopes which had, until now, buoyed the captain up. Their boat, shattered and "nail-crazy," had sunk from under them, and they had miserably perished. There could be no other conclusion from what we saw before us.

We took the wreck on board, and with sad hearts, returned to our cruising ground. Our old success was continued to us, and we turned our faces southward in September, with a full ship. But the captain never mentioned his brother, or in any way referred to the subject. It seemed even to have passed out of his thoughts, and to have become a part of the dead past.

We had traversed more than a hundred degrees of latitude on our homeward route, and were nearing Cape Horn with a cracking breeze and all sails set, when a ship, outward bound, was reported in sight, almost directly in our track. As we neared her, we recognized her as the Congaree. She was struggling gallantly under double-reefed topsails, but with little prospect of rounding the cape without a change of wind.

Up went her ensign when we had approach-

ed within a mile; as if they had just made us out, and wished to communicate.

"I can't stop to speak to him now," said the captain. "If he has letters for us I should like to get them; but I can't shorten sail to lose the breeze. If it holds, we shall be in the Atlantic to night."

The ensign of the outward bounder was run down—then up, and down again—as if there were some special reason for wishing to speak with us.

"What in the world can he want?" the captain muttered, in a fretful, impatient tone. "His business must be very urgent, to want to make me heave to now."

Down went the flag, as if they had given up their point entirely. But as we were nearly astern of her it was hoisted again—union down! Such an appeal was not to be resisted by any seaman with a heart in his bosom—certainly not by Frank Osborn. In came our studding-sails; but we had run too far on our course to speak her, and were obliged to round to in the lee position.

"He's coming to us, sir," said Mr. Hudson, as our maintopsails swung in aback, the light sails slatting in the stiff breeze, for we had had no time, as yet, to furl them. "There's his boat, lowering away."

"Captain Monroe! What does your flag of distress mean? What can I do for you?" inquired our commander, who had recognized the other while he was climbing the man-ropes.

"Oh, I only set that to make you heave to," was the answer. "You'll forgive me for it, I know. Let me introduce my second officer—Mr. Osborn."

"Frank!" cried the young man, who had followed his captain up the side, and now leaped into his brother's outstretched arms.

"John!"

I know of no sight more affecting than a strong man in tears. Our captain was not a man to be ashamed of his emotion; and, as he strained the younger seaman to his heart, many bronzed cheeks among the lookers-on were wet from sympathy. It soon found vent in the orthodox way, as understood among seamen and soldiers.

"Three cheers for the old man and his brother!" said old Sam Decker, huskily, with a big tear standing in each eye.

The mystery of John Osborn's apparent resurrection was soon explained. The five survivors of the Casco, after several days of suffering, exhausted with the constant labor

necessary to keep their frail craft afloat, were rescued by a party of Aleutians, who were out from Onalashka in a *baydar*, or skin canoe. Their shattered boat was on the point of sinking when they were taken from her. Though the land was in sight, they were many miles from it, and it was hardly possible they could have lived to reach it.

But they had fallen into good hands, and, after recruiting their strength for a few days, took passage in a small Russian vessel for Sitka, whence they soon reached San Francisco. John fell in with old acquaintances there, who supplied him with the

means for a quick passage home by the Isthmus route.

Nothing daunted by his perils, he was again embarked on a similar voyage. A happy hour was spent by the brothers, and they parted, perhaps not to meet again for many years. But that was looked upon as a mere matter of course by the seamen of the Vineyard and Nantucket. Where several sons of one family pursue the same adventurous calling, a separation of ten, fifteen, or even twenty years is nothing uncommon—broken, perhaps, once or twice, by a casual encounter on the great ocean highway.

THE SONG OF SPRING.

BY JENNIE JOY.

I COME at last! you have waited long,
And called me laggard in jest and song;
You have opened your doors to catch my breath,
Inhaling instead miasma and death.
But fling them wide now! for health I bring!
And welcome me, welcome me, balmy Spring!

I've loosened the bonds of the river streams,
Its waters dance and its white caps gleam;
I've kissed the brow of the slumbering rills,
They are flashing down from their native hills;
I've called from the south groves bright birds to sing;
Then welcome me, welcome me, joyful Spring!

You may trace my way through the forest glade
By the quivering light through the young leaf's shade,
By the gleaming gold of the cowslip's cup,
By the scent of flowers where the wild bees sup,
By the first white butterfly on the wing;
Then welcome me, welcome me, beautiful Spring!

Come up from the city with brow of care,
And drink in the breath of the mountain air;
I've draped your bowers with fringes complete,
And woven an emerald mat for your feet
Close by the pure fount of a woodland spring;
Then hasten to welcome me, balmy Spring!

Oh, come to my bowers! I tarry not long;
I pass, like the pale, voiceless, phantom throng,
To the golden shore, where flowers ne'er die,
Where springs are perennial. Earth-friends, good-by!
My task is ended. Dost hear Summer sing?
Then breathe a farewell to the passing Spring.

AN INNOCENT DECEPTION.

BY M. M. E.

IN at the open windows of the dark oak-wainscoted library at Hendyne Hall floated the light summer breeze. Two men—father and son—stood there exchanging words which were to part them forever. In answer to a hot angry speech of his stern-looking father, George Mordaunt, the fair-haired, blue-eyed young Guardsman, said very quietly:—

“Father, I say nothing to excuse my sin; it is unpardonable. But it was not committed, as you probably imagine, entirely to gratify my own selfish extravagance. It is right that you should know”——

“Not another word!” thundered proud Geoffrey Mordaunt. “From this moment you are no son of mine, and I command you to leave the house forever. Hendyne Hall is no refuge for a forger. Go; and the curse of the father you have disgraced be upon you now, henceforth, and forever!”

Without a word George turned and left the room, the echo of those terrible words ringing in his ears as he walked slowly down the stairs. In the hall he met his only sister, the youngest of the family, raven-haired, black-eyed Isabel, a queenly likeness of her dark-browed father, with not an iota of his pride wanting. George stopped before her, looking pleadingly into the beautiful cold face, with a desperate longing to hear some gentler words to carry away as his last remembrance of his home.

“Isabel,” he said wistfully, as he held out his hand, “I am going away—never to return. Won’t you say good-by?”

“The man who brings disgrace to Hendyne Hall is no brother of mine!” returned the haughty beauty, sweeping aside the outstretched hand as she threw back her head and walked on, the rustle of her velvet robes over the polished floor the only sound breaking the stillness which followed the harsh words.

George watched her silently until she disappeared from view, and then stood studying in a half-stupefied way the hand that she had spurned. With a heavy heart he walked out of the door, down the broad stone steps, and through the avenue, and then forever turned his back upon the home of his childhood.

Hendyne Hall had been in existence for

centuries. It was known to have been built by a Mordaunt; and now, after sheltering many generations of Mordaunts, the frowning walls seemed to have imparted to the present occupants much of their forbidding gloom.

The head of the family was stern old Geoffrey Mordaunt, a widower since the birth of his only daughter Isabel—now eighteen years old and the mistress of the Hall. There were also two sons, Francis and George, the former as like his father in person and temperament as it was possible for a son to be, while it was a source of constant wonder to his family and friends how fate ever came to graft fair-haired, light-hearted, impulsive George upon the Mordaunt stock.

Upon coming to man’s estate, a few years before, George, who had found the life of seclusion and gloom at the Hall, brightened by never a ray of sympathy or family affection, almost unbearable, had asked his father to purchase a commission in the Guards for him. Since then very little of his time had been passed at Hendyne. But the repressed life he had previously led was the worst possible preparation for a young man of George’s enthusiastic, impulsive temperament, before plunging into the dissipations of London society. The result was what might have been expected. The young Guardsman began almost immediately a course of thoughtless extravagance, while participating eagerly in all the excitements and gayety of the day. In spite of his generous allowance, he was constantly in debt; but for a time this troubled him very little, as his father at first made no demur about clearing him every year or two. At last, however, old Geoffrey Mordaunt grew somewhat shocked at his son’s frequent escapades, beginning to realize that a fortune even so large as his must in the end suffer by such constant drains upon it. Many painful scenes followed between father and son; but, in spite of these, George’s debts went on increasing.

About a year before George had been forbidden the old home, Geoffrey Mordaunt had been obliged again to take in hand his younger son’s very involved affairs, to bring order out of the confusion; but the old man had solemnly sworn that he would never

assist him again. George, deeply grateful, and realizing thoroughly the justice of his father's wrath, had made resolutions and promises innumerable for the future; but the young man was rather weak, and too deeply in the toils of his old habits to accomplish the reformation promised. Before the year was out he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards, and begin at that late day the study of law; and then one terrible morning came like a thunder-clap to the haughty Mordaunts the news that one of their family had committed forgery! George Mordaunt had forged his father's name for a thousand pounds.

To avoid publicity, old Geoffry had paid the money, and then the criminal was cast out from among his family, and all future mention of him in the household peremptorily forbidden. Nothing more was heard of the prodigal until nearly a year later, when Geoffry Mordaunt was notified by the physician who had attended him of the death of George—his son—in Paris.

"Better so a thousand times, than that he should live to disgrace us further!" said the old man, as he communicated the news to his children.

It was only what they had a right to expect—that even Death should lend his aid to keep untarnished the honor of the Mordaunts of Hendyne.

The frescoes in the state drawing-room at the Hall were gradually fading, and, unless they were to be allowed to disappear altogether, something must be done for their preservation. For this purpose an artist, John Lorrimer, was summoned from London a few months after George's death, who took up his abode in one of the towers of the Hall.

He was a fine-looking man about thirty years of age, enthusiastic enough to throw his whole heart and soul into the undertaking placed in his hands, and to make progress that was satisfactory even to the haughty old master, who on rare occasions entered the drawing-room and vouchsafed a few condescending words to the artist.

Isabel, being somewhat of an artist herself, strolled in more frequently than her father was aware. The young lady often found time hanging rather heavily on her hands, and sought amusement in watching the practice of an art which, at that time, had more interest for her, perhaps, than

anything else in the world. She allowed the painter, too, at times to give her a few hints as to a picture of the Hall on which she was engaged.

Isabel's governess had left her only a year before, and the young lady, though she regarded her and everyone else with perfect indifference, missed unconsciously the occupation to which she had been used. The governess was a girl but little older than herself, and had been banished in disgrace from Hendyne Hall for insisting, in a very impertinent way, as Miss Isabel said, upon going to her invalid mother, who was said to be dying, at a time when the young lady fancied that she particularly needed her services. Of course no one could rationally expect that the requirements of a governess could be permitted to inconvenience the Mordaunts of Hendyne; so she was paid her salary and dismissed, no one feeling any desire to interfere but George, who declared it to be a "monstrous shame," and insisted upon escorting Miss Lewis to her home.

Isabel had no associates of her own age—there was no one in the neighborhood who was her equal in birth and position, and she had not yet made her entrance into London society—so even the occasional companionship of the artist was not without its charm; and he, for his part, could never gaze his fill upon the regal, faultlessly beautiful face of the young mistress of the Hall.

When a note was handed to Geoffry Mordaunt on the morning after the frescoes were finished, telling him that on the evening before his daughter had eloped with the painter, who, before the note reached him, would be her husband, the old man understood his child well enough to know that no lack of pride had caused the rash deed. On the contrary, Isabel never dreamed that for her descent was possible. She could raise her husband to her high position, but never sink to his!

But the father cursed his daughter as he had cursed his son—for the disgrace seemed to him almost as deep; and he shut himself up in close seclusion with his eldest son, who at least might be trusted never to forget his high estate, for he was every whit as cold, haughty and gloomy as his father.

Isabel lived with her husband in London for five years, disappointed, fighting against destiny, passionately regretting the one disastrous impulse of her life which she had obeyed; but never humbled, never forgetting

that she was a Mordaunt of Hendyne Hall. Totally unfitted for the life of privations that she led, the selfish, disappointed woman made her husband's life almost as unhappy as her own, and the ill-assorted pair were constantly at variance. Her two children—a boy and a girl, whom she loved with the first real affection of her life—formed the one bright spot in the life of the wretched woman; and her passionate grief and despair when the boy succumbed to some childish ailment knew no bounds.

At last her husband died, leaving her with barely enough means to support existence in the most narrow way; and then she humbled her pride sufficiently to write to her father, not for help for herself—she could bear privations—but she considered it unfitting that her child, the heiress of Hendyne Hall, should want for anything.

Whether in any circumstances the old man would have responded to her appeal was doubtful; but Isabel had certainly chosen her words badly. In thus arrogantly putting forward her child as the future heiress, she reminded him of a fact which was galling beyond description. It was perfectly true; if he and his son were to die, the hated Isabel and her child would inherit Hendyne. He had brooded over this for years, and would have given half his income to see his son married. The receipt of this letter threw him therefore into a perfect transport of rage and indignation; and, giving himself no time for thought, he stalked into his son's library, which he entered scarcely twice a year, and threw the letter angrily upon the table at which his son was writing.

"There, Francis!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Read that piece of impertinence, and then continue your refusal to accede to my wishes if you can!"

As Francis hastily perused his sister's letter, the father saw with satisfaction that the contents disturbed him almost as much as they had himself; but the young man was always slow to speak. Laying down the letter, he stared at it thoughtfully, with a dark frown upon his brow and a vindictive light in his black eyes. His father waited, hesitating to disturb him.

At last the young man said very abruptly:—

"Father, have I your permission to go to London to-morrow, probably to stay during the season?"

"You, Francis, going to leave Hendyne—going to London for the season! What can you mean?"

"I mean, father, to do as you wish. Neither you nor I could rest quietly in our graves if any other than a Mordaunt were ruling at Hendyne Hall—especially if it were the child of a penniless artist! I shall go to London to-morrow; and I think I can promise you to return with a wife whose birth and position shall not disgrace us."

So the only answer Isabel had was the return of her own letter to her without a word of comment.

Francis returned three months later with a fair young bride, one of the numerous daughters of a by no means well-to-do Scotch nobleman, who married him for his wealth, while she had been chosen simply as being a fitting wife for a Mordaunt, and to perpetuate the family name.

Surely never did bride meet with a heartier and sincerer welcome in her husband's home, where the young Scotch girl was received with an amount of state befitting a queen. But, alas, as time went on, the young matron failed to do her duty in the high position to which she had been called, and when, three years after the marriage, old Geoffry closed his eyes forever, and was laid with his fathers in the family vault, Mrs. Francis had as yet contributed no heir or heiress to Hendyne Hall. There had been no love from the first between the wedded pair—even companionship had been little cultivated—and this bitter disappointment seemed to separate them more and more, Francis living alone among his books, and his wife—a weak, passionless creature—fabricating unending strips of embroidery, and adorning herself with the most fashionable and costly attire.

A few months after the death of the old man, Hendyne Hall was closed for a lengthy period, Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt betaking themselves to a family estate in Ireland.

After two years of absence, news was one day received at Hendyne which set all the bells ringing and flags waving; for at last had taken place the event so eagerly desired for years—an heiress had been born to the Mordaunts.

Hendyne Hall remained closed for many years, save for occasional flying visits from the family, on one of which they brought with them their lovely five-year-old daughter Violet; and it was not until the education of

the young heiress was completed that the Mordaunts at last returned to take up their abode in the long-deserted hall.

A perpetual protest against the gloom and darkness of the old mansion was bright, winsome, lovely Violet Mordaunt, with her merry, silvery laugh, her sparkling gray eyes, and her warm, affectionate heart, which found something to love in every man, woman and child about her.

"Surely a strange child to grow up in such a family!" said the neighbors. "Is it the story of her Uncle George repeating itself?"

But for Violet there was nothing to fear; the eager, enthusiastic, impulsive temperament was there, it was true; but there also was the safeguard her uncle lacked—the strong head and clear judgment to keep all in check. Her father loved her as he had never loved any human being, but openly bewailed the absence in his daughter of every vestige of the Mordaunt pride which, he told himself, had kept the Mordaunts what they were. He was totally blind to the existence in Violet of another kind of pride, which was far nobler, and which might have given him the assurance that she could never degrade herself by a dishonorable action, never be guilty of an untruth, though she would devote herself, heart and soul, to the interests of the poorest peasant in the village, without feeling that she lowered herself. Violet soon came to be known and loved in every cottage for miles around, not for the substantial tokens of her presence which every poor family could show, but for the kind words, the hearty friendliness bridging the gulf between rich and poor, which were far more precious than money.

From Ireland Violet had brought with her, as her maid and constant attendant, a rosy-cheeked, plump, black-eyed Irish lass of about her own age. Nora was devotedly attached to her beautiful young mistress, whose companion and protector she invariably was in the lonely country walks and drives of which the young lady was so fond—in fact, outside of the Hall the two were very seldom seen apart.

It was late one afternoon in July. The day had been oppressively hot, and the heiress of Hendyne, who for an hour had been yawning disconsolately over a novel, at last threw aside the book which had so lamentably failed to entertain her, and announced

her intention of going down to the lake for water-lilies. Her mother raised no objection—she never tried to control Violet—and, after leaving directions that Nora should be told to join her at the lake, Violet strolled slowly across the lawn and through the dark pine wood which covered the hill sloping down to the lake, now lying without a ripple in the stillness of the July afternoon.

Fastened to the shore were two trim little boats—Violet's private property. In the smallest of these she took her seat and lazily paddled out in the direction of a clump of lilies, stopping here and there to dip her fingers in the clear water or to watch the dragon-flies skimming lightly over the surface.

Half an hour later Nora was still absent; but, if the young lady had not been so intent on her lilies, the dragon-flies, the sunset, and the reflections in the water, she might have heard other footsteps crushing the fallen twigs in the wood.

Humming softly a fragment from the latest opera, Claude Delettrez came on unconsciously to meet his fate. Catching sight of Violet, he stopped suddenly just before emerging from the shadows of the wood, while from between the trees he could see perfectly the pretty picture before him. There she sat, quietly enough, her boat in the centre of the lilies, one of her sculls floating away lazily in the centre of the lake. Her sleeves were rolled up almost to the elbow, revealing a pair of faultless, round white arms; her golden-brown hair—simply arranged in a long loose braid—was allowed to hang below her waist; and, with her lap full of the white lilies which her fingers were idly fashioning into fantastic shapes, Violet had sunk into a reverie which was more idle than profound, for the languid heat of the July afternoon was telling on her.

Claude Delettrez was an artist, and, exactly as another artist had done more than twenty years before, he fell over head and ears in love with the only daughter of the Mordaunts of Hendyne. After gazing at Violet with delighted, enraptured eyes for a few moments, the artist-soul within him awoke; and, noiselessly seating himself on a mossy stone, he opened his portfolio, and was soon absorbed in transferring the lovely picture to paper. Violet sat as if her most ardent wish was to further the painter's designs. Only once she moved, raising her head, and looking in

some surprise towards the wood as she called, "Nora!"

"Ah, she expects some one! I must be quick!" muttered the artist.

Nearly ten minutes passed before the painter's quick ears detected the sound of footsteps coming hastily through the wood.

"I must contrive to stop this Nora for five minutes, if possible," he soliloquized; "then I shall have finished all but the exquisite face. That must wait for another occasion.

"Good afternoon, Nora," he remarked the next instant, addressing the astonished girl with the utmost *sang-froid* as she approached. "I hope you are not in a hurry, for I should like to speak to you. The young lady is quite comfortable, you see."

"Indeed, sir, then I am in a hurry," said Nora distrustfully; "and faith I'm not at all sure that Miss Violet is comfortable! What might you be doing here, sir? Perhaps you don't know that strangers are not allowed in these grounds?"

"I am doing no harm, Nora, I promise you. Come here and see, if you wish."

Nora drew near, her curiosity getting the better of her prudence.

"Och, sir, how beautiful!" she cried in delight. "Sure it's Miss Violet herself, without her sweet face!"

"Hush, Nora; don't speak so loud! Miss Violet doesn't know anything about it, and it is of no use troubling her; for I'm not doing a bit of harm, you see."

But at this, honest Nora drew back rather alarmed.

"Faith, sir, I must be going! Miss Violet will wonder why I am late."

"Stop, Nora, just a minute—I have something to say to you! I should like very much to take your picture."

"My picture?" cried the flattered Nora, radiant.

"Why, yes, Nora, of course! Where could I find a better-looking girl? And I would give it to you when it was done, and you could present it to—you know whom."

"Och, sir," cried Nora bashfully, fairly beaming with pleasure, "how ever did you find out about Tim and me?"

"Ah, Nora, I know more than you think! Tell me—does your mistress often come down here?"

"Yes, sir—most afternoons," replied the girl.

"Now, Nora, you look like a good amiable girl—just the sort of one to be nice and ac-

commodating. You see, I haven't finished the picture of Miss Violet yet, and it would be a thousand pities to let it go without a face. If you would only be good enough to manage to have that little door in the wall unlocked to-morrow—I nearly broke my neck climbing over it to-day—I am almost sure you would find half a sovereign somewhere about there afterwards—perhaps a whole one."

But again Nora drew back.

"I must go now, sir."

"I could make your picture, too, Nora," added the tempter.

Nora wavered.

"And I will give you a copy of Miss Violet's picture as well," said the artist, in despair.

This carried the day. Nora gave the required promise hesitatingly, and was allowed to depart.

"There you are at last, Nora!" called a musical voice from the water, as the girl appeared on the shore. "I have lost my scull, and can't move. You must come out with the other boat."

"Och, sure, Miss Violet," cried Nora, in despair, "you know it's always yourself that pushes the boat along, and I don't know how to do it at all, at all!"

There was a pause; then Violet cried good-naturedly:—

"Then go up to the house, Nora, and bring some one one down to help me. Be quick—I am tired of waiting here."

At that moment, to Violet's great surprise, a masculine figure appeared behind Nora—a young man not in the least like any one she had seen in the neighborhood, Violet had time to observe before he spoke.

"Would mademoiselle allow me the pleasure of serving as her boatman?" he said, with a slight foreign accent. "It seems hardly worth while sending such a distance for what I could do so quickly."

Violet looked at him silently with sweet surprised eyes, while the young man waited in breathless suspense. Was she going to refuse? Finally the coveted permission floated across the water.

"Thank you. I shall be glad of your assistance."

Claude sprang into the skiff, scarcely able to contain his laughter at Nora's comical look of astonishment.

"Mind, Nora—mum's the word!" he said, in very low tones as he pushed off.

Nora looked dubiously at the gold piece lying in the palm of her hand, and said nothing.

Not a word was spoken by either Violet or her rescuer until both stood on dry land again, when the young man raised his hat and said very deferentially:—

"I suppose I am addressing Miss Mordaunt? I certainly owe some apology for my presence here. I am a painter, and, straying in here accidentally, came across a bit of landscape which it was impossible to resist. Now that I find I am upon private ground, I must of course try to forget the tempting bit of landscape and promise mademoiselle not to intrude again."

A moment's hesitation, broken only by a strange suppressed cough from Nora, and Miss Mordaunt answered gravely, with rather a stately inclination of her small head:—

"I thank you for your assistance. Finish your picture, by all means. At this distance from the Hall my parents could scarcely look upon your presence as an intrusion. Good afternoon."

The young lady bowed and turned away, followed by her faithful attendant, whose mind was exceedingly disturbed by the strange event of the afternoon, and especially by her own participation therein.

"Faith I shall just tell Miss Violet all about it some day!" she muttered decisively to herself, turning to steal a glance at the subject of her cogitations.

To her discomfiture he was standing where they had left him, and pointing meaningly towards the small door in the wall, at the same time greeting her with something very like a wink.

Violet was silent until she and Nora had almost reached the house, when, with a low merry laugh, she turned to her companion.

"Much good my permission will do him, Nora. They will never let him in at the gate, and he can scarcely climb the wall. By the way, how did he manage to get in to-day, I wonder?"

Nora compressed her lips tightly, answering never a word, and her mistress also relapsed into thoughtful silence. She could scarcely have said less to a gentleman who had just done her a service; she hardly acknowledged to herself that she would have liked very much to do more—to give orders at the lodge that the young artist was to be admitted if he should appear there. But Violet knew well her parents' reasons for disliking everything pertaining to artists,

and even she would not have dared to run such a risk.

On the following afternoon Violet went for her row on the lake considerably earlier than usual; but, as she and Nora were returning through the wood, they met their acquaintance of the day before, portfolio in hand. To her mistress's surprise, Nora began to blush violently, and, starting with astonishment at the encounter, fell headlong over the root of a tree growing across the pathway.

Claude stepped forward, and, after raising his hat to Miss Mordaunt, assisted her fallen attendant to rise, as politely "as if it had been Miss Violet herself," as the flattered maiden declared afterwards when relating the particulars to her faithful Tim.

A few words followed this encounter—very few, of no importance; but the painter passed on, well satisfied. Miss Mordaunt had not seemed at all surprised or displeased at seeing him again; a sort of acquaintance was being established between them. He would come again to-morrow; and who could say what might come of it all?

He did come again on the morrow, but departed in disgust in the twilight; for Violet had not appeared. On the next day also the lake seemed to have no charms for her, nor on the next; but on the fourth afternoon, as he took a somewhat circuitous route through the wood, he came upon Violet and her attendant picnicking upon a moss-covered rock, Violet leaning lazily against the trunk of a tree, superintending the preparation of a pot of chocolate which Nora was boiling over a small spirit-lamp.

Claude stopped to contemplate the pretty picture, and this time, after a few remarks—principally addressed to Nora—ventured to show Violet a view of Hendyne Hall which he was painting—more to excuse his loitering than for any other reason. Violet loved her home devotedly, and awoke to genuine interest in the contemplation of its painted presentment. As she was looking at the picture with well-pleased eyes, the chocolate boiled, and Nora, turning in perplexity from the stranger to the pot, the contents of which were in such imminent danger of boiling over, in the ignorance and simplicity of her heart did Claude a service which raised in him a mad desire to embrace her on the spot. "Faith, Miss Violet, the chocolate is cooked!" she said. "Am I to give the gentleman a cup?"

For an instant Violet looked embarrassed—Claude tried unsuccessfully to appear the same. There was no help for it; so, with a lovely blush and smile, Miss Mordaunt answered:—

“Certainly, Nora.”

Nora produced two cups and a small cake from a basket lying beside the rock, finding herself merely an attendant at the feast she had been expected to share, while her mistress and the new-comer made more rapid strides towards friendship in the half-hour which followed than are usually made in a month of drawing-room and ball-room acquaintance. Claude told her his name, also that he was from Paris, and was now traveling slowly through England, merely for his own amusement, having left Paris a few months before, just after the death of his mother, as he had no other ties in France or anywhere else.

“I am quite alone in the world, Miss Mordaunt,” he said, rather sadly; and Violet’s soft eyes told of pity and sympathy.

This meeting was followed by many others, Isabel’s Mordaunt’s story thus partially repeating itself—only partially, though; for, when the young girl was at last brought to confess that she loved Claude Delettrez with all her heart, the confession was accompanied by the sorrowful declaration that she could never become his wife.

“It is no shame to love you, Claude,” she said, with her head very erect—“of such a love any woman might be proud; but my father would never consent to my marriage with you, and against his wishes I can never take such a step.”

“What does he require in your husband, Violet?” asked her lover, who did not seem as much cast down by this announcement as Violet had anticipated.

“He must be my equal in birth,” the girl answered slowly, hesitating to wound her lover’s pride.

“Is that all, darling?” was the fond rejoinder. “Then I shall not despair yet. The accident of birth shall never separate you and me, my sweet!”

A week after this Francis Mordaunt, who had been feeble and ailing for years, passed quietly away in his sleep, and Violet was the owner of Hendyne Hall, though little she thought of her increased importance as she wept bitter tears over the coffin of the father she had dearly loved despite his pride and selfishness.

A numerous company of relatives and connections was assembled at Hendyne to pay the last honors to Francis Mordaunt, who, gloomy and unloved as he had been, was still the head of the family. Only the men of the different branches had come, for Mrs. Mordaunt had made few friends among her husband’s relatives. Of Isabel nothing had been heard for many years; but her sister-in-law, though she had never seen her, rarely thought of her without a shudder. She felt convinced that she was not dead, and knew well that her silence did not mean the relinquishing of the vengeance she had sworn against the Mordaunts.

The funeral was over, and the large party of relatives assembled at Hendyne Hall were at dinner. Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughter having retired to their rooms, only a party of gentlemen were in the dining-room, a handsome apartment in the front, its windows looking directly upon the winding carriage-way leading to the house. In the midst of the quiet and gloom, in which every one spoke in low, hushed tones, looking distrustfully about the room occasionally, as if the spirit of the departed master still lurked in the heavy shadows, a commotion was heard outside, strangely at variance with the oppressive silence within.

A carriage rolled noisily and heavily over the gravel up to the door, where it stopped, and a loud, commanding voice was heard giving imperative orders to the servants, who were murmuring excitedly among themselves. Through the half-open door a tall, fine-looking woman was seen to enter the hall, where she angrily ordered a hesitating servant to bring Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt to her immediately; and the guests, startled and awed, told each other that the haughty Isabel had at last arrived. Through the door they could see that she was accompanied by a pale, nervous-looking girl, evidently her daughter.

A moment later a light step was heard slowly descending the stairs, and Violet, pallid and heavy-eyed appeared.

“You come at a strange time, madam,” she said, gravely. “My mother is unable to see you. Will you tell me your business quickly?—for I must return to her.”

For sole answer, Isabel, her eyes gleaming with vindictive triumph, seized the astonished girl with one hand, while with the other she clutched her own shrinking daughter, and then dragged them both into the

dining-room, where all presently rose to their feet, feeling instinctively that some grave crisis was at hand. In the excitement of the moment the entrance of another stranger—a young man who walked in quietly from the outside, and stood watching the scene from the hall—remained unnoticed.

"Gentlemen," cried Isabel, in loud, exultant tones, "the wicked may flourish for a time like a green bay-tree; but truth must prevail in the end! Most of you know, perhaps, who I am. The daughter of this house, I have been long an outcast; but now my time is come—now I have come back to my heritage! Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the heiress of Hendyne Hall"—thrusting forward her daughter. "This"—looking at Violet with scornful eyes—"is the daughter of an Irish peasant, who, for a few English sovereigns, was glad to sell his own flesh and blood, the child to be palmed off upon the world as the daughter of my honorable brother and his lady-wife! There she is, gentlemen; I leave it to yourselves—does she look like a Mordaunt?"

Indeed she did not—the fair-haired, sweet-faced girl in her mourning-robcs was as striking a contrast as could well have been imagined to the relentless enemy who held her in such an iron grasp. Silently she looked Isabel in the face with astonished, incredulous eyes in which there was no trace of fear or guilt, while the elder woman continued:—

"I was silent; but my worthy brother might have known that I was not idle while he concocted his iniquitous scheme! No; my spies were on his track continually, and I have papers and witnesses to prove beyond all question the truth of what I say. The years have been long, gentleman; but I have bided my time. Now my day is come; and if I allow the lady up-stairs to go out of my house free, without throwing her into the prison-cell she so richly deserves, it is the most she can expect at my hands! Whether this girl here is innocent or not!"—

"Innocent—I swear it!" cried a voice from the hall, while a tall, broad-shouldered young man strode in, and, drawing Violet towards him, placed her hand within his arm just in time, for the young girl was growing very faint; but the presence and protection of her lover restored her courage instantly.

"If this lady has quite finished her intro-

duction of herself and her companion," said he, breaking the amazed silence which followed his abrupt entrance, "I will follow her example. Madam, you called just now upon all here present to decide whether this young lady in the least resembles the Mordaunts. I agree with you that she does not in any particular; and I echo the question as regards myself. May I ask you and these gentlemen to have the kindness to look at my unworthy self for a moment, and then tell me whether I also resemble no Mordaunt you have ever seen?"

Rather haughtily the young man stood, the cynosure of those about him. Some expressed only wonder; but suddenly into more than one face flashed an amazed, half-puzzled recognition, while the effect upon Isabel was the strangest of all. She had turned rather impatiently at the unwelcome interruption; but, as she glanced angrily at the intruder, impatience gave place to dazed incredulity, while her face grew almost livid. Almost unconsciously she stepped back in affright, muttering in awe-stricken tones:—

"George—O Heaven!" The next instant she had recovered herself, and turned away contemptuously. "You can hardly hope to impose upon us all by an accidental likeness, I suppose, young man?"

To this remark Claude paid no attention, merely glancing round the amazed circle of faces as he observed, with a smile:—

"There is nothing more remarkable about the likeness some of you have noticed, gentleman, than the natural resemblance between father and son. I have already delayed too long to make myself known here in my father's home. My father's relatives and friends should be my own. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself among you as one of the family—Claude Delettrez Mordaunt—George Mordaunt's only child, and therefore the owner to-day of Hendyne Hall, where I heartily welcome you all!"

"It is a lie—a base lie!" cried Isabel, in a loud, passionate voice. "My brother George never married!"

But again Claude quietly ignored her.

"You all know, doubtless, my friends," he went on gravely, "why my father was exiled from his home a year before his death; but you are none of you aware that he was previously married privately to his sister's governess—as gentle and lovely a creature as ever lived—who was banished in disgrace

from Hendyne Hall for her effrontery in hastening to the death-bed of her mother, only a few weeks before my poor father became an outcast. In my father's defence I can only say that it was to provide for his young wife's needs that he forged his father's name—a fact which he would have made known at the last, but my grandfather cast him out without a hearing. My parents went to France, where I was born. My father in his sore repentance, felt that he had no right to carry the name of Mordaunt into exile, and it was not until I reached man's estate, a few years ago, that my mother felt it her duty to tell me what my name really was."

"Then why did you delay making yourself known until now?" cried Isabel, scornfully. "Your cleverly-arranged story has serious flaws, young man."

"Your question is very natural, Mrs. Lorrimer. I hope my story will make all clear. Soon after my birth a relative of my mother's, who had made a fortune in trade, died, and, unexpectedly to every one, left all he had to her. This relieved her totally from any necessity for applying to my father's family for aid, as you see. My mother brought away with her from Hendyne Hall such a horror and dread of the gloom, the coldness, and the pride of the Mordaunts—excuse me if I must speak plainly, Mrs. Lorrimer—that, after my father's death, she shrank with unspeakable repugnance from the idea of any sort of intercourse between her husband's family and herself and her boy. Naturally this feeling had its effect upon me, to whom she often talked, when a child, of her life at my father's home, though she never told me, as I have said, until I became a man that my name was other than Delettrez. By that time I had become thoroughly French, and felt no desire to be anything else until a few months since."

With the last words Claude glanced at Violet with a smile which she well understood, though among all her lover's amazed auditors, none was more astonished than she at the tale he was telling.

"And you actually had no intention whatever of coming forward to claim your rights?" asked a black-eyed little lawyer, almost breathlessly.

"Remember that until to-day I was not aware of possessing any rights in particular," responded Claude. "My mother had

accidentally heard of the birth of my cousin Violet, who, being a child of the eldest son, would of course inherit Hendyne Hall, and it had never occurred to her to surround the family with spies. I came to England a few months ago, simply for the pleasure of traveling in a foreign country. Fortunately Hendyne was on my route to Scotland; otherwise my interest in the place would not have been sufficiently strong to take me out of my way to see it. If I had not met Violet, I should have gone away without making myself known; for—pardon me, Mrs. Lorrimer—what I knew of the family had not given me any special desire to have any connection with it."

"And you expect us to take your word alone for all this romance?" demanded Isabel, striking her last blow for what she knew to be a lost cause.

"Certainly not. I have my mother's marriage-certificate and the certificate of my own birth, beside many other important papers. I can also bring forward many witnesses to prove my story."

A short silence followed, while Claude went to Violet, who, a few minutes before, had left his side, and was now standing in the window, with her back to the company, doing her best to force back the tears of shame so ready to flow at the knowledge of the deception she had—innocently though it had been—for years carried on. Claude took her hand and drew her gently into the middle of the room.

"As to this lady," he said, quietly, "though my relative's story with regard to her may be true, Mrs. Lorrimer has made one mistake. Whether my cousin Violet is a Mordaunt by birth or by adoption, the mistress of Hendyne Hall she is and remains—whether in her own right, or as the beloved wife of the master, makes very little difference to any one but our own two selves, I imagine. So now, my friends, will you congratulate me more a thousand times upon my bride than upon my inheritance, and wish us a long and happy life at Hendyne?"

In the tumult of congratulations, questions and answers, and explanations which ensued, Isabel and her daughter disappeared. The next moment the roll of her departing carriage-wheels was heard on the gravel; and nothing was ever heard of her or hers at Hendyne Hall again, though both Claude and Violet wrote more than once, offering

her a home in the haunts of her girlhood.

Since then some years have passed—years which have wrought a mighty change at Hendyne Hall, from which darkness and gloom seem to have vanished with its dark-eyed, heavy-browed rulers. In their place reign light and cheer—the work of love, joy, and peace; and, above all, the family closet

has been cleared of the skeleton of rich ancestral pride.

Among the arches of the old oak walls ring laughter and music, and the happy voices of children; and, from the last accounts, there is no danger whatever of the name of Mordaunt dying out at Hendyne Hall.

WEDDING-BELLS.

BY SUSANNA JONES.

DEAR friend, whose face I may not see
To-day, my thoughts are all of thee;
For thee my fondest prayers ascend,
And for thy chosen one. I pray
That ye may dwell to your lives' end
In love as warm as shines to-day.

Though now we live so far apart,
Old friendship lives in either heart;
And though I cannot hear thy voice,
Nor meet thy friendly clasp with mine,
Yet in thy joy I do rejoice
For sake of happy "auld lang syne."

These days of old, how bright and fair,
How free from doubt and gloom they were!

As happy children at their play
Think not of lessons till they must,
So we enjoyed each passing day,
And took the future all on trust.

And as the years have brought for me
As fair a harvest as could be,
So may they on my friend bestow
Contentment calm, the heart's desire,
A happy home wherein may glow
Love that is deathless and entire!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY PROF. JAMES MACKINTOSH.

ON May 16, 1568, Mary of Scotland, after the defeat of her army by the Regent Murray at the battle of Langside, near Dumbarton, fled to Carlisle, and threw herself on the protection of her kinswoman Elizabeth. On February 8, 1587, Mary, as a conspirator against the life of an English queen, was beheaded at Fotheringay—unjustly, as all Roman Catholic writers and Scotchmen still think; justly, as Mr. Froude and many other eminent thinkers have decided.

It is unnecessary to commence our traditional account of the death of this pseudo martyr by more than a brief epitome of her reign. Mary, the daughter of James V. of Scotland and Mary of Guise, was born to a life of sorrow only a few days before her father died, in December, 1542. At an early age she married the Dauphin of

France, who was afterwards killed by accident at a tournament. On her return to Scotland, to assume the crown, she renewed the pretensions of her earlier days to the throne of England, which she had previously abandoned, and henceforward made Elizabeth her sworn enemy. The vexations Mary received from the stern Calvinists, over whom she had to rule, it is unnecessary here to recapitulate. Mary, whom Henry VIII. had proposed to marry to his son Edward VI., was now recommended by Elizabeth to marry Lord Robert Dudley, but soon after fell in love with and married Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox. Mary's disgust at the profligacy and folly of this worthless stripling was soon followed by Darnley's jealousy and the murder of Rizzio. Mary's guilty infatuation for James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell,

then led, as we all know, to the cruel murder of Darnley, in which crime the best and most impartial authorities now all allow that Mary was an accomplice, probably before, and certainly after the event. How the nobles of Scotland, always turbulent enough against the daughter-in-law of Catherine de Medicis, rose in arms at Mary's marriage with the blood-stained and brutal Bothwell is well known, as is also her romantic escape from Lochleven, and her subsequent defeat and imprudent flight to England.

From Scylla to Charybdis Mary had passed in coming to the domains of Elizabeth, whose right to the crown she had, from a child, disputed. She soon found herself a prisoner, suspected of murder, in Bolton Castle. From there she was removed further south to Tutbury, in Staffordshire. Her subsequent removals to Coventry, Buxton, Wells, Tixall and Chartley, were followed by her being finally transferred still more south to Fotheringay Castle. The history of her eighteen years' detention in England we must epitomise in a few lines. With the justice or wisdom of Mary's detention we have nothing here to do; but how could a Catholic claimant of the English throne expect much mercy from Elizabeth and her Protestant ministers, whose destruction France, Spain, and the Pope were incessantly planning? Why, a virtuous princess, appealing for mercy, could hardly have expected it! How much less, then, a woman who had murdered her husband and married the murderer; a daughter-in-law of the Medici? At Tutbury this dangerous woman was vexed with restrictions, and yet with all the watching, letters reached her from France, Spain, and the English conspirators whom she encouraged to assassinate Elizabeth. We know, too, that at Chartley she drove out and was wheeled out frequently, went to see duck-hunts, rode with the hounds, and killed fat ducks with her ready cross-bow; while as for her wardrobe and trifles, they were so numerous that they filled eighty carts. At Tutbury she rode out hawking, and had her music books and her embroidery for quiet days. Not in telling beads or muttering aves did the unhappy woman's years pass. No whisper in Vatican or threat at Madrid but reached her through her emissaries. Walsingham's hireling spies had to counter-mine against Mary's. The early plans of

the Armada were, no doubt, known to Darnley's treacherous widow. Many times Elizabeth had warned her and forgiven her. Even her threatening intrigues with the Duke of Norfolk were pardoned. But, in 1586, Mary having encouraged the conspiracy of Babington, a young Derbyshire gallant, who, with six other Catholic youths, many of them holding offices about the court, had taken oath to kill Elizabeth, even in the throne-room if necessary, the imminent peril of such incessant conspiracies at last deeply moved Elizabeth, and she reluctantly yielded to Burleigh and Davison's advice for Mary's instant trial. With great reluctance she at last signed the death-warrant at Greenwich Castle. She specified the hall of Fotheringay Castle as a better place for the execution than the court-yard or green; and bade Davison tell Walsingham when he returned to London; adding, ironically, that his grief about it would kill him (Walsingham) outright. Afterwards, in a less noble mood, Elizabeth was mean enough to pretend that Burleigh and Davison had tricked her into compliance with their wishes.

But before we raise the curtain on Mary's death scene, let us take a glance at the old Northamptonshire fortress of Fotheringay, as it appeared to Mary when she rode in beneath its ill-omened towers. The castle stood not far from the river Nen, on a slight eminence—rising like a knoll—out of the dull level of Northamptonshire, the village being below the castle and nearer the river; the meadows and low grounds had a fine view southward towards Oundle, and northward towards Lord Westmoreland's woods. On the west and north of the village were the villages of Glapthorne, Newton, and Nassington. The Tower, Hertford Castle, Grafton, Woodstock, Northampton, Coventry and Huntingdon had each been proposed to Elizabeth as a fit prison-place for Mary, but had been, one by one, rejected by Elizabeth. Some were places not strong enough; others were not large enough for the trial. Eventually, Fotheringay had been chosen, because it was strong and roomy.

But to return to the prisoner of Fotheringay. Mary's protests were loud against being considered a criminal, subject to English jurisdiction, or, indeed, as a born queen, against being subject to any human jurisdiction at all. She had come to England, she said, proudly, for succor, and had been detained as a prisoner. She was next in

the succession; and as the laws of the country had been no protection to her, she would not be answerable to them. She would rather die a thousand deaths than prejudice her rank, her royal blood, and right of her son, and set so poor a precedent to other princes as to acknowledge herself a subject. But before one tribunal only, the Parliament of England, would she consent to stand, and before that she had always desired to defend herself.

Upon this defiance Cecil announced his intention of at once proceeding with the trial, whether she remained contumacious or not, and Mary then consented to attend if the court would allow her to protest. The trial took place in the chamber of presence in the castle, a great room sixty feet long, at the upper end of which was a chair of state with a canopy, representing the majesty of the throne. There were benches on either side. On the right sat the Chancellor, Lord Burleigh, nine earls, and a viscount; on the left were thirteen barons. Below these two ranks of benches ranged the privy councillors, including Sir Christopher Hatton and Walsingham, and Saddler, who had held Mary Stuart in his arms (as Mr. Froude notes) when she was a baby. In front of the earls were the two chief justices, the chief baron, and four of the judges. The attorney and solicitor-general were at a small table immediately under the vacant chair of state, and in the centre of the room sat the Queen of Scots, plainly dressed in gray.

In the course of this trial it was proved by Babington's own confession and by the confessions of Bollard the Jesuit, and Savage, one of the young court gallants, who had undertaken the assassination of Elizabeth, that Mary Stuart had urged forward and, in every way, warmly abetted the plot. Mary resolutely denied that she had ever written to Babington, though her own letter to him in cypher was produced in court.

With infinite art Mary held out hopes of her own conversion to Protestantism; she insinuated that the Puritans had invented the charges against her for political purposes; and lastly, she refused to submit to the judgment of a prejudiced court, and demanded, in a queenly way, that as a princess, her simple denial should be believed. Firm, bold and undaunted, she charged the venerable Burleigh with being "her adversary," as she had before hinted that Wal-

singham had, perhaps, forged her supposed letter to Babington.

Burleigh retorted with the dignity of an old statesman, "I am adversary to Queen Elizabeth's adversaries," and went on with crushing calmness to prove from this deceitful woman's own letters that she had offered to surrender her right in England to Philip of Spain; and in a letter to Mendoza, his minister, had used those fatal words relative to the Babington assassination plot: "If my purpose is known, my friends in England are lost to us forever." We see in these words of Mary that same falsity that years after brought her grandson also to the scaffold. She listened scornfully to these terrible proofs, and still demanding to be heard by an English parliament, or to speak in person to the queen, rose with dignity and left the room. Hitherto she had trusted to Elizabeth's vacillation, and had shown no sense of danger. She had been anxious to know from Paulett, her keeper, who this lord was, and who that, criticized the judges, noted who spoke little and who much, and observed casually, as Paulett wrote to Walsingham, the arch-detector of all her plots, that English history was a bloody history. She little knew how near the axe was; for, at the next sitting, the commissioners (including some of her own secret abettors) at once found her guilty, not only as accessory and privy to the conspiracy, but as the actual "imager and compasser of her majesty's destruction."

The danger was imminent. Elizabeth felt she was surrounded, even in the presence chamber, as the Babington conspiracy had shown, with secret Catholic assassins; already Philip had ordered a squadron to be equipped against England, at Lisbon. The parliament loudly demanded Mary's death; the Queen of Scots, they said, in their address to Elizabeth, had been a corrupting canker in England. And they loudly demanded that her past condemnation might be followed by as just an execution.

Elizabeth was racked with fear and doubts. She was loth to put her guilty kinswoman to death. In her reply to the address she said, and we believe with perfect honesty: Her life had now been dangerously shot at, and nothing had grieved her more than that a person of her own sex, of the same rank and degree, and nearly allied to her in blood, had fallen into so great a

crime. So far was she from bearing the Queen of Scots ill will, that she had written secretly to tell her that if she would confess her fault, her practices should be wrapt in silence. Even now, if the Queen of Scots would repent, and if there were no other interests, she would still willingly pardon her. Nay, if England might by her own death attain a more flourishing estate and a better prince, she would gladly lay down her life. She cared to keep it only for her people's sake. For herself, she saw no great cause why she should be fond to live, or fear to die. She was in a cruel position. She was called on to order the death of a kinswoman, whose practices had caused her deep distress. Her situation was so unprecedented, and the matter itself of so great moment, that she trusted an immediate resolution would not be demanded of her. In concerns less important than the present she was accustomed to deliberate long upon that which was once to be resolved. She promised to pray God to illuminate her mind to foresee what would be for the good of the church and commonwealth; and, admitting that there would be danger in delay, she undertook to give her answer with due expediency.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, after noon, says the chronicler, the Earl of Kent, an austere Puritan, who looked on Mary as Jezebel herself, and Mary's old gaoler, Lord Shrewsbury, had an interview with the Scottish queen, and told her that he had received a commission under the great seal, and that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning.

Mary who had been hopeful, joyous, and was in excellent health, bore the news with little fortitude. At first, she would not believe Shrewsbury; then she tossed her head scornfully, and began to talk wanderingly to her physician about a sum of money owing her in France. At last, she broke down entirely; and Kent and Shrewsbury left, fearing suicide or some terrible struggle on the scaffold. In the morning her courage returned; she resolved to die like a queen and a Catholic martyr. The commissioners cruelly refusing to let her own chaplain administer to her the sacrament, she declined the good offices of an English dean, and contented herself with a general confession. Her priest was told to watch through the night and pray for her. She supped cheerfully, drank to her servants' health; and after-

wards drawing aside her apothecary, gave him a letter and two diamonds for Mendoza, Philip's minister. He promised to melt a lump of some drug and conceal them in that.

The smallest was for Mendoza, the largest for the Spanish king. Every one of her special friends and servants Mary commended to Philip's liberality, and mentioned the rewards she wished to be bestowed. She read her will and inventory, went to bed at her usual hour; slept three or four hours; then rose to pray and dress for the execution. Having called together her servants, Mary next read over to them her will and her bequests.

At eight in the morning the provost marshal knocked at the queen's private door. It was locked, and no one answered. On returning, however, with the sheriff, the queen stepped forth, dressed royally in printed black satin, training to the ground, with long hanging sleeves, trimmed with jet acorns, the sleeves being cut to show the purple robe beneath; the under bodice and skirt were of crimson satin; her stockings were of blue worsted, clocked and edged with silver; and her shoes were of rough Spanish leather. Her gray hair was hidden with a wig, covered with a veil of lawn, bowed out with wire, and edged with some lace. From a pomander chain on her neck hung an *Agnus Dei*, tied with a black ribbon; she carried an ivory crucifix in her hand; and at her girdle were her beads, with a golden cross. Led by two of Paulett's gentleman, the sheriff walking before, she passed to the chamber of presence, in which she had been tried, and Melville, the master of her household, was kneeling in tears. Mary, not without tears, stopped to comfort him.

"Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep, that the end of Mary Stuart's troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son; tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland. So, good Melville, farewell." And she stooped and kissed her faithful old servant on the cheek. She then asked for her chaplain, but he had been refused admission. Her ladies, also, had been kept back. Mary, having begged the commissioners to allow her servants to receive their several legacies, requested that her servants might be about her at her death, but the Earl of Kent bluntly replied they would be a disturbance to her; and, besides, he feared there would be superstition prac-

ticed in pressing to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood.

"My lord," said Mary, "I will pass my word they do no such thing. Alas! poor souls, it will do them good to bid their mistress farewell. Your mistress, being a maiden queen, for womanhood's sake, would not deny me this courtesy. I know she hath not so straitened your commission but that you might grant me more than this, if I were of a far meaner condition."

The commissioners then consulted and granted her the nomination of six attendants, upon which Mary chose faithful old Melville, her apothecary, her chirurgion, another old man, and the two ladies who used to be in her chamber—Elizabeth Kennedy, and Barbara, the young wife of Curll her attendant. "*Allons Donc*," she then said, and passed on, attended by the earls, and leaning on an arm of the officer of the guards, poor old Melville bearing her train, and Mr. Andrews, the sheriff, proceeding. She then descended the great staircase to the hall, where some three hundred knights and gentleman of Northamptonshire had been admitted. The tables and forms had been removed, a large wood fire blazed on the hearth. The scaffold, at the upper end of the hall, two feet high, and twelve broad, was hung with black cloth. The four sides were guarded by the sheriff's halberdiers, to keep back the crowd. On the scaffold, visible, and in ghastly relief, stood a black block, a square black cushion, and a black chair; with two other chairs to the right, for the two earls. Two masked figures stood silent at the block. The Queen of Scots mounted the scaffold, "with as much willingness as ease," says Gunton, the Dean of Peterborough, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent standing at her right hand, the sheriffs on her left, and the two black silent men facing her. Mary smiled when Beal, clerk of the Council, read the formal commission, which "she seemed little to regard."

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury, when this form was over, "you hear what we are commanded to do?"

"You will do your duty," Mary replied, as she rose and knelt to pray. At this moment, Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, approached the rails, and said, with a low bow, "Madam, the queen's most excellent majesty,"—and after three times commencing, began an exhortation to repentance.

Mary checked him at once. "Mr. Dean,"

she said, "I am a Catholic, and I must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little. Trouble not yourself further. I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood."

It was no time to discuss theology. Mary turned her back on the dean and the two earls, and began her own devotions, out of her own portuary, with beads and crucifix in her hand, repeating the Penitential Psalm, partly in Latin and partly in English, in a loud rich voice. The ill-mannered dean delivered an extempore prayer for her conversion aloud at the same time. Mary struck the crucifix against her bosom and prayed for the church, for her son, and for Elizabeth. Then kissing the crucifix, and crossing her forehead, cried:—

"Even as thy arms, O Jesus, were spread upon thy cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins."

As she rose, the two masked men stepped forward and begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." Turning her head, she said, with a smile to the two earls, as the executioners offered to arrange her dress, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before." Her two ladies then came up to remove her veil, her black robe and bodice, to put on her crimson sleeves, and to cover her head and face with a gold-worked cambric Corpus Christi cloth. The women now, seeing their mistress thus arrayed for death, burst into convulsive tears, and left the scaffold.

Mary knelt and repeated the Latin Psalm, "*In te Domine speravi, Ne confundar in æternum.*" Then she felt for the block, and laid down her head, saying, "*In manus Domine tuas commendo animam meam.*" She placed her hands under her neck, but the executioner removed them, for fear they should check the full force of his blow, and one of the men gently held her. The first blow, ill-aimed, fell on the knot of the Corpus Christi handkerchief; but Mary neither groaned nor moved, though the wound was but slight. At the second stroke the head fell. The blow shook off the false black locks, and Mary's short-cropped gray hair became visible.

"So perish all the queen's enemies," cried the dean.

"Such end," said the stern Earl of Kent, "to the queen's and the Gospel's enemies."

Under the dead woman's gown a little pet dog was discovered, and it went and laid itself down beside her head. The beads, paternoster, handkerchief, the dress, and even the cloth of the scaffold, were then burnt in the hall fire, for fear they might be turned into Catholic relics. The executioners received nothing that was hers, though they tried to carry off her crucifix. Her body was immediately taken into the

great chamber and embalmed by the surgeons.

So, in her forty-sixth year, and the eighteenth of her imprisonment, ended the sorrows and crimes of the fair pupil of the Medici. On Sunday night, July 30, Mary's body was carried by torchlight to Peterborough, and the next day, at ten A. M., buried in the cathedral, near the body of John, last abbot and first bishop of that venerable church.



THE WAVE OF TIME.

THE tide of time rolls swiftly by,
But ne'er flows back again;
And though for vanished days we sigh,
Our grieving is in vain.
The motion of the rising day,
The silvery evening chime,
The sounds we love all float away
Upon the wave of time.

Of what avail are earthly joys,
Or worldly honors vain,—
Pleasures which true peace destroys,
And leaveth naught but pain?
Life here is but a pilgrimage
Unto a fairer clime,
When all past sorrows buried are
Beneath the waves of time.

May we while here on earth aspire
To reach the brighter world,
Where night's dark banner o'er the day
Will never be unfurled;
Where angel hands sweet golden harps
And seraph's song sublime
Gush in glad strains of silver sounds,
Beyond the waves of time.

Oh, we may fix our hearts upon
The joys that ne'er decay,
Nor heed the fading things of earth
That soon must pass away.
The fleeting joys that here we prize
Will vanish in their prime;
And soon, forgotten, we shall sink
Beneath the wave of time.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE ENTERPRISE.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

THE boy who owned the Enterprise was named Georgius Rex. Some people laughed at the name, but his mother said she found it in a book, so it must have been all right.

His sister's name was Mirindyo Mirandyo Mirosybo. You may think that is very queer, but it is true.

She didn't look any queerer than if her name had been only Mary Jane. She had a little, freckled face, with a turned-up nose

right in the middle of it, two very blue eyes, and two long tails of braided hair hanging down her back.

Her mother thought Mirindyo Mirandyo Mirosybo was a beautiful name; she found that, too, in a book. Rosybo, which everybody called it, for short, wasn't so very bad.

Georgius Rex was usually called Rex; indeed the children were never called anything but Rosybo and Rex, except when they had

behaved very badly, and on Sundays when they had on their best clothes.

I almost forgot to tell you that they had a very small brother whose name was Duke Alexis. Mrs. Pycott said if she was poor she had a right to give her children just as good names as rich people gave their children. And of course she had.

The Pycotts lived at Dumpling Point. In the Summer, when the ocean was smooth and blue, and the sun was shining, and the city guests who came to the great hotel at Purple Beach—only a little ways off—were sailing about in their yachts, or going into the water in their gay bathing dresses, or driving on the sands with beautiful horses and carriages, and there were electric lights and fireworks and a band playing almost every night—then Dumpling Point was a delightful place.

I wonder if the summer visitors ever thought how Dumpling Point looked in the winter!

Then the ocean was angry and almost black—except when it lashed itself into whiteness as if it were trying to rival the snowy ground—and even the sunshine seemed frozen. All the gayety had vanished. The great hotel was empty and closed; there was not a sign of life, nor a sound, except when the wind seemed to get tired of the silence, and seized the shutters and thumped and banged them, to wake up somebody in the house. But it wasn't of the least use; even the last hungry mouse had discovered that the larder was hopelessly empty, and taken his departure. If the mice were wise I think they left the neighborhood altogether for there were very few full larders about there.

Dumpling Point in the winter was just like poor Cinderella after the clock struck twelve.

But the Pycotts thought very little about the dreariness because they were used to it. They did sometimes wish it would be always summer, but of course they knew it wouldn't be, just as well as they knew that Duke Alexis couldn't have the moon to play ball with because he cried for it.

This winter they had cold and hunger to bear, as well as loneliness, and those were much harder to get used to. The father, who was a fisherman, had been drowned a year before, and he left them nothing but the little house they lived in. Mrs. Pycott and Rosybo and Rex had to earn everything they had, and there were very few ways of

earning money at Dumpling Point. In summer they caught lobsters and dug clams for the hotel. They had a row-boat. It was old and delapidated, and continually getting leaky and having to be repaired, but it was much better than no boat at all, and Rex knew how to take care of a lobster trap as well as any old fisherman.

They carried their lobsters and clams up to the hotel in a bushel basket; it was pretty heavy, sometimes, when it was full, but they put it upon a board and attached a string to the board and drew it along. They wanted a wheelbarrow. I don't suppose any boy ever wanted a velocipede as much as Rex wanted a wheelbarrow. They tried to save up money enough to buy one, but when there was almost enough something was sure to happen. Once Duke Alexis swallowed a button which stuck fast in his throat and the wheelbarrow money had to go to pay the doctor for taking it out; at another time it rained in through the roof and spoiled all their flour and they had to take the wheelbarrow money to buy another barrel, and at another time the shoes all gave out at once, when they might have been reasonably expected to wear two months longer. And then, oh, dear! instead of getting a wheelbarrow they lost their basket.

This was how it happened. The basket was standing on the pier while Rex, down below in the boat, was tossing lobsters up into it—queer, dark-green things, just taken from the trap, all squirming and rattling their claws about, and manifesting the greatest objection to leaving their home in the briny deep. Up went one big old fellow who had evidently made up his mind never to be made into salad. He struggled and kicked so furiously that he succeeded in overturning the basket which stood near the edge of the pier, and over it rolled into the water! It was carried under the pier, and, as the wind was blowing, and the tide was very strong, it was torn in pieces before Rex could rescue it. Rosybo was on the pier, at the time, but she was having all she could do to take care of Duke Alexis who had shown a determination, almost ever since he had been born, to turn a somersault off that pier.

It was fortunately near the close of the season when that accident happened, and after the guests had gone, one of them, a gentleman who had taken a great fancy to Rosybo and Rex, because they did their very best with so much cheerfulness and courage,

sent them a wheelbarrow. It was not only a good and strong one, but it was painted and had the name *Enterprise* on the side.

Now if when you read the title of this story you thought the *Enterprise* was a boat you may be disappointed that it was only a wheelbarrow, but the finest yacht that ever sailed would not have made Rex and Rosybo any happier.

There was only one drawback to their pleasure in it. There would be so long a time before summer came, and the hotel was opened, and they could use it. Rex would not use it to bring driftwood up from the beach; no, indeed! he was going to save it brand-new for summer; so he used an old sled that he had made, even when the ground was bare. Rosybo was less patient; it seemed as if she couldn't wait until summer to use the wheelbarrow. Duke Alexis was continually crying for a ride in it, and, at last, Rex promised him that he should have one if he wouldn't knock the nose off a snow man that he had made. After that Duke Alexis had a sore throat, and the weather was bitterly cold, and there were snow-drifts that lasted a long time, but one day when all these obstacles, except the cold weather, were around, Rex came home one day in a great state of excitement, with the news that a vessel had been wrecked on Plum-pudding Ledge. Her masts were snapped off, and there was a hole in her side, and she was in a badly damaged condition generally, but her crew had managed to bring her over to Pretty Cove where she now lay. A revenue cutter was going to tow her down to Fairmouth for repairs. Didn't Rosybo want to go and see her?

Of course Rosybo did; she had her shawl and hood on before Rex got the words out of his mouth. "And we might as well take Duke Alexis with us in the *Enterprise*," said Rex.

"It is cold, and it is two miles to Pretty Cove," said Mrs. Pycott. "And Duke Alexis is heavy; you will get very tired." It did sometimes seem to Rosybo as if mothers were made on purpose to say you had better not do things.

But Rex and Rosybo both protested that they should not be tired, in the least, and Duke Alexis could be so warmly wrapped up that he would not mind the cold. Mrs. Pycott said she "never did see such children," but she let them go.

The wheelbarrow was brought out, and

Duke Alexis was lifted into it, so wrapped up that you would have thought he was only a bundle if you had not caught sight of his two little black eyes, shining like two little bright beads. He wouldn't have his mother's old green veil on his face unless he could have two holes cut out for his eyes. His mother said she never did see such a child, but she cut out the holes, nevertheless.

It was cold, and it was two long miles to Pretty Cove, but Rex and Rosybo had exercise enough to keep them warm, and when they were tired they sat down to rest; and as for Duke Alexis, he was so proud and happy to be riding in the *Enterprise* that if he had been cold he would not have acknowledged it. There were so many people on the beach at Pretty Cove that it looked like a circus day; and there was the revenue cutter, a great black steamship, puffing and blowing away like a monster that wanted to swallow everybody up. The injured vessel was a very sad sight, with her side crushed in, and her masts broken off. They were such huge masts that Rosybo could not understand how they could have been broken like that; they looked exactly as if some wicked giant had snapped them in two, as a boy would break a pencil. And the vessel was so fast aground that the revenue cutter, with all its puffing and blowing, could not get her off.

Men were at work lightening her cargo with all possible speed. She had come from the West Indies, and her cargo was fruit and sugar and spices. Boxes and bales and barrels were being brought off in row-boats, and some of them were broken open, and oranges were rolling about, and boys were helping themselves to figs and dates and lemons.

There were men at work carrying the fruit into fish-houses on the edge of the beach, but there were only a few men, and they had nothing but their arms in which to carry the heavy boxes and bales, and the work was progressing very slowly.

"We'll just go to work and help, Rosybo!" said Rex.

A gentleman was walking up and down watching the proceedings with an anxious expression. Rex heard one of the bystanders say that he was one of the owners of the vessel, who had come from Fairmouth to superintend its removal.

"Your wheelbarrow would be useful; will you lend it to one of the men?" he said.

"We would rather use it ourselves, sir, if you please!" said Rex, eagerly. "I am strong, and so is Rosybo—if she is only a girl—and we'd like to help!"

And hardly waiting for the gentleman's assent, Rex took Duke Alexis out of the wheelbarrow as if he had been only the bundle that he looked, and in his hurry came near standing him on his head instead of on his feet, an indignity which Duke Alexis was himself too much excited to resent; and, in a very short space of time, two big boxes were in Duke Alexis' place in the wheelbarrow, and Rex and Rosybo were wheeling them as if they were as strong as Samson. *It was hard work, but they would not have owned it for anything in the world.*

Duke Alexis sat upon a box and surveyed the scene with interest, through the two holes in his mother's green barege veil, devouring, meanwhile, with great satisfaction, an orange which the gentleman gave him.

Everybody worked with a will; but more boxes and bales and barrels were continually brought off the vessel, and it was growing late, and Rex was beginning to wonder whether their mother would be very much worried about them, and Rosybo was beginning to think she would have to give up, her arms ached so badly, when they heard a great shout from the men, and there was the vessel going off in the wake of the steamer! There was no more lightening to be done, and there was not much of the cargo left unstored.

"I think you had better go home now if you live away up at Dumpling Point," said the gentleman, coming up to them. Rex and Rosybo both thought so, too, but Duke Alexis, who had been running backward and forward with them at every trip for nearly an hour, was not in the least tired, and said he wanted to wait until the elephant came around. He had once been to the circus, and he had become possessed of the idea that there could not be a good time without an elephant. He was only persuaded to go by the promise of unlimited oranges, for the gentleman gave them a whole box to carry home.

He also slipped a brand-new, bright and shining half-dollar into Rex's hand. Rex did not like to take it. "We didn't do it for pay; we wanted to help," he said. But the gentleman insisted upon his putting it into his pocket.

"You're just the kind of boy that I like; not afraid of work, and willing to lend a helping hand. How should you like to learn to build ships? I want a boy like you in my shipyard."

Rex's eyes sparkled.

"I should like it better than anything in the world, if I could earn money enough to support my family. I am all the man there is in it!" he said—"though Rosybo is *awful* smart."

"Yes!" said the gentleman, emphatically. "If I wanted a girl in my shipyard I should certainly want Rosybo. As it is she can take care of the family while you are away. You can go home and spend Sunday every week if you want to. Will you come up to Fairmouth to-morrow, and ask the way to John Stilling's shipyard? If I like you as well as I think I shall, I will give you a good place and good pay, and see that you have some chance for an education besides."

That wheelbarrow did not seem heavy, nor the homeward way long, although Duke Alexis sat astride the big box of oranges, and it was very cold and very dark, except when a half-moon—which Rosybo said looked just like an apple turnover—struggled through the clouds. Their mother came out to meet them with her shawl over her head, and she hugged and kissed them, and said she never had expected to see them again. But when she heard all about it she was glad they had stayed.

Now the leaky roof is repaired, so that the flour can't be spoiled; if Duke Alexis should swallow a button every day, the doctor could be paid for taking it out; and new shoes are bought before the old ones are worn out. And there is a very good prospect that some day the ship-building firm in Fairmouth will be "John Stilling & Co." And Mrs. Pycott says she never did see such children as hers are!

HOW THE COMET GOT A TAIL.

BY CAMILLA WILLIAM.

DID my young readers ever hear about the Great Palace of the Old Moon? I dare say not, because nobody but me knows anything about it, and I have never told them. But I am going to tell them now.

This Great Palace is built on the upper side of a very large cloud, which forever floats through the air, and from which no rain ever falls. The under side of this cloud, which is the side next the earth, and which we see, is bluish-gray, and all tumbled up, and sometimes you can see light shining through little holes and thin places in it. Looking up, you might think it only a common cloud; but, if you were on the other side, you would see a great difference. I will tell you how it looks.

In the first place, it has no walls nor roof—sky-places never have—but only a floor, and a pile of soft cushions all round the edge. These cushions are all colors; sometimes pink, blue, gold, purple, crimson, orange, and a thousand beautiful tints—sometimes pearly white, or gray, or even black. They change just as clouds do, and look like clouds. And it is on these cushions that the people of the palace lie or lean when they wish to rest, or to look over and down to the earth.

There are a great many people living in this vast palace, which is miles long, and their business is to make new stars and meteors, and such things out of the old moons. But these people don't make new moons. Those are made somewhere else.

These Moon-folks are the most comical people in the world, or out of it—so comical that they are always doing something to make each other laugh, as you would expect from people whose business it is to cut up shines. Indeed, that very expression, "cutting up shines," was first used of funny doings, on account of funny people who cut over the old moons.

Moreover, these people are very quick in their motions, and are very fond of dancing and singing. They live on oranges, and dates, and bananas, and lemon-drops, and cream-candy. All these things they pluck from the most beautiful trees that grow up out of the clouds in every direction. They wear the loveliest fine silken dresses, which are always the color of the cloud they stand on,

and change as they pass from one color to another; so that, by running about, they can have as many new dresses as they please, without having the trouble of taking them off, or putting them on.

But all this time, I am not telling you about the little Comet, and how he got his tail, which is a very interesting story.

Well, one morning the king of the Moon-folks got up very early and put on his crown, and waked all the people up.

"No more sleep!" he said, shaking his sceptre. There is a great deal to be done to-day. I have some very large orders to fill. There is to be a meteoric-shower at the North Pole at ten o'clock to-night, and not a meteor is made. Besides that, some of the stars are getting shamefully dull, and must be replaced. Only last evening, I heard a lady on the earth praising some of the stars, when a gentleman by her side told her that they were not nearly so bright as her eyes. I was mortified, for the lady's eyes were as dull as my shoes before daylight, and the gentleman must have thought our stars in great need of repair. Let all stars of the first magnitude, at least, be made new before night."

Having given his order, the king went to breakfast. The people began to stir about rather sulkily, for they didn't like being called so early, and as it was early daylight, they all looked quite gray. They got their large scissors, made of chain lightning, and began to cut up old moons that were piled in the middle of the palace. There wasn't a laugh heard, nor even the faintest smile seen, and everything was gray except the moons, which were yellow, and there was nothing heard but the snip, snip of the scissors. It was an unpleasant time, and even the old moons didn't seem to enjoy being cut up so early in the morning, and one of them even said that she wished she had the horns she once had—she would toss somebody, she guessed.

Now three of these people were at work by themselves, on the side of the palace nearest the east, where the sun was going to rise; and the names of these three persons were Whisp, Fling and Float, and they were the merriest of all the people in the palace. Even on this morning, they did not look so glum as

the others did, but talked together; though, I must own, their talk was not very amiable.

"I think this is the toughest moon I ever put scissors to," said Whisp, hacking away, "The edges of this lightning are all dulled with it. It is out of the question pointing the stars nicely." And, giving the star a very sharp snip, she snipped it quite in two.

They couldn't help laughing at this, and, the sun being very near the horizon, they began to turn pink, and to feel better. So they continued laughing, and making remarks about the other people, who were not yet turning pink, being lower down.

"They're the color of an east wind," said Float. I wish they would all blow away. People below would think it a Scotch mist."

"Not if they should take their scissors with them," said Fling.

While they talked, the sun got higher and the cushions round the palace turned pink and gold, and the palace and people turned pink and gold, and they all became, immediately, as happy as they could be. They sang and laughed, and cut shines all day, and by sunset all the stars of the first magnitude were ready in their places, and as bright as new whistles, and a shower of meteors was finished, and all nicely packed, and sent off to the North Pole, and the Moon-people were all lounging and lolling on their splendid cushions, and looking at the sunset, and down to the earth. But the mischievous Whisp could not keep quiet, but called her friends, and whispered to them:—

"Fling and Float, guess what I am going to do!" she said.

"Ride down to Earth on your scissors," said Fling.

"Toss a meteor overboard," said Float.

"No!" said Whisp, laughing.

"Spill star-dust over the supper-table, to make the folks sneeze," guessed Fling.

"Put an orange up in place of a star," said Float, "and see how all the astronomers will wonder over it through their telescopes."

"You will never guess," said Whisp. "Now listen, and keep your own counsel; I am going to make a comet!"

The other two were so astonished at her daring proposal, that they were unable to speak for a moment. For comets were made only once in a hundred years, and then only by some member of the royal family, the whole court looking on in admiration, and sending up a shout when the comet was launched.

When Fling and Float recovered from their surprise, and were able to speak, they tried to coax Whisp to give up her mischievous plan; but she would not, and in the end, not only made them give up their objections, but got them to help her.

When everybody was abed that night, they began their work, and in an hour had finished the most beautiful comet that was seen. It was as bright as silver, and shone with a pure and cheerful radiance; and over all it had just the faintest twinkle of pink, and then of green, so that when you looked a little away from it you saw the colors, but when you looked directly at it, it was silvery.

After they had sufficiently admired the work of their hands, a sudden thought of dismay struck all three of them at the same instant. How should they get a tail for it? For it is as bad for a comet to be without a tail, as it would be for a little girl or boy to be without a nose. Well, they sped off to the Northern Lights, to beg a piece for a tail, but the Northern Lights refused. Then they tried to piece up one out of star-beams; but the star-beams would not hold together. Then they cut a strip out of an old moon, but it was too heavy, and fell off. Finally, they sat down in despair, and began to wish that they hadn't undertaken such a piece of work, and concluded that one may go too far in cutting up shines, and get cut up one's self. For if the king should discover in the the morning what they had done, sooner than suffer a comet to go without a tail, he would have torn the three naughty plotters into rags to make a tail for him.

Well, morning having drawn near, without their having come to any decision, or been able to do anything, Whisp took leave of her two friends, and, taking her unlucky little Comet by the hand, she put her scissors in her pocket, and ran away to the Earth.

It was just sunrise when they reached the Earth, and everything looked bright and happy but these two, who went sorrowfully along, Whisp regretting her daring folly, and the Comet feeling very much ashamed of himself for being without a tail. They passed by pleasant farm-houses, where cows were going out to pasture, tinkling their bells, and where the smokes piled up so straight into the air, that they looked like pillars supporting the great blue roof of the sky. They heard the reapers whetting their scythes, and the early birds singing their morning songs, and ask-

ing each other how they had rested through the night. The hedges were so full of dew-drops, that they looked silver-white, and glistened all over, and thousands of little creeping and flying things were waking up, bestirring themselves. But in all this life and joy, the two poor little travelers wandered disconsolate and homeless, and when a huge ugly dog ran out of a farmhouse, barking, they flew away as fast as their wings would carry them, and never stopped till they alighted, half dead with fatigue and terror, in the mist of a large horse-chestnut tree, that stood close to the walls of the prettiest little cottage that can be imagined.

This cottage was just the color of cream—not milkman's cream, but cream that comes on the top of big tin pans of milk in the country—and it had little pointed windows on the roof, and round-topped windows in the walls, and balconies, and verandas, and white muslin curtains waving out the windows among the vines; and, in short, everything that could be desired. This cottage was surrounded by trees and gardens, and not another house was in sight.

Now our two travelers were much pleased with the looks of this place, and having settled themselves at ease among the branches of the tree, they looked about to see what would happen. The first thing that happened was a shrill scream, then a break of rattling laughter that frightened them, but at the same time, made them laugh, too. Peeping out behind the leaves, to see what this might mean, they saw an immense gilded cage hanging in a chamber window close to them, and in the cage was a large parrot, who was screaming and laughing.

"Get up, Goldenhair!" he would cry. "Get up! Get up! Goldenhair, get up!"

"What does he mean?" whispered the little Comet. "I am afraid he saw us. He keeps winking his eyes this way."

"Hush!" said Whisp, looking at the window with all her eyes.

"Get up, Goldenhair!" screamed the parrot again; and at the same instant the travelers heard from the chamber a child's laugh. It seemed to be half smothered in a pillow, or something, but it was sweeter than the songs of a bob-o-link.

The next moment there was a soft patter of little feet on the floor, and a little girl in her night-gown ran to the window, laughing and chattering to the parrot.

This little girl was as lovely as an angel,

and she had golden hair curled all over her head, and hung down her back till it almost reached the floor, and when the morning sun shone on this hair, it glittered so that it made you wink when you looked at it.

Whisp clasped her hands with joy when she saw it, and, turning to the little Comet, she embraced him, and whispered that their troubles were over.

"Folks in the tree! Folks in the tree!" screamed the parrot, laughing in the most horrible manner.

But Lily, for that was the little girl's name, paid no attention to what he said, knowing that he would lie dreadfully, sometimes.

I cannot now tell you all the adventures these travelers met with during the day. They would fill volumes. But at night, when everything was still, they went softly back to the cottage, and crept in at the window, where the little girl was asleep. The parrot was asleep; but no sooner did the two travelers enter the room, than Lily awoke. For a minute she didn't open her eyes, but the first thing she heard was a great snip at the back of her head, and there stood Whisp, with her arms full of long, beautiful golden hair, which she hastened to fasten to little Comet's head and shoulders and heels.

"Oh, my hair!" cried Lily.

"Never you mind," said Whisp; "your hair will grow again, but poor little Comet had no tail. See how beautiful he looks now?"

In both things Whisp was quite right; for Lily's hair began to grow with the greatest rapidity, on account of having been cut with chain-lightning scissors, and was an inch longer than ever the next morning, and the little Comet was the most radiantly beautiful creature in the world. He smiled so sweetly upon Lily, that she felt comforted for the loss of her hair; then, taking Whisp by the hand, he sailed out of the window, up into the sky.

The next night, all the astronomers were examining through their telescopes a new Comet which had appeared, and which had a tail of extreme brightness. Nothing so splendid as this Comet had been seen for hundreds of years, and it was talked about all over the world. Whisp became a great person in consequence, and was received into the royal family.

But when Lily told her mother in the morning what had happened, her mother only laughed, and said that she had dreamed a dream.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

APRIL DINNERS AND DISHES.

Cream of Sorrel with Rice.

Shad Roes a la maitre d'hotel.

Bermuda Potatoes, Chateaubriand.

Calf's Liver braised a l'Italienne.

Scrambled Eggs with Asparagus.

Cauliflower and Onion Salad.

Coffee Blanc Mange.

Wash a quart of sorrel and put it over the fire in a saucepan, with a tablespoonful of butter, a few sprigs of parsley, a few lettuce leaves, one onion, and a little nutmeg, pepper and salt; cover and let them steam for ten minutes; add a tablespoonful of flour, and dilute with one quart each of boiling water and milk; press through a sieve, and return to the fire; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, that have been stirred carefully into a cup of rich cream brought to the boiling point; finish with one cupful of cooked rice. Let all get thoroughly hot, but do not boil, and serve.

Season some shad roes with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice; baste with melted butter, and broil over a slow fire; lay on a hot dish and cover them with a cold *maitre d'hotel* sauce; garnish with cresses and carpels of lemon.

Scrape some very small Bermuda potatoes, about the size of marbles; parboil in salted water; drain, and fry a light brown in boiling drippings; drain again, and put in a hot dish with butter cut in bits, salt, and minced parsley.

Calf's liver cooked as below is a very dainty dish, and has the added merit of being economical. In choosing a calf's liver select one of a light color. Lard with long strips of fat salt pork; lay in the bottom of a saucepan a small sliced carrot, one onion, a bunch of herbs, and the trimmings of the pork used; moisten with a quart of broth and one cupful of canned tomatoes; cover slowly and simmer for two hours; baste occasionally with the gravy; dish the liver; free the gravy from fat; strain, and thicken with flour. A nice addition to the gravy is two tablespoonfuls of minced mushrooms, and one of onion. Season to taste with pepper, salt, and lemon-juice.

ASPARAGUS WITH EGGS.—Break six eggs into a small saucepan, with two ounces of butter cut in bits, a gill of cream, and salt and pepper; set over the fire and stir continually with a wooden spoon; when cooked rather rare add six spoonfuls of cooked asparagus tips; mix well; dish, smooth the surface, and surround with triangular pieces of bread fried in butter.

CAULIFLOWER AND ONION SALAD.—Peel two Bermuda onions, slice fine and steep in a little vinegar and salt for an hour; put in a salad

bowl with flowerets of cooked cauliflower; season, and serve with a French dressing.

COFFEE BLANC MANGE.—Soak half a paper of gelatine in one pint of milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the thin yellow rind of a lemon; let it stand for an hour, and put over the fire, allowing it to come to the boiling point, and stirring to dissolve the gelatine; strain into a bowl and add a pint of cream and a gill of very strong coffee; sweeten to taste, and turn into molds to harden.

PUREE OF SPINACH.—Try this once during Lent, and you will be likely to repeat the experiment. Pick and wash a quart of spinach of puree; boil in salted water; drain, press the water out, and chop very fine; put into a stewpan with two ounce of butter, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg; sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix well, and dilute with two quarts of boiling milk; boil for five minutes, and press through a very fine sieve; return to the saucepan; heat without boiling; and finish with a cup of cream, and a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits. Serve with creutons.

FRIED EELS.—The English style of frying eels is by far the nicest way of cooking them. Of course your fish dealer will skin and draw them. Cut them in finger lengths, and put into a saucepan with a sliced onion, a bit of mace, a gill of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a bunch of parsley; add water enough to nearly cover, and simmer for ten minutes; drain and let them cool; immerse in a batter, and fry in plenty of boiling fat, or roll in flour and fry; surround with a sauce made from a half-pint of broth thickened with browned flour, to which you have added a spoonful of anchovy essence and two of tomato sauce.

BERMUDA BEETS.—These are one of the daintiest of spring vegetables. Boil until tender; peel, cut in quarters, and simmer for a few moments with butter, salt and pepper, a very little water and a few drops of strong vinegar.

BOILED SHAD.—Many epicures prize a boiled shad very highly. The fish should be a large one, and neatly sewed up in a thin cloth fitted to its shape. Lay in salted boiling water, and cook forty minutes; unwrap and lay upon a hot dish. For the sauce put two ounces of butter over the fire in a small pan, and when it bubbles sprinkle in a tablespoonful of flour; stir until the flour is thoroughly cooked, and then mix in a half-pint of water or stock; pass through a gravy strainer and add the chopped yolks of two hard-boiled

eggs, a little parsley and lemon-juice; garnish nicely with rings of the whites of hard-boiled eggs, with a sprig of parsley in each, and alternated with slices of crimson beets.

CROQUETTES OF SHAD ROES.—Do not imagine that you have exhausted the possibilities of shad until you have tried croquettes made of roes. Parboil them, and rub into a loose, granulated mass; add one-fourth the quantity of mashed potatoes, a gill of drawn butter, with a raw egg, well-beaten; and for seasoning, chopped parsley, pepper, salt and half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste. Put these ingredients in a saucepan, and stir until hot through and through. When nearly cold, mold into short sausage-shaped croquettes; roll in fine crumbs; dip in beaten egg again, roll again in the crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

SCALLOPED ROES.—Boil the roes in water with a little vinegar added; drain and break them up with the back of a spoon; pound the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs to a powder, and moisten gradually with half a pint of drawn butter sauce; season with half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, minced parsley, salt, pepper, and lemon-juice; lastly, add the roes. Butter a bake-dish or small scallop shells; strew thickly with crumbs, pour in the mixture, and sprinkle thickly with fine crumbs; dot the top with bits of butter, and bake covered until it begins to bubble; uncover and brown.

FRIED CHICKENS.—Cut up two tender chickens as for a fricassee; let them steep for a couple of hours in a marinade made of the juice of two lemons, pepper, salt, minced chives, and two bay leaves; drain, roll in flour, and fry, using butter, or the fat tried from fat salt pork; peel and slice eight large Bermuda onions; sprinkle lightly with flour, and fry in fat; drain them in a sieve, and salt a little; dish the chicken and cover with onions. Send to table with a sauce-boat of tomato sauce.

PUREE OF POTATOES.—Roast six large potatoes in the oven; break them open and rub through a sieve; dilute with one quart of white broth and one of boiling milk; boil ten minutes and strain again; return to the fire while you season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a little sugar; heat thoroughly and finish the seasoning with two ounces of salt pork cut in tiny dice and fried slightly brown, two ounces of butter cut in bits, and minced parsley.

COLLOPS OF VEAL WITH ASPARAGUS.—Cut two pounds of lean, white veal into collops; season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg; put in a saucepan with two ounces of hot, melted butter, and fry slowly until slightly brown; sprinkle an ounce of flour over, and add a quart of broth and water, and a bunch of

parsley, and simmer for half an hour, or until the veal is very tender; remove the parsley and add two beaten egg yolks and a cup of cream. Now add a pint of asparagus tips cooked and heated in a little butter; finish with the juice of half a lemon.

SALLY LOCKS.—I have found in *Table Talk*, for 1887, the recipe for these asked for by Mrs. B., of Roxbury, Mass. Put half a pint of milk in a farina boiler to scald; beat two eggs until light and pour over them the scalding milk, beating all the while; add one ounce of butter, and stand aside until lukewarm; then add half a cup of yeast, or half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in that quantity of water; add a half teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient flour to make a thin batter; beat thoroughly and continuously for five minutes; cover, and stand in a warm place for two hours, or until very light. When light add sufficient flour, a little at a time, to make a soft dough; work with the hand as lightly as possible; put back into the bowl; cover and stand again in a warm place, about two hours. Then take out carefully on a baking board about one-half of the dough, and roll out to the thickness of half an inch; cut into strips eight inches long and one and a half wide; have ready lady lock sticks slightly greased; roll the paste around the sticks allowing the edges to lap over slightly; place in greased baking pans, cover, and stand aside for ten minutes; bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes. Have ready a half-pound of French candied fruits chopped fine and soaked in a pint of orange juice. As soon as the Sally Locks are done, take from the oven, remove the sticks, and fill the centres with fruit; pile neatly on a napkin, and send a hot, liquid pudding-sauce to the table with them.

The **CALF'S HEAD HASH**, concerning which a subscriber seeks information, is so unusual a dish in this country, that for the first one made in my own family I was obliged to look in an old English cook-book. It is rich, nutritious and economical. It is better if warmed up, on the second or third day, than on the first. Have your butcher skin and split the head, and remove the brains and tongue; place all in a soup-kettle and cover with cold water, simmering until the meat slips easily from the bones. Do not boil any longer than until tender, and remove the brains and tongue when done; skin the tongue and chop it fine with the brains and meat; put into a frying-pan a little butter, in which fry a minced onion. If you use all the meat of the head for this hash, add to this onion a pint of beef or veal stock, and a saltspoonful each of thyme, basil, marjoram and cayenne pepper, a pinch of ground cloves, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and the grated rind of half a lemon; put in the meat and brains and simmer and stir for half an hour.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

PROTECTING THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion departments of this and other banks are nightly submerged several feet in the water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping room, and an entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor during the day should happen to knock off one from a pile of half-sovereigns, the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is a part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, black, ugly rain cloud was broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so left blue again until the next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature does not produce scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure.

THE ENTHUSIAST.—The whole world is the better for the enthusiast. The dogged, stubborn-hearted man is as liable to be enlisted on the wrong side as the right. But he who drinks the wine of enthusiasm, except in rare cases, must be touched with the ardor of glory, the zeal of an unselfish work, or the magic, enchanting beckoning of some humanity-uplifting enterprise. Acquiring any of these, he becomes a stoic to obloquy, to suffering, to disaster. He sees the glory of the stars in the commonplace things of his cause; he walks on mountains of hope, rose-hued with the brightness of his own

spirit. When men are so animated, their vision clears and pierces through the fogs of duty and endeavor where others stick and stumble. Past quagmires of doubt and despair they sight success; and if they are resolute as well, the world grows into a loftier spirit for their enthusiasm and the work it begets. The genuine enthusiast never stops at faltering words. He is a man of deeds as well.

HUSBAND-HUNTING.—I knew that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-hunting, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them, after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because, if you showed too much animation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his insanity.

A LION STORY.—A story is told of a lion which was brought from India, and who on the passage grew very fond of a sailor who had charge of him. His name was Nero. On being shut up in a cage in London he grew sulky, and was very fierce when any one came near him, so that it was dangerous even for his keeper to approach him.

One day, a few weeks after Nero had been shut up in his new prison, a party of sailors visited the menagerie, and were warned by the keeper not to go near the lion, who every now and then growled savagely at those who were looking at him. All at once one of these sailors ran up to the cage, and, thrusting in his hand, cried out, "What! old shipmate! don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad?"

The lion instantly left off feeding and sprang up to the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted him on the head, and the lion rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood frightened and in astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he doesn't forget an old friend."

ELEPHANTS IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS.—Lazy and clumsy looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is indeed employed in a greater variety of ways.

There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber-yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operations of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers.

The logs to be moved are teakwood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter or perhaps a square of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusks under the middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile which is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or the other. It will then make any necessary alteration, and without command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work.

To do any special task, it must of course be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log and then with a sudden exertion of strength and weight to throw his body forward and fairly push the log along; or, to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain and drag his log behind him.

As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they cannot carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain around a log, nor could a man with two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than they do with their trunks.—*St. Nicholas Magazine*.

THE USE OF PAPER.—There are few things that cannot now be made of paper. Its adaptability is astonishing, and the wildest speculations as to its future are excusable when we reflect upon the present use of this material. As the delicate substance can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is not difficult to understand how paper is, for many purposes, now taking the place of wood. Mention has been made of a new mill in Sweden for the manufacture of paper from

moss. Paper of different thicknesses and pasteboard made from the white moss have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects of wood. The pasteboard can consequently be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments, and all kinds of furniture. Paper made from strong fibres, such as linen, can, in fact, be compressed into a substance so hard that it can scarcely be scratched. As houses have been made of this novel material, so almost everything requisite to complete and furnish a residence has since been manufactured of paper. Bath tubs are made in the same manner by compressing the paper made of linen fibres. Rooms can be floored with this wonderfully accommodating material, as proved by the Indianapolis skating rink.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF WORRY.—A person who constantly frets and worries is never in good health. In some cases a disposition to worry is the result of disease, and is a symptom of disordered brain and nerves or the result of some physical disability or reflex irritation. In other cases it may be the result of an hereditary tendency, or of vicious habits formed in early life; in either case it is certain to produce a diseased state of the body. So we may say with truth that a person who always frets and worries is a diseased person. People fall into the habit of worrying about those little mishaps that of necessity comes into the life of everyone, and the habit once formed is a difficult one to overcome. Worry, above all things, consumes vitality, and disarranges the harmonious workings of the functions. It leads to loss of appetite, sleepless nights, irritable nerves, to impaired nutrition. It robs the disposition of attractive qualities, it lessens the mental vigor, and not infrequently is a factor in the production of nervous disorder. Sensitive people, those who are easily wounded or discouraged, are more apt to worry when affairs go wrong, and yet they are just the ones whom worry will harm. Those, however, who are not fretted and depressed by the small mishaps and adversities of life are the better for encouraging them for they are a part of the necessary and kindly discipline of experience that helps us to build up character, and strengthens and consolidates its healthy fibre.

"OUR BABY'S FIRST AND SECOND YEARS," by Marion Harland, is the title of a handsome little book of 64 pages published by Reed & Carnrick, New York. The book contains information regarding the proper care of infants and young children, also instructions for feeding them. It will be sent free by mail by addressing the publishers, and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

Answers to February Puzzles.

14.—Wonder, Rednow.

15.—C	16.—S A P
B A R	R E V I E
B A L E S	S E V E R A L
C A L I B E R	A V E R A G E
R E B A T E	P I R A T E D
S E T O N	E A G E R
R E N D	L E D

17.—L(any)ard.	18.—S(wart)hy.
19.—Sh(add)ock.	20.—Ta(stab)le.
21.—Fl(aunt)ed.	22.—Ve(ran)da.
23.—Kingfisher.	24.—B-elate.
25.—D-earth.	26.—D-ray.
27.—F-act.	28.—F-oil.
29.—S-mite.	30.—Dictionary.
31.—Hearts may agree though heads differ.	
32.—It is better to do well than to say well.	

51.—Cross-Word Enigma.

In daring strife, but not in bliss;
In faithful wife, but not in miss;
In poplar trees, but not in grain;
In chilling breeze, but not in rain;
In sunny clime, but not in cold;
In silver dime, but not in gold.
WHOLE was a nymph beloved by Apollo,
Whose footsteps he desired to follow.

ADELAIDE.

Double Acrostics.

(Words of six letters.)

52.—1 Opening. 2 A measure of land. 3 A sword. 4 A rodent quadruped. 5 An oily liquid. 6 A small bird. *Primals*.—A precious stone. *Finals*.—A partner or manager. The primals and finals transpose into each other.

53.—1 A disease in grain. 2 A game at cards. 3 An elephant driver. 4 Unemployed. 5 The ship-worm. 6 A dry scab. *Primals*.—Separate. *Finals*.—A shooting star. The primals and finals transpose into each other.

MAUDE.

Decapitations.

54.—Behead room, and leave price of towing.
55.—People above the vulgar, and leave a passage.

56.—Conquest, and leave the act of bringing out.

57.—To consider, and leave to disclose.

58.—To draw as an inference, and leave to elicit.

59.—A bur used in dressing cloth, and leave a painter's frame.

CYRIL DEANE.

60.—A Half Square.

1 Those who play on harps. 2 To convey property to another. 3 Made angry. 4 A nobleman. 5 Conclusion. 6 A musical syllable. 7 A letter. MARQUIS.

61.—A Square.

1 A pendent ornament. 2 To estrange. 3 Vessels with bottoms of net-work. 4 Separates. 5 To weaken. 6 Smaller in quantity. MARQUIS.

62.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of 27 letters, is a quotation from Willis. The 3, 17, 26, 11, 6, 14, is a carpenter's tool. The 4, 1, 2, 27, is a leader. The 10, 15, 18, 25, is a notion. The 12, 21, 20, 16, 5, is a prong. The 19, 7, 22, 8, 13, 9, is a bird. The 23, 24, is a preposition. VERBENA.

Drop Letter Proverbs.

63.—o-a-l-w-s-a-a-l-l-e.
64.—h-l-s-d-o-m-k-s-h-c-p-u-o-e.
65.—a-e-w-o-g-t-p-n-d-w-y-u-o.

VETERAN.

66.—Cross-Word Enigma.

In file, not in rasp;
In pin, not in hasp;
In hasp, not in lock;
In taunt, not in meek;
In great, not in big;
In hair, not in wig;
In wren, not in lark;
In scratch, not in mark;
In lace, not in floss;
The whole prevents loss.

FISH.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the first complete or largest list of answers to this month's puzzles, received before April 10, we offer an illustrated novelette; and for the next best list, a book of poems.

Solvers.

Answers to the December puzzles were received from Cora A. Lee, J. D. L., Mufti, Geraldine, Ida May, Vinnie, Birdie Browne, Eulalie, Bert Rand, Ann Eliza, Jack, Katie Smith, Willie L., Kitty Connor, Teddy, Birdie Lane, I. O. T., Black Hawk and Annette A.

Prize-Winners.

Mufti, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the largest list of answers. The names of those to whom prizes are awarded for contributions will be announced next month.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

THE SONG OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Sing a song of cleaning house!
Pocket full of nails!
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and wails!
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing:—

“Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture; won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw,
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And, oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there;
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you put a bracket here?”

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more, too,
All in a merry jingle;
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he were single? (Almost.)
—Exchange.

WHITE MICE—INTERESTING OPINIONS UPON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.—Following the worthy example of an esteemed contemporary in collecting diverse views upon questions of startling importance, we have obtained, after incredible labor and at enormous expense, the opinions given below with regard to a problem which has caused no end of dispute, and which, but for the illumination we are enabled to throw about it, might forever remain unsolved and unsolvable.

Our splendid corps of indefatigable reporters have been despatched in every direction and among all sorts of people, and that their work has not been without valuable results will be seen by the mass of valuable testimony appended. The subject of inquiry was white mice, a race of mammalia which has defied the investigations of the curious, and puzzled the ignorant and learned alike.

The question which has been propounded by our reporters is this: “What is your opinion of white mice?”

The first person interrogated was a gentleman unschooled in the conventionalities of polite society, but withal a gentleman of pronounced views and a vigorous, though somewhat limited, vocabulary. When he was asked the question, he was evidently taken quite aback at its momentous gravity; but though he was staggered for an instant, he soon recovered himself sufficiently to reply:—

“I say, young feller, wot yer givin' us? I don't know nothin' 'bout white mice!”

Now, it may be urged that this gentleman's reply added little, if anything, to the world's store of knowledge of the *Mus musculus*; but there is, nevertheless, a freedom from egotism about his answer that is edifying to contemplate, and which marks the original mind, unsophisticated by the trammels of a false and unnatural culture. He knew nothing of the matter in question, and he said so frankly. He did not stoop, as so many would have done under the circumstances, to subterfuge, evasion or prevarication, but promptly and unreservedly admitted his ignorance. His opinion, then, while throwing no light upon the subject, we place first, because of its intrinsic excellence and its beautiful picturesqueness.

The next person addressed was a man well in years. He reflected a moment, scratched his head, winked once with each eye, and delivered himself of this memorable answer:—

“My opinion is that the mouse with the shortest tail will get into the hole first.”

The shrewd common sense contained in this reply marks the thoughtful mind, a mind trained by long observation and careful study to trace results back to first causes, and to grasp unerringly the controlling reason for the existent state of things. The opinion is not only sagacious and full of weight, but it is brief, succinct, and to the point, and we are proud to present it to our readers as a mental cameo cut with the precision of a master.

“My opinion of white mice,” said another, who spoke carefully, as properly became so momentous a subject, “my opinion of white mice is not, perhaps, particularly flattering to the animals themselves, but such as it is I give it freely, without regard to the prejudices of others, and without fear of successful contradiction. White mice I consider very well in their way; but, my young friend, their ways are not our ways, neither are our ways their ways. It strikes me that, only for the adventitious distinction of color, they would be very much as other mice, and of a person entirely color-blind it were idle,

perhaps, to expect an undeviating, differentiation between mice with white fur and mice with brown. Hence it will be seen that a mouse is a mouse, no matter what may happen to be the color of his coat; and though white is not brown, neither is brown white; therefore the balance is sustained and complete equilibrium preserved."

Herein, we submit, is the plith of the whole matter. The entire subject, indeed, is so completely covered, so cunningly analyzed, and the deduction is clothed in language so luminous and graphic that there is little, if anything, left to be said. And then the reasoning is so convincing! It were a hardy man, indeed, who should undertake to controvert it in any part.

The next person to whom the inquiry was put was evidently very much in a hurry, for he merely said, before showing our reporter the door:—

"White mice be blowed!"

It is unfortunate that this gentleman could not have had more time at his disposal. The few words that he had time to bestow showed that he possessed positive views on the subject, and if he had delivered himself at length, his opinion must have been exceedingly valuable. Indeed, it is not without value as it is. The knowledge of the fact that white mice are susceptible of being blowed is of itself sufficient repayment for all the time, all the energy and all the outlay we have given to this investigation; but feeling that our readers desire of all things to know why white mice should be blowed any more than mice not white, we shall send out our energetic reporters once more, with directions to ascertain, at any cost and all hazards, why white mice should be blowed, what the process consists in, what effect it has upon the mice, and how they like it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yes," remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago, as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest-protectors; "yes, there is something about the air in this north-western climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness," he continued as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheep-skin boots, and some Alaska overshoes, "its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance," he added, as he drew on a pair of goat-skin leggings, adjusted a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimaux earmuffs, "in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it at from forty-five degrees to fifty-five degrees below. The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable," he went on,

as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a fall-cloth overcoat, a winter-cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear-skin overcoat; "No, if you have enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter, with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine, and invigorating ozone, you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is so dry," he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose-protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eye-hole in the sealskin mask he drew down from his cap, "it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all. We can scarcely realize in the spring that we have had winter, owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. By the way," he went on, turning to his wife, "just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed-quilts and throw over my shoulders, and hand me that muff with the soap-stone in it; and now I'll take a pull at this jug of brandy and whale-oil; and then if you'll have the girl bring my snow-shoes and iceberg sealing stick, I'll step over and see them pry the workmen off the top of the ice-palace, who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn't be going out this way five-hundred miles further south, where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible."—*Chicago Tribune*.

An old lady, a professor of the washerwoman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her little barn in every direction. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation, but at last she exclaimed:—

"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter. though. I'll pay you for this. *I'll wash on Sunday!*"

"John, have you charged that ham?" asked a grocer of his clerk, a few mornings since.

"What ham?" was the question in answer.

"The ham that was sold about ten minutes ago."

"I did not know that a ham had been sold. I did not sell any."

"Well, I did, and I don't remember to whom I sold it. Do you not remember?"

"This is the first I knew of any ham being sold."

The grocer thought he had lost the price of a ham. Not so with the clerk. He looked over

the list of orders, and tried to remember the persons who had been in the store that morning. Then he charged the ham to every one of those persons, seventeen in all.

"Sixteen of these will kick," remarked the clerk, "and the seventeenth is the man who got the ham." The proprietor raised the clerk's wages and took a drink.

Both anxiously watched the result. Of the seventeen persons to whom the ham had been charged, just four did the kicking act; the rest paid their bills without further inquiry, so the grocer got paid thirteen times for the ham.

A fellow, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved to be green and unfit to burn. I run the whole load through your clothes wringer, and I have used the wood for kindling ever since."

The game was in a little old log cabin, and there were three niggers playing poker. One of 'em was an old nigger preacher, and the other two was a-kukluxin' him and winning all his money as fast as they could. I watched the game awhile, and was standing where I could see the old nigger preacher's hand. After four or five deals the old preacher got four aces dealt to him before the draw.

He turned his head clear around, and says he: "Who's dat knockin' on dat do'?"

There wasn't anybody knocking at the door, but you see the old preacher wanted to give the other two a chance to fix up a hand. They wasn't playin' straight flushes, so he turns clear around with his back to the table, and says he: "Who's dat knockin' at dat do'?" "Is dat you Maria?" All right; I'se comin' in a minit."

One of the other fellers had two kings, and they guinned through the pack and got the other two kings before the old preacher looked around to the table again. One of 'em bet a dollar.

Then the old preacher went down in his pocket an' got out all the money he had, \$47, and put it up. "You fellers," says he, "has been winnin' my money, and youse can just as well have it all. I'se a-risin' ye forty-six dollars."

The feller that had the four kings borrowed all the money his partner had, and called the preacher's raise. The old preacher raked in the pot and got up, and says he, "I knowed dat was you knockin' at dat do', Maria. Ise a-comin'." Then he went out.

WANTED TO HEAR.—A clergyman recently sent to a Selma (Ala.) newspaper a notice that he would preach a discourse on "Selma's Expense Account for Sin." By a compositor's blunder "sin" was changed into "tin" and the

announcement of that metal as the subject of a religious discourse excited such interest and curiosity, that when Sunday evening came, the church was crammed, and hundreds were turned away who could not find room inside.

Somebody inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from a spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her. Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain: "Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, collar strings to be sewed on, or a glove to mend 'right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching, yawned out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, or the mango season was over. He never stayed out to ward meetings, hurrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled ten-pins, and choked her with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants do."

A man in pursuit of a goose for his dinner was attracted by the sight of a plump, extra-sized one.

"Is that a young one?" said he, to the rosy-cheeked lass in attendance.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is," was the reply.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"A dollar, sir."

"That is too much I think; say five-eighths and here's your money."

"Well, sir, as I would like to get you as a steady customer, take it."

"The goose was carried home and roasted, but found to be so tough as to be uneatable. The following day the man accosted the fair poulterer.

"Did you tell me that goose was young, which I bought of you?"

"Yes, sir, I did, and it was."

"No, it was not."

"Don't you call me a young woman? I'm only nineteen."

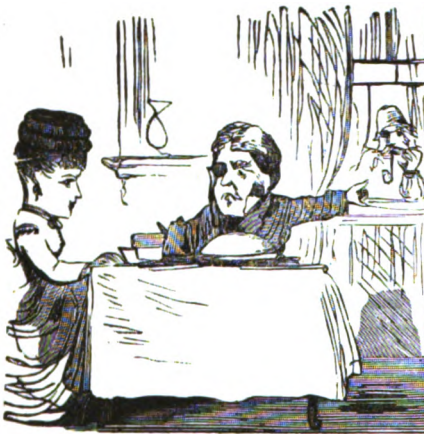
"Yes."

"Well, I've heard mother say, many a time, that he was nearly six weeks younger than I."

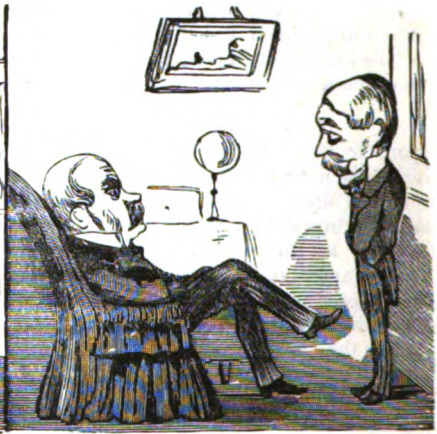
A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS BRIDE.—My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left a milliner's dry dock; is clipper-built, and with a figurehead not often seen on a small craft; her length of keel is 5 feet 6 inches; displacement 27 cubic feet; of light draught, which adds to her speed in the ball room; full in the waist; spare, trim. At the time we spliced she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers; mainsail part silk, forestay sail of

Valenciennes and stu'n'sails trimmed with orange blossoms. Her frame is of the best steel, covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. The rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of stormsails for rough weather. I have been told that in running down street, before the wind, she answers her helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length, if a handsome craft passes.

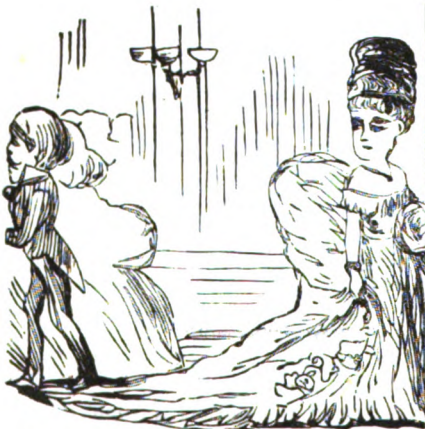
FOOLS ILLUSTRATED.



JEALOUS HUSBAND.—"Understand me, Mrs. Smith, if you don't stop looking at that fool opposite, I'll punch his head, that's what I'll do!"



IRATE PARENT.—"Don't stand there looking like a fool, as you are, but answer me at once."



INDIGNANT LADY.—"Careless little fool! Can't he see where he is stepping?"



EXACTING WIFE.—"Now, Mr. Titmouse, do you think I'm a fool to believe such a story?"



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A CHINESE HEROINE.

BY NINETTA RAMES.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was an unusual excitement at San Fernando Tunnel. Though it was long past the regular hour for work, a crowd of roughly dressed laborers lounged around the depot and "Railroad House," or gathered under clumps of elderberry trees that grew by the roadside. They were anticipating something pleasant, judging from the prevailing air of good-humor that frequently culminated in loud guffaws of laughter. Most of them were carpenters and were passing away the time seeing which could throw a hatchet and hit a certain mark a hundred feet away. One of their number, a slight, sinewy man, with eyes like a cat's, never missed once in ten throws. Shouts of applause from his companions showed their appreciation of his skill. His name was Wiley, and but little was known of him, as he had but recently arrived at the Tunnel.

"He could kill his man every time," remarked a Chinaman admiringly to Captain Kirk, the proprietor of the Railroad House.

The speaker was conspicuous by his dress, being in all respects like an American man of business. His English was good, and his manners offensively polite and self-possessed. It was Yo Hing, the "boss" of a large number of Chinamen employed by the Company to assist in the formidable work of tunneling through the San Fernando mountain—a distance of more than a mile.

The sun was directly overhead and poured a deluge of heat in the narrow canon, whose abrupt sides shut off any breeze that might

be refreshing the outer world. Though it was the week before Christmas, the day was oppressively hot and sultry. The weather prophets spoke confidently of a heavy storm brewing, but as yet the sky was undimmed by mist or cloud, and the dreamy serenity of an Indian summer's day pervaded the entire landscape.

There was a universal stir in the crowd when the distant rumbling of a train was heard. They were evidently expecting it, and moved as one man toward the station. The shrill whistle of the locomotive straining up the steep grade, resounded from every cliff and battlement of the surrounding mountains. A few moments longer and there appeared around a curving butte an engine, dragging in its wake a single car. When it stopped before the platform the men gathered closer, talking in a confusion of tongues. A half-dozen gentlemen in citizen's dress, and carrying rifles and revolvers, here alighted from the car and shook hands heartily with Kirk and several others. It was the paymaster and his guard, and the interest the crowd felt in his coming was but reasonable, seeing most of their purses were in the depleted condition natural to men of their reckless habits. A little later the work of paying them off began in earnest. One at a time went in the car, and after receiving his package, passed out the opposite door. Among the latter was a man who would have attracted attention anywhere. He was a veritable giant in stature, and moved with quiet decision among his companions, saying little, but often nodding and smiling to those he knew.

It was Erik Evald, a young Dane, who was employed as overseer of the giant powder used for blasting in the Tunnel. There was a certain air of vigilance in every look and act of this man that might have been partly due to the extreme caution necessarily used by one who daily handled this dangerous explosive. He was certainly a handsome fellow. His skin was as fair and rosy as a girl's; his hair yellow and fine as spun gold; a fearless spirit shone forth from a pair of eyes, blue and fresh as the summer sea; under the drooping moustache his lips were full and amorous in every curve; his bearing was manly, but his expression and language singularly childlike. It was a curious combination in the same individual.

So thought Captain Kirk, as he observed the young man approaching him with his well-filled purse firmly clutched in one hand, while he extended the other to him, saying, with frank simplicity: "Ah, Captain, you are the one I haf wish to see. Would you be so kind as to save my monies for me, for I fear bad men that would take it from my tent when I am away or sleep hard?"

"Certainly, Erik, with pleasure. It will be all right here, I guess," said the good-natured Kirk, labeling the package and making a movement to put it in a strong drawer in his desk.

"That is of Indian make, I am sure," remarked Yo Hing, stepping forward and looking at the purse with some curiosity.

"Yes," somewhat curtly rejoined the Dane, signing to the Captain to lock it up. He did not seem to relish the handling of his property by the officious Chinaman.

Kirk was a universal favorite among the rude natures found in his uncivilized surroundings. They looked up to him as to one of superior education and bringing up, and loved him because he did not seem to be aware of the fact, but treated them all in a delightfully companionable manner, eminently flattering to their self-esteem. For a wonder his title of "Captain" was a legitimate one, he having served some years before in the regular army. He still bore about him a soldierly air, that was not without its effect on the men. He was dressed in duck pantaloons and coat, with a broad-rimmed Chinese hat surmounting his chestnut hair that fell in a curling mass over his blue silk neckerchief. His moustache and imperial were carefully waxed into long points not unlike certain military celebrities.

Though past middle age, he had a youthful air that became him well; you felt that his was a heart that would never grow old. He seemed supplied with some mysterious elixir that was antagonistic to decay.

By this time the bar-room was thronged with men of various nationalities. There was a minority of the coarser type of American in clay-stained blouses and overalls; a thick sprinkling of shock-headed Hibernians; a dash of Mexican desperados—in fact, a promiscuous collection of black sheep from all parts of California, with a large majority of the ever-present Chinamen, whose mirthless faces were a direct contrast to the general hilarity of the rest. While the latter proceeded to spend money with the prodigality characteristic of men of their class, the economical Mongolians talked apart in their guttural jargon, contenting themselves, by way of dissipation, with the brown paper parcels of dried fish and fowl they had that day received from Los Angeles.

There were calls for drinks in several languages and dialects, all of which the ubiquitous bar-keeper interpreted with surprising quickness, and served each in turn with cheerful alacrity. A couple of dusky Spaniards politely requested "*agua diente*;" the Americans gave orders for "gin cocktails," "whiskey sours," etc; while a weazen-faced French cook from an adjacent camp irascibly demanded a glass of "*cognac*;" a wagish looking Irishman questioned, "Have ye the leikes of a bit of whiskey straight for a poor divil who is as dry as the Mojave, sure?" and above the others rose the voice of a cockney calling for "hale."

Erik Evald regarded the scene with undisguised curiosity and interest. He did not seem at home in this place. A look of decided aversion passed over his face when familiarly accosted by Yo Hing, who was leading up to the bar Wiley, the carpenter. The Chinamen ordered brandy for both, and lightly tossed off his glass, and carelessly threw down the change with a reckless disregard of expense wholly foreign to his nation. Covert smiles appeared on the faces of the nearest by-standers, which were quickly suppressed when the boss turned their way; for he was regarded as no mean personage at the Tunnel, and must be treated with the deference due a man whom report made the possessor of almost fabulous wealth and influence. In spite of his urban-

ity, and general air of being a good fellow, there was a sinister expression lurking in his narrow eyes that warned the astute observer of human nature to beware of being victimized by his guilelessness. This thought occurred to young Evald, and he walked away toward the door, clearing a passage for himself by occasionally lifting an obstructing man aside with firm but gentle hands. Nor was this interference resented.

"Evald treats us all as babies," remarked one who had just escaped from the giant's arms. "We don't mind it from him, though, for he is as generous as he is strong. I will never forget how he held that falling beam from crushing out the life of that beastly We Hee, who, by way of thanks, stole every cent he had the same night."

The speaker's companion gazed admiringly after the stalwart figure of the Dane.

When Erik reached the station, he stood for a few minutes watching the departure of the pay-car, and then turned down the path that led to his camp. He had not proceeded far when, to his annoyance, he came across Yo Hing, who was engaged in earnest conversation with Ah Tong, the head cook of the Railroad House. Beside them, with a discomfited look, stood May Yung, his wife, who was evidently the subject of their present discussion. As her name indicated, she was an unusually pretty Chinawoman, judging from the specimens of her sex one sees in this country. Her smooth, round cheeks were crimson as poppies without the aid of rouge, so commonly used by the Chinese. Her red mouth was circled by delightful dimples, and her teeth marvels of whiteness. Her dress was neat in its arrangement, and not without a certain picturesqueness in affect. Erik, with a glance akin to appreciation of her blooming face, was passing by, when Yo Hing accosted him with his usual affectation of candor.

"Will you be so good as to decide for us, Mr. Evald? My friend here," with a patronizing wave of his hand toward the embarrassed cook, "is hard to please. He tells me he paid two hundred dollars for this girl, and I offer him three hundred for her, and yet he says no. That is big money for big feet," contemptuously pointing to her natty little slippers.

An expression of disgust, which he made no attempt to conceal, passed over the face of the young man, and he answered:—

"You haf no right to the wife. Let a man keep his own."

Ah Tong, fearing the displeasure of the boss, hastened to explain, in a timid, conciliatory voice, that "Me telle Yo Hing, Maly sometime velly bad. Him no likee work—heap likee hair-pin, silk dressee. Me lose muchee money ebelly day on him. He allee-same heap damn sometime."

With which praiseworthy semblance of martyrdom, the husband of the pretty delinquent shook his head slowly back and forth, and sighed deeply over his pretended wrongs. During the enumeration of her unwifely qualities, which she understood was simply a stroke of policy on the part of the wily Tong to make her less desirable in the eyes of her would-be-purchaser, May Yung demurely hung her head to better conceal the mischievous sparkle in her bright black eyes. It was plain to Erik that she shared his dislike of the boss. The latter was quick to see his advantage and shrewdly rejoined, "Good! Then you sell her to me and you will lose no more money on her."

The girl raised her eyes and flashed a defiant glance into his.

Ah Tong, seeing his blunder when it was too late, resorted to whining entreaty:—

"Me no likee sell Maly. Him no likee go."

It was easy to read the poor fellow's dread of offending his tormentor, whose good will was a matter of serious importance to hundreds of Chinamen at work on the Tunnel. Erik's generous spirit fired at the injustice.

"Let him haf his own, I say, or I will not leaf enough of you to throw to the dogs. Take thy wife in the house," imperatively to the trembling Tong. "This is a bad place for the little voo-man!" his powerful voice falling into tender intonations that must have touched the girl, for she smiled gratefully at him as she obeyed a word from her husband and followed him to the rear of the hotel.

Yo Hing, his self-possession unruffled by the angry words of Erik, politely lifted his hat and turned away, saying, "I have no doubt you are right, Mr. Evald, if he will not be sorry he did not take up my offer."

There was just the faintest suggestion in his tone that he would see that he *was* sorry. Suppressing a strong desire to knock him down, the irritated young man, disdainingly to reply, dashed down the road with rapid strides.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN KIRK'S cottage was perched like a bird's nest on the side of the mountain, a few rods north of the hotel. This unavoidable location, with a perpendicular bank rising abruptly from the back wall, was a source of grave apprehension to Ah Tong and his wife. They were imbued with the superstition, devoutly believed by their people, that anything rising above the rear of a dwelling, drew down on its occupants the malicious influences of Fung-Shwui, which, interpreted, means the Powers of Nature. To antagonize this dreaded evil, Tong had, with much exertion, erected a pole in front of the building, and thus insured the prosperity of the household. The Captain, as much to please his utilitarian as his patriotic sense, had hung thereon a flag of modest dimensions, that flaunted its gay colors over the tops of the blossoming elderberries. This decoration was vastly pleasing to his little daughter Clair, who clapped her tiny hands and gave three cheers in her piping treble. The pretty child was the petted darling of May Yung, who was never too tired to carry the wee maiden on her strong shoulders when she showed the least sign of weariness in their rambles after wild-flowers.

Mrs. Kirk was a gentle, well-bred woman, sympathetically inclined to all the world. Having no other associate of her own sex in this strange place, she naturally saw a good deal of the young Chinese girl, who showed herself to be ever grateful and affectionate. May Yung's regular duties were to assist Ah Tong in his work, but, being wonderfully quick and executive, she found a good deal of time to spend at the cottage, and here she learned many useful things of her kind mistress. She had undoubtedly been a good investment to Ah Tong, whose wages were almost doubled on her account. Whether he felt any love for her, or was purely mercenary in his consideration, was an open question with the Kirks. In spite of his suavity, they were more than once aware of his striking her; but of this she rarely complained, probably regarding it as a part of the contract that bound her to him.

The evening after the arrival and departure of the pay-car, Mrs. Kirk was seated by the side of her husband, reading aloud from a favorite book. His arm rested caressingly around her waist, while Clair was presum-

ably reducing his tangled curls to order by aimless manipulations of a hair-brush much too heavy for her little brown hands. Altogether it was a pleasant picture of home-life that the shaded lamp revealed. It must have brought some hitherto unknown sentiment into the life of the Chinese girl, for as she moved quietly about the room preparing for the child's early bed-time, her bright eyes were, for the moment, dimmed by unshed tears. Mrs. Kirk was not so much engrossed in her book as to be unaware that something to-night oppressed the heart of the young girl. After all, women are much the same the world over, and what had this poor Hagar received in exchange for the faithful service she rendered her master?

After the Captain returned to the hotel, the mother raised the now sleeping Clair from May's arms, saying kindly, "I will put her to bed, my dear. You tire yourself caring for my baby. Go home and sleep, and tell Tong I say for him to make his own fire in the morning, so you can lie later and rest."

"Me no tired, Missy Kirk," quickly replied the girl, her voice shaken a little with some troubled thought.

Her mistress affectionately patted the glossy black head, and with gentle tact drew from her a disjointed account of Yo Hing's offer to buy her of Ah Tong, and her fears of the final settlement between the two men. May Yung had the intense attachment of kindred peculiar to her race, and her husband belonged to the same clan as did her parents in China. This fact alone would have made Ah Tong seem nearer to her than any one else in this stranger land; and in all probability he was kinder to her than the average Chinaman is to his bondswoman. The conversation between the two women ended for the night by May's saying with heightened color, while she brushed the tears from her shining eyes, "Melican man heap good to wiffee. Chinaman no good. Tong likee play card ebelly night. Allee-same money go quick. Me workee allee time. Sometime me sick, me no workee, Tong he lickee me. Me no likee Chinaman!" The last sentence with an unmistakable emphasis that showed her experience was dearly bought.

Turning to Clair's bed she hung over it a moment with maternal solicitude, passing a light finger over the pretty flushed face, putting back a stray tendril of hair from the

moist brow, and tenderly replacing the two pink feet that had crept out from the covers. Oh, the divine blessing of motherhood! This "angel's flesh, all alive," whose balsamic touch heals every wound in the heart of a woman! How many of us have bent aching heads, borne down by the weight of this weary old world, over some child's sleeping form, and risen up refreshed and strengthened! Some such influence must have touched the soul of this childless Chinese girl, for it was a bright face that was raised from Clair's pillow, and her voice was sweet and unbroken when she said good-night to Mrs. Kirk, who watched her from the door until she disappeared under the overhanging berry branches. The lights of the hotel twinkled through the trees. The roll of the dump-cars, the heavy thud of earth overturned down the precipice at the end of the track, and the frequent shouts of the drivers urging on the laboring mules, continued without cessation, day and night.

This was a wild life for a city-bred woman, but Mrs. Kirk was not unhappy in it. Hers was a heart that caught glimpses of that essential of all intense natures, which we call romance. It is the flower of life, and takes root and glorifies any soul beyond baser uses. A few months more would complete the Tunnel, and they would return to civilization. In the meantime she had her child and housekeeping cares to occupy her mind in her husband's absence, and then she spent considerable time teaching May Yung, who showed such natural aptitude for self-improvement.

The night had a cooler breath, and overhead the sky, with its eternal calm, was radiant with innumerable stars. The weather had certainly changed, for, in spite of the clear heavens, there was a moisture in the air that betokened rain before many hours. Sighing more from a sense of security and content than any feeling of sadness, Mrs. Kirk closed the door and returned to her unfinished book.

Before morning it was raining heavily, and the next day and the next the "fountains of the deep" seemed literally to have opened. The *barrancas* overflowed their banks, and formed an immense flood that rushed with resistless force down through the Tejunga Wash, uprooting trees and unearthing rocks, that were carried along the boiling current and deposited miles below their native resting-place. In a few hours

the track and the telegraph poles were swept away, and all intercourse between the Tunnel and Los Angeles was cut off.

On the third day the rain ceased to pour, and fell in lighter showers that encouraged hope of a final cessation before night. A universal air of discomfort pervaded the inhabitants of the Tunnel. There was not a house or tent but leaked more or less. At the hotel, which was the general rendezvous, the men kept up their spirits by joking at the expense of the landlord, who had hitherto depended on the daily train to bring fresh supplies for his over-crowded tables. Captain Kirk was a man who had shaped the whole tenor of his life after the text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and this sudden storm found his larder greatly reduced in certain articles generally considered to be indispensable to a modern bill of fare. The supply of mutton, however, was unlimited, as numbers of the Spanish sheep-raisers of San Fernando valley made the Tunnel their regular market.

There were many such remarks as, "I say, Cap'n, you ain't goin' to charge a man full price for this week's board, are you?" or, "My appertite ain't very good, waiter; suppose you fetch along some green peas to eat with this yer spring lamb," tearing away at a piece of mutton tough enough to have been the "firstling of the flock" of the oldest inhabitant of the valley.

"I cum in ahead of time, Cap," bawled out another, "cos I heered yer's goin' to hev strawberries and cream for supper to-night."

To all of which raillery the Captain replied with never failing good-nature, and somewhat mitigated the hardships of their lot by ordering free drinks for all.

There were comparatively few of the men that boarded at the hotel. A city of sun-bleached canvas tents, and rude wooden shanties built along the road and far up the mountain sides, furnished temporary shelter for a majority of the workmen when off duty. Here hundreds of Chinese took up their plodding life with the wonderful adaptability that characterizes his people. Such were the order and utility of everything about their camp that it was hard to believe their life here could be measured by weeks instead of years. Many of them were unshaved, and the straight, coarse hair, growing low on their foreheads, gave a villainous cast to their features.

All afternoon there had been a conflict overhead between the sun and the clouds, but toward evening the latter were seen flying before the blazing brands of the god of day, who relentlessly pursued them to their farthest stronghold in their distant mountain ranges, from whose loftiest summit now floated their white flags of truce. Four pine trees on the ragged cliff to the north seemed all aflame, and flickered in the wind like huge torches. A dazzling light illumined earth and sky, and there was an abrupt and vociferous awakening of nature, rain-bathed and vigorous. From brush and bower hundreds of gleeful little throats sent up their glad welcome to the sun. The flowers shook off the diamond drops that hung on their trembling petals, and lavishly tossed abroad their rich perfumes as a free gift to the blessed giver of their life. The huge, white-washed sycamores along the creek swung their branches singingly in the sun. Nor was there less joy at his return among the occupants of camp and cottage.

Mrs. Kirk, coming in from a short walk, greeted her husband with the ejaculation, "I have seen such a pretty picture, Will!"

To which the Captain gallantly replied, "So have I, my dear," looking roguishly in her happy face.

"Nonsense, Will; don't tease, please, for indeed you have missed something. As I came by the trees near the hotel, Mr. Evald was sitting on the bench with one arm thrown like a great girdle around our Clair, who was emptying her apron of oak leaves by sticking them in his bonny hair. He looked like a crowned Jove. Carlo lay at his feet, gazing worshipfully into his face; while on the other side stood May Yung, carefully bandaging one of his fingers that had received a slight injury. She looked really bewitching, for Clair had hung some scarlet blossoms in her hair, and a cluster of the same adorned her breast, which gave the needed touch of color to her dark dress. Either the presence of Evald or the flaming flowers made her the brilliant center-piece of a *tableau vivant* worthy an artist's pencil. I paused a moment in contemplation of the group, and overheard him say, 'Tanks, little voo-man. Thou art kind. I will do so much for thee sometime, I hope.' Seeing me, she caught up Clair with such a merry, musical laugh that did me good to hear, and blushing as girls do when over-pleased, hurried to meet me. Who knows but this young

man is a descendant of the unfortunate Danish poet whose name he bears? He reminds me of Harold the Dauntless, or Jarle Egel in the old ballads of Motherwell I read when a child. I do hope, my dear, that he is not flirting with our May, for I cannot imagine such a man wooing in vain. Of course he would never think of marrying her!" with a touch of anxiety in her voice.

Her indulgent husband assured her that her fears were groundless, for the honor and integrity of Erik Evald were above question.

It was after dark that same evening, and Mrs. Kirk kept wondering why May did not return with the milk. Every night she always went a half-mile up the canon for a fresh supply for Clair, who was now impatiently awaiting her supper.

She sat in her high chair twirling her silver mug and spoon, and saying with a doleful shake of her ringletted head, "Mamma, my Mawy has runned off wis the big, boofel man, an' will nezzzer, nezzzer tum back!" which conclusion showed the little three-year-old to be an astute reader of human nature.

But May was coming back as fast as she could, carrying the small tin pail whose foamy contents were to comfort her favorite. She had been unavoidably detained beyond her usual time, and the sun had long set. A full moon dropped lights and shadows on her pathway. Turning a bend in the lonely road she came suddenly upon Yo Hing, who stopped short on recognizing her, and addressed her with insolent familiarity. She made no reply but endeavored to pass him when he caught her roughly by the arm and dragged her toward the thick underbrush that overhung a deep gulch a few feet to the left of the road. The terrified girl gave a sharp cry of distress that hastened the footsteps of another wayfarer who loomed like a Hercules for a moment before the shrinking form of the Chinaman, and then an uprised arm of prodigious size and strength with one blow felled him to the earth where he lay senseless and bleeding.

"So I gif tanks for thy care of my finger, little one," coolly remarked Erik Evald possessing himself of one of the hands of the weeping girl and gently leading her toward home.

He continued talking in the soothing voice one uses to quiet a sobbing child until her tears ceased to flow and she timidly thanked him for his care of her.

Yo Hing was left to recover as best he could, Erik laughingly declaring he had the "whole night before him."

On reaching the Kirk cottage they found the anxious mother standing in the door trying to hush Clair's pathetic cries for "My Maww." The latter took immediate possession of the tired child and comforted her with pretty cooings and caresses until she fell asleep in her arms.

On a pressing invitation from Mrs. Kirk, Erik consented to sit awhile, and this interested lady drew him on to speak of himself and his far home in Denmark. She was delighted to find him well read in the literature of his people. His strong voice had a martial ring when he quoted the war-song of Mada Hansen, and then sank into musical cadences well suited to the tender rhymes of Evald.

"I haf a translation of one of poor Evald's that will please you, Madam, and if you say, I will tell it to you."

Being urged to do so, he recited with touching pathos the poem of "Little Gunver." When he came to the lines:—

"The sea-weed hides a heart
All tender and true,
The home of honor; deceit and guile
It never knew,"

Mrs. Kirk felt the sentiment could well be applied to the man before her. He impressed her as being essentially pure and guileless.

When May Yung was ready to go to the hotel Erik rose and said, "I had best see her safe, madam. She is but little and may haf need of me."

Mrs. Kirk thanked him on behalf of her protegee, and extended her hand with the cordial wish that he would repeat his call. As she saw them depart together she felt an undefined sensation of impending evil to them or her that she could not easily set aside.

The next morning May told her mistress of the encounter with the boss and Erik's noble protection which he was loth to drop until he had seen her safely housed for the night. This explanation of his presence with the girl greatly relieved Mrs. Kirk's mind.

As Yo Hing appeared on his usual round the next day with a plausible excuse for his bandaged eye the true account of the mishap did not become public. In the evening Captain Kirk, who had heard the story from

his wife, watched him suspiciously while he talked apart with Wiley with whom he had lately been on the most friendly terms.

That night the lock to Kirk's money-drawer was picked by some experienced hand, and he was the poorer by some two hundred dollars. Erik's purse was also missing. The Captain was furious, and charged around as though a whole army were opposing him.

"I don't care a continental for myself," he cried with generous wrath, "but to have that good fellow robbed of his last dollar is what I call infernally mean."

The young Dane, however, appeared more disturbed by the unusual spectacle of Kirk's distress than the loss of his money. They could find no trace of the thief, though they made a thorough search of the premises. Several days more passed and nothing new occurred to take the place of the late excitement. They gave up all hope of finding the thief, and things settled back in their usual routine.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS mornning dawned gloriously over the world, but brought no brightness to the hundreds of delving human souls in the heart of the San Fernando mountain. What if this day heralded anew the birth of the Divine One! This mighty march "that shakes mankind" must go on and on, and heed no interruption of the sentimental few who would stop its progress down the broad road that leads to the eternal fields beyond.

Everyone was anxiously looking forward to the afternoon when the first train since the flood was to arrive from Los Angeles. Kirk had telegraphed for turkeys and the necessary concomitants, and promised his men a royal spread at his late dinner. In the meantime a trip in the Tunnel was proposed by some one, and Kirk, in company with his family including May Yung and several others, rode in on one of the dump-cars. As they left the daylight far behind they saw a weird picture before them strongly suggestive of Dante's "Inferno." The candles arranged along the supporting beams glared like so many malignant eyes. The air was imbrowned with shadows which the flickering lights showed to be unnatural figures with naked arms swinging aloft strange implements of torture which appeared to descend with merciless blows on writhing victims. Ghostly faces peered out from be-

hind heaps of loosened earth or piles of lumber. The human voice sounded hollow as from a long distance, and the noise of pick and shovel, hammer and saw, sent strange vibrations along the vaulted roof.

"There is Evald, Dolly," said Captain Kirk to his wife. "Now we can have him explain exactly how he manages the giant powder."

The young man had just risen from a box of cartridges which stood open before him. Hearing his name, he smilingly advanced to greet them and with instinctive modesty drew closer the oil-cloth coat he wore over his bare breast. His uncovered arms were white and fine in texture as a woman's, but were muscled like a gladiator's. From the close black hood of his cloak his yellow hair, dripping with moisture, made a kind of halo around his blue-veined temples. He stood before them like the king of this underground world, his noble stature dwarfing by contrast the forms of those who were around him. No one could see Erik Evald as he looked now without a thrill of pleasure. He was such a perfect picture of physical strength and beauty.

To all their questions he gave intelligent answers, and showed himself to have thoroughly mastered his business. After detaining him a few moments the party passed on to other things, and some fifteen minutes later declared their willingness to return to the sunshine.

They were about half way to the mouth of the Tunnel when, quick as the flash of a thunderbolt, a terrific blast tore through the bowels of the earth as though the powers of hell were loosened and bellowed forth defiance to high heaven. Sense and sight were for the moment destroyed by the awful crash, and the dense volumes of smoke that poured from behind shutting out the flare of the candles. An eternal midnight seemed to have descended on the hundreds of souls shut in this living tomb. It was literally the "crack of doom," to most of these terrified wretches.

"Good God! An explosion!" cried Kirk, clasping his wife and child to his breast.

As the thunder rolled gently toward its close, cries of pain and terror rose on all sides. A maddened crowd rushed headlong for the opening, their pallid faces backward turned to see what grizzly horror was on their track. The Chinamen, in particular, were crazed with the sense of danger even

after they reached the outer world. It was only when Yo Hing went among them, speaking authoritatively, that they regained any measure of self-control. Others besides the boss were drawn to the spot by the noise of the explosion. Among these was Ah Tong who looked immensely relieved when he saw his wife and the Kirk family issuing forth from the smoking archway. The Captain was the right man in the right place. He called out in a voice men love to follow to the death:—

"Come, boys, who will go back with me to search for the poor fellows who are wounded or dead inside this hell?"

Immediately some half-dozen brawny, rough-voiced men sprang to his side. With a hasty kiss to his wife and Clair, Kirk and his followers disappeared in the Tunnel.

The man called Wiley, though unhurt, was quite helpless from fright. He was ghastly pale, and shook so he was obliged to sit down on the track. Some one brought him a glass of brandy which he drained to the last drop and appeared to feel better. Shortly after, he arose to his feet and slouched over to a crowd of Chinamen who were being interrogated by Yo Hing. Meeting the latter's eye some signal passed between them that made an instantaneous change in both. The boss laughed outright as though something unexpectedly good had transpired. Wiley, on the contrary, became fierce in a moment, and brutally exclaimed: "Shut up, you fool! I wish it were you instead!"

"Thanks, good fellow. Come this way," leading him behind a riotous growth of bushes and vines that concealed them from observation.

"Here is your money which will make you good-tempered, my friend," handing him a number of gold pieces which Wiley clutched and counted feverishly before depositing them in a purse which he drew from an inner pocket of his blouse. Something about the purse caught the watchful eye of the Chinaman and fixed it for an instant. It was curiously inwrought with beads, and must have been the work of some skillful Indian's hand. Catching Yo Hing's glance, Wiley flushed hotly, and with some incoherent remark turned abruptly away leaving the boss looking vastly well pleased over a discovery he had made.

Mrs. Kirk, unwilling to have her child witness any new tragedy, hastened home—

ward, leaving May Yung with Ah Tong, who was deeply interested in the conversation of an escaped friend of his, Chung Hi by name. At first she did not seem to understand what he said, but soon a look of intense horror overspread her face. She became deathly pale while her strained eyes grew unnaturally large as though trying to frame some frightful picture. Once she questioned her husband in a rapid voice little above a whisper, and receiving his answer, she moved slowly away as one who walks in a dream.

The name of Evald was on every tongue. There was almost certainty in the minds of all that he, at least, could not possibly be alive. When last seen he was arranging some cartridges in a hole at the farthest extremity of the excavation. There were probably a dozen or so Chinese laborers shoveling away the earth a few feet from him. These, too, were undoubtedly killed. Various theories were afloat as to the cause of the accident, but so far nothing positive was known.

Kirk and his party reached the terminus of the Tunnel by forcing their way through mounds of freshly fallen dirt, disordered lumber and tools, and the dead and wounded bodies of the unfortunate victims. It was a sickening spectacle. Some of the former were without a single scratch, and must have been instantly killed by the shock of the explosion. Others, however, were divided limb from limb, and were past the possibility of identification. The men gathered the bleeding, blackened mass of flesh and blood and piled them in the waiting car.

"My God! boys, this must belong to poor Evald," said Kirk, in a shaking voice, while he raised to view a milk-white arm, unscarred by the accident. Bringing their torches to bear on this ghastly relic of the beautiful Dane, they all agreed that from its size it could not belong to any other than he. Sorrowfully they laid it on top of the overloaded car, and separating their numbers, they slowly and sadly walked alongside, with bowed heads and dim eyes, while the patient mule strained at his reeking load. On ahead was the car which contained the four wounded Chinamen, whose dismal groanings made a fitting dirge for the dead. When they reached the mouth of the Tunnel, some hundreds of workmen gathered curiously around the two cars. Among them was Yo Hing, and Ah Tong and his

wife. The latter seemed to hear or see no one. As she approached the second car her stony gaze became fixed on Erik's arm. Yo Hing, also, bent forward critically.

"It is his arm, and the *right* one, too," in a satisfied tone, as though he had some special reason for remembering *this* above the left one.

His words broke the spell that held May Yung. Instant as thought, she seized with both hands the lifeless arm, and raising it on high, shook it defiantly in the face of the terrified Chinaman, while she shrieked out accusing words in their native tongue. Yo Hing fell before the helpless clay as he once had done, when, instinct with life, its powerful blow had struck him to the earth. Did the white arm, bleeding at every vein, stretch itself menacingly over his head, or was it imagination that caused it to appear to do so?

Captain Kirk took hold of the frenzied girl, and gently but firmly, undid her clasp of the marble arm, and giving her over to Ah Tong and Chung Hi, ordered her immediate conveyance to the hotel.

For once in his life the Chinese boss looked every inch the cowardly knave he was. He could scarcely regain his feet, and then, blanched and shivering, hurried away as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him. This scene was inexplicable to most of the witnesses, but all had a vague impression that, in some way, the girl held Yo Hing responsible for the death of Erik Evald, for whom she must have had a tender regard.

"Who can blame the girl? We all loved him," said one of the men sorrowfully contemplating all that could be recognized as belonging to his late companion.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the arrival of the train made a pleasant diversion in the day's events. It had just been a week since its last trip, and many of the Tunnelites received it with shouts of welcome. It had seemed a much longer time to them, and there was much excitement over letters, papers and packages. Kirk walked off to the kitchen with his hands full of plump turkey, whose limp neck hung low enough for Carlo's appreciative tongue to lick. Behind him followed the waiter loaded down with paper parcels through one of which gleamed the red eyes of some unusually fine cranberries. These hints of the coming feast had a tendency to dispel the depressing influences of the late catastrophe.

Yo Hing, looking somewhat less jaunty and arrogant, drew Captain Kirk aside and imparted to him the information that the purse belonging to the late Erik Evald was now in possession of Wiley. Kirk, without a moment's delay, wrote an order to the sheriff of Los Angeles to arrest said Wiley, and was about to hand it to the conductor for immediate delivery, when Chung Hi, calling to him hastily, begged to say a few words privately. They entered the now deserted dining-room, and the Chinaman made the additional charge of murder against the accused man. He solemnly declared that a moment before the explosion he stood a few feet away from Wiley who was partly concealed behind one of the ponderous beams that supported the roof. He seemed intently watching the movements of Evald as he was carefully arranging the cartridges. Then Chung Hi went on to say with a positiveness that brought conviction, that he distinctly saw the carpenter raise his hatchet and take direct aim at the stooping head of the Dane. He must have missed his victim and struck the cartridges, for the explosion followed instantly. During the recital Kirk's face took on an expression rarely seen there. He pressed his lips, which had grown white, into a resolute line that meant no mercy to the cold-blooded murderer, and opening his note to the sheriff, added a few lines, resealed it; and hastened out to the train which was already to depart.

Soon the snorting engine bore away the remains of the dead, the wounded, and some twenty or thirty Chinamen who were too badly frightened to return to work in the Tunnel. The train slid down the steep grade of the canon and sent its warning shriek across the plains of San Fernando, paused a few minutes at the little town bearing the same name, and then dashed across the desolate Tejuunga Wash, and over the sweep of land beyond, encircled by the majestic mountains that almost meet to form the narrow neck that connects these two great valleys of the south. On one of the hills that overlook the beautiful city of Los Angeles all that remained of Erik Evald was buried.

The Christmas dinner fully came up to the expectations Kirk had raised in the men, and went far to restore them to good-humor with themselves and everyone else. The Captain spent the evening at home talking over the day's excitement with his wife. They

were both of the opinion that May Yung had loved Erik Evald and believed Yo Hing to have been the cause of his death. Mrs. Kirk had made an attempt to see the girl in the early part of the evening, but was told by Tong that she was sleeping in her room. Having heard of her excited condition over poor Evald's remains, the kind lady commanded that she should not be disturbed, but when she awoke to send her to the cottage.

It must have been as late as eleven that same night when Kirk started over to the hotel to see that everything was all right before retiring. There was no moon, and as he struck across the road he almost ran against a slight figure hurrying the same way.

"Hello! May, you here?" cried the astonished gentleman quickening his steps to overtake her.

The figure kept straight ahead as though unaware of the interruption.

"I don't believe I'm stupid enough to have mistaken anyone else for that little Chinawoman. I'll hunt her up when I go in and see what she is up to this time of night." And the perplexed Captain saw the form disappear in the bushes back of the hotel.

He was so sure of its being May Yung that he made no haste to seek her out, but attended to several things that demanded his attention, and a half-hour elapsed before he knocked at Ah Tong's door. It was opened by the cook, who looked anxious and nervous.

"Where's May?" Asked the captain with a sharp glance around the room.

"Him gone see Missy Kirk. I tell him Missy want her and him go quick."

"All right, Tong. I'll see her when I go over," and bidding him good-night, Kirk hurried home. He found his wife awaiting him and learned from her that May Yung was then in the house in Clair's room. She begged to remain with the child over night, and they had made an impromptu bed for her on the lounge.

"I am sorry for the poor thing, Will. She looks ten years older and quite broken-hearted. She refused to talk, and only desired to stay near the child. How she does love the little thing!"

The sympathetic mother wiped away the tears from her dark eyes.

"Well, well, Dolly, don't grieve, my dear. She will be herself in a few days. This has

been a sad Christmas for you," said the Captain, patting her comfortingly.

It was barely sunrise when he was awakened by something cold touching his cheek. It was the black muzzle of Carlo's nose. The intelligent creature was accustomed to call his master in some such fashion when he wished his company on an early hunt. Slipping out of bed quietly so as not to disturb his wife, the Captain drew on his clothes and took down his rifle and ammunition, all of which preparations the dog watched with impatient interest. Kirk closed the door softly behind him, and, with Carlo at his heels, took the nearest way to a side canon that lay to the north of the Chinese camp. He knew that secluded spot to be the rendezvous of flocks of quails that would be delicious fried for breakfast.

The early radiance of the morning sun quivered on the heights that climbed the heaven as if to be alone with God. Along the blue ether a cloudy promontory sailed slowly toward the sea. The groves of live-oak, resonant with birds and bees, swung lazily their lace-like veils of Spanish moss. Far up the mountains, seemingly at regular intervals, the stately sentinel plants stood like sheeted ghosts the night had left behind. While under his feet, the *Copso de Oro* of the natives raised their golden chalices for the sun to drain dry of their nectared dew. They are joyous looking flowers and their sumptuous blossoms make brilliant patches in the dark green of the *alfileria*. Oh, earth! what visions of beauty and what harmonies are thine! A soul must be dead to song not to send forth all its hidden music on such a morning. Kirk's ringing tenor took up an old sailor ballad and sent it echoing among the hills:—

"And its home, dearest home, and its home it shall be,

And its home, dearest home, in the old countrie;
Where the ivy and the oak and the bonny
birchen trees

Are all growing green in North Ameriky,"

They were passing Yo Hing's tent, and Carlo, who had been snuffing the air with increasing excitement, now pushed aside the loosened curtain, and a moment after gave a prolonged howl that jarred unpleasantly on the air after the wild sweet melody of his master's song.

"What ails the dog!" exclaimed Kirk un-
easily, and retracing his steps, he unceremoniously entered the tent. Carlo ran to him

whining piteously. On his low cot Yo Hing lay in the position of one sleeping peacefully, but as the Captain approached he saw that the upturned face bore the unmistakable stamp of death. His clothes were saturated with the crimson tide that had flowed from a deep wound in his breast that must have caused instant death. Some hand had used his own dagger to strike the fatal blow, for its blood-stained blade now lay by his side. Kirk was not long in arousing the camp which was thrown in the direst confusion by the murder of the boss. No one could furnish the least clew to the perpetrator of the deed. Some unknown person had stolen into his tent in the early part of the night, for he must have been dead for hours, and quickly changed his sleep into the deeper one of death.

Kirk gave orders for the protection of the body, and then thoughtfully turned homeward. About a rod from the tent he caught sight of something shining in the grass. It was a large hair-pin with a glistening ball for a head. He had often seen it in May Yung's glossy hair.

"My God! Could that child have committed the murder?"

Keeping his own counsel he went on his way. As he neared his home he saw before the door a number of men talking in hushed voices. His heart gave a great throb and then almost ceased to beat. What had happened in his absence? His relief was almost painful in its intensity when he saw Dolly with Clair in her arms appear in the door-way. They had both been weeping, but, thank God! were well and all unharmed. He rushed through the crowd and caught them to his breast, while for a moment he could not find his voice.

"The poor girl is dead, dear, by her own hand. We found the bottle of opium in her pocket. I never suspected what had happened until some words Clair kept repeating aroused a vague suspicion in my mind of something wrong. She was saying 'Why don't oo open oo eyes and look at me!' And oh! Will, when I went into the room I found the child was bending over May trying to prop open her eyes with her little warm fingers."

Here Mrs. Kirk broke down sobbing on her husband's shoulder.

When the Captain looked at the girl he was more critical than the rest had been, for he discovered stains of blood on the sleeve

of her dress. He uncovered her face, and its child-like look rebuked his thoughts. Her features had settled back in the youthful curves and dimples that had made her so pleasant to the eye. There remained no trace of her recent mental agony. In one hand she clasped close a small image of Kwan-yan, the "Hearer of Cries," the worship of which among her people is not unlike that of the Virgin to the Romanist. Kirk remembered the girl's loving and patient care of his child—her unselfish devotion to his wife—her deathless love of the Dane—and looking in her dead face whose peace seemed now perfect, he inwardly vowed not to betray her secret, unless some innocent one was to

suffer for her crime. When no one was looking he slipped the pin in its accustomed place in her hair, and turned away with a troubled sigh.

When the morning train arrived the sheriff was aboard. He was not long in making the arrest of Wiley, who seemed overwhelmed by the accusations against him, and whimperingly begged the assistance of every one that came near him.

In the trial that soon followed he confessed to both the theft and the murder, declaring he did the latter at the instigation of Yo Hing who paid him two hundred dollars for the deed. The murderer was duly executed a few months later.

BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is no point more attractive to strangers visiting the old world from this than the "Auld Clay Biggin," in which Robert Burns first saw the light. Poets and preachers, philosophers and statesmen visit it; and, as appreciative as any, the common people, of whom he was one, who love him for the noble thoughts he inspired and the manhood he vindicated. The old house is in an excellent state of preservation, and retains all the external peculiarities of the early time, an *aulder* clay biggin than it was then by an hundred years. The interior is slightly changed—the division betwixt the "but and ben"—the outer and inner room of humble Scotch houses—has been removed to accommodate the guests of the hostelry into which modern greed has converted it. The spot where the box bedstead stood, upon which the poet was born, is pointed out to the visitor, who, poetical and imaginative, finds abundant food for reflection. He will recall the scene when William Burns set out on that stormy night which saw the advent of Robin, to bring the "gude wife," who was to officiate as the mistress of introduction, finding on his return the "weird woman" by his ingle side, whose prophecy was afterwards wrought by Burns into one of those pleasant little egotisms that make us smile as we read:—

"The gossip keekit in his loof
Quo' she 'wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart above them a',
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.' "

How much that prophecy may have had to do with the training of the bard, when it was poured into his young ears and stored away to awaken and inspire older ambition! The visitor, if a dreamer, will enjoy the revelations of the hour, and leave delighted with the feast of ghostly association.

The walls are inscribed with the names of thousands—the greatest and most gifted, as well as the humblest, men of all nations—drawn thither to do honor to the memory of the bard; but standing in that humble room, with its common and unspiritual surroundings, it requires a considerable draft upon fancy to recall the scene, and the visionist takes precedence in appreciation.

The Burns cottage is in Alloway, about two miles from the town of Ayr, and is situated in a section of the rarest beauty. Proceeding from Ayr, the road is delightfully picturesque, and abounds with graces that one sees in every line of the exquisite word-painting of the poet, from the grand to the minute—the hill and the brook, the heather

and the wayside flowers, the tree singing in the breeze and the bird carolling upon the thorn—and recalling the varied melodies of his which to-day the world loves to read, he comes *en rapport* with the sojourner, and pours into theirs the riches of his spirit.

Near the cottage is the school where Burns learned his letters of the “jolly old pedagogue long ago,” William Murdock, and near at hand is “Alloway’s auld haunted kirk,” where Tam O’Shanter witnessed the dance of the “warlocks and witches,” with “auld Nick” in the east enacting the part of fiddler. The ruin is as interesting as the cottage. It is wild and picturesque, and seems invested with the witchy peculiarity ascribed to it by Burns. It is a romantic and delightful spot, and those who seek its quiet draw from it sermons such as never were heard from its pulpit.

The Ayr, near Alloway, is a pleasant stream, but all the attractiveness that renders it superior to a thousand other streams, is the charm that the genius of Burns has thrown around it. The sun shines sweeter upon it, the grass is greener, the water, as it gurgling kisses the pebbled shore, is more melodious, the birds that sing above it are more beautiful in plumage and song because he wrote of them—because through the transmutation of his muse their spiritual beauty has been eliminated and are conscious to such as are in unison with him. The “Twa Brigs” span the Ayr, whose quaint dialogue, to-day, the world listens to in rapt admiration. The auld “Brig,” with its single arch, is the one “Tam O’Shanter,” in his flight from the “hellish legion,” sought, beyond the key-stone of which they could not pass, and just passing which, the “gray mare Meg” lost her tail in the clutch of “Cutty Sark.”

We need not advise any one visiting England to run down and see the Burns cabin, for his genius is to-day as universally admitted in our own land as in Scotland, and the centenary anniversary of his birth, a few years since, called from our people a tribute of affectionate memory that fully attested the popular admiration.

In Burns’s case is proved how true genius grows by time, while that which is merely factitious dies out under the test of years. Many pronounced grander poets than “the ploughman”—coteremporaneous with him, or since existing—have died with the memory of their songs confined simply to the generation in which they lived, while his memory lives

with renewing freshness, and will continue to live, while love and song hold sway over the human heart. His harp sounded the whole gamut of human emotion—its tenderness, its passion, its hope, its triumph—and every note is treasured with living fidelity. Time vindicates character. Reputation may cloud it, and the repute of a man’s faults may tarnish the gold of life; but character is godlike and indestructible. Who remembers Burns’s faults? They shrouded his life. The “ower gude,” whose determined excoriator he was, assailed him and vilified him. His licentiousness shocked the moral sense of the time; but it is hard to-day to find a man willing to risk his own fame by decrying that of Burns. As one of his biographers once said, in substance, whatever his faults, and they doubtless were many, the “Cotter’s Saturday Night” atones for them all. Who can read that poem, so full of love, trust and peace, inspired by the holiest, purest and best feelings of the manly heart, without assenting to it? It is one of the grandest and most effective poems in the language, and he must be harsh and unworthy who can look up from its lines, that are so full of the divine spirit, to carp at the ills which here and there peep out among the flowers!

His “Address to a Young Friend” has the merit of a thousand sermons in it. It comprehends the whole philosophy of life, and points the young to paths that lead to honor and position, avoiding the meretricious and false, and showing the good through a wise discrimination. “John Anderson my jo,” is a song which has its key-note in the deepest feelings of the heart, everywhere. Some years ago, Mr. Kennedy, the Scotch balladist, gave several concerts in Boston, singing for the greater part, Burns’s songs; among the rest this. Alluding to the word “jo,” he said that to get an idea of its full significance to a Scotchman, his auditors might take all the terms of endearment known to the language, compress them to an essence, then distil the whole to a single drop, and the concentration will represent the deep meaning of the word “jo.” With what an unction Burns gives it in this song! It stands there as the culmination of the tender and the true. “A man’s a man for a’ that” is another song, that embodies a noble, manly sentiment that the world responds to, and “Highland Mary” and “To Mary in Heaven” banish, by their sweetness, all re-

membrance of the venom of "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Holy Fair." The wit of the bard, and the sharpness of his satire yet are subjects of amusement. They gleam out as exemplifications of his detestation of hypocrisy, or as expressions of the honest spirit that filled him. His friendship was warm and tenacious, and his gratitude sincere and deep. Who can read his tribute to Glencairn without feeling this?—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

His friendship finds expression in a thousand ways. His heart is full of his friends,

and his lines are replete with graceful tributes to their worth or memory. His "Prayer in Prospect of Death" is a solemn retrocast of vision that sums up defects against future possibilities. The poet discriminates betwixt willful sin and where "human reason" has stepped aside; and, trusting in the goodness of God, lies down to die, calmly and confidently.

These constitute the character that renders Burns an object of such universal love. Without the grace or polish of culture, he stands before the world as the representative of a common humanity, with a common sympathy, that speaks by gift of nature, as the æolian harp pleads, with tenderest tones, unwrit, but finding form in the receptive soul. Were he less natural he would be less welcome.

SWEET MAYFLOWERS.

BY LINNET.

LONG years ago, beside the wide, deep sea,
The budding spring had brought its gifts to me
Of early flowers by softly whispering rains,
And silent sunlight scattered o'er the plains.

But April days were sweet to me no more,
For now, alone, I walked beside the shore;
The smile, the hand in friendly clasp denied,
Of her I hoped one day would be my bride.

A careless word, by me too lightly weighed,
By her too gravely, and the vision fled;
The happy past was buried, and it lay
Without a hope to crown it for the May.

I yet retained, more precious far than gold,
A treasure left me in the days of old;
The past was dead, if I but dared to send,
Could this remembrance of the past offend?

Arranged within most fresh and fragrant were
The rare, sweet flowers, to which I likened her;
And this I sent without a word, the day
Whose silent dawning brought the month of May.

They all were emblems of her perfect life,
With deeds of gentleness and goodness rife;
And for the rest what need of words to tell
What one red rose could say to her as well.

I longed at last some token to receive;
And oh, my heart! it came to me at eve,
When to the sounds we all had turned away,
To watch the boats come floating o'er the bay.

Her eyes went forth like doves across the sea,
But soon returning, brought a sign to me
Of peace and trust—she neither spoke nor smiled,
But so I read it—we were reconciled.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1888.

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE left Mr. Singleton conversing upon the street with a friend, to follow the fortunes of Jig and her cruel captor. Full twenty minutes elapsed, so absorbed was he with the topic which he was earnestly discussing—before he noticed that the child was not standing by his side. Giving a quick glance about, he excused himself to his friend, and hurried forward, hardly knowing whither. To attempt to describe his feelings at that moment, as he went this way and that, trying to quiet the terrible fear at his heart, would be useless. Had he, indeed, by his reckless carelessness, sent the poor little wanderer back to cruelty and degradation? Where could she be? Where might she be hidden? At this moment where should he look for her? He rushed down the dark street, but everything was quiet there. He went into the crowd, but the little figure, so trim and proud in its new adornments, was nowhere to be seen! He thought of Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and of Westerly—what could he say to them? And worst of all, the poor, poor child! Wiping the perspiration from his face, he jumped into a carriage, near by, and gave orders to be driven with all possible speed to Mr. Preston's office. But the carriage dragged along slowly, he thought, and the horses moved like snails; and, worst of all, when he gained the office itself, there was no one to be found but the errand boy. Mr. Preston went out somewhere, he did not know when he would return. Where was Mr. Westerly? At Mr. Preston's residence, without doubt. He sprang into the carriage, again, thrusting, as he did so, money into the hand of the driver, and saying, "For the love of Heaven drive fast!"

He found Mr. Westerly as he had prayed that he might. He met Mr. Singleton at the door, alarmed beyond measure, by his appearance.

"What is it?" he asked, breathlessly, grasping his hand, while his own heart assured him what the real trouble was.

"Forgive me, James, it was my fault—but the poor child cannot be found."

By this time, Mrs. Preston was in the hall.

She grew very white as Mr. Singleton's words fell upon her ear. For a moment she stood silent, holding her hands fast together, then she cried out:—

"Go to the police—don't lose a moment, James! It is the only way to find her. Do not spare time, pains, labor or money, go!"

Mr. Singleton drew out his well-filled pocket-book at the last word, and placed it in her hand. She took it, mechanically, adding, while her face brightened, "Perhaps she isn't stolen, after all; go to the city crier's office, she may have strayed away from you. Don't wait! When Charles comes home he shall join you. Go—hurry!"

She closed the street door after them, and went back to her little sitting-room. The tears rushed to her eyes at what she saw there. Upon her work-table a half-finished white frock, with which she was intending to surprise Jig, was lying. She had been working busily upon it all the afternoon. She took it up again, slipping her thimble upon her finger, but she could not take the first stitch. Dear, tender-hearted Mary Preston, the tears would not be put back; they fell from her blue eyes in showers; upon her cheeks, over her fair hands, and like rain upon the white frock before her.

"Poor little Jig! poor, motherless, abused child! dear, dear!" she sobbed. "It is too wretched, too bad!"

Everything sad and pitiful rushed into her heart, now; she blamed herself for allowing Jig to go out; she had not been a true mother to her as she should have been. A mother! and then, as if she had not enough upon her heart already, a sad memory came sweeping down like an ill-omened bird—and she saw, again, as she had seen four years before, a dead babe in its shroud, with its bits of dimpled hands crossed over its still heart! A mother! if the dear one had been spared her, would she not have guarded it more closely than she had Jig? Heaven help her for being so thoughtless. She would be truer in the future.

By and by, as she sat by the open window, she heard the gloomy ring of the crier's bell, accompanied by the loud, evenly modulated voice of the crier himself, crying the

lost child. Again and again the dismal cry echoed through the street, dying away, at last, in the distance.

"Oh, if she should be found, after all!" said Mrs. Preston to herself. "If they should bring her home with them!"

But the street grew still, and time dragged slowly by. A clock from the steeple of a neighboring church marked the hours as they died away. Twelve o'clock, and no Jig! Still Mary sat and watched alone by the window. Another hour and Mr. Preston returned with Mr. Singleton and Mr. Westerly, bearing the sad intelligence that the child could not be found in the city; everything had been done that could be done, and the matter must rest in the hands of the police detectives.

"But if she is not in the city, what then?" inquired Mrs. Preston, eagerly.

"We will find her in some other," replied Mr. Singleton. "James and I have resolved to take the first train to-morrow morning for Boston."

"Yet she may be hidden between the two cities," continued Mary, her face darkening and brightening alternately.

"We'll find her, even in that case," said Mr. Westerly, smiling.

Mary shook her head. "Do you think, yourself, that you will?" she inquired.

"Certainly—if she is living."

But Mary for some reason was not ever and above hopeful. She was inclined to look upon the dark side of the picture. "The child was in bad hands," she remarked, shuddering. "Heaven only knew what her fate would be; but she would try and hope for the best."

The next day, at an early hour, Messrs. Singleton and Westerly set out for Boston, as they had proposed to do the night before. At first they thought to search out Old Israel, and negotiate with him for Jig. But they held no clue to his whereabouts; whether he was in the city or not, they had no means of telling. All attempts, both with and without the aid of the police, proved ineffectual. Still they did not despair, but determined to spare neither time nor money in prosecuting the search.

A few nights after their arrival in the city, the gentlemen drove out several miles into the country, in a light covered carriage. Charmed with the beauty of the scenery they forgot everything beside it, as they drove silently and leisurely along. The air

was rich and fragrant with the smell of flowers. Upon either side of the road the trees, dark, heavy and shadowy, rose up in long lines. The sky had the touch of June upon it, and the stars, as if in remembrance of the time, seemed more golden and lustrous than ever. By and by they came into the open country, where the fields stretched smoothly away upon either side of the wood.

"I am afraid it is late," said Mr. Westerly, checking his horse. "Indeed! I had almost forgotten myself."

Just as Mr. Singleton opened his lips to reply, a cry from an adjoining field silenced him.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mr. Westerly, drawing up his horse. "It was like a child's voice."

He had not time to say more, for at that moment a little dusky figure leaped through the fence into the road, and directly in front of the horse's feet.

"Take me, oh, take me!" was the cry, in a terrified voice. "He's after me—right here. Oh, take me!"

"Good God! Mr. Singleton, it is Jig, herself!" cried out Mr. Westerly, leaping from the carriage and catching the child in his arms. "Here, take her quick—some one is coming across the field."

"Oh, good Mr. Westerly," whispered Jig. "I didn't know it was you. I'm so glad! He's after me. Don't let him have me."

"That I won't, child!" was the fervent response, as he turned his horse's head towards the city, and gave her a sharp cut with the whip. "We'll see if we can make faster time than we have for the next half-hour."

"I've lost all my pretty clothes," said Jig, nestling her head down upon Mr. Singleton's shoulder. "I'm 'fraid you won't want me. I sha'n't be a lady."

"Yes, you shall, poor child!" said the kind gentleman, drawing his arm closely about her. "It was my fault that you lost your fine clothes. You shall have some just as good again."

"But won't he catch me?" asked Jig, starting up. "Can't we go the other way? I'm 'fraid he's coming as fast as we be."

"No, that is impossible," said Mr. Westerly, soothingly, turning, as he spoke, into another road.

Afraid to trust any one's senses but her own, the child leaned forward and looked

from the carriage. Her quick eye caught at a stately mansion near by. She shrank back, crying out as she did so:—

"He lives there! Oh, dear! poor little Elsa lives there, too!"

"He?" repeated Mr. Singleton.

"Yes, the one that said it! Hurry. They was going to take me there to-night, when Jack helped me run away; but daddy come and I cut across the field. I'm so glad."

"It is Mr. Jennings's place," exclaimed Mr. Singleton, in an incredulous voice. "The child is mistaken."

But Jig answered, "Yes, her name is Jennings; Elsa said so. She is Elsa's Aunt Lucy; and she's a sister to Elsa's Aunt Jane. Ain't he coming, Mr. Westerly?"

"No, dear, no. We've left him a long way behind us. Don't be afraid."

"Such a strange story as she tells!" mused Mr. Singleton. "You know the Jennings people, I believe, James?"

"Yes, slightly. The youth, Frank, I take it"—

"Oh, that is the one!" interrupted Jig, eagerly. "And little Elsa likes him, and thinks he's handsome. I don't."

"Yes, child, we know the people," replied Mr. Singleton, thoughtfully.

"Don't tell them that I was the little Jig that cut away"—

"What is the rest?" urged Mr. Westerly, seeing that she had cut her communication short.

But the child was too crafty to finish the sentence. She laid her head upon Mr. Singleton's shoulder again, and during the remainder of the drive was silent. The gentlemen discussed the propriety of leaving the city in the early morning, and talked of procuring her a proper suit of clothes, but she did not ask a question, or show by any sign that she heard what they were saying.

The following afternoon while Mrs. Preston was mourning over her heedlessness, as she had done for the last few days—mourning one moment, and daring to hope that Jig would be found the next—her husband came home and threw a telegraphic despatch into her lap. It contained these words: "We shall return at 3 o'clock P. M.—Westerly."

"The last hope is gone!" cried Mary, falling upon her husband's shoulder and sobbing outright. "They can't find her. O Charlie—Charlie! what a life I may have doomed that child to by my thoughtlessness."

Mr. Preston tried to quiet her. "But, Mary," he said, "you were not at fault. You did all that you could do for the child. You should not blame yourself for what you could not help."

But Mary Preston, like a willful child, herself, persisted in heaping a multitude of sins upon her own innocent head; and when the load was well-nigh as heavy as it could be, she amused herself in the very gloomy way of glancing it all over.

"I'm so wretched, Charles!" she said, sobbing harder than ever.

Just at that moment the bell rang. "It is time for Mr. Singleton and James to be here. Brighten up," said Mr. Preston.

But she sat like a very rock until Bridget opened the hall door with—"An' it is yees, Misther Westerly. Och, Lord!" fetching up the sentence with a shrill cry.

"Mary, Mary—look here!" called Mr. Preston, as he stepped into the hall.

She arose and went forward, softly, as if she were afraid of breaking some enchantment or spell. At sight of her face Jig sprang forward, crying out, wildly, "Oh, I'm so glad Mrs. Preston! I'm so glad. They beat me and banged me, and took all my clothes, everything that you giv' me, but I've come back, and I am so glad!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE day following, dressed again neatly and becomingly, Jig started with Mr. Singleton for her new home. She was so overjoyed upon regaining her freedom, and finding her friend, that weariness and hardships were forgotten. She'd be a lady, some time, she said, as Mrs. Preston tied her hat. She'd never be banged again.

Mrs. Preston sighed. It was strange, she was thinking of Jig's future. To her it did not look altogether bright. Tender-hearted woman that she was, she saw before the child many hardships and trials to overcome; much to bear that would be more trying than any physical suffering she had ever known. She would have a splendid home; everything that wealth could provide; she would be nicely clothed, well educated—but, after all, there would be something more needed. Mr. Singleton would be true and tender to her, she felt that—but Mrs. Singleton! She sighed again, and Jig looked up wonderingly into her face.

"Does your head ache?" she asked.

Mrs. Preston shook her head; then she bent down and kissed her. "You must come and see me, every year, Jig," she said. "Mr. Westerly has promised to bring you. You must not allow him to forget it."

She would not forget it, she said, her eyes brightening. When she got a little bigger she could walk there, herself.

"There will be no necessity for that," Mr. Westerly answered, laughing, "even if she has a disposition for such an undertaking."

"Isn't it pretty for ladies to go-foot?" inquired Jig.

"Not when there are people about who want to catch them," was the grave answer.

Mr. Preston smiled roguishly.

"No double meanings, if you please," continued Mr. Westerly.

And so Jig went to her new home, rejoicing that she was freed from daddy and mammy, and that, now, in spite of everything, she could be a lady. For the future she did not or could not have any particular thought; it lay before her an enchanted realm of brightness. The world that she had found outside of the filthy alley was full of kindness. She had warmed herself at the truest and sunniest of hearts; that there were any other she did not dream. She expected to find Mrs. Singleton like bright-faced Mary Preston.

"Will she be glad?" inquired Jig of Mr. Singleton, when he told her that they were near the end of their journey.

"Whom do you mean, child?"

"I mean will *she* be glad—Mrs. Singleton."

Mr. Singleton smiled. Jig could not interpret the expression of his face. She remembered it, and saw its meaning years after.

"I do not know whether she will or not," he said, quietly. "What will you do, if she is not?"

Jig's countenance fell. "I don't know; pr'a'ps I'll have to go again."

"What, and leave me?" he asked.

She looked up into his face, and meeting the earnest glance of his eyes, said, emphatically, "No, I won't leave you—not if she bangs me!"

"But she will never do that, so rest easily, my child. I shall be able to take care of you."

So saying, he leaned his head upon his hand and gazed abstractedly from the car-

window. What was he thinking of, that his face should change its expression so suddenly? Was it of the stately woman he was so soon to meet—the proud lady who presided over his home and bore his name? Or was it of the slender mound in the family burying-ground, beneath which, fourteen years before, his young wife had been laid to rest? Was he thinking of the red mouth that once waited for him with kisses, when he was absent, the white arms that twined about his neck, the tender words that were breathed into his heart? Or, was it of the stately step, the polite words of welcome, the formal grasp of the white hand, that now awaited him? Did he think how his great heart was pining for something to love—just as it had years before—and that his wife and step-daughter (for his wife was a widow when he married her) were now, and always would be, strangers to his better and truer nature? Did he think that his home was cold and shadowy in the face of its luxury; and did he dare hope that the little homeless stranger would be to him like a vein of sunshine in it? And did he think, then, of a darker cloud than death, that had once lowered upon him, trailing even now its heavy shadows over his life? It must have been so, for he shut his teeth hard upon his lip to stop its quivering; held his gloved hands tightly together, and bent his head lower upon his breast.

"Are you going to cry?" asked Jig, putting her hand upon his arm, and trying to look into his face.

"No, dear;" he answered, arousing himself. "Do not mind me; we are almost home, see!"

But she would not look in the direction which Mr. Singleton indicated—but straight into his face.

"You are a strange little thing," he said.

"That's what Mr. Westerly said!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "And when he said it he laughed. Oh, how I like *him*—almost as well as I do Jack!"

"Almost as well as you do me?" suggested Mr. Singleton, smiling.

Jig looked puzzled. She thought she liked Mr. Singleton the best of any one in the world. What could she say now? She scowled up her dark brows and pursed up her mouth, attempting to find a reply that suited her. "I can't tell how 'tis!" she exclaimed, half-spitefully, at last.

"By and by you may be better able to," was the significant answer. "But listen to

me a moment. I have a new name to give you. I do not care to have you called Jig any more"—

"But I *am* Jig!" was the quick answer. "I ain't nobody else!"

"No, but if I should call you Julia, would not you be Jig just the same?"

"How can I be Julia and Jig too? And if I should ever see Elsa and was Julia, how would *she* know I was Jig?" was the eager inquiry.

"It is not you that will be changed, child," said Mr. Singleton, "but your name. Instead of calling you Jig Potter, I am going to call you Julia Singleton. You will be the same, don't you understand it? When any one asks your name, you must tell them it is Julia!"

"Julia—Julia?" repeated the child. "Does Mrs. Preston know it—and does Mr. Westery?" she asked, sorrowfully; and then, before he could answer, she inquired, "Shall I be Jig, *sure*—just the same?"

"Jig, sure," reiterated Mr. Singleton. "But the cars will stop in a moment; we are very near home. The carriage will be at the depot waiting for us."

"Is this the place?" asked Jig, twenty minutes later, as the carriage turned into the broad smooth road that led to Mr. Singleton's house. "How dark it is!" she said, as they drove through the dense shade. "And how funny!" she added, nestling down upon the cushions.

"Do you like it?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes, but I'm afraid. What is it that shines so there? it shines like new silver pieces!"

"It is a pond of water," answered Mr. Singleton, smiling.

"Pond—pond!" repeated Jig. "Old Suke, dear me! I can't think, and it's right here."

She held her hand to her forehead. Mr. Singleton watched her curiously. "Some time you shall tell me all about it," he said, soothingly. "We are at the door, now."

He sprang from the carriage, and then assisted Jig to alight. Upon the broad veranda Mrs. Singleton, with her daughter, was waiting to receive them. "This is the child of whom I wrote," said Mr. Singleton, taking Jig by the hand.

The lady bowed. Jig looked her over from head to foot; at her blue eyes fixed so coldly upon her; at her pale brown hair parted smoothly away from her forehead; her handsome, firm mouth, through which her white

teeth shone, and then at her costly robe which trailed over the veranda floor; and last, at the white hand held out to her; in which (after glancing at Mr. Singleton) she placed hers without a word.

"What is your name, please?" inquired the lady.

"Julia."

"Julia?" she repeated, inquiringly.

"Julia Singleton," replied her husband, quietly.

"And this is my daughter, Miss Lucia Dempster, Miss Julia," said Mrs. Singleton, by way of introduction.

Jig turned her eyes to the pretty pink and white face of Miss Lucia, about whose mouth an expression betwixt a smile and a smirk was lingering. "I am happy to meet you, Miss Julia," lisped Lucia, extending her hand.

Jig went forward unhesitatingly, without once moving her eyes from the girl's face. But a crimson tinge broke through the swarthy of her cheek, as she gave Lucia her hand. Something plainer than words was readable in her manner; unsophisticated and unlearned as Jig was, she did not fail to know and comprehend it. In her heart, she felt that there were no Mrs. Prestons in her new home.

"It will be so nice to have a companion, papa," said Lucia.

"She will not be much of a companion for you at present; by and by we may hope a great deal from her," replied Mr. Singleton.

Then Lucia, smiling and smirking, turned to Jig again. "Would she tell her how old she was?"

"Jig did not know, she had never known," she answered, bravely.

"What a child! She was fourteen in January last."

Jig did not answer. "She did not care how old she was," she thought.

The party moved to the parlors. Here was another trial for poor Jig. She was introduced there to a slender, sharp-faced woman in black silk, who, when she arose to speak to her, rustled like a forest of trees in June. "This is Aunt Harriet—my *own* papa's sister, Miss Julia," ventured Lucia; gliding to her aunt's side a second after, and whispering in her ear—"It's Papa Singleton's last speculation. I expect he will make her his heiress!"

Miss Harriet Dempster made a very graceful bow, and said a few words in a low,

and peculiarly soft voice, and then re-seated herself. But from Jig she did not take her eyes for the next five minutes. She watched every movement, every turn of her head, every motion of her restless hands; listened to the slightest word that came from her lips, as though she anticipated catching some rare pearl of wisdom, a gem of learning. Then she turned to Mr. Singleton who sat gazing from the window. Her piercing eyes scanned his face, as they had done Jig's, darting quick glances out at this feature and that, as though they found food for spite and malice.

"Where did you find her, Mr. Singleton?" she asked.

"At Mr. Preston's," was the brief answer, given in a manner which forbade further questioning.

Miss Dempster arose and rustled herself out of the parlor, without another word. Half an hour later, Mrs. Singleton found her in the library, reading.

"What do you think of the child, Harriet?" she asked, looking very much annoyed.

"Shall I tell you?" was the query.

Mrs. Singleton bowed. "I am anxious to have your opinion," she said.

"Well, *that* is what I think!" said Miss Dempster, rising and pointing to a pictured face upon the wall, while her eyes for the moment seemed to emit sparks of light.

"What! you don't mean?"

"I mean what I say," answered Miss Dempster. "Look at that face, the large eyes, the red mouth, heavy hair, and straight nose; look sharply."

"I am looking," said Mrs. Singleton, growing slightly pale.

"Well, now go to the parlor and look at your husband's protegee; she is pale and thin, now. In three months' time she will look like—*that*!"

"You do not think—you do not mean to insinuate, Harriet," she gasped, that this child, this little rough creature, is"—

"I mean just what I say," retorted Miss Dempster, in a low voice. "Time will tell whether I am right or not."

"But, Harriet," urged the lady, "this child cannot be more than ten years old"—

"Ten years!" interrupted Miss Dempster. "She is thirteen this moment. There is an old look in her eyes and mouth, and an old soul in her body, if I am a correct judge."

"Do you think that such a thought has oc-

curred to him—to Mr. Singleton?" was the eager inquiry.

"No, I do not; but it will come to him if she remains here; and to her, too, if I am not very much mistaken."

Mrs. Singleton walked slowly up and down the library. Miss Dempster watched her, and read every one of her thoughts in her face. She did not disturb her for several moments. She knew too well how to manage her to make a wrong move.

"This is Mr. Westerly's plan, I believe?" she remarked, at last.

"Mr. Singleton wrote me that he was interested in the child, and in favor of his bringing her home," replied Mrs. Singleton. "Quite romantic!" said Miss Dempster, in her quiet way.

Mrs. Singleton reddened. "That was a reckless hit, Harriet," she remarked, showing, in spite of herself, how much she was disturbed by it.

"It may be," she answered, "but I am not inclined to think so."

"But the child is very young, besides being ignorant and rough."

"Young as she is, Lucia is not two years older," replied Miss Dempster. "And as for her ignorance, she has the right blood in her veins to overcome anything which she undertakes. If Mr. Singleton gives her his name, rest assured he is satisfied that in the end she will not dishonor it."

Mrs. Singleton bit her lip nervously. She turned to the portrait upon the wall and gazed at it long and steadily. "There is another picture that I would like to see," she said, half to herself, and then, as if provoked at her own credulity, she added, "but I am convinced your suspicions are groundless."

"If they are, you can afford to pass them by," was the unmoved answer.

"But what would you have me do?" was the impatient inquiry.

"Look out for Lucia's rights," she answered, in a steady voice.

"When they are threatened it will be time enough to act," replied Mrs. Singleton, curtly.

"Perhaps so," responded Miss Dempster, her eyes brightening. "But an 'ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' the old adage says. It is as true in this case as in any other."

"Yes, but what would your prevention be?"

This was just the question that Miss Dempster had been waiting to hear. But she did not answer it very hastily, or as though she considered it of much importance.

"What would you do?" urged Mrs. Singleton.

"I would not be troubled myself, or allow my child to be annoyed," was the straightforward answer.

"Harriet," she exclaimed, "I do not—what do you mean?"

"What I say; as I always do."

"But what would you have me do? What could I do, if there were need of my doing anything?"

"But very little," answered Miss Dempster. "But I could. Lucia is my own brother's child."

"You do not mean"—gasped Mrs. Singleton.

"You are cowardly, and I am not a criminal or a simpleton," said Miss Dempster. "But pass it by, for the present. Look out into the walk yonder. 'Dost like the picture?'"

Mrs. Singleton looked out of the window. "Mr. Singleton and—the child," she said, turning away.

"Yes," laughed Miss Dempster, in a way that sent Mrs. Singleton shivering from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

A NUMBER of days elapsed before Jig was at ease in her new surroundings, and a number of weeks before she learned how to conduct herself towards those about her. Not that she did not try to improve her rough ways; she could not have tried harder, but she was continually forgetting herself. At first she called Miss Dempster "Hopping Suke," and when asked by Miss Lucia what she meant by it, answered in her own odd way that, "she looked just like her, and that hopping Suke was the ugliest woman that ever looked out of two eyes—Jack said so, too!"

This pretty compliment was duly communicated to the lady, and, in turn, reached the ears of Mr. Singleton. Jig was reprimanded, and told that she must never again make such distasteful remarks about people.

"But isn't she ugly, like Suke?" asked Jig, determinedly. "Did I tell a lie? I thought I was telling the truth."

Mr. Singleton smiled. "If you thought so you should not have spoken it," he answered. "People must not always tell what they think."

"Then what is the use of a *thinker* at all!" flouted out Jig.

"A great deal of use, when people use it before speaking," was the laughing answer.

And so poor Jig went on, whistling in her chamber, Sabbath mornings, when she was alone; dancing queer dances on the veranda, and tuning up in her loud, clear voice, songs that she had been accustomed to sing to the accompaniment of the hand-organ; saying "yes sir" instead of "no ma'am," and "no ma'am" instead of "yes sir;" running when she should walk; remaining quiet when she should speak; and talking when she should have kept still. How long she would have kept on in this odd, ill-bred manner, it is impossible to say, had not a remark which she overheard of Miss Lucia's angered and aroused her. Miss Lucia called her a "beggar" one day, just as she was entering the parlor. Now, if there were one creature above another that Jig had a contempt for, it was that one denominated beggar. Her scorn was innate. It had never been cultivated by her miserable surroundings. Something in her free, independant nature rebelled against what to her seemed cringing servility. So, when she heard the epithet applied to herself, by the haughty girl, her rage knew no bounds. She stood for a moment irresolute, her face crimson, her eyes flashing, and her hands clenched; but when the remark was repeated, she sprang into the room like an enraged tigress.

Miss Dempster looked up from her sewing in surprise, and Mrs. Singleton arose from her seat, as though she were afraid of being harmed in some way, while Miss Lucia, stolid as need be, looked into Jig's face with an unwavering eye.

"I ain't a beggar!" cried the child, stamping her foot upon the velvet carpet. "If you ever say I am a beggar again, I'll tear your eyes right out of your head. I don't care for anybody; I'll do it, if you lie about me!"

Her anger exhausted, through her speech, she turned and left the room; Miss Dempster remarking in her easy, cool way, as she did so, that Miss Lucia showed every indication of possessing a mild and an agreeable disposition; while Lucia, giving her Organ-die robe a spiteful shake, added, "If Mr.

Westerly had any particular admiration for the young actress of Papa Singleton, he should have witnessed *that* scene!" But Mrs. Singleton seated herself again, without speaking. Possibly she was revolving in her mind how she could best relate the incident to her husband; best for Lucia—for Jig she had little mercy.

In one corner of her chamber Jig curled down, pale and trembling. How from her heart she hated Lucia! For a single moment she wished that she were back in the old place again with Jack and Elsa; they never said such things to her, never! It was worse than being beaten. After a while, when the heat of her passion was cooled, she dropped her head upon her hands and thought, what in her whole life she had never done, unaided, before—long and steadily of her future; of what she must and would do; of what she must and would become. Miss Lucia played upon the piano, and sung, too; she would learn to play; she could sing, she knew, a thousand times better. She would learn new songs—and her hands should fly over the white keys as nimbly as did ever the proud Lucia's. She would grow orderly and quiet, as she had been told she must be; she would study her lessons, oh, very, very hard! She would learn to speak prettily, and not annoy any one by her odd, uncouth ways; and, by and by, she would show Mr. Singleton's handsome stepdaughter that, if she was poor, and had been taken out of a bad street, that she could become everything that *she* was—perhaps more!

She arose and went to the mirror, and looked long and earnestly at what she saw there. People had said, in the street, that she was pretty—but she had never given it a thought; she knew what it meant, but she cared little for it. Now she took into her heart its full meaning. She brushed her heavy hair back from her forehead; looked into the clear depths of her own eyes; saw her small, white teeth from between her parted lips; turned her head that she might catch the outline of her straight nose and well-shaped chin. Then she stripped back her sleeves from her arms, and looked disappointed when she found that they were not white like Lucia's. The old scars were on them yet—the marks of her former degradation. But by and by, she thought, they should be round and polished and smooth.

Wishing to put her good resolutions into

immediate action, she began by smoothing her hair back from her forehead with a care that she had never known before; then she bathed her face, rubbing her cheeks to a deep crimson; arranged with precision the folds of her dress; and finally, finding nothing more to do, sank down upon a seat by the window, and looked long and steadily at what she saw therefrom. The deep shadows, jeweled here and there by a golden clasp of sunlight; the trees fluttering softly in the summer breeze; the hard, smooth walks flanked with flowers; the mimic pond with its tiny boat; its silver ripples breaking constantly upon the green shore; and above all the blue, intensely blue, sky, with its skirts caught here and there by white tissues of clouds—clouds forever changing and tossing before the breeze.

Something in the quiet beauty of the scene touched the heart of the child deeply. She could not tell what it was. Her eyes moistened, and feelings and thoughts that could not be coined into words, crowded down upon her heart. Her head drooped upon the low window-sill, and fancies, vague and indistinct, flitted through her mind; advancing near at times, oh, so very near, and then, when she tried to grasp them, flitted away before her into unseen air. She held her hands across her forehead, as she was wont to do, when thinking deeply; and at last closed her eyes, trying to remember—she knew not what; trying to recall something which the scene before her had stirred in the grave of the past. What was it, poor Jig? Had your infant feet ever, in reality, known any ways save those of the city—the dim streets, the dark alleys? Had your eyes ever been familiar with the sight of birds and flowers, and all the appurtenances of wealth? Did you, looking back through the beautiful scenes that surrounded you, catch a glimpse, shadowy and dim, of a dream, or a reality? In the glass of memory did you see false or true colors? Had old Suke, indeed, told you rightly?

Growing weary at last of what she could not understand, Jig arose from the window. The afternoon was rapidly waning. She opened the door of her chamber and stepped into the hall. As she did so, she discovered that the door of Mr. Singleton's own private room was widely open. She began to wonder if he were there, and if he had yet learned of the way in which she had spoken to Miss Lucia. She went softly forward, the

rich carpet completely muffling the sound of her footsteps. Mr. Singleton was not there, but upon the opposite wall she caught sight of a picture, set in a costly frame of carved mahogany. She knew, as well as could be, that she had no right to enter the room, but something drew her there; the red lips of the face she saw seemed to move in whispers. She went to it, and then forgot herself. The portrait seemed to be alive; the dark, clear eyes were full of light; the heavy, shadowy hair, parted away from the smooth brow, seemed even then to be stirred by the breezes; the small mouth was laden with words, which it seemed eager to speak; and the white hand, clasping a crimson mantle about the snowy throat and shoulders, she believed to be warm and tender with life.

To the heart of the child the old, shadowy remembrances came back again, full and strong; and as they broke, wave-like, upon the firm shore of the present, she caught pieces of the wrecked memories which they bore; here a smile, there a tender word; here light, and there darkness.

A step, she knew it to be Miss Dempster's, aroused her. She drew back into the shadow of the window curtain, trying to conceal herself behind its crimson folds. But the eye of the woman was swift and keen; she could not evade it. Her cheeks reddened and her eyes grew very bright, when she found that she was discovered; while Miss Dempster stood upon the threshold, glancing from the portrait to Jig. Drawing a quick breath she said, hurriedly:—

"This is no place for you, Miss Julia; this is Mr. Singleton's own private room; he does not permit any one save himself to enter it. Come out, if you please."

But Jig drew back, and the friendly folds of the curtain fell softly about her. At that moment Miss Dempster heard Mr. Singleton coming up the stairs, and Jig, hearing him, too, caught the crimson hanging about her throat with her hand. She made a strange counterpart of the rare picture upon the wall. Miss Dempster gave a hurried, desperate glance from one to the other; then darted like lightning forward, catching at the curtain with her firm hand. But swift as she was, Mr. Singleton gained the door of his room before her object was accomplished.

"I found Miss Julia in your room," she said, coolly, yet still in a tone of apology,

"and ventured to assume the responsibility of taking her out."

"I was only looking at the lady," put in Jig, meeting, unflinchingly, the fire of Miss Dempster's eyes, which brightened strangely on hearing her voice.

"Let her remain here, if you please," said Mr. Singleton. "I think she has never been here before."

"Your pardon, sir," flouted Miss Dempster, rustling her silks. "I thought I was doing you a favor." This said she disappeared through the door, much to the relief of Jig, who had hardly drawn a natural breath since her appearance.

Still holding the curtain about her throat, Jig stood before the window. Knitting his brows, perplexedly, Mr. Singleton watched her. What was there in the child's face that so softened and melted him at that moment? With the report of her ill-behavior towards Miss Lucia fresh in his ears, he could not find heart to reprimand her. An irrepressible longing towards and for her filled his whole soul. He did not analyze his feelings, or think that they were worth it. He wanted some one to love, he said to himself, that want explaining everything. He held out his hand to the child, and then, as if afraid to hear the sound of his own voice, waited a moment before speaking. There seemed some mysterious spell upon him.

"Julia," he said at last, arousing himself, "come here and speak to me."

"I—I didn't mean to do anything bad," she began, starting towards him. "It was the dear lady that got me in here."

"The lady?" repeated Mr. Singleton, drawing Jig to him. "Do you mean Miss Dempster?"

"Miss Dempster!" she exclaimed, forgetting herself in her contempt. "No, the lady, there! the one that loves me! Does she ever talk out loud? She can, I know, if she is a picture!"

Mr. Singleton turned his eyes towards the portrait which hung opposite him—to the beautiful face so clear and bright, which at that moment seemed smiling upon him. "That loves you, child?" he said, looking down into her eyes. "Dear heart, she loved every one!"

"Who?" queried Jig. "The lady?"

Seating the child upon his knee, Mr. Singleton told her, in a low, soft voice, of the original of the portrait before her; of the

young, beautiful woman that death had taken from him; of the grave; the coffin and the shroud; and the desolate home that was left to him after this terrible blow was dealt upon his life. And then, looking into the face of the listener, so eager and wrapt, he began to tell of another sorrow.

"I had a little girl once," he began.

How strange, but at that moment Jig's heart stood still! She pressed her hands close together because they commenced trembling so. "A little girl!" she whispered.

"Yes; and the beautiful woman was her mother"——

A rap upon the door interrupted him. Jig slipped from his knee, and stepped back, though unconsciously, towards the portrait.

"Ah, Mrs. Singleton!" was the exclamation, as the gentleman opened the door. "Please come in."

"I would like to speak with Miss Julia a moment," said the lady, glancing, as she spoke, at the living and the pictured face. "The seamstress wishes her to try on a dress which she has just completed."

"Certainly, madam," was the polite rejoinder, as he motioned Jig to obey her.

So the golden interview was broken!

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was no light determination that Jig came to, as her improved manners soon testified. Her studies she commenced earnestly; her music teacher she no longer avoided, but practiced her lessons with a perseverance that did her honor. She went about the house quietly and orderly, giving, as she had never done before, her "yes, sirs" and "no, ma'ams" in the right places. Towards Miss Lucia she preserved a dignity that was really amusing, never addressing a word to her without being first addressed; answering her questions politely, but never for a moment asking one in return.

So the days and weeks slipped by, Jig growing more and more into the heart of Mr. Singleton as they went; while she drifted further away from the other members of the family. In her looks she changed as rapidly as she did in her manners; the brown faded from her face, and a deeper and richer color appeared upon her cheeks; her hair grew softer and more manageable, and her hands and arms free from scars and

bruises. Her eyes were more thoughtful and her mouth seemed more tender and serious in its expression.

To Miss Dempster this change was terribly apparent, and to her a thousand times more deplorable than any act of shame or degradation committed by Jig could have been. In her she saw a successful rival of her deceased brother's child, Miss Lucia; her rival in the possession of wealth, beauty, and accomplishments. Her keen, subtle mind leaped beyond the quiet of the present, and saw, as she thought, the events of the future. Idolizing, as she had, her only brother, and making, while he lived, his will her highest and best law; serving him as faithfully as though she had been his slave—it was no wonder that she was devoted to his child. It was not a selfish devotion either; there was that in her nature that would have inspired her to give up her life, even, had it been asked, to aid Miss Lucia, whom she regarded with a feeling little less than worship. In Jig she saw a complete obstacle in the way of her plans. Rough and uncultivated as the child was, she knew what she was capable of becoming. She had been told that Mr. Westerly was pleased with her; and this intelligence was of no tranquilizing character. In her niece's future she had determined that he should play no mean part.

But what was to be done now? Mrs. Singleton either did not or would not see the danger. That Jig was any other than the poor outcast that she had appeared to be that lady would not believe. That her face was like that of the pictured one in the library and in her husband's room she would not accept as the slightest proof that there was any connection between the two. After his first wife's death, years before, she knew that in some way Mr. Singleton had been robbed of his only child, but how she had never taken pains to inquire, and the subject was with him a sealed one. She had been told by some disinterested person who casually referred to the affair before her, that it was believed generally, and by Mr. Singleton himself, that his child was not living. She accepted it as a truth, and though slightly wavering at first, when Miss Dempster communicated her suspicions to her, would not be persuaded from her belief. At the instigation of her sister-in-law, she had broken Jig's interview with her husband; but even then, when she caught the

resemblance between Jig and the portrait, she would not acknowledge to herself, even, that there were any real grounds for fear.

She did not doubt that her husband's protege would do him credit as she grew older. She was quite willing that she should; but between her and Miss Lucia there could not, in reality, exist any equality, she thought, and firmly believed. When she remarked the improvement in Jig's manner, she was rather glad than otherwise; not for any reason weightier than that she would be less tedious and tiresome about the house.

But every step towards good behavior and success was to Miss Dempster just cause for alarm. Something must be done, she thought, something to avert the impending blow; but what, it taxed all her energies of mind to find out. She went about in a deep study, day after day. What had taken possession of her no one thought or knew. Mrs. Singleton, grateful for her silence upon a subject which annoyed her exceedingly, forbore to question her. When at last she emerged from her cloud, there was a marked change in her manner towards Jig. She no longer treated her with ill-concealed contempt, but with considerate and thoughtful kindness. She made her her companion in her morning walks and drives; took her to church, and showed her how to follow the services in her own costly prayer-book; invited her every day into her own room, and amused her by telling, in her own sharp way, stories of men, women and children, and of far-off lands of sunshine and beauty. She taught her needle-work, and bore patiently Jig's frequent failures.

Marking the change, Mrs. Singleton noticed it only by a look of surprise now and then. Once or twice she caught the glimpse of a strange fire gleaming up in Miss Dempster's eyes, and was for a moment troubled by it; yet that it augured any real harm to Jig she did not have a suspicion.

One morning Jig surprised Miss Dempster by asking suddenly, looking up from her book over which she had been bending studiously, if she did not look like the picture in the library.

Miss Dempster caught her breath quickly. "You look like it!" she replied, a strange smile flitting over her face. "Not in the least. Where did you get that idea?"

Jig did not know; thinking steadily, she found herself puzzled to tell. "Nowhere," she said, at last, lowering her brows; "but I

think I do. I'm just like it here," she added, drawing her hand across her forehead.

"I hope you never remarked such a foolish thing to any one!" answered Miss Dempster, smiling again; "not unless you are willing to be laughed at!"

Jig shook her head. "I never did," she said innocently; "but I've thought of it ever so many times; and I like to look at the picture better than I do to study, or play, or to drive out with you."

"That is because it is pretty, and because you are so fond of fine ladies."

"Yes," Jig answered, at the same time that she felt in her heart, though she was unable to say so, that there was a deeper reason than the one Miss Dempster had mentioned underlying her love for the beautiful face. "I wonder what her name was?" she went on, after a moment's silence.

She did not know, then, thought Miss Dempster. It was well that she did not. If she were, indeed, what she suspected, the utterance of a name that was once familiar to her ears would perhaps arouse every dormant memory within her soul. The lost child of Mr. Singleton had borne the name of its mother—Florence. The fact was well known by the wily woman, but she said in spite of it:—

"The lady's name was Catherine."

"Catherine!" repeated Jig. "I don't like that. Do you suppose she did?"

Miss Dempster shook her head. She did not know. She had never seen her, she answered.

"I will ask Mr. Singleton," Jig said, bending down to her book. "He will tell me, I know."

This remark aroused Miss Dempster fully. "Do you know, child," she said, in a low, impressive voice, "that he does not like to have people talk to him about that? that it troubles him greatly to hear it mentioned?"

"What made him tell me anything about it, then?" was the wondering inquiry.

Miss Dempster bit her lips. "Perhaps," she began, a little puzzled, and for once put to her wits' end—"perhaps he felt like it," she ventured.

"I guess he did," answered Jig, turning to her book again.

Something must be done, thought Miss Dempster, leaning back in her chair, and closing her eyes, or the whole secret will be out! The child must be taken care of.

She opened her eyes in a few minutes to find Jig looking at her attentively. "What is it?" she asked, giving her shoulders a nervous shrug.

"Nothing," was the quiet answer; "I was only looking at you."

"It did not need a sage to learn that," remarked Miss Dempster, rising, and going towards the window. "But what a splendid day!" And then, the strange light growing to a flame in her large eyes, she asked, in the low, soft tone that at times was peculiar to her: "Wouldn't you like to drive into the city with me, Miss Julia?"

"Oh, of all things in the world, how well I would like it!" exclaimed Jig, springing up, and dropping her book. "But—my lessons!" she added the next moment, her face lengthening.

"Perhaps I can arrange that matter with Mr. Singleton, myself," answered Miss Dempster. "You can study all the harder to-morrow."

"So I can!" cried Jig, clapping her hands. "I won't leave my books at all, to-morrow."

"Perhaps you won't!" answered Miss Dempster, under her breath, as she left the room. "Perhaps"—

Just then, as she stepped outside of the door, she met Mr. Westerly, who had that moment arrived from the city, and who was entering, as he always did—for he was like one of the family—unannounced. Her countenance fell. The cause of it I must leave the reader to surmise. But she said, holding out her hand to him, and smiling:—

"What a stranger you are, Mr. Westerly. We have not seen you since your return from Mr. Preston's."

"Which was a long time ago," he returned. "But I have been exceedingly busy. Is Miss Julia well—and doing well?"

"Very well," was the reply. "So well, indeed, that I think she ought to have a little recreation, and but now proposed that she should drive with me to the city."

She moved forward as she said this, and her eyes were full of fire. Mr. Westerly caught one glance of them; and that was enough. He stood in the doorway of the parlor a moment, thinking deeply. Could he analyze the expression that he saw upon her face?

He held out both hands to Jig as he entered the room, but she was a little shy of him at first, and hesitated whether or not to

bound forward and meet him. But soon the old freedom came back, and she rattled on like a blackbird, telling him of that study and this; of one undertaking and another; and asking a score of questions, in one breath, about Mrs. Preston.

He watched her and listened to her in surprise and wonder; she had so changed, and was so rapidly improving! Her face was growing really beautiful, he thought, with its heavy shadows of hair surrounding it; and more than all, with the never-ceasing play of feeling and thought that flitted like light and shade across it.

"Do you like being a lady so very much?" he asked, a little curiously.

Her eyelids drooped. "Sometimes, yes; when Mr. Singleton talks a great deal I like it best."

"You like him, then?"

"Oh, yes; and the beautiful picture in his room and in the library. Don't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Westerly answered, the face coming before his mind's eye. "It is very beautiful. Is that what makes you like it so much?"

She was silent for a moment. "I don't believe it is," she answered, hesitatingly, a far-off look taking possession of her eyes. "I can't tell—not really—what makes me like it. I don't believe I ever can. When I try, it stops right in here," she added, placing her hand upon her throat. "I wish little Elsa could see it."

"Little Elsa! well said!" exclaimed Mr. Westerly. "I had nearly forgotten to tell you about it, child. But I saw your little friend, myself, before I came back to our city; and she made an attempt to send you a letter, but she was so very slow in writing it that I was obliged to leave without it."

"Little Elsa—oh, what made you, Mr. Westerly, now when I can read writing a little, too?"

"But she will send it to me for you, sometime; she promised me that. When it comes I will bring it out to you. She has something to tell you about Jack. Do you understand who Jack is?"

"What Jack! Jack Farley, Mr. Westerly? Why, it is *Jack*!" she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"Would you like to see him?" he asked, smiling at her earnestness. "Would you like to talk with him?"

"Oh, best of anybody in the world!" was the prompt retort.

"What! better than Elsa?"

Jig blushed. "No, not her," she said, looking down.

"Never mind that; you shall see him some day. He came to New York with me, and I procured him a situation—all because your little Elsa wished me to."

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Jig. "How glad I am." And then remembering the sly hints of old Suke, she blushed again, and hung her head.

"What is it?" queried Mr. Westerly, slyly, understanding at once how affairs stood.

"Nothing, only—nothing."

"Well done; never mind it, child. A great deal results sometimes from this 'only—nothing.' What makes your cheeks so red?"

"I'm warm."

"True. When I see Jack again, I'll try if I can say anything to make his face look like yours."

But Jig adroitly turned the subject, by speaking of her proposed drive to the city with Miss Dempster; and then Miss Lucia entered the room, and Mr. Westerly smiled to himself to see how Jig drew back, and what an air of dignity she put on. His quick eye was not long in discerning the cause of this. He could not be blinded by the pretty Lucia's smiles, or her pleasant, piquant ways. He had had an idea from the first how the two would regard each

other; but, trusting Mr. Singleton fully, had no fears as to the result.

Miss Dempster, from the first moment he met her, he knew to be a subtle, wily woman. It was from this direction that he had apprehended difficulty would come, if from any. Mr. Singleton had little thought or patience with her. He treated her politely, because she was his wife's and step-daughter's relative; that was all. So far as he himself was concerned, he had no friendship for her.

While he was chatting with Lucia the carriage drove up to the door, and Miss Dempster entered the parlor equipped for her drive. She was all smiles, but through her soft speech he felt something running like fire. What was it? He looked at Jig, so bright and happy and eager, and a conviction came down heavily upon his heart—Miss Dempster was not to be trusted.

"Will you return soon?" he asked, carelessly.

"I am not sure whether we shall come back in the carriage to-night, or remain with my friends until morning, and then take the cars out at an early hour."

Mr. Westerly bowed, apparently satisfied; but Miss Dempster had not been absent but a few moments when he sprang upon his horse and galloped after the carriage, keeping it in sight, without allowing himself to be seen by its inmates.

[To be continued.]

MAUDE MAC DONALD.

BY E. E. BROWN.

MAUDE MACDONALD! as the sunshine
Floods with glory hill and plain,
So your loves illumines my spirit,
Banishing all doubt and pain.
As the blossoms long for daylight,
As the rivers seek the sea,
So my sad heart, longing, seeking,
Roamed the world in quest of thee.

Now the dreary days are over;
I have gained the prize divine;
Fate with untold bliss has crowned me,
Since your faithful heart is mine.

SOUTH WYBOMOUTH, MASS., 1888.

Nothing more on earth I ask for,—
Nothing better life can give;
Wealth and fame I hold as baubles;
In your love alone I live.

Maude MacDonald! Maude MacDonald!
Sweeter sounds your name to me
Than the voice of tinkling water,
Or the song of bird or bee.
Naught on earth our lives can sever,
Powerless death our souls to part;
In the glorious, glad forever
I shall clasp thee to my heart!



LIFE IN MARS.

THE question as to the habitability of other worlds than ours has always been a very fascinating one, and, indeed, it is not surprising that it is so; for since the days when the earth was debased from her proud position as centre of the universe, and was assigned her proper place among the planets, there seemed to be no particular reason why she alone should produce life, and why other planets, apparently as suitable for this purpose as she is, should wonder uninhabited through space.

Up to the present time, it must be confessed, we have met with nothing but disappointment in this branch of inquiry; for not only have we not detected living creatures on any other member of the solar system, but, with the single exception we are considering, there is apparently no other body whose surface is under conditions which would lead us to suppose that it might support life, or at least life in any form with which we are acquainted. It is of course useless to argue about the possibility of life under entirely different conditions; for instance, there might be some form of life on the sun; we can only say that it would be so different from what we know as life, that the term would be hardly applicable; and whether it is likely to exist or not, is a question which our limited experience does not allow us to answer one way or the other.

The moon, again, may be the home of living creatures; but they must be so constituted as to exist without air of any sort, which is rather contrary to our notions of life.

We will not here go to the length of examining in detail the conditions which obtain on the surface of all the bodies within range of our telescopes; but we may state that in none of them, with the exception of the planet Mars, is there any resemblance to our earth, and therefore life as we know it could not exist on them. With Mars, the case is different, and at first sight, there appears to be a state of things which approximates closely to that which obtains here. The planet Mars appears to the naked eye a deep red color, and when examined with the telescope, we see that a large part of his surface is red; but between the red, intersecting it in all directions, are patches and strips of

a dull greenish hue. It was very soon conjectured that this green part was the Martial sea, and that the red was the land. This has been confirmed by later observations, and now no doubt exists on the point. The principal problem that we are here confronted with is this: assuming that what appears green on Mars is a liquid of some sort, can we assume that it is water, and not some other liquid with which perhaps we are unacquainted? This question appears at first sight impossible; for, unless we can bring some of the Martial sea down to the earth and analyze it, how can we determine its chemical constitution? The telescope evidently will not help us here, and we must call to our aid that powerful ally of the telescope—the spectroscope.

The method of observation employed is a question which we cannot enter into here; it must suffice to state results, which all tend to prove that these seas are composed of water similar to ours. It must not be understood that we have been able to determine this directly; the only fact that we know for certain about it is, that in the Martial atmosphere there is a considerable quantity of water-vapor, which it is only fair to assume has been raised by evaporation from the seas, which are therefore also water.

Some time ago, it was observed that situated at each pole of Mars there is a white patch, which increases and decreases at regular intervals. This had been observed for many years before the explanation was suggested by Herschel, that it was due to the freezing of the sea, and was exactly analogous to our Arctic and Antarctic Oceans. If this were true, the patch of ice would of course decrease in the Martial summer, and increase again as the winter came on. This was soon shown to be the fact. Thus we see that as far as regards the sea, Mars is very similar to our earth, with the exception, that the proportion of land is much larger. On the earth the land is only about one-third of the area of the sea; while on Mars, the land and sea surfaces seem to be about equal in extent. The land is much cut up by the water, which exists not so much in the form of a few large oceans, but rather as a number of curious-shaped narrow inlets and

channels, which intersect the continents in all directions. The bright red color of the land is a curious fact, for which no adequate explanation has as yet been suggested. Herschel considered it was due to the peculiar nature of the soil; but it certainly seems curious that in this point Mars should differ from all the other planets. The appearance of the earth seen from a similar distance would probably be a dirty green, or perhaps brown. In fact, on the earth we have no soil or rock, which occurs in any quantity, of the red color which we observe on Mars. There is therefore no vegetation, unless we adopt the curious theory, advanced by a French savant, that in Mars the foliage is red. Unluckily, we have no instrument that can at all help us here; the telescope and spectroscope are alike useless, and, for the present, we must content ourselves with vain conjectures.

The next point that ought to engage our attention is the atmosphere, without which no life is possible. The method we use to determine whether a planet has an atmosphere is a very simple one: we have only to observe it pass in front of a fixed star; then, if there is no air round it, the light from the star will be extinguished instantaneously, as it is in the case of the moon; whereas, if it has an atmosphere, the light will gradually die away; because, instead of being cut off suddenly by an opaque body, it will be slowly diminished by the increasing thickness of the air that it is viewed through, and will very likely have entirely disappeared before the actual body of the planet is interposed. By applying this observation to Mars, it has been determined that it has an atmosphere, the exact thickness of which, however, we are unable to measure. It seems fair to assume that the amount of air which surrounds it is about the same proportion to the total mass of the planet as in the case of the earth. Without entering into calculations, we may state that if this is true, the pressure of the air at the surface of Mars would be about equal to five inches of mercury, or about one-sixth of the normal atmospheric pressure on the earth.

Now, given an atmosphere and a large extent of sea, we should naturally expect that clouds would form a prominent feature on the Martial surface; and observation has proved this to be the case. On several occasions, some of the features of the planet have been observed to be obscured by a sort

of white film, which it is only fair to assume was a cloud. These clouds appear more markedly at the edge of the disc, or at those points where it would be morning or evening, and we may therefore assume that, similar to the earth, Mars is liable to mists or clouds forming at dawn and in the evening. It has been suggested that these white films may be due, not to clouds in the air, but to a deposition of snow on the surface, which disappears when the sun rises. There seems to be no particular reason for adopting this theory; it does not explain the observed phenomena better, nor does it seem more likely to be true.

The air on Mars being very much less dense than on the earth, it is presumable that the winds would move with much greater velocity; and for this reason, it has been thought that trees could not grow to any considerable height. We must, however, bear in mind that though the velocity would be high, the actual force of the wind would probably not be very great, on account of its excessive tenuity.

In an inquiry as to the probability of the existence of life, one of the most important points to be taken into account is the amount of heat available. Now, Mars is at such a distance from the sun that on the whole it would receive about two-fifths as much solar heat as we do. This does not, however, give the amount of heat that is actually received on the surface of the planet, a considerable proportion being absorbed by the atmosphere; and since our atmosphere is so much denser and thicker than that of Mars, it follows that we lose a much larger percentage of the solar heat. To calculate the exact amount of heat absorbed by a given thickness of air is a very difficult, if not impossible, problem; but it seems likely that, taking everything into account, the inhabitant of Mars will receive more heat from the sun than we do. This would have the effect of making the evaporation very large, and if so, the Martial atmosphere would be mostly composed of water-vapor.

According to Professor Langley, the true color of the sun is blue; and its yellowness is due to the dirt always present in the air. To the inhabitants of Mars, it would most probably appear nearly white, unless, indeed, they also have volcanoes to fill the air with lava-dust.

Let us now sum up the facts we have stated, and determine as far as we can what

sort of a man the inhabitant of Mars must be.

In the first place, the force of gravitation at the surface is only just over one-third of its equivalent on the earth; a pound would therefore weigh about six ounces in Mars.

If, therefore, we assume that the men are of such a size that their weight and activity are the same as ours, they would be about fourteen feet high on the average. This would make their strength very great; for not only would it be actually superior to ours, but, as every weight is so much smaller, it would be apparently proportionally increased. We should, therefore, expect to find that the Martialites have executed large engineering works; perhaps, also, their telescopes are much superior to ours, and we have been objects of interest for their observers. With regard to telescopes, it may be interesting to examine what is the effect of the highest magnifying power we can use. At his nearest approach, the distance from us to Mars is about thirty-seven million miles; and assuming that the highest power that can be used with advantage is twelve hundred, we approach with our telescopes to a distance of thirty thousand miles, so that houses or towns, or, indeed, any artificial works, would be hopelessly invisible. With regard to the supply of heat and light, we have seen that the Martialite is not worse off than we are. To him the sun would appear as a white, or perhaps blue disc, about two-thirds of the diameter that it appears to us. The Martial day differs but slightly from ours; his year, however, is much longer, being about six hundred and eighty-seven of our days, which is about six hundred and fifty Martial days. The inclination of his axis to the plane of the orbit is such that his seasons would be very similar to ours. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of an extensive vegetation with his peculiar red color; it is just possible, however, that some of the green patches, generally supposed to be seas, may in reality be large forests.

The most valid objection to the habitability of Mars lies in the fact of the extremely low pressure, which, as we have seen, would probably average about five inches of mercury. The lowest pressure that a man has ever lived in, even for a short time, is about seven inches, which was reached by Coxwell and Glaisher in their famous balloon ascent. The aeronauts, however, narrowly escaped perishing, not only on account of the low pressure, but also because of the extreme cold.

It seems impossible that a man constituted exactly as we are could live for any length of time breathing air only one-sixth of the density of ours. But it is rather going out of our way to assume that the Martialites would be exactly the same as we are in every way; the chances are a million to one against it; and on the other hand, a very slight modification of the lung arrangement would suffice to make life perfectly possible under such conditions.

The nights on Mars would be very dark, for he has no satellite like our moon. He has, it is true, two moons, but they are so small that their illuminating power is nil, being respectively only sixty and forty miles in diameter. The smallest of these presents the curious phenomenon that it revolves round Mars faster than the planet turns on his own axis, and therefore would appear to rise in the west and set in the east.

Our earth, as seen from Mars, when at his nearest, would appear about the same size as Jupiter does to us.

We thus see that there is ample reason for assuming that this, the most interesting of all the planets, is the abode of creatures not essentially different from ourselves. Being considerably older than we are, the Martialites are probably much further advanced in arts and sciences; and perhaps there may be some truth in the story of the Italian astronomer who says he has lately detected lights on the planet moving about in such a way as seems to indicate a deliberate intention to open communication with the earth.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY MYRA DOUGLASS.

SHE lay upon her couch—the prisoner queen,
The peerless one of majesty—so grand!
Still haughty, proud, of old disdainful mien,
That ever, proud, his lineage to command.
Her glorious eyes were sunken, dim with tears,
And marks of anguish deep their lines had made,
But not for her were woman's woeful fears,
Nor at approach of man to be afraid.

Here, minion, here; I fain would seek my bath.
The perfumed waters calm and soothe my brew.
A time at least be deaf to Plute's wrath
That rage pertends; but ne'er to conqueror bow.
My reign is o'er; within the darkened tomb
Where lies my king—my Antony—in sleep,
Beside him there, in silence and in gloom,
I long to lie, but never humbled—weep.

What! I a queen of Egypt's gifted land,
Upon whose brow flash gems of untold worth,
To bow my head at mortal's cold command?
I, Cleopatra, of a godlike birth,
What! I to bow, to whom has homage given
A Cæsar great, and Antony so strong?
The bonds of life may from my soul be riven,
But never I to kiss the hand of wrong.

Go bring me here the fruit my faithful slave
Brought safe this morn, unseen by spying eye.
A gift more prized no god to mortal gave;
Their hellish plots I now can all defy.
Within its hidden depths of fig-leaves green
There dwells relief from every pang I feel,
A sleeping asp, 'neath dark and shadowed screen,
Whose calming languor through my veins shall steal.

Ah! now I make thee do thy duty well
Upon the arm whose flesh is warm and soft,
Whose warm caresses words may never tell
My Antony has tested more than oft;
But now all gone—my kingdom and my king,
And I a prisoner, doomed to prisoner's fate;
Prayers to Olympus succor cannot bring
To her who surges with the thrills of hate.

The poison germs are stealing through my form,
A soothing calm is tingling through my frame.
Ah, little friend! thy duty well perform;
No shame shall come to Cleopatra's name.
What, ho, ye minions! haste to Cæsar's side,
And tell him that his vengeance he hath lost,
That Cleopatra like a queen hath died—
Hath sought the shades—nor fearing what it cost.



My handmaid, here; your hand upon my brow;
 The death dews thicken, sight hath eyes no more;
 I hear the barque, my lover at the prow;
 He waits for me to row me safely o'er,
 What now to me is kingdom, wealth or gold?
 I am so languid—life is but a dream—
 Ah, me! this darkness—Antony, I'm cold!
 I come, my love, nor fear the sytgian stream.

In rushed the soldiers! Cæsar, too, as well!
 And there she lay, so passionless and pale;
 While on her arm the asp, as records tell,
 That oped for her the dark and shadowy vale.
 While weeping maidens stand in sorrow clad
 For her, their queen, now gone from mortal sight;
 While stern, dark faces to the picture add
 A crowning gloom to scene as dark as night.

Sleep, Cleopatra, beautiful and proud,
 Thy fierce, wild passions proved thy veriest curse.
 So cold thou liest, a kingdom for a shroud;
 No wish have we thy memory to asperse.
 Thy glorious eyes shall ever live in song,
 Thy form voluptuous e'er in history live,
 Thy varied charms shall to the past belong,
 While oft a sigh for fate so sad we give.

ST. LOUIS, 1888.

MISS BOWLESBY'S LEGACY.

BY M. P. DARLING.

"I DON'T know what I will do next," said Mr. Jerry Bilzsmith, removing his cigar from his mouth. "I'm over head and ears in debt, and I've no 'expectations' now, and I've no profession, and—well, really now, I don't believe I'm fitted to battle with the world, and I can't very well get out of it, unless I take thing into my own hands and drive out of my own accord, and I *won't* do that. It wouldn't look well, and it wouldn't read well in the papers the next morning. To be sure, I shouldn't be troubled with the reading of it, but I have too much regard for the feelings of my fellow-men to give them the trouble of reading it either. No, by heving! I *won't* do that. I'll—well, I'll wait like—who was that jolly old chap in David Copperfield? ah! I remember—Micawber. Like him, I'll wait for something to turn up. Something will turn up, of course; it always does. It did with Micawber. He came out all right

in the end;" and with this consoling reflection Mr. Bilzsmith resumed his cigar.

Now Mr. Bilzsmith was a very unfortunate young gentleman. In the first place, he had the misfortune to be the only son of his father, who, by the way, was wealthy, which made it still more unfortunate for Jerry, because there was no necessity for his doing anything to help himself. So he did nothing. Then his father died, and Jerry inherited the property; and I wish to inform you that he went right through that property, making, I think, the best time on record. But he was left with great expectations in the persons of a bachelor uncle and maiden aunt; and on those expectations he lived until his uncle died. Then he paid his debts, and made way with his second inheritance with neatness and despatch. Once more was he reduced to expectations, and on the strength of them ran into debt as usual. But this

time he had reckoned without his host, or hostess, rather. Miss Julinah Bilzsmith made a will, leaving the bulk of her property to charitable institutions. Twenty thousand dollars only was left in trust for the benefit of her nephew Jerry, and so tightly was it bound up, that he, poor fellow, could only use the interest of the same.

Miss Julinah made her will one day and died the next; and I think it was lucky that she did die just when she did, for had she lived another day, Jerry, who was her idol, would have persuaded her to destroy the will, and leave him sole heir.

But it was done, and Miss Julinah was dead, and Jerry was inconsolable. Thus we find him sitting alone in his room, bemoaning his sad fate and smoking.

Jerry's room was a real curiosity shop. Handsomely furnished at first, it had been gradually filling up with all manner of rare and costly articles, until there was hardly room left for the proprietor to turn around in it. There were no two chairs alike. A piano stood in one corner, a harp in another, and a violin (a real Cremona) rested on the mantle, and yet Jerry could play on neither of these instruments. He bought the first because he considered it a very handsome piece of furniture, and because he had always thought he should learn to play sometime; and he had bought it second because a particular friend of his had informed him in confidence that it was the identical "harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed." He didn't know Tara, but supposed he must have owned a sort of music hall like the one in Boston. But it was an elegant harp, and Miss Lalage Bowlesby could play it beautifully. Sometimes she even drew tears from Jerry's eyes, "albeit unused to melting mood." Then he had paintings, scores of them. The walls were covered with them, and they were piled upon the piano, and upon the chairs, and everywhere else. They were all works of the highest art, Jerry said. He didn't pretend to know much about paintings himself, but these had been selected by a friend of his who was an artist. There was one thing, however, that Jerry didn't know, which was that the aforesaid artist had not only selected, but had painted every one of those beautiful pictures. How kind of him, to be sure! And besides these things already mentioned, there were guns, pistols, swords, cutlasses of various styles, ancient and modern, jewelled daggers, and last but

not least in line of weapons, a boarding-pike and a small brass howitzer. But I haven't told you half of what was in the room. In fact, it would have taken Jerry himself a week to have made out an inventory of his effects.

But to return to the proprietor himself. Mr. Bilzsmith had finished his cigar. Now, as he glanced around upon his effects a smile of satisfaction lighted his face. "I might have done worse," said he. "If necessary—and egad! I think it will be—I can sell off what I've got here, and then—why, hang it! then I'll get married. I believe that's what fellows do when they find they're fit for nothing else. And I do think that Lalage would have me. I only wish she had a few thousand!"

"Ah! he is in. Didn't you hear me knock, Jerry?"

"O—what—halloo! Why, how d'ye do, Tom? And Lalage, too. Glad to see you both. I was busy thinking!"

"Hol! hol! that is good, isn't it, Miss Bowlesby? The idea of Jerry Bilzsmith thinking!" And Miss Bowlesby and Tom laughed in concert.

"Why, Tom, don't you suppose I ever think?"

"Oh yes, of course, after a fashion. But do tell us the subject of your thoughts."

"Let me find a chair for Miss Bowlesby first."

"Here's a camp-chair. The rest are already occupied. Mr. Tripp, you'll have to sit on the floor," said Lalage, opening the camp-chair.

"Sit on the floor and let my feet hang off?" cried Tom. "No, I'll try the table. O Jerry, if you want me to come to see you, you must have better accommodations. Why don't you sell off these works of the *old masters*?"

Miss Bowlesby smiled at the mention of the old masters in connection with Jerry's pictures, and Tom Tripp grinned.

"I believe I shall sell part of 'em."

"Do, by all means!" cried Tom. "But, by the way, you were going to tell us what you were thinking of when we came in."

"Of my self, to be sure," replied Jerry.

"Not one thought of me?" asked Tom.

"No."

"Nor me?" said Lalage, with a smile.

"Yes, I *did* think of you."

"O Jerry!" cried Tom. "Always thinking of the ladies when you are *not* thinking of Jerry Bilzsmith."

"I was only wishing for a song with a harp accompaniment."

"Then do let him have a song, Miss Bowlesby, if you can climb over this rubbish to the harp. Let me assist you."

"What shall the song be?" asked Lalage, after having reached the harp with Mr. Tripp's assistance.

"Something soothing."

"Yes, like Mrs. Winslow's syrup," said Tom.

"Art sad, Jerry!"

"Yes, very. My Aunt Julinah's will has broken my heart."

—"Wise men ne'er sit and wall their loss
But cheerily seek how to redress their harms."
quoted Lalage.

Then she sang, and Tom assisted with a very fair tenor. Jerry listened, meantime devouring Lalage with his eyes, and really, now, for a man with cannibalistic tendencies, she did look lovely enough to eat.

"Her brow was white and low, her cheeks' pure dye,

Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun."

Her hair was golden; eyes blue and tender; skin smooth and white, and soft as satin; teeth of pearl, and lips like roses; neck built after the model of "Annie Laurie," and a form as near perfection as they ever allow a female form to be now-a-days. In truth, my dear reader, if I wasn't a married man, I should have fallen in love with Lalage Bowlesby long ago.

Jerry Bilzsmith *was* in love with her, but I don't think he knew it. He was certain that he liked her very much, and he was quite sure that if he married any woman he should want that woman to be Lalage Bowlesby. "If she only had a few thousand!" sighed Jerry. Well, she had, but the thousands were *too* few. However, she managed to live upon the interest of what she had, piecing out her rather scanty income by writing stories for the weekly papers.

The song was finished, and Lalage had retired to her room. Tom Tripp remained.

"What the deuce am I to do?" asked Jerry. "I never can live upon twelve hundred dollars a year."

"But I do," said Tom, "and I don't know how to sympathize with a man that can't. I'll tell you what to do, Jerry. Marry Lalage—she loves you."

"What, and undertake to support two upon an income which I have just said was insufficient for myself alone? I'll tell you

what, I'll marry an heiress; I swear it by the great horn spoon!"

"And leave Lalage to die of a broken heart?"

"Pshaw, Tom! women don't do that sort of thing now-a-days. Besides, there'd be a better chance for you if I were married, that is, if, as you say, she does care something for me."

Tom blushed, for he *was* jealous of Jerry, though he had striven not to show it. While Jerry was wealthy, he had felt that there was no hope for him; but now he considered himself a greater "catch" than Jerry, for he *could* earn a living, and he was working himself up in the world slowly but surely, while Jerry—why, he didn't work at all, but let things slide at a very downward pace.

But just at this moment the bell rang, and Jerry and Tom went down to tea.

Jerry sat opposite Miss McKnight, a maiden lady of thirty-five. She was very ugly looking and very sarcastic, and she was in the habit of shooting her sharp-pointed arrows at poor Jerry; since the death of Julinah, she had had so little respect for his feelings as to ask him quite frequently about his aunt's will. But to-night she was in a better mood, and greeted our hero with a smile. Jerry was good-natured too, and they sipped their tea and chattered in the most sociable manner. Lalage notice it and wondered; Tom saw it, and laughed inwardly, for he thought, "Well, why shouldn't he be sociable with her? He just told me that he was bound to marry an heiress, and here is Miss McKnight with plenty of money, and all in her own hands. To be sure, she isn't handsome, and she's rather aged, but of course he must expect to take the bitter with the sweet."

That evening Jerry spent in Miss McKnight's parlor, or room, which he had never entered before, and how they passed the time together is more than I know, but at ten o'clock, when Tom Tripp passed the door, he heard Miss McKnight reading "Maud Muller," and *thought* he heard Jerry snore.

Tom chuckled to himself as he passed on, but had he known that another pair of ears than his were listening, and another pair of eyes were watching for Jerry, perhaps he wouldn't have gone to bed in such extraordinary good-humor with himself and everybody else. He might have wondered at a certain woman's infatuation, but he would have known why she had not been down in

the public parlor where he had waited and wished for her the entire evening.

The next morning Jerry was going down to breakfast. It was late. The rest of the gentlemen had been gone down town an hour at least. "I'll just take a peep at Lalage," said he, tapping at the door. "I feel rather dry and husky after passing a whole evening with Miss McKnight, and a peep at Lalage will refresh me. I did have a pleasant nap, though, while she was reading poetry to me. Egad! if she hadn't been so deaf she must have heard me snore, for I know that it was my own trumpet that awakened me."

He knocked three times, but there was no answer. Just then little Miss Smith came tripping down-stairs.

"Lalage has gone, Mr. Bilzmith."

"Gone! where?" and Jerry's countenance fell.

"To Bramleigh. She had a telegram this morning, and she had to go right away. Somebody's sick, I believe, or dying."

"And she didn't stop to bid a fellow good-by," muttered Jerry, turning away.

"Why, you were fast asleep, Mr. Bilzmith; but as you feel so bad about a 'good-by,' let me inform you that there's somebody in the breakfast-room, sipping her coffee and waiting to bid you 'good-morning!'"

"Confound her!" muttered Jerry.

Miss Smith laughed and ran away.

"By George! I believe they're all laughing at me, and no wonder. But I won't see McKnight any more. She's had her fling at me for some time, and last night I paid her off by playing the lover, though I was half a mind to marry her for her money. But, no, I haven't the courage to face her this morning. She might want a kiss—by the way, I did kiss her when we parted last night. Faugh! I can taste it now! No not any McKnight for me, thank you. I'm off for Hull, where I'll bury myself for a fortnight. Good-by, Miss McKnight; parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-by until to-morrow."

Jerry was as good as his word. He went to Hull and stayed a fortnight, without ever seeing one of his old friends. Then he returned to the city, but before going to his boarding-house, he thought it best to find out something about his friends there, particularly Miss McKnight, and so, as he walked up Washington Street, he dropped in to Harry Dobson's office.

"Ha! the anchorite hath returned," cried Harry.

"Yes; and now what news of the great world? I am famishing for news."

"Well, sir, after your villainous treatment of Miss McKnight, she first thought to go in to a decline, and then she concluded to go to Long Branch, and there, my dear fellow, you can find her, if it is she you seek."

"Pshaw! what would I want of her?" cried Jerry.

"Why, Tommy Tripp told all the fellows that you were going to marry her—said he had it from your own lips."

"Confound him! where is he?"

"Gone to Saratoga—fortune-hunting, I suppose."

"What, Tom!"

"Yes, Tom. Lalage Bowlesby is there, and you know you always were sweet upon her. By the way, you didn't know that she'd stepped into a fortune?"

"What! Lalage? No. How?" cried Jerry starting out of his chair.

"Oh, she had an uncle, same as you did, and he died the other day and left her a hundred thousand."

"Whew! you don't say so! Who told you?"

"Old Bulger, the lawyer."

"Then it must be so, for he knew all about her affairs. She used to go to him for advice, and he invested her money for her."

"Oh, it's so, you may be sure; and Tommy Tripp is just 'going' for that hundred thousand."

"Hope he may get it!" cried Jerry. "By-by, I'm off for Saratoga." And he left the office in a hurry.

"A hundred thousand dollars *does* make a woman attractive," muttered Dobson, as he turned to his ledger.

Four days afterwards Jerry met Lalage in Saratoga. Tom Tripp was beside her, and they were drinking that villainous water together.

"Lalage!"

"Why, Jerry! who'd have thought of seeing you?" But she blushed rosy red, and was too glad to see him to attempt to disguise it.

Poor Tom turned pale, and his voice faltered when he greeted his old friend, and then he turned away and sighed, "I'll go home. The game is up." And as no one took any notice of him, he slipped off to his hotel and began packing his trunk.

"Why did you run away from me, Lalage?" asked Jerry, still holding the hand she had given him at meeting.

"Run away! it was you that ran away, Jerry. When I came back from Bramleigh you had gone, and no one knew whither. But why did you flirt so terribly with Miss McKnight?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I'm sure I got the worst of it," cried Jerry. "And I don't mean to flirt any more."

"Not flirt any more?" asked Lalage, with pleased surprise.

"No, I'm going to get married," and Jerry looked very serious. "Yes, I'm going to get married—that is, if a certain woman will have me."

"Oh, by the way," cried she, looking around and seeing that Tom had gone, "I had a proposal last night."

"From whom, if I may ask?"

"Why, from Tommy Tripp, to be sure. You knew he was an old lover of mine."

"But, good heavens! you didn't accept?"

"Why not? I always liked Tommy."

"Why—why," gasped Jerry, "I wanted you myself; and I thought you loved me."

"Well, and if I do?"

"Won't you be mine? You didn't say yes to Tom?"

"No."

"And you will say yes to me?"

She looked up into Jerry's eyes. Hers were just tender with love.

"Do you really want a wife, Jerry?"

"Yes."

"Then take me."

A fortnight afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Bilzmith arrived in Boston. It was evening, and they drove directly to a hotel, where several of their friends were waiting to receive them. Dobson and his wife were there, and Tom. The latter had brought little Miss Smith with him, and upon her he seemed to be lavishing a great deal of genuine affection, and we will hope it was requited.

Late in the evening Mr. Bulger dropped in; and he kissed Mrs. Bilzmith, in a fatherly sort of way, you know, and told Jerry he ought to be the happiest man in the world, as he presumed he was.

"And I am," said Jerry. "But, by the way, Mr. Bulger, can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Bilzmith. We'll go into the next room. There's no one there."

"We'll take a seat on this sofa," said Mr.

Bulger; "and now, Mr. Bilzmith, what is it?"

"Well, you know I'm just married"—

"Exactly."

"And, well, really, I don't feel like speaking to my wife about her pecuniary affairs."

"Oh no, of course not; quite natural, quite natural, Mr. Bilzmith."

"But still I—well, I should like to know something about 'em, and I dare say you can give me all the information I desire."

"Now, my wife's uncle died lately, and I've understood he left a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand! Let me see—a hundred thousand! Oh, ah, yes—yes—yes, he did. I'd forgotten, you see. Singular that I should, too. Yes, your information is correct. Who told you about it?"

"Dobson," answered Jerry, smiling.

"Dobson? Oh yes, to be sure. I intended that he should. You see, Mr. Bilzmith, I knew that Lalage loved you, and I knew that you loved her, and I wanted you two to marry, because I knew she never would be happy without you, and you never would be anything without her; and so I told that story"—

"What! Didn't her uncle leave her a hundred thousand?" cried Jerry.

"Yes—keep cool, my boy—he left her just one hundred thousand cents! which, according to my arithmetic, is precisely one thousand dollars."

"O my prophetic soul! her uncle!" groaned Jerry.

"Was a very worthy man," said Mr. Bulger; "and his niece is just the best woman in the world, and you have won a treasure in herself alone. Now try to be worthy of her."

"Hang me, if I don't!" cried Jerry. "I've made a fool of myself, but don't let her know."

"Not a word. Come, let us go back."

Jerry cleaned out his room the next day, sending most of the things off to be sold at auction. He saved the harp, though, for Lalage. Then he hired a pretty little house out in the suburbs of the city, furnished it, and began life anew, with something to live for and work for, and I really believe that they are the happiest pair of married lovers among my acquaintances.

At present Jerry is studying law with Mr. Bulger, and it is possible that he may yet make a stir in the world. I hope, though, that the first use he makes of his legal knowledge may not be an attempt to break his Aunt Julinah's will.

WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE STORY.

CHAPTER I.—MYSTERY.

BETWEEN Thames Street and the River Thames, upon a spot on which the castle of an English monarch once stood, there stands a lofty warehouse; so lofty that even at mid-day it throws some shadow upon the broad wharf below, where steamboats and lighters and other craft are closely moored. It is a busy scene; for upon that "silent highway," where formerly the gilded barges of royalty glided to and fro with cargoes of dames and courtiers, black barges now pass in slow procession, led by asthmatic tugs of the most democratic appearance. Here laughter seldom greets the ear; the hoarse shouts are heard of bargees and lightermen, and the constant trundling of iron trucks loaded with boxes, sacks, or bales; but above all other noise sounds the rattling chainwork of huge cranes when the goods are lifted into the air and swallowed up at some wide aperture upon one of the numerous floors of the warehouse—a warehouse which would seem to boast of unlimited accommodation; for the unloading from the lighters and the lifting of merchandise into one storeroom or another go on day after day from dawn until dusk.

Upon the first floor of this warehouse, looking out upon the river, is Mr. Lintock's office. Mr. Lintock is the proprietor. Wythred's wharf and warehouse have been in the family for generations. Few richer men are to be found than John Lintock in the city of London; and yet, as he sat late one afternoon at his desk, this princely wharf-owner had a discontented, troubled look. His forehead was deeply wrinkled, and the expression in his eyes was that of a man who was constantly haunted by some distressful thought. A knock at his office door, for no obvious reason, startled him. It was growing dusky on the river, and the men were beginning to disperse for the night. It was duskier still in the wharf-owner's room.

"Who's that?" Mr. Lintock, half-rising from his chair, shaded his eyes with his hand. "Ducket? Ah, that's right. Well, Ducket," said he, when the man had closed the door, "what is it?"

Looking round the sombre room, Ducket said: "Shall I light your lamp, sir?"

"No, Ducket; I shall not need it to-night. I am going home. Have you anything to say?"

Ducket was Mr. Lintock's foreman. He was a broad-shouldered man, with large limbs, and a great, honest face. His figure was angular—a gaunt form, aggravated in its stoop by constantly bending to lift heavy weights. He had the keen, searching eyes of one long accustomed to the supervision of a hive of workmen.

"You wished me to tell you, sir, when I saw Clogstoun again."

"Well?" said Mr. Lintock, noticing some hesitation.

"I have seen him."

"About the wharf?"

"No; he has given up coming here. He took the hint I gave him last time, and has kept away; though I never thought that he would."

"Where, then," said Mr. Lintock, "did you see him?"

"On London Bridge. He was lounging there, sir—leaning over the parapet. It was getting dark, as it might be now; and I saw him look at the warehouse and then down into the river, as if he had half a mind to drown himself. I'm a-thinking, sir," added Ducket, "that he's getting a bit daft."

The wharf-owner answered thoughtfully: "A danger to himself."

"And to others, sir," said the foreman, significantly. "He's plotting. A man like Clogstoun would stick at nothing."

"What do you mean, Ducket, by that?"

Ducket twisted his cap in his hand and glanced out of the window upon the darkening river. "Plotting revenge," said he.

"Eh?"

"Plotting revenge," repeated Ducket, with a quick look at his master. "Why, these broken-down, drunken chaps like Clogstoun, sir, have nothing to lose—they set no value on life."

"Do you mean their own?"

"Ay, sir; neither their own nor other people's. You'll excuse me, sir; but if you had seen his face"—The foreman stopped

abruptly. Something in Mr. Lintock's face alarmed him; a keen stab could scarcely have produced a more sudden change. But the startled expression passed before he could even inquire if his master were ill.

"Ducket," said Mr Lintock, rising from his chair, "if Clogstoun ever comes to the wharf, either by Thames Street or the River, you have my leave to hand him over to the police. We must run no risks in a place like this. I am glad to see," added the wharf-owner, approvingly, "that you are alive to the fact that the man is a dangerous character."

As he drove that evening towards London Bridge Station through the lamplit streets, Mr. Lintock peered restlessly out of the carriage window; and in the large thoroughfares, where men with uncouth, dissipated faces laughed and talked at half-open tavern doors, he looked about him with the horror of one who dreaded to recognize some repulsive face among them. It was not until the wharf-owner had passed into the crowded station that he seemed to throw off in some degree this strange curiosity in his unfortunate fellow-men.

Mr. Lintock lived at Greenwich, and the train was on the point of starting. As he stepped into an unoccupied compartment and the porter was closing the door, a young man came up out of breath and stepped in after him. By the dim lamp overhead they recognized each other as friends, and a warm greeting took place between them.

"Why, Overbeck," said the wharf-owner, "what takes you to Greenwich?"

"I was coming down to pay you a visit."

"To dine with us? I am delighted to hear it."

A matter of business between Mr. Lintock and Percy Overbeck had originally brought them together. Overbeck had taken part of a house in Trinity Square as junior partner in a Hamburg firm, and often had occasion to land goods at Wythred's wharf. The wharf-owner, in his younger days, had known Overbeck's parents; and he had welcomed to a place at his hearth this son of his old friends, as soon as he presented his "letter of recommendation"; and so it came to pass that the young Hamburg merchant quickly learnt to realize that Mr. Lintock had a fascinating daughter. Nor did he despair of some day winning Bertha Lintock's hand.

The train was in rapid motion. The two friends, seated opposite to each other, were chatting pleasantly, when a startling change came over Mr. Lintock's face. The expression was that of abject terror. With his eyes fixed as though he were fascinated—fixed upon the further window of the carriage—the wharf-owner sat pale and speechless. Overbeck could not withdraw his gaze; and so completely did Mr. Lintock's altered face and attitude impress him, that for the moment he imagined something supernatural had appeared to him. Turning his head to follow the direction of the wharf-owner's eyes, Overbeck was surprised to see no phantom—nothing visible beyond the window but black night.

Overbeck placed his hand upon Mr. Lintock's arm. "Are we in danger? You stare as though you anticipated something terrible. If there is any"—

The wharf-owner raised his right hand to silence his companion, at the same time covering his eyes with the other, as if to shut out some repulsive sight. "There is no danger"—he spoke in a strange, agitated voice—"no danger now. It is past."

This answer, in Overbeck's excited state of mind, did not satisfy. "There was danger, then? If it was real, and not mere fancy"—

"It was real. It's lucky we met to-night. Your presence has saved my life."

"In what possible way?"

"Do not question me now," said Mr. Lintock with great earnestness. "I saw, as distinctly as I see you at this moment, a face at that further window"—and he pointed towards it as he spoke—"a face that has haunted me for more than a year past."

Overbeck sprang up to go to the carriage door; but the wharf-owner placed a restraining hand upon his shoulder. "Don't stir! The face has gone. It would be madness"—

The engine shrieked, and the carriages began to slacken pace. In another minute the train had come to a standstill in Greenwich Station.

CHAPTER II.—THE WHARF-OWNER'S STORY.

MR. LINTOCK'S house, an old mansion in the neighborhood of Greenwich Park, was surrounded by a high garden wall. The great iron gate leading into a large

courtyard might have been the entrance to a prison; and its gloomy aspect filled Percy Overbeck's mind with vague fears. But when the front door was thrown open, and he stepped with the wharf-owner into a broad, well-lighted hall, all sense of dread was instantly dismissed, for at the foot of the oaken staircase stood Bertha Lintock. She was a tall, graceful girl of nineteen; and she always looked her best, in Percy's opinion, at these moments of greeting with her father; not that her dark eyes were wanting in their eloquent expression of welcome when they met his. But she simply said, in a charming tone of well-feigned surprise: "Mr. Overbeck? How very kind this is!" as she took his proffered hand.

Overbeck could not fail to notice, from Bertha's anxious glance at her father's face, that she guessed something had recently upset him. Was it possible that the girl had any suspicion that such a trouble as this, which he had accidentally discovered, weighed upon her father's mind? Bertha's first words, when they were alone in the drawing-room before dinner, "Have you marked the change in my father? To-night he does not seem the same man," convinced Overbeck that she had been told nothing.

"He is greatly changed," replied the young man. "I am much concerned, Miss Lintock, about him."

"Can anything be done?"

"I sincerely hope that your father will talk to me about himself this evening. I shall draw him out," he added laughingly, to reassure her, "over our cigar."

Bertha's eyes expressed her sense of gratitude.

During dinner, Mr. Lintock was deeply abstracted; in fact, he left Bertha to do all the talking; so she and Percy conversed together to their hearts' content.

As soon as dinner was over, Bertha rose to leave. While Overbeck stood holding open the door, the girl gave him one of those appealing looks as she passed out which he remembered long after.

"Now that we are alone," said Mr. Lintock, "will you give me your attention for a few minutes? I want to tell you of the face that haunts me. I have intended for some time speaking to you. The incident in the train to-night has decided me."

Overbeck having drawn forward an arm-chair, lit a cigar, and looked attentively at Mr. Lintock, said, "I am deeply interested."

After a moment's pause, the wharf-owner asked: "Do you remember, Overbeck, an individual named Clogstoun?"

Overbeck shook his head.

"He was a workman at the wharf. I dismissed him for insobriety."

"A dark person," said Overbeck doubtfully, "with black, hungry eyes?"

"That's the man," was Mr. Lintock's answer, "as you describe him! That's the man whose face I saw at the carriage window to-night."

Overbeck looked searchingly at the wharf-owner. "Not really? You mean his ghost?"

"I mean the man's face. I have no belief in disembodied spirits."

"But," said Overbeck, "unless the man is dead?"—

"He is not dead. He threatens me; he has threatened me for months. I see his face everywhere," said Mr. Lintock, glancing round the room with that haunted look again—"everywhere, and always threatening." For a moment the wharf-owner placed his hand across his eyes, as he had done in the railway carriage; but quickly recovering himself, he said: "Clogstoun had often been employed on the wharf, and as often discharged, owing to his drunken and quarrelsome habits. He insulted every one whom he came across, when excited by drink, until it was thought he must be out of his mind. When at last I refused to listen to his appeal to be given another chance, he muttered: 'You sha'n't ruin me for nothing, Mr. Lintock; you had better think it over.' I did not like his look then; there was something strange in his eyes—a look that seemed to me to contain a touch of insanity. A few days afterwards he accosted me in Thames Street; and there he loaded me with insult, and vowed that he would not rest until he had taken my life."

Overbeck started up with an angry exclamation on his lips: "The man is mad!"

"I treated this threat, at first, as a silly utterance of a drunkard," continued Mr. Lintock. "It gave me at the moment no real uneasiness. But as time went by, his conduct began to alarm me. He again accosted me, and became more insolent. I warned him that I should be forced, if he did not cease to annoy me, to take the matter before a magistrate."

"Ah!" said Overbeck excitedly, "you did right."

"But that has no effect. He still dogs my footsteps if I venture out after dark. I see his eyes fixed upon me at every corner. And unless something is done to put a stop to it," said the wharf-owner, "I shall fall ill. My duties at the warehouse are a sufficient wear and tear, without Clogstoun's wretched, drunken face threatening me night and day!"

Overbeck was pacing up and down the room. He could not rest with the thought of Mr. Lintock harassed and insulted at every turn. "Does any one know, except ourselves," said he, "about this affair?"

The wharf-owner reflected a moment. "Ducket, I think, suspects something; no one else."

"Not even your daughter?"

"I have never," said Mr. Lintock, somewhat evasively, "spoken to her on the subject."

After a moment's pause, Overbeck asked: "Can you give me Clogstoun's address?"

The wharf-owner looked up in surprise. "It never occurred to me, Overbeck, that he had any. In what hole or corner in London would he lodge? His appearance was no better, when I saw him last, than that of a vagabond or tramp."

"He must be known to the police."

"So I hope, for he has fallen very low. He was seen by Ducket last on London Bridge contemplating, I should think from the account he gave me, suicide or something worse. For is there a crime," added the wharf-owner, "that one so profligate would not commit? The very thought makes me shudder! If you had seen the man's face to-night, the dread would have laid hold of you—as it has of me—that my life is in danger." He spoke in a very earnest tone. But there was no trace of agitation in his manner now. His words, "My life is in danger," seemed to express the conviction of a sound-minded man capable of mature reflection.

"You are seriously of opinion, Mr. Lintock, that the face at the carriage window was real, and not imaginary?"

Mr Lintock, with a thoughtful look bent upon the ground, replied: "That is a question to which I wish, Overbeck, I could give you a satisfactory answer. Is it real? The face, as I tell you, threatens me so momentarily—so unexpectedly; it seems real—only too real." Then he suddenly added with a searching glance: "You do not think my brain affected? Well, well; it's not surpris-

ing if you do. I have enough worry at the wharf, sometimes, without this one, to drive me crazy."

Overbeck promised to take the matter earnestly in hand; and after some further conversation on the subject, of a reassuring nature, Mr. Lintock proposed that they should go and join Bertha in the drawing-room.

She was at the piano. But she rose when they came in, and gave them tea, and paid some little, delicate attentions to her father, as a devoted daughter only knows how. Then she returned to the piano and began to play a sonata that seemed like an accompaniment to her dreamy thoughts.

Presently, Percy Overbeck went softly to a chair beside her, for the wharf-owner had fallen asleep.

"He has spoken to you," said the girl, still accompanying her dream. "Has he not?" Her face was troubled, and tears stood in her eyes.

"We have talked the matter over. He has told me everything. Do not be distressed; there is really no need. Have confidence in me. Will you—as an old friend?"

There was little occasion to have asked this. Bertha's face, though troubled, had not lost its trustfulness. "Why should you doubt that?" was the girl's reassuring reply. "For weeks past I have wished that my father would speak to you. I knew that something disturbed him. But he is so considerate! He has done his best to hide it from me, fearing to give me the least alarm."

"It is about a discharged workman—it is best that you should know—a fellow who threatens your father. The affair has unnerved him; but I hope to put matters right. You are not frightened?"

"No; not now," said Bertha in a low voice—"not now, that you are lifting half the burden off our shoulders. How good it is of you!"

She was irresistible. Overbeck answered earnestly: "There is no burden that I would not bear, Bertha, for your sake."

"For me?"

"Yes, Bertha. I—I love you."

There was a flutter of the dark eyelashes, but the girl did not raise her eyes. The accompaniment to her dream was almost inaudible now. Was the reality—the conviction of her love for Percy Overbeck dawning upon her?

The sonata was finished; and Mr. Lintock

awoke out of his nap. It was time for Overbeck to bid his friends good-night, for he intended to return by train to London. He caught a sweet, timid glance from Bertha as he took his leave.

When the train was approaching London Bridge, and the glow of lamplight in wide and narrow thoroughfares threw a red reflection over the great city, Overbeck thought of the countless mysteries that lay hidden, in dark courts and alleys, in the midst of all this glare. Was this face which haunted Mr. Lintock's life, thought he, in one of those shadowy by-ways?

CHAPTER III.—THE THREATENING FACE.

PERCY OVERBECK'S visit to Greenwich had effected a noticeable improvement in the wharf-owner's state of mind. The haunted look left him, his expression was altogether less careworn, and it would almost seem as if those strange forebodings which had lately perturbed his brain troubled him no longer. His interest in the business of the wharf returned, and Ducket found him one evening working in grim earnest at his desk.

"Well, Ducket," said Mr. Lintock, as the foreman came in, lantern in hand, to light his lamp, "who is on duty to-night?"

"I'm on duty, sir, until twelve o'clock."

"Not alone?"

"Why, yes. The fact is, sir, I'd a special object in relieving the night-watchman."

The wharf-owner's glance expressed his surprise. "What object could you possibly have?"

Ducket, still occupied with Mr. Lintock's lamp, answered without lifting his eyes: "I'm expecting Mr. Overbeck."

"At what hour?"

Ducket handed the wharf-owner a slip of paper. A single line, which he recognized as Percy Overbeck's writing, ran as follows: "Ten P. M. Wait at wharf.—P. O."

Mr. Lintock's face while reading this underwent a change; but recovering himself quickly, he said: "Do you know why Mr. Overbeck is coming here to-night?"

The lamp was now lighted; and Ducket, while placing it upon the wharf-owner's desk and adjusting the shade, replied: "It's about Clogstoun. So I naturally suppose; for there ain't anything else that I can think of would bring him here at that time o'

night. The note, just as you see it, was given to me this afternoon."

"Who brought it?"

"One of Mr. Overbeck's clerks."

The wharf-owner looked thoughtful. "I have plenty to keep me busy till ten o'clock," said he, throwing a glance over the papers before him. "Mr. Overbeck is coming, depend upon it, about Clogstoun. I shall wait and see him." Then taking up his pen, he added: "You'll be within hearing, Ducket, in case I want you?"

"You've only to touch the bell, sir; I shall be sure to hear."

It was the first time for many weeks that the wharf-owner had worked alone in the counting-house after dark; and it was not surprising that the dead silence and solitude, when he occasionally, stopped and looked up from his desk, should remind him of the threatening face of Clogstoun. He had dismissed the clerks, for he had no need of assistance; every detail referring to the wharf was entered in the books upon the shelves around him. Still this dead silence and solitude seemed each moment more oppressive. Mr. Lintock looked at his watch. It was past nine. What could Ducket, he wondered, be doing so noiselessly down-stairs? It was strange that he had neither heard the sound of his footstep nor of his voice. The wharf-owner thought: "If Ducket would only sing or move about the warehouse, the sense of loneliness and dread which is creeping over me would be removed."

He tried manfully to dismiss this feeling and to find absorption in the work before him; but there now arose in his mind, more vividly than it had ever done, this haunting face. He imagined the figure of Clogstoun, as Ducket had described it, leaning over the parapet on London Bridge. Was the man there to-night? The wharf-owner could not resist the temptation to stretch out his hand and draw back the curtain from his window and look out upon the dark river. The lights flickered on the London Bridge; but they were dim—too dim to have enabled Mr. Lintock to distinguish one figure from another. Yet he fancied that, dark as it was, he could discern a shadowy form standing near the centre of the bridge, and that the form resembled that of the man with whose face he was so painfully haunted. He dropped the curtain with an angry gesture. "What if Clogstoun is there?" he exclaimed aloud.

But the wharf-owner's hand trembled now; he could not write. The black horrors which he had resolutely overcome began again to crowd his brain like imps of darkness; the more he tried to chase them from him, the more they swarmed. His imagination awakened into terror at last. A firm conviction took hold upon him; it was like a nightmare which no strength of will could drive from his brain; Clogstoun was staring at him through the glass partition in the clerk's office like a cat watching its prey!

Mr. Lintock sprang to his feet. At this moment the great gate-bell in the courtyard of the warehouse began to ring.

CHAPTER IV.—WITH THE TIDE.

AFTER lighting Mr. Lintock's lamp, Ducket had descended to the basement, on a level with the wharf. It was a huge store-room; its area represented the dimensions of the entire warehouse; and although there were piles of merchandise heaped up on all sides of the iron pillars which supported the floor above, its great size was still apparent, for there were avenues in every direction between these goodly piles wide enough for the trucks to run to and fro. Near the river entrance to this storeroom stood a wooden shed; it had a door facing the main avenue, and a small window on each side. On the door was written, "Superintendent's Office." Ducket raised the latch and stepped in. There was a desk under one of the windows, and under the other stood a stove with a funnel disappearing through a hole in the wood-work. The foreman drew up a chair in front of this stove, and having taken a look at the fire and fed it with charcoal, he began to appease his appetite out of a pail and a blackened tin can with a cork in it. He ate his supper with apparent relish; but the mixture in the can did not seem to his taste, he rejected it with a grimace after the first draught. "I'd rather drink a pint of senna," declared Ducket, driving the cork home emphatically with the palm of his hand, "than another drop of such stuff." He lit his pipe with an air of resignation, leaned back in his chair, and stared perplexedly at the tin can. Had any one, he wondered, been playing him a trick? He was beginning to get sleepy—so sleepy, that the walls of the shed, appeared to expand, and his head to grow proportionately larger. It was

a maddening sensation. By an effort he roused himself, stood upright, and tried his utmost to throw off this drowsiness. He was conscious of his responsible position; he was the sole watchman in the warehouse. If any catastrophe were to occur, no matter how it was brought about, he felt that the blame would fall upon his shoulders.

Ducket knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took up his lantern, and went outside of the shed. He began to pace resolutely up and down the centre avenue between pyramids of sacks and bales. It was a painful struggle; but if lasted only a short time. No matter which way the foreman turned, whether to the right or left, he was always becoming more and more impressed with the fact that uncertainty lay beyond. This soon ended by the lantern dropping from Ducket's hand and going out; and then he sank upon the ground with his head resting upon a hard bale.

Was he dreaming? It seemed to Ducket, as in a dream, that some one glided past him like a ghost and that a light was flashed before his eyes; and then a long interval of darkness and confused fancies followed, until he gradually awoke—awoke with a start—strongly convinced that he had been roused by the clang of the warehouse bell. Could it be Mr. Overbeck at the gate already? It was surely not yet ten o'clock! The foreman scrambled to his feet, and groped along the dark avenue of goods towards the superintendent's office; for he could find his way about the warehouse without a gleam of light. As he went along with outstretched hands he experienced a dull singing in his ears. Was it the gate-bell still vibrating in his bewildered brain?

Ducket found the stove-fire still burning, though low. He took down a lantern from the wall, and lighting it, glanced anxiously at the clock. "Half-past ten!" exclaimed the foreman; "why"—

It was the warehouse bell. It was no dream now; it sounded like an alarm, it was so incessant. Still half-dazed with the oppressing effect of his unnatural sleep, Ducket hurried across the yard, and unlocking the side-door leading into Thames Street, found himself face to face with Percy Overbeck.

"Why are you so dilatory," said Overbeck, with an air of suppressed impatience, "in answering the bell?"

"I only heard it, sir, a minute ago."

"How's that? I have been ringing at

short intervals for nearly half an hour. Is anything wrong?"

Ducket, looking puzzled at Overbeck's excited face, answered: "I very much suspect that!"—

"What?"

"That I've been drugged. That's why I couldn't come. I fell asleep; the noise of the bell awoke me."

The excited expression in Overbeck's face increased. "Are you here alone?"

"I'm the only one on duty; but I'm not alone in the warehouse," said the foreman; "Mr. Lintock is here."

Overbeck hurriedly demanded: "Where?"

"In his office up-stairs. I left him there busy writing at his desk."

"When?"

"Some hours ago—before I became drowsy."

"Hours ago? Show the way as quick as you can to Mr. Lintock's room."

Ducket, still more perplexed at Overbeck's manner, hastened up-stairs without a word. He was seized with a dreadful sense of apprehension; and on opening Mr. Lintock's door, he uttered a suppressed cry. The wharf-owner's room was empty; but the lamp upon his desk was burning, and the light thrown upon his papers showed them in disorder. An inkstand had been upset upon the table, and the ink was trickling down into a pool upon the floor.

Overbeck, stepped forward, took a quick glance round him. Then he looked keenly at Ducket. "Clogstoun has been here. He and Mr. Lintock have met."

The foreman's face expressed a look of horror.

"Now, Ducket," said Percy Overbeck, placing his hand upon the foreman's shoulder, "nerve yourself. Let us search the warehouse."

The warehouse was explored from roof to basement. The foreman, who had known every turning among the dark lanes of merchandise since boyhood, took the lead, flashing his lantern into every nook and corner. On each floor they called on Mr. Lintock loudly by name; but only an echo of their voices reached them. They stood once more within the wharf-owner's room.

"Ducket," said Overbeck, "cast your eyes carefully round. Is anything missing?"

The light from the foreman's lantern moved over the floor and then slowly round the walls. Suddenly it stopped behind Mr.

Lintock's chair. "Do you see that peg, sir?"

"Yes."

"That key should be there. It's gone."

"What key?"

"The key, sir, to that private door;" and Ducket pointed to a door opposite the window.

"But," said Overbeck, "that leads out upon the wharf. And," he added, turning the handle, "it's locked. What can it mean?"

"It means," said the foreman with sudden inspiration, "that, dead or alive, master has gone out by that door."

Without loss of time, by means of the superintendent's key, they made their way out upon the landing-stage. They looked eagerly across the dark river. The tide was lapping monotonously against the sides of the wharf; chains were rattling, boats and barges moored alongside creaked and strained at their ropes. Presently Ducket, who went flashing about with his lantern, cried out, "There's a boat gone!"

"Ah! Is the tide ebbing?"

"Ay, sir, ebbing fast."

Overbeck reflected a moment; then he said, "Give me the lantern." Ducket obeyed.

"Now," added Overbeck, "unfasten a boat, and let us row down stream. We are on the track, I hope, at last."

The foreman quickly set to work. There was a boat suited to their purpose lying outside a barge; it was soon loosened and ready to start.

"I'll take the sculls," said Overbeck as he stepped into his place. "You shall steer. You know this part of the river better than I do. Are you ready?"

"Right with the tide, Mr. Overbeck?"

"Yes, by all means; with the tide."

And so, with Ducket grasping the rudder and Overbeck the sculls, the boat moved out into mid-stream. On they went with the ebbing tide, under the black shadows of huge ships and towering warehouses until Ducket's lantern was a mere speck of gliding light in the darkness.

Bertha Lintock, although made aware in a message from her father that he should not return until late, began to grow anxious towards midnight. She paced up and down her room, and constantly listened for the sound of wheels in the carriage-drive; the unpleasant affair, of which Percy Overbeck had spoken to her reassuringly, recurred to her mind. Though trusting in Percy, she could

not conquer her strong presentiment of danger; for, when a child, strangely enough, Wythred's wharf had made a deep impression upon Bertha. While walking at her father's side through the great sombre store-rooms, they had reached some passage—walled with bales of merchandise—so dark and narrow that she had shrunk back with sudden fright, and would go no farther. That was her first visit, and she had never entered the warehouse since. Presently, Bertha heard a hurried step outside the house. She ran to the window and threw it open. Overbeck stood below. "Percy! has anything happened?" she asked. "Where is my father?"

"He is here, Bertha—at the gate. You have no need to be alarmed."

Bertha hastened into the hall.

Percy Overbeck met her at the door, and they went into the dining-room together. "Your father has been again seized with that odd fancy," Percy hastened to tell her. "He believes that while seated in his office this evening, Clogstoun threatened him. Panic-stricken, he escaped from this phantom, or reality, down his private staircase leading to the wharf. Here, groping his way to the barges, he dropped into a boat, and setting it adrift, went out with the tide. Ducket and I—to cut a long story short—overtook the boat, and"—

At this moment Mr. Lintock slowly entered the room, leaning on Ducket's arm. His clothes were wet and bespattered with mud. Seeing his daughter, he stepped towards her, but losing strength, sank into a chair.

Bertha ran to his side and bent over him. "Are you hurt, father?"

"No, my dear, only exhausted. Percy and our old friend Ducket," said he, looking up gratefully into their faces, "have saved my life."

The wharf-owner's nerves were badly shaken. But a few days' rest, under his daughter's thoughtful supervision, restored him to health.

Clogstoun's face never haunted Mr. Lintock again; for on the day after this occurrence, the man was found at the warehouse among some bags of sea-damaged hemp-seed, breathing his last; and as a small phial was discovered at his side containing traces of a narcotic, it was conjectured that he had poured a portion of this drug into Ducket's tin can, and had himself swallowed the rest with a strong resolve to bring his wretched existence to an end.

For some time Mr. Lintock avoided the subject of his flight from the office and from the face. It appeared, however, that at the moment when Clogstoun forced his way into the room, the wharf-owner retreated through the private door. This door he locked behind him, in order to cut off pursuit; and thus separated from the Thames Street exit by Clogstoun's presence, Mr. Lintock had made his escape by water.

In after-days, when Bertha had become Overbeck's wife, they often dwelt on that midnight affair at Wythred's wharf; and it transpired how Percy, frequently on the watch for Clogstoun, having learnt something of his haunts and habits, had reason to suppose that he had found a means of getting into the warehouse. For this reason, he had appointed that meeting with Ducket, though scarcely imagining that events would take such a strange turn as they had done.

ONLY A SMILE.

ONLY a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day,
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore;
And the voice of hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by;
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky;

For it gave me back the sunshine,
And it scattered each sombre thought;
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a kindly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding,
To gild the clouds that were there;
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
I also might take my share.

ACROSS THE POND.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"**D**O you think, now, there is ery God?" Old Isr'el Moody leaned against the fence and propounded this momentous query to the accompaniment of a chorus of hic-coughs. Of a frivolous turn in his normal condition, old Isr'el always became theological in his cups.

"You ain't in no condition to be argerfied with," said, severely, mine host of the Saddleback tavern, a primitive little inn, upon which I had stumbled in the course of a desultory fishing and sketching tour through those New Hampshire wilds which are as yet unravaged by the summer boarder. "'N' if you don't mend your ways, Isr'el Moody, you'll be apt to find out that the devil, anyhow, ain't no vain imagination. "Cur'us," he continued, meditatively, as old Isr'el shuffled off down the road, addressing an imaginary audience with drunkenly dramatic gestures, "Cur'us how that fetched right up before me the fust time, 'n' I don't know but what the only time that ever I was asked that question afore. I've lived up here all my life, takin' out jest two years in Californy, 'n' wether it seems closer to God clear'n up here, with the world, as you might say, layin' at our feet, 'n' nothin' but old Saddleback to shet out a scrap of the sky, or whether we're kind of simple-minded folks with more tarlunt for believin' than for sarchin' out mysteries, I can't say; but somehow or 'nother, nobody here has never had no doubts about God, exceptin' old Isr'el, that's a foolish cretur at the best, and alwus bound to argerfy about somethin', as foolish creturs is, when he's been drinkin'.

"It was nigh upon thirty-six years ago, out in the Californy diggin's, that Eph Harrod asked me that question, but the time 'n' the place 'n' all riz right up before me as if all the years 'n' the hap'nin's that lays between wa'n't no more'n a breath of smoke.

"Layin' with his face turned up to the sky, and the death damp a-gatherin' on it, Eph was, and it did seem to me then as if he had a right to doubt God if ever a man had, 'n' if I'd 'a' had time I don't know but I should 'a' said that I felt an uncommon

sight surer about the devil! But before I could say anything he'd found out a sight more'n I knew! I've alwus been glad I didn't say it, bein' 'twa'n't no comfort to give a dyin' man; but I was so mad, then, with them that had used him so, 'n' so nigh beside myself with grief, that 'twas jest what I thought. Lookin' back now I can seem to see the hand of God in jest what befell Eph that minute—bein' he'd got so snarled up; I can't see—we're sech blind creturs—why He couldn't a-put it into Eph's heart to stay to home here peaceful, 'n' merry Marthy Abby. You see them two houses acrost the pond there'n, right under the shadder of Saddleback? I don't know as you can hardly make out the old Harrod place; it's all fallin' to decay, an' it's jest the color of Saddleback's rocks; but there, off to the right, you can see the smoke from Marthy Abby's chimbley; that's the Sedgell place; see it? Nobody there, now, but Marthy Abby and her deformed niece, Jethro's daughter, that she takes care of, but the place looks kind of heartsome, jest like Marthy Abby; she's the patientist and cheerfulest cretur." My host heaved a deep sigh. "But she's got a terrible mistaken idee about raisin' ducks," he pursued, "and headstrong! beats all how headstrong woman can be when she gets a wrong idee into her head! 'N' she's sot ag'in a pipe. You see, I alwus set consid'able by Marthy Abby; long before I found out that her heart was set on Eph I had thoughts of askin' her to marry me, but I was alwus one to weigh and ponder things, and be terrible afraid I wa'n't doin' for the best. I alwus had a kind of a feller feelin' for Lot's wife. I never cared a mite for any other woman, and now, when I go'n set, neighborly, beside Marthy Abby's fire, sometimes I wish she belonged to set by mine; but then, I couldn't do without my pipe, nohow, and I couldn't have no peace of mind seein' ducks hatched out the fust of March. But 'twa'n't about myself that I set out to tell ye, 'n' Eph he wa'n't a mite like me. He never did nothin' by halves, least of all, lovin' a woman.

"Poor Eph! settin' here 'n' lookin' acrost

the pond, 'n' thinkin' how 'twould a-ben if he'd a-stayed here peaceful 'n' contented, it seems to me sometimes as if the old house was full of life—children 'n' gran'children comin' 'n' goin', cattle a-grazin' round, lights in the winders at night, 'n' the sound of Eph's fiddle comin' acrost the water—he was a master hand for playin' on the fiddle, Eph was. Don't look much like the way I pictier it over there, now, does it?"

I looked across the pond, which was only a stone's throw from my host's porch. A little garden, where beets and carrots mingled thriftily with larkspur and sweet-peas, and unpruned rose-bushes stretched prickly tendrils through the fence to clasp the Bouncing Bets that struggled up from the road-side—this, and the grass-grown country-road only intervened. The sunset had been a flaming one, and some shafts of orange light still pierced the gray sky, and fell upon the unrippled surface of the pond, and the filmy white mists that were beginning to tangle themselves about the tall reeds and flags on its borders, and upon the old house on the other side that stood gaunt and dismantled, the very spectre of a home. The desolate cry of a loon came echoing over the water, and it seemed as if the ruined house had found a voice to utter its woe.

"Gay enough 'twas over there," continued my host, "the winter that Flory Donallan came up from 'Cushnet to visit her cousin, Marthy Abby Sedgell. 'Cushnet was thicker settled, consid'able, but they all said there was no such good times there as there was here. We fixed a slide, so 'st we could slide half way down Saddle-back 'n' clear'n acrost the pond, 'n' there was sleighin' parties, 'n' singin'-schools, 'n' dancin'-schools; somethin' lively goin' on all the time. Seems as if the world had turned out kind of solum; the young folks don't seem to have sech good times as we did."

"Eph was alwus in the thickest of the good times; a big, harnsome feller, Eph was, 'n' alwus ready to fiddle or dance. He had a little mite of Injin blood; it come from way back; but I saw it flash up two or three times; as gentle as a woman mostly he was. Folks gin'rally calc'lated that he 'n' Marthy Abby Sedgell would make a match, but I knew that he liked her just the same as he did his sister 'Lizy, 'n' no diff'rent. You see they was neighbors, 'n' playin' together, from the time they was

babies. Women folks is apt to be sentimental from the time they're dressin' their dolls, 'n' if they say they've got sisterly feelin's for a man, there's pootty likely to be somethin' else underneath; but a man's feelin's is apt to overlook what is nighest 'n' he's used to, 'n' to blaze up sudden when he meets some strange girl. That's the way it 'pears to me.

"'N' as I was a-sayin', Flory Donallan come up from 'Cushnet. She was the queerest lookin' little cretur I ever see. Most of 'em called her harnsome, but I never could see it. She had the whitest complexion of anybody I ever see; jest like the driven snow; sometimes there was a little mite of a pinky color on her cheeks, but even then it looked too cold to suit me. Her eyes was blue, but somethin' or other made 'em look dark; I don't know but 'twas because they was so big. And somehow they didn't look to me real human. She had a pootty forehead—I'll say that for her—'n' it looked kind of angelic, bein' so white, but she wa'n't pootty featured gin'rally, 'n' her hair was tow-colored. She was a little mite of a thing, 'n' her hands 'n' feet looked jest like a doll's. She was a pootty singer, 'n' had more of a voice than you'd a-thought could a-come out of sech a little body. I see jest how 'twas with Eph from the very first; he hadn't no eyes nor understandin' for anything but her. He couldn't muster up courage to ask her to have him for a consid'able spell, 'n' when at last he did 'n' she said yes, right off, he was so surprised 'n' tickled he was most beside himself. He didn't say much; he was a dretful reserved feller about what he felt the most, but I knew all about it without his tellin'; we was alwus great friends, Eph 'n' me.

"Jest afore spring opened Flory went home, 'n' the agreement was that they should be married along late in the summer, between hayin' 'n' harvestin'. But it wa'n't much past the Fourth of July when the news come that Flory had run off with a travelin' show. They'd offered her a good salary to sing and act out, 'n' 'twas a good deal more to her taste than merryin' a farmer 'n' settlin' down stiddy. She left a note for her folks sayin' she was goin' to be better off than she'd ever expected to be, 'n' one for Eph askin' him to forgive her.

"I didn't like the way Eph took it. He didn't make no fuss, nor say a word to no-

body, but his face looked as if 'twas carved out of stone. 'N' 'twas easy to see that his mind wa'n't on anything that he done; he was kind of broedin' all the time. Along in the fall he come over one day 'n' asked me to go to Californy with him. 'Twas a time of great excitement about the gold diggin's. I hadn't no great hankerin' for adventure, 'n' I had hard work to make up my mind to go. I was contented enough diggin' potatoes 'n' turnups without expectin' to dig gold out of the sile. But Eph's talk kind of stirred me up, 'n' more'n all I couldn't bear to have him go alone; 'n' he was bound to go.

"I declare I don't know how I ever did make up my mind to go. I remember the mornin' we went I come mighty nigh bein' envious of Let's wife; seemed as if I'd rather be a stattoo of salt right here beside the pond then to go to Californy.

"Lookin' back you'd think 'twould seem like a dream, them two years in the diggin's, but the fact is everything else seems kind of dream-like 'n' that the realest livin' I ever knew." The old man involuntarily drew himself up, and something like the fire of youth flashed from his eye.

"Sech a mixture of felks I wouldn't a-believed could be got together in one spot, on the Lord's airth! There was Mexicans that was half Injin, 'n' Injins that was half devil; there was pious New England country folks, 'n' sharps 'n' roughs from the cities; there was old gray-headed men that had fit a losin' fight with fate 'n' was makin' a desprit effort to get the upper hands of it at last, 'n' youngsters that hadn't the least idee but what luck was ready made to their hands. Then there was a good many rich men's sons that was after an excitin' time more'n anything else.

"'Twas a queer place where we settled down that first winter. Cans'n Gulch they named it, 'n' I hope I never may see nothin' less like the land of Cans'n!

"Even the sile 'n' the sky wa'n't like home, how lonesome 'n' awful them peaks did rise up! Our mountains is kind of Christian 'n' companionable compared to them. There wa'n't no nuggets of gold to be dug up jest like potatoes out of a potato-field, as some of 'em seemed to expect, but there had been veins struck all around us; some of 'em panned out rich, 'n' some, after they'd made two or three men half crazy with the idee that they were millionaires, turned out to be nethin' but pyrites.

"'Twas a terrible wearin' life to be gay with hope one day and wild with despair the next, 'n' then ag'in bearin' a long spell of sick'nin' suspense. 'N' it got to seem as if there wa'n't nethin' in God's universe, home nor own folks, nor life itself, nor even the life eternal, of any account compared to gold! I can't say't the fever ever got a thorough holt of me, but it did get holt of Eph, 'n' I wa'n't sorry to see it, for if it ain't right to set your heart on riches, it kind of seemed mere manly to me than to set it on a foolish girl!

"Provisions was scarce, 'n' we suffered from most every kind of hardship, for the trails was almost impassible except for them tough little Mexican mules that could walk pootty nigh upside down, like a fly, 'n' hadn't no give-out to 'em, 'n' there wa'n't but two of them in the diggin's.

"I come acrost a few pickin's here 'n' there, but luck seemed to be dead ag'in Eph until he got hold of a share in the Caledony. A Scotchman, name of McKittrick, was the original locator. Eph went in for a share when nobody else thought there was enough to pay for werkin' it; he'd got into that desprit state that gamblers gets into when with everything goin' straight ag'in 'em they still keep on throwin' the dice as if they was possessed. The Caledony promised better'n anything had for a long spell, 'n' Eph was terrible excited. He had forgot Flory now, for sure, I thought. Shows how little even the highest knows of each other's in'ard feelin's!

"It was the very day after the Caledony had given promise of havin' a power of the yaller stuff in her veins—the very day after that Joe Lethbridge came back to the camp from 'Frisco.

"Joe was a feller from down 'Cushnet way that had gone out 'long of us. He'd got discouraged 'n' gone off to 'Frisco, but he found the gamblin' fever was on him, 'n' he couldn't settle down to stiddy day's work, 'n' back he'd come. 'Twas a wonder't he'd ever got back alive; his horse had slipped 'n' broke his leg, eight or nine miles back, 'n' he had to shoot him, 'n' comin' afoot he'd lost the trail two or three times, 'n' come nigh bein' swept off by a torrent, 'n' his clothes was all tore to shreds, 'n' he was so used up he could scarcely stand.

"Before he'd spoke a word he pulled a crumpled little note out of his belt 'n' give it to Eph. Seemed he run acrost Flory

Donallan in 'Frisco, layin' sick 'n' poor 'n' friendless, deserted by the comp'ny that she belonged to, because she'd had a ketchin' fever, 'n' she'd wrote to Eph to come to her jest as quick as he could! The minute I looked into Eph's face after he'd read the letter, I knew that he'd go.

"Juan Calidores, a thievin' little Mexican, owned the toughest mule, but he had gone on her down to Three Pines, 'n' as there was plenty of arguand'enty there (as them Mexicans called the infernales liquor I ever come acrost) he wa'n't likely to be back till he'd had a liberal drunk. The only other mule belonged to Riggs. He was a slim, genteel, dissipated little feller from New York. His folks was rich, 'n' he'd run through an awful lot of money though he'd only been a year or two out of college. I see the devil in Rigg's eye in a minute, when Eph up 'n' asked him for his mule; everybody knew he had it in him, for all he was sech a slick appearin' little chap. He said 'he'd be most happy to accommerdate him, but that mule was of great valoo to the hull camp; unless the weather should change before the provisions give out our lives might depend on her, for Juan couldn't be calc'lated upon. He didn't know as he had no moral right to resk her, but seein' his business was jest what it was'—Joe Lethbridge never had no discretion, 'n' 'twas whispered all round the camp in no time jest what Eph was goin' for—'he couldn't bear to refuse. Of course the mule was worth her weight in gold—there wa'n't no question of material valoo—but for a nominal consideration, Eph's share of the Caledony, which probably would turn out a fizzle like the others round it, but which he'd taken a fancy to, he'd let her go!

"'Twas smeother'n that, the way he got it off, 'n' yet it meant plain enough, '*for that, 'n' nothin' else in God's universe!*'

"It kind of chokes me to tell of it, I was so chokin' mad then, 'n' there was more'n me that felt as if they'd like to have their hands on that little serpent's throat. Most of 'em probably thought Eph was a fool for goin', 'n' yet they had a kind of a feller feelin' for him down in the bottem of their hearts. It had seemed as if every feelin' they had was swallowed up in the thirst for gold, but come to stir 'em up sudden, like that, I don't know but more'n one would a-resked everything to go off after his girl!

"Human nater is a cur'us thing; you

can't measure it with a two-foot rule! Takin' your reck'nin' of the folks nighest to you, you've got to allow for the unbeknownst!

"Eph didn't hesitate a moment, though he turned terrible white. I knew that he believed in the Caledony. There was kind of an undercurrent of growlin' all round the camp, 'n' fierce looks was cast at little Riggs; but rowin' and jawin' would make delay, 'n' Eph couldn't stand that. The paper was drawn up quick; papers was apt to be brief but made so they'd hold tight, there in the diggin's. Rigg's name, instead of Eph's, was on the claim as a 'riginal locator of the Caledony, 'n' Eph was off on the mule, headed for 'Frisco, but whether to get there or not the Lord only knew.

"What wouldn't I a-give that day if we could a-been back here, Eph 'n' I, with nothin' but the pond betwixt us!

"Excitin' times come along after that, for the Caledony turned out the biggest strike that had ever been made anywhere round them diggin's, 'n' the men that owned it was rich! You'd a-thought the winds must a-kerried the news, to see how folks come flockin' there. In a week or two after spring opened 'twas a thrivin' settlement, with a half a dozen liquor 'n' gamblin' saloons, 'n' half as many grocery 'n' provision stores 'n' a barber's shop 'n' other et ceterys of civilization. I wa'n't in the luck nor the ill luck neither, for I couldn't never make up my mind to resk any great, 'n' my mind was set on Eph. Nery a word had come from him sence he left. A good many men had come from 'Frisco way, but they hadn't heard nothin' of him. Nobody thought of him but me; they was too absorbed in their luck. I thought likely his bones was layin' in some gully that had been swept out by the winter torrents. I declare I should a-been clear'n upsoot with joy when, one summer day, he come ridin' into camp, lookin' strong 'n' hearty 'n' jest like himself, if it hadn't a-been for his havin' Flory along with him—Flory, his wife.

"He couldn't get red of the minin' fever, he said; 'n' he'd heard of the great times we was havin'; 'n' Flory she thought she'd like the life in a minin'-camp. He set his teeth tight together when he spoke of the Caledony, but then he looked at Flory as proud as could be, 'n' with all his heart in his eyes, 'n' says he: 'But it wa'n't too high a price!'

"All right, then," says I, as cheerful as I could. 'N' I tried to think the best I could of her, seein' she was Eph's wife. She showed she'd been sick; she was whiter 'n' her eyes was bigger 'n' ever, 'n' her forehead looked more like an angel's. She had a childish clingin' way with Eph, 'n' seemed to set a sight by him. I begun, then, to feel as if I'd misjudged her. I declare she come nigh bewitchin' me; 'n' if she didn't I was about the only one in the hull camp that kep' clear. There was but few women there, 'n' they was rough specimens. It didn't seem to me that 'twas a fit place to bring Flory to, but the roughest of the men seemed to look up to her as somethin' unairthly. They could scarcely keep their eyes off'n her, but they never seemed to look too bold, 'n' Flory she seemed to have a kind of innercent 'n' childish pleasure in admeration, that was diff'rent from what I'd looked fer. She had a pootty, modest little way with all the men, 'n' there was hardly one but what would have stood up for her with his life if she'd needed it—only that little greaser, Juan Calidores; every time he passed by her he'd mutter 'prig of a woman,' 'n' cross himself, 'n' excommunicate her, as if she belonged to his church! Some said Juan had been crossed in love 'n' hated the whole sex, but I've thought sence mebbe the little beast had more sense than we give him credit for!

"Eph couldn't seem to get hold of anything that prospered. Luck was ag'in him. First one chance 'n' then another would gin out like a soap-bubble. He had to run in debt to get Flory such comforts as was to be had 'n' to keep her from knowin' how dark things was lookin'. All he worked for 'n' all he thought of was Flory.

"Riggs was swellin' round. Sence he got hold of the Caledony he'd been lucky all round; 'twas cur'us how things would seem to work that way. Eph give him a wide berth, but he was always puttin' up his eyeglasses to stare at Flory, 'n' sneakin' round to get a word with her. I don't know as Eph even noticed it; if he did he thought 'twas only nateral that men should admire her, 'n' he wouldn't a-believed she had a thought for anybody but him; that was Eph's way—to trust them that he loved.

"At last, along late in the fall, the Eurepty showed that she really had the yellor stuff in her bowels. Eph had a big share in her. He was most beside himself

with joy the day we found out how she was goin' to pan out. Comin' home to camp late that afternoon he let right out to me how he'd suffered on Flory's account, 'n' how all he wanted was for her sake. A man don't talk that way to another man unless he's consid'able broke up as Eph was with the onexpected joy after the long suspense. When we got along to his shanty he wanted me to come in; he said I was like a brother to him 'n' he wanted me to share his happiness when he told Flory. For all I knew 'twan't any time for a third party to be there I couldn't help goin' in for a minute; seems as if 'twould be a sight to do a man good to see the little cretur so pleased 'n' happy after so much hardship. 'N' Eph's happiness done me good clear'n to the marrow of my bones.

"'Twas a rough little shanty, but a woman's belongin's round made it kind of homelike, 'n' Flory was tidy 'n' had dainty ways. There wa'n't nobody there. Eph looked round 'n' called. He was kind of astonished, for Flory wa'n't given to gad-din'.

"'I'll tell you what it is,' says he; 'she's gone to see Padelford's baby!' There'd been a baby born in camp, 'n' the women—'n' half the men, too, for that matter—was crazy over it. But before he could start out after her I'd ketched sight of a little note tucked in between the red blows of her geranium on the winder seat. Seemed as if she had a little mite of compunction or shame or somethin'; she couldn't bear to put it right where he'd see it the first thing! I picked it up, as Eph dropped it out of his fingers after he'd read it.

"It said she'd found out she hadn't never loved Eph. She loved Riggs, 'n' she'd gone with him. She hoped Eph wouldn't think too hard of her, for she wa'n't fit to be a poor man's wife, anyhow.

"I was kind of stunned. I couldn't never remember how 'twas that we got horses 'n' I found myself ridin' like mad 'longside of Eph on the road them two must a-taken.

"When we come to the new trail Eph was uncertain which to take. I thought they'd most likely gone by the old one, that ran along the cliff higher up, but was broader 'n' safer. 'N' Flory was timid. Eph said if they had we could head 'em off by takin' the new if they hadn't got too much the start. How we rode! I don't know what saved us from goin' over that cliff. 'N'

when we come out towards the divide we ketched sight of 'em. They was ridin' kind of slow as if they was tired out, or thought they'd got so far that there was no need to hurry, 'n' his hand was on her saddle, kind of supportin' her.

"Eph give kind of a smothered cry, 'n' drewed out his pistol. Lookin' at him I wouldn't a-believed 'twas Eph's face; the Injin devil that lurked in his blood was lookin' out of it. I tried to say something to calm him, to hold back his hand, but something choked me—'n' there was no need of me! God Almighty spoke 'n' kept him from murder! There come a rattling 'n' crashing of stones from the upper trail; they'd been loosened by the horses' hoofs that had jest gone over. They struck the fore feet of Eph's horse. He r'ared 'n' plunged 'n' throwed Eph over his head ag'in a rock.

"As quick as I kneeled down beside him I knew there wa'n't no hope. There was a fearful wound in his head. But he opened his eyes 'n' looked, 'n' there, plain ag'in the sky in the dyin' light, was them two figgers goin' down into the valley together.

"'N' then he looked up at me, 'n' he said the same words that old Isr'el said to-night: 'Si, do you believe there's ery God? If there is—his breath was failin' so't he could scarcely get it out—' if there is, He'll take care of Flory!'

"Nery thought of himself! Goin' red-handed, as you might say, into the presence of his Maker, all he thought of was what would become of her!

"I saw her in a theatre in San Francisco a little more'n a year after that. 'Twa'n't Riggs that was with her; 'twas an older 'n' flashier man. She'd grown stouter, 'n' her face was painted, 'n' she was blazin' with di'monds.

"I stayed round there more because I couldn't bear to come home than for any-thing else.

"Eph's death killed his mother; she never held her head up afterwards; 'n' 'Lizy married 'n' went down country to live; 'n' no-body seemed to want to live in the old house, 'n' never hain't. Marthy Abby's hair had all turned white in the front whilst I was away. She said she'd had consid'able headache. She wa'n't never like a girl after that, 'n' though she had plenty of beaus, she wouldn't have anything to say to 'em. I kind of run of an idee that she would a-had me, but—look at them ducks of her'n now. Do you see that great white patch half way out into the middle of the pend? That's 'em—'n' she can't get 'em to go home at night! 'N' what could you expect of ducks hatched out under a parcel of old hens in the dead of winter? No, we're better off as we be, Marthy Abby 'n' I!

"I don't set much by women folks, anyhow, 'n', mebbe it's bigoted—some of 'em may be just as good as other folks—but I never come acrost one of them little, light-complected women, with kind of a saintly look, that I don't feel as if I'd ought to have a horse-shoe in my pocket, or be makin' the sign of a cross, like little Juan Calidores!"

THE IRON MASK.

BY W. ALBERT.

THIS individual, about whose fate so much interest has been excited, was secretary of state to Charles Third, Duke of Mantua, by whom he was much favored. About the end of the year 1677, the Abbe d'Estrades, ambassador for Louis XIV. to the republic of Venice, was anxious to induce the Duke of Mantua to allow the entrance of a French garrison into Casale, which, it may be said, was then the key of Italy. The ambassador sought to accomplish his purpose by gaining

over Matthioli to his schemes. It was an easy task, the secretary yielding, and in a short time the wily ambassador had accomplished his object.

The advance of the French troops to garrison Casale caused great alarm in the neighboring states. Remonstrance was made to Charles, which his secretary secretly supported, though he continued to be the apparent ally of the French agents at the ducal court. His duplicity, however, could not long be

concealed, and suspicious of his fidelity to the interests of Louis strengthened into absolute evidence of his treachery. The French ambassador reproached and threatened, but to no purpose; the unprincipled secretary, in the very face of his proved unfaithfulness, still assured the agents of Louis of his firm adherence to their master's interests, but informed them that the Duke of Mantua had been obliged to concede a treaty with the Venetians, the object of which was directly opposed to that entered into with the French. M. Pinchesne, the French agent at Venice, though convinced of the perfidy of Matthioli, did not break with him, but advised him to go and confer with D'Estrades, at Turin; and the secretary, following this advice, fell into the plot which had been concocted for his ruin.

Louis, disappointed in his political intrigue, resolved to take signal vengeance on the treacherous frustrator of his plans. He sent orders to the abbe to arrest Matthioli and guard him in such a manner that he could hold no communication with others, and have no hope of escape.

During his negotiations with D'Estrades at Turin, Matthioli complained to the abbe of want of money; the ambassador readily caught at a circumstance so favorable to the execution of the plan which he had to accomplish, and recommended him to meet Catinat at the French frontiers, near Pignerol, where D'Estrades would also be present. The doomed secretary again aided in the accomplishment of his own ruin, by doing as they suggested.

Three miles from the place of rendezvous they were stopped by a river, the bridge of which had been carried away by a flood; and Matthioli assisted to repair the bridge over which he was to pass into the most hopeless and wretched captivity. At the end of the conference he was arrested without ceremony, and after his arrest no one was permitted to approach him.

For the first few days of his imprisonment Matthioli was well treated, but his jailer afterwards received instructions to the effect

that "It is not the intention of the king that the captive should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessities of life, should he have anything given to him that may make him pass his time agreeably." And so the wretched victim was compelled to drink his bitter draught of captivity to the dregs.

The harshness of his treatment, and the utter hopelessness of relief or liberty, seem to have affected the intellect of Matthioli, as his jailer reports that in his frenzy and despair, the wretched prisoner would give way to the most violent paroxysms of mental derangement, during which he found vent for his rage by writing with charcoal abusive sentences upon Louis on the walls of his prison.

In a short time he was removed to a more wretched prison at Exilles, and then again removed to the island of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence. During the journey he was conveyed in a chair covered with oil-cloth, that the possibility of his being seen or spoken to might be prevented. It was during this journey, there is reason to believe, that the permanent use of the mask, which he was afterwards compelled to wear, began. This mask was not made, as has been generally supposed, of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and fastened behind with a padlock.

After eleven years' confinement at St. Margaret's, Matthioli was removed to the Bastille. The same secrecy as before prevailed during the journey to Paris. At dinner he sat with his back to the light, and his jailer opposite with a brace of pistols on the table beside him. While at the Bastille he was on a few occasions allowed to go to mass, but the guards were ordered to shoot him if he spoke to any one.

At length he died, at the age of sixty-three, after five years' confinement in a dungeon of the Bastille. After his death his clothes were burned, as well as the furniture of his cell; all plate was melted down, the doors and windows of his cell were burned; in truth, all was done that could be done to destroy the traces of his existence.

THE stars that disappear at morn,
 Oh, think not they are fled;
 They are not lost, they are not gone,
 But 'mid the glory shed
 Around them by the source of light,
 It is the night that's dead.

THE RIVALS ON THE DEEP.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WHILE I belonged to the ship *Malabar*, in 1841, there lay with us, among the numerous vessels at Batavia, an English ship called the *Runjeet Singh*. Between her crew and that of the *Malabar* there existed a violent feud, and many a sturdy fight was the consequence. The last war with England was then twenty-six years in the past, but we had books, the common property of the fore-castle, which treated of it, and whose authors made the demolition of an English frigate by a Yankee privateer of a dozen guns, a mere pastime. Added to this, we had among us two old fellows, one of whom, in boyhood, had been a "powder-monkey" in the *Constitution*, in the battle with the *Cyane* and *Levant*, and the other on board the *Essex*, when she fought the *Phoebe* and *Cherub*.

Old Bob, the *Essex* man, was always turning and twisting Porter's great fight, trying to take the elements of defeat out of it, and revolving its annoying incidents, as he might have overhauled a kinky rope on deck. On the other hand, Jack, the tar of the *Constitution*, had no such trouble. It was not necessary for him to use the subjunctive mood at all—he had no call for an "if"—because the result showed for itself. However, like all the rest of us, they heartily joined hands against John Bull.

It seemed quite a little coincidence that the British ship had among her crew a weather-beaten old chap who, when a lad, had sailed in the *Shannon*, and two others who were in the *Pelican* when she captured the *Argus*. Old Tom of Liverpool, before our misunderstanding had assumed a chronic character, related the *Shannon's* battle with the *Chesapeake*, in presence of half a dozen of our tars ashore; but it was a story told under difficulties. A general "set-to" was the consequence, and from that time there was no provoking thing which the grim tarry salts would not cast at each other. Yet I believe there was a mutual feeling of respect between the two ships' companies; for no better sailors ever trod a deck than the *Runjeet Singh's* crew, as one might guess from their faces, from their square stout build, and from the inimitable salt-water character of their entire make-up; while, on the other hand,

our own ship was manned equally well. On board neither vessel was there a green hand or an ordinary seaman.

The two ships, lying in the small but beautiful roadstead, among a forest of Dutch and Portuguese masts, were the finest looking vessels in port. Both, at the same time, obtained freights for Canton, and the creaking of their purchase-blocks and the stirring chorus of the old salts who manned the tackles, told of the work of lading. Hard work, too, it was, in that burning clime, for the fierce noonbeam of Java melted the tar in the deck-seams and in the rigging. We loaded with rice and hides in the hold, and between decks we had nutmegs and pepper, together with a quantity of Dutch linen and cotton goods, reshipped from Holland. The Englishman was freighted in the same manner.

There was very little cordiality between the two captains, and neither cared much to restrain the national animosity of his crew. Our boat in pulling from the shore once or twice came in collision with that of the *Runjeet Singh*, and the oars were freely used on both sides for other than their legitimate purposes. In this way our third mate received a black eye, and the British second mate was handsomely settled between the thwarts of his boat by a downright blow from an oar-blade. Hard words ensued between the English captain and our own, each accusing the other's subordinate officer of being the aggressor. The battered belligerents themselves took the opportunity next morning, while their superiors were out of sight, to throw cocoanuts at each other. The space between the vessels being only about fifty yards wide, a moderate sized coconut would go handsomely across; and finally one went into the *Malabar's* cabin, dropping like a bomb close at the old man's feet, while he was at breakfast. This caused a fresh outbreak of feeling between the commanders, Captain Osgood declaring that he would not be bombarded in his own cabin by any rascally John Bull, and Captain Ashworth retorting that if any blasted Yankee came athwart his hawse or "hinterfered with his crew, he'd get his 'ead punched!"

At last it was settled that Mr. Robbins, our third mate, and Mr. Halsey, the English second mate, should be permitted to fight it out on a neutral deck. For this purpose they went on board a little Batavian schooner lying near us, and, with the consent of her skipper, who was well acquainted with both of them, prepared for a boxing match in earnest. Sitting astride a hen-coop, with the slack of their duck trousers nailed to it, they were to pound away at each other till the best man won.

At the first blow our third mate was knocked heels over head by the stout Londoner. Parting his stern fasts as he fell backward, he gathered his limbs quickly and leaped to his feet, menacing his adversary, who was still fastened. Upon this the British boat's crew cried out "Foul! Foul!" and were about rushing upon him, when their man cleared his moorings and sprang up. It was now a hard, desperate fight, as the two men, with success alternating between them, made the entire deck their field. Now Mr. Robbins retreated to the taffrail, and next Mr. Halsey was driven backward to the bowsprit foot. The Londoner possessed science and weight, the American activity and length of arm; and both had the indomitable pluck of the Anglo-Saxon. At length, between the main hatch and the little schooner's side, they fought one of their fiercest rounds, and just as the Englishman's fist sent Mr. Robbins headlong down the hatchway, the American's foot sent Mr. Halsey staggering back to the rail and overboard! A general battle would now have ensued between the crews, had not Captains Osgood and Ashworth interfered. Thus the boxing match ended, with about equal damage to each of the combatants; the one being taken from the water, and the other from the hold, both claiming the victory.

"A five hundred dollar bet," said Captain Ashworth, hailing us from his quarter-deck, when the ships had nearly completed their lading, "that I reach Canton first."

"Done!" replied Captain Osgood; "and no allowance for accidents."

The agreement was put at once in writing, and next day both ships closed their hatches, and both commanders went up to the custom house and cleared. On the following morning, in getting underway, we dropped nearly afoul of the Runjeet Singh, and her officers and crew, instead of blam-

ing the native pilot, uttered some very offensive remarks about "Yankee lubbers."

Both vessels, however, soon had headway. But the wind was unsteady; the land breeze, instead of continuing to blow directly out of the roadstead, varied three or four points, bringing the British ship to windward. She was abreast of us, and her pilot, as if instigated by the captain, kept her away, apparently to crowd us out of the channel or becalm our sails. Our own pilot hailed him, ordering him to bear up; but just then the Malabar went aground. The English captain looked calmly over his quarter, as he witnessed our predicament, much as the fox, when stepping out of the well from the rising bucket, might have looked at the wolf as he went down in the other. While we worked hard to get off, the Runjeet Singh stood out to sea, all her broad sails drawing, and the union jack streaming over her stern.

In about three hours we got afloat, but the best of the land breeze was now gone, and the British ship was out of sight. Our course, for the first six hundred miles, lay north by west, between Sumatra and Borneo, and as it was in March, and the northeast monsoon, on which you might have hauled with a taut bowline, had nearly blown out, we had the wind fitful and variable, and were seven days in coming up with the south end of Malacca. Thence our course lay north-northeast, and here the northeast monsoon, giving us one farewell blast before it died, swept down the China Sea full in our teeth. With long tacks, from Malacca to Borneo, and from the gulf of Siam, on the larboard, to the island of Palawan, on the starboard—now with reefed topsails, and again with skysails and jib-a-jib, we beat up against the wind.

On the morning of the seventeenth day out we saw a ship just going in stays in the Gulf of Tonquin, and as she hauled on the port-tack to the eastward, we made her out to be the Runjeet Singh. The breeze was fresh, and there was a fine opportunity for a test of speed. We ran on for several knots further than she had done before tacking, in order, if possible, to get the weather gauge, then went about and gave her chase. The difference in sailing between the two ships was very slight, and all that day and the following night the Briton kept the lead. But on the next morning, with the wind blowing heavily, we began to lap him on the quarter. How the old Malabar trembled under the

press of her three topsails and topgallant sails! How the stout British Indiaman almost buried her lee-rail, showing us the bright copper under her weather bilge, as every spar and timber was strained for old Albion's honor! But slowly we came up with her. We were a furlong to windward, when crash went our maintopmast, carrying away, as it fell, the foretopsail yard.

"Five hundred dollars in that spar!" cried Captain Osgood. "Well, let him take the money. But we had him handsomely."

"If it hasn't sprung the mainmast head," said Mr. Orne, the mate, "we're good for him yet. We can have up another topmast before night, and all the yards across; and we'll give him a second pull before he gets to Canton."

We worked all day upon the spars and rigging, but that night the monsoon died to a light breeze, and next morning the wind hauled to the west-northwest, preparatory to its equinoctial change from northeast to southwest. This gave us a complete advantage, as it placed us to windward. We knew that the Runjeet Singh could have gained nothing from the last twenty-four hours of her tack to the eastward, as without anticipating the immediate change of wind she had stood off towards Luzon, and could now be no nearer to Canton than ourselves. We now had the wind so that we could steer our course, while the Briton must have it ahead.

Four days subsequent to our disaster we entered Canton River, and went up to Whampoa, twenty-one days from Batavia; and two days later arrived the Runjeet Singh. Her burly captain paid the five hundred dollars without a word, and the two crews went on quarreling with each other as before.

It was on the twenty-eighth of March, 1841, that the English made their first attack on the Chinese forts about Canton. We could plainly hear the guns as we lay at Whampoa, and on that day the Runjeet Singh's men were more patriotic and puffed with British pride than usual. We taunted them with the Guerriere and Macedonian, and old Jack threw the Cyane and Levant in their teeth; while Bob brought to light all the "ifs" he could think of regarding his battle with the Phoebe and Cherub. He could not, however, quite reverse the actual facts, but he said enough to get a blow across the face from a piece of bamboo. Meanwhile, another of our hands com-

menced roaring out a song called the "Downfall of England," and the result of such provocations was that we all became engaged in one of the hardest fist fights that ever took place at Whampoa. The British captain at last came up and attempted to restore order, but our men hooted so loud that he could not be heard, and threw rats at him from a stall kept by a Chinamen. Captain Osgood soon appeared, and shook his fist in Captain Ashworth's face, and Captain Ashworth shook his fist in Captain Osgood's face; but finally the two crews separated covered with dirt and bruises.

On the evening of the same day we heard a great uproar in a street near at hand, and on turning a corner saw the crew of the Runjeet Singh confronted by ten times their number of Chinese, who were making hideous noises of defiance or contempt, and throwing at the English all manner of missiles. To all appearance the British sailors were in danger of instant destruction.

"Your red coatee man up river no makee muchee fightee to-day!" cried the rabble. "Muchee coward! muchee coward! Red coatee man much afraid fightee! Sailor man no fightee! army man no fightee!"

Such an aspersion from a contemptible Chinaman on the army and navy of England! and that, too, in the presence of sixteen of her broad-breasted tars. It was enough; if the Chinese wanted a "row," they had alighted on those whose consciences would not suffer by gratifying them. John Bull was the man for the occasion, "and he went for that heathen Chineel!" Then arose shouts of admiration from our own men:—

"Good for you, London Jack!"

"Give it to 'em, Portsmouth Bill!"

"Knock the dead lights out of 'em, Jorjy!"

Though the Chinese numbered full two hundred against the sixteen, the brave British tars swept all before them, and in ten minutes the field was cleared! But fresh swarms arrived upon the scene, till there could not have been less than five hundred men of the enemy; and now, little by little, the gallant crew of the Runjeet Singh gave ground, though fighting all the while like tigers, and piling whole limes of Chinese in the dirt, with their British fists. At last one and another of the tars fell wounded.

The sight was too much for our men. With a wild shout of fury the crew of the old Malabar "pitched in." Side by side

with the British sailors we fell pell-mell upon the Chinese. For a few moments we were engulfed in a whirlpool of queues, and broad hats and almond eyes, and then with derisive cries we pursued the fleeing crowd. Five hundred Asiatics could turn the scale against sixteen sailors, but with thirty-two it was quite another thing. We ended our holiday by another noisy quarrel with the crew of the Runjeet Singh, originating in the singing of a song by old Constitution Jack. The old sailor had got as far as

"Perceived the Yankee boys on board,
With grief beheld his union lowered;
'All hope's now fled', he sighing said,
'The god of war to victory's led
Brave Hull in the Constitution!'"

when the lyric performance was brought to a close by a cocoanut which careened the singer over as if it had been a black squall.

We now loaded with tea and a large amount of Chinese pottery ware for Manilla; but the Runjeet Singh could not get a freight, because the merchants at the English "hong" had but little tea on hand, and from the existing state of war were unable to procure more, while the Chinese themselves were forbidden to freight any English ship. The Runjeet Singh, therefore, went over to Manilla in ballast, arriving on the same day with ourselves. There were abundant freights at Manilla for Singapore, and the British vessel commenced loading almost as soon as she came in. We also, after discharging, loaded immediately, our freight consisting of hemp and cerdage.

One day while we were taking in cargo, there was a concussion under the ship, as if the very bottom of Manilla Bay had risen up and struck her keel. She started suddenly ahead, and a heavy bale of hemp which we were hoisting swung aft like a tassel. The water seemed to rise under the stern and slant downward toward the bow, and the vessel ran right over her anchor. We got afoul of the Runjeet Singh, carrying away her bowsprit, and starting some of her woodends; she, meanwhile, rocking as did the Malabar. No loss of life, however, resulted from the earthquake.

The Malabar and the Runjeet Singh had become badly entangled, and no sooner was the danger past than we set about clearing them.

"This Yankee craft is halways in our way!" growled one of the Londoners. "Now

there's the bowsprit gone; and the ship's 'ead took all to pieces."

"Yes," said Constitution Jack, "I've been in an Englishman's way before now. You needn't growl; she den't look half as bad as the Cyane and Levant did."

"Right afoul of us, ain't ye?" retorted the Englishman, who had served in the Shannon. "Well, this makes me think of the time when we boarded the Chesapeake, and chased the Yankees down to the gun-deck."

The work at first promised to end without a fight, but it did not. The boats were down, and as they lay head and head to each other, under the bows of the Runjeet Singh, it happened that a stout little Jordy, all body and no legs, thought he could improve upon a job that one of our men was trying to do.

"Out o' me way, ye cat-faced loobber!" he cried.

"Who are you calling cat-faced?" was the reply, as old Bob's fist alighted between the Jordy's large wide-apart eyes. "Overboard you go, you coal-heaving North-of-England barnacle back!" And Jordy went souse in to the water.

A general melee ensued between the men in the boats, and even those who remained on board the vessels threw pineapples at each other. Neither Captain Ashworth, smarting with the thought of the five hundred dollars which his rival had pocketed, and the mortification of his late defeat, nor Captain Osgood, who remembered many bitter provocations, felt like interfering impartially; and thus it was a mixed matter, each commander calling upon his men to return to duty, and at the same time with clenched fists denouncing the captain of the other ship. At length, order being restored, we got the two vessels clear of each other. The Englishman had finished loading, and at the moment of this mishap was all ready for sea. He must now wait for repairs. As to ourselves, we had but just commenced taking in.

The next day being Sunday, both crews were ashore. We landed in what is called the Binondo, a suburb of the city proper, and while strolling about in one of the most busy and queerly peopled streets that I ever saw, and which the Spaniards call "el calle Escola," we encountered our enemies, the British. Some skirmishing was the consequence, and hard names were applied, but there was no general battle, each party feeling too well satisfied of the other's prowess,

and blackened eyes being at a discount. Leaving the street Escola, we proceeded to cross a bridge leading to the older portion of Manilla, when we met about fifty French and Spanish sailors who had come on shore from a couple of men-of-war, and who, although they kept in separate groups, according to their nationalities, were evidently ready to coalesce upon occasion. It was soon apparent that these representatives of two great Latin races were determined to pick a quarrel with us. They seemed to enjoy our perplexity, as their numbers blocked up the bridge before us. Much French and Spanish was used, and that, too, in a derisive and insulting manner. But this was soon cut short. Constitution Jack struck a Frenchman and knocked him down. Then at it we all went, and at it, too, went all the enemy, as many of them as could get within arm's length.

Old Valparaiso Bob, the man who had been with Porter, struck out from the shoulder, and the fellow who received his fist lost a mouthful of teeth and dropped like a log. The bridge was covered with fallen Frenchmen, and the furious enemy gave ground; but the Spaniards, who had composed the rear of the column, now got a chance at us, and gave their discomfited allies time to rally. There were fifty upon sixteen, and at last we were getting out of breath, when suddenly there arose loud shouts behind us:—

"Come on, lads. Down with the French dogs! they're trying to fool the Yankees." "Fair play's the word." "Hanything but a blasted Spaniard!" "Give it to the Frenchmen, lads. Give it to the cussed Weeweess!"

John Bull was coming! coming in all the glory of his "go-ashore" black ribbon, calico shirt, and wide duck trowsers. A mass of hard, square, powerful-looking Jack tars, the crew of the Runjeet Singh waddled along, making right for the fray. But the French and Spaniards did not wait. John Bull succeeded in delivering a few telling blows upon the more courageous of the enemy, but he did not sail fast enough to warrant a long chase, nor did we, and thus the affair ended. It would not answer for us to remain long together, or we might quarrel again. Already the Pelican man began to stir the embers by asking one of our fellows if he was not in the "Hargus when she struck to the Pelican," adding,

"I see a cove aboard that 'ad sich a figger-head as that o' yourn, as we was a-takin persession of the brig." But by the interference of the more considerate among us, the flame was prevented from bursting out.

"I say, Tom," remarked one of the Englishmen to a shipmate, as they were going away, "them chaps is rum coves for a knock down. One Yankee is hequal to three Weeweess or Jack Spaniards. They is mostly like the Hinglish, them Yankee coves."

"I hate an Englishman," said Bob, when they had departed; "but they are a good deal like us, ain't they?"

Our cargo being soon on board, we got under way, leaving the Briton to fret at his unavoidable delay. In fourteen days we beat down to Singapore, against the south-west monsoon. On the afternoon that we ran past the thick jungles of the island, we saw a couple of royal tigers near the shore. From our distance they looked like great black and orange cats. Business at Singapore was less brisk than usual, and we lay there several weeks waiting freight, but at last got a cargo of English cotton goods for Bushire, on the Persian Gulf.

One Sunday evening, just before sailing, when we had been ashore all day, six of us fell in with a like number of English sailors, who, seated in comfortable quarters, were roaring out the famous lines about Britannia and her monopoly of the main.

"Ahoy there!" said old Constitution Jack. "Not so loud. They was a-singing that song aboard the Cyane and Levant when we fell in with 'em. It's a bad sign—I allow you'd better belay."

Up they sprang. They were six of the old Runjeet Singh's men. She had arrived that day.

"What's that you say? Oh, it's you chaps, is it? Well, we beat you coming down the China Sea. You was fourteen days, your old man says; we made the run in twelve."

"That's one of John Bull's big yarns!"

Then followed a fight, in which victory wavered till both parties drew off for want of breath. We had separated for a little distance, but there was still a prospect of a renewal of hostilities, when there came up a dozen or more Dutch sailors, one of whom accused a man of the Runjeet Singh's crew of stealing his meerschaum pipe, an hour before. Of course, a passage at arms ensued, and the English, assailed by double their

number, had the worst of it. Our men remained passive spectators for a few minutes, and then sprang to the rescue, knocking the Dutchmen right and left, till the enemy took to flight.

Shortly afterwards we sailed for Bushire. It was a stretch of more than four thousand miles, but the monsoon was in our favor. Through the long gateway of the Strait of Malacca we had it abeam; across the mouth of the Bay of Bengal it blew on the larboard-bow, and we had to make a tack; but upon doubling Ceylon, and keeping away north-west, we again brought it on our broadside. Without a gale, or a squall, or a calm, we stood on. North of the Laccadive Islands we spoke a rusty old fellow, with whaleboats on his cranes, who asked for the news from Singapore and Canton, and whether John Bull had flogged the Chinamen. We could answer in the affirmative, as it was current on board the Malabar that three millions of Chinese had been routed by the British marines. At length, leaving Muscat on the weather-board, and running through the Strait of Ormus, we entered the Persian Gulf; and still the monsoon swelled our sails, till four hundred miles up the gulf we dropped anchor in a roadstead about two and a half leagues below Bushire. We made the passage in twenty-two days, having never taken in our skysails, and only twice raised tacks and sheets.

Discharging cargo, we took a freight for Bombay, consisting of Shiraz wine, wool and raw silk, with a small quantity of Persian carpets and shawls. The cargo, however, not being ready, we waited a considerable time for it, and before sailing we learned that the Runjeet Singh had arrived at Muscat from Singapore. We heard also of a dreadful piracy committed near the Strait of Babelmandeb, the pirate vessel being represented as a large brig, mounting twelve guns, and manned with a hundred and fifty wretches of various nations, though mostly Arabs. The locality of this tragedy was wide off from our course, hence we did not feel much apprehension; besides, it was not probable that the pirate would dare to keep to the seas for any considerable time. Like most Indians of that time, we were well armed, having four long sixes, and a good supply of cutlasses and muskets, the precaution having been taken through fear of the Malays and Chinese; but we were little prepared to meet a brig of twelve guns, as with our sixteen

foremast hands, cook, steward, cabin-boy, captain and three mates, we numbered but twenty-three in all.

Setting sail from Bushire, with the monsoon blowing a light breeze, we stood off at first to the westward, then tacked and ran down for the Strait of Ormus. Passing this, we discovered four ships going out of Muscat. They had not yet hauled down the colors with which they had left port, and Captain Osgood with his glass made out one of them to be English, and one Spanish, while two were French. Soon, in the pleasant Arabian sunset, each of them lowered her ensign, and in silence and darkness we all stood along together. Next morning we made out the Englishman to be the Runjeet Singh, but as we were more deeply laden than any of them, there was not much difference between their sailing and our own. The clumsy Spaniard was lightest of all, so that even he went off at quite a respectable gait.

"The men will have a chance to give and take a few more black eyes when we get to Bombay," said Captain Osgood to the mate; "for I suppose Ashworth is bound there too."

All this while there was a sail to windward, a square-rigged brig, and now, as if her commander had decided on a plan which he had been for the last hour considering, she suddenly kept away and bore right down for us. The French and Spanish vessels instantly kept off the wind, and the Malabar and the Runjeet Singh also edged away a little, though not so much but that all the sails would draw. We could now see a swarm of men on the brig's decks. We were nearer to her than any of the other vessels, and she headed directly for the Malabar, gaining on us so fast that our only hope lay in preparing for the best resistance we could make.

Soon the pirate commenced firing, at the same time running up a large black flag. He was coming down on our weather-quarter, and in order to bring our guns to bear we hauled nearer the wind, and almost across his bows. Then our six-pounders opened upon him, raking him from stem to stern. His intention was evidently to board, but as our fire produced great confusion on his decks, and as the Malabar was instantly kept off again to avoid him, he made a miscalculation, and almost grazing our side, and taking the wind so much out of our sails as to deaden our headway, passed us and fell to leeward. Old Constitution Jack threw over-

board one of the grappling irons that struck our deck, and Valparaiso Bob another.

"I was a-lookin' out for them things," said Bob. "I knowed they'd be hove into us."

The pirate now attempted to run the Malabar on board on the lee-quarter, but our sails becalmed his own and he dropped astern. He next kept off a little, and standing along just abaft our quarter, pointed his starboard guns forward and commenced a heavy fire. But this was a game two could play at, and pointing our guns aft, we poured grape and canister upon his fore-castle. All this while he edged gradually off, till we could no longer take the wind out of his sails, when he began to forge ahead. Soon he would be able to rake us with a fire on the port-bow, and to board us also. He did rake us. He got well ahead, and his shots came crashing in through the lee-bow to go out at the weather-quarter. His blunder in falling to leeward was now almost repaired. Should he lay us on board, our case would indeed be desperate.

Meanwhile, the French and Spanish ships, each better armed, as we afterwards learned, than the Malabar, were fleeing with all their might; but at this moment Captain Osgood, looking off in the direction of the Runjeet Singh, cried out to the mate:—

"Mr. Brewer, look there! look there! Can it be that Ashworth will risk all, when he might get off? Yet what else can it mean? He has taken in his spanker and mainsail, and now he's hauling up his fore-sail. He is going to wear. See—yes, yes—there he shows his white streak. Thank God! he's wearing, sure enough. There he takes the wind on the other board. Now he drops his courses again. Good! good! That is John Bull himself! He doesn't know how to run; there ain't French enough in him!"

It was true; the gallant Englishman was bearing right up for us. He would risk his ship and his life in a murderous and unequal struggle, rather than see a brother sailor fall into the hands of the mean and hideous pirate. The Runjeet Singh had the same number of men and guns as the Malabar, and well we knew that every man would count, and every gun would tell. As if to signal his coming, Captain Ashworth fired a gun to windward, and ran up the British ensign. So intent were the enemy upon our capture, that they did not observe the wearing around of the English ship, and the distant report of her gun appeared to strike them with sur-

prise. Frightened by the boldness of her approach, though their force so greatly exceeded that of both ships combined, they would now gladly have got off, but confused and bungling, they fell afoul of us. Our bowsprit caught their main-rigging, and the vessels became entangled in such a manner that the scoundrels could neither get clear nor board us with advantage. Whenever they attempted to climb over the ship's head we repelled them by the fire of our six-pounders, which were trained to bear fore and aft the decks. But they must board or be off—that they knew.

The Runjeet Singh was now close at hand, the muzzles of her four guns looking savagely from her starboard ports, and above them the stern faces that we recognized so well—such faces as Howe, and Duncan, and Jarvis once led to battle. The pirate brig at length swung head on to our weather-bow, her bowsprit being just abaft our foremast, when another and more desperate attempt was made to board. But to do so was no easy matter. First, there was the swinging and clashing together of the bulwarks, now twenty feet apart, and now grinding each other like drift logs; then there were the cutlasses. Boarding is seldom pleasant, and in this instance the enemy had more than usual to disconcert their endeavors; for now, in the hands of a true sailor, the Runjeet Singh was brought handsomely to windward of the brig. Her tacks and sheets were let go, her topsails made to shiver exactly at the proper moment, and she dropped aboard of the pirate as if the brave man whose voice directed all was a master of his work.

The pressure from the British ship forced the brig fairly against us, but the pirates appeared so utterly confused that they knew not what to do. By depressing our guns, and at the same time pointing them as obliquely as we could, both ourselves and the Englishman did dreadful execution on their decks; though this was performed under great difficulties, as the shots were liable to glance from the deck planks. This kind of firing, however, was soon facilitated by the skill of Captain Ashworth, who now box-hauled his ship by shivering the foretopsail and backing the mizzen till her quarter came in contact with that of the Malabar, the pirate, meantime, lying head on with his bows between the two ships like a wedge. His men were dreadfully confused, a cowardly, wretched set, and they did not once attempt to

board the Runjeet Singh, even when most of her men had left their guns in order to brace round the yards. The better to bring our cannon to bear, we knocked away our bulwarks with axes, making portholes that enabled us to give a very oblique fire. The pirate could return it only by bringing the muzzles of his guns inboard, the starboard ones firing towards the larboard side, and the larboard toward the starboard. This, however, he did only with two or three pieces, for there was no sustaining the shower of balls that the two ships poured down on his decks. At last the greater part of his crew, knowing that it was sure death to be taken, made a rush for the Malabar, while others stood on the defensive against the English. A terrible fight ensued at our rail, but the shouts that came from our consort inspired us with hope and strength.

"Over and at 'em, lads! They're boarding the Malabar. Take to your cutlasses. Let's hend this matter hon the spot." And at the words the entire crew of the Runjeet Singh leaped down on the brig's deck.

I had a momentary view of them through the uproar and struggle on our own side. On they came, the very tars whose hard fists we had so often encountered with fists equally stubborn, but now each viselike hand held a cutlass. Not one of them all had his shirt collar buttoned, but their broad bosoms were as bare as my hand; and if here and there some one of the number retained a hat, it was right on the back of his head, his wide brown forehead standing boldly out. The pirates immediately in front of us now gave back, and our men rushed forward, cutting and slashing, and driving them over the brig's rail. In a moment we were side by side with the English. Any one of our men was a match for three of our enemy, and Constitution Jack, while driving back half a dozen of them with his cutlass, knocked down two others in quick succession with his left fist. All who could do so ran below, some fled into the rigging, and the remainder, crouching in cowardly terror, threw up their hands and cried out yelping in some strange jargon that we could not understand. We had taken the brig. Fore and aft her decks there was blood and death.

We learned from her second lieutenant, a Spaniard, that her crew on the morning of the fight numbered one hundred and forty-one. Of these, forty-eight were killed and twenty-one wounded, while nineteen were missing,

having fallen between the vessels in attempting to board. We took fifty-three prisoners. The English ship lost two killed and four wounded, and the Malabar four killed and three wounded. Brave old Valparaiso Bob was shot through the heart, and Mr. Robbins, the third mate, had his head carried off by a cannon ball. The pirate captain and his first lieutenant both lay dead.

It was a unique spectacle to see the grim tars meet on the pirate's deck, when the prisoners had been secured. They had little time for congratulation, but that little they improved. The English and Americans shook hands with each other; they sent tobacco juice right and left, and handed about huge plugs, all the while talking in their queer sailor way.

"Tom, here," said London Jack, "allowed that the old man wouldn't go about, but I told Tom there was fight in the old man's eye, and I hadn't more'n said so afore he sung out to brail up the spanker. When we had wore round the old man says, says he, 'Lads, we'll go up there to windward, and if you're the chaps as I take ye to be, I don't believe the pirate will fool us much.' Then we all give three cheers for the old man, and sent up the bunting, and fired a weather-gun, as much as to say 'Mr. Bull's a-comin.'"

Our tars listened to Jack with due admiration; but now a sail was announced bearing down on us. We had separated the three vessels and stowed away our prisoners when she came alongside. She proved to be the Wye, sloop-of-war, in search of the pirate. To her we transferred the captives. She manned the prize, and sent also six of her own men on board each of the two ships to take the places of those we had lost. The little squadron of vessels now hauled on the wind, but the former pirate and the ship of war outsailed the merchantmen, which keeping together, followed them towards Bombay.

The Runjeet Singh and the Malabar appeared to sail exactly alike, owing to the Englishman's being about one foot lighter than ourselves. It was September, and the southwest monsoon was nearly over, so that we had very light breezes and occasional calms. One evening, close off Bombay, the vessels were very near each other. It was a dead calm, and voices and other sounds came to us as the Englishman loomed amid the darkness. Our watch, being all gathered on the fore-castle, whistled for a breeze. Some of our men were excellent singers. Finally

we struck out upon "The Star Spangled Banner." The British could hear every word. They had just been singing, but now they paused and listened. The song was indeed beautifully impressive, so strongly sung there in the night on the ocean. At the lines,—

"The rocket's red glare,
Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,"

we heard the hard-fisted fellows clap their hands by way of applause; but at the coup-let,—

"The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the home of the free and the land of the brave,"

three hearty cheers for the American flag came from the Runjeet Singh.

There was a few moments, and then the English crew sang "The Mariners of England," the noblest naval lyric that the world ever knew. There might not have been in the singing much refinement of manner, but there was soul—all the emphasis that stout hearts could give it—and hearts, too, that had felt and seen and known the things whereof they sang. "That is grand!" said old Jack, as the second stanza came to our ears:—

"The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow."

We clapped our hands, not only loudly, but with our entire hearts, and well we knew that the tribute would reach the Runjeet Singh. Then came another verse almost lifting us from our feet, and rendered all the more impressive by the lofty shadow of the British ship, as her spars and sails were relieved against the sky:—

"Britannia no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep;
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
While the stormy winds do blow."

Again we clapped our hands, and now was rolled forth the final stanza:—

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow."

Three tremendous cheers for the British Union-Jack went up from the Malabar's deck, and for the moment I thought it a beautiful thing to be a human being! there are such opportunities for magnanimity, so many occasions for admiring our rivals.

On the following afternoon we arrived at Bombay, where our men and those of the Runjeet Singh became jolly companions, biting tobacco off the same plugs with each other, and touching glasses at their favorite resorts; the Yankee's "Here's luck to all!" echoing in spirit the Englishman's "'Ere's 'ealth to hevery one!" Yet in spite of these generous toasts, woe to the hapless Frenchman or Spaniard who chanced to cross the hawse of either John Bull or Jonathan.

We left Bombay ere long, and I never again met with the Runjeet Singh, or any of her crew. My last recollection of her brave tars pictures them as they sat with us on the evening before we sailed, when all hands roared out the old salt water song of love:—

"Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-stored,
Shall brave all danger, and scorn all fear,
The roaring wind, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore,
To be once more
Safe moored with thee."

WHY WE QUARREL.

WHY do we quarrel, she and I,
You ask. 'Tis easy answering this.
We quarrel so that by and by
We may make up, forgive and kiss.

We meet, alas! and careless pass,
As if on each we never smiled;
We quarrel so that we may know
The bliss of being reconciled.

—Joseph Dana Miller.

MAYFLOWERS.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

IT was only the twentieth of April, but April is proverbially fickle, and this year was all smiles and sunshine, and wore the green with such an airy, dainty grace, that even her old traducers fell in love with her, and forgot all the hard, spiteful things they had said of her in other years, under the malign influence of agues and influenzas.

Now and then, through the soft sunny air, peals of girlish laughter floated out from the long belt of sandy upland, where the resinous breath of pine buds mingled pleasantly with the delicate fragrance of the arbutus blossoms. Half a mile away the ocean flashed and paled its soft opalescent lights, and between, a broad level marsh of reedy sedge, showing faintly green through last year's dead and matted grasses. Stretching away from this, lightly rising and falling over the low hills, the yellow sanded road ran like an amber thread through the fresh velvety greensward that bordered it.

Suddenly there was a light whirr of carriage wheels, softly muffled by the yielding sand, and then, coming round the bend by the belt of pine land, an open wagon appeared, just as a dozen or more of young girls of twelve or fourteen years, had emerged from the woods, their hands filled with daintily-flushed blossoms, and long sprays of the running lycopodium (ground pine) wound fantastically about their shoulders and waists.

The girls drew back a little and huddled together like a group of startled birds, casting little furtive, fluttering glances at the wagon and its occupants.

"Wood-nymphs, by all that's wonderful!" cried a gay, bold voice, ending in a laugh. "See here, Jehu, haul up a little, will you? Just curb your 'fiery steed' a minute, I want some of those blossoms."

The driver, a tall, awkward, overgrown boy of sixteen, in a rather dilapidated coat, and a hat whose crown and rim had nearly concluded to part company, instead of complying with the request, gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip across the ears, which had the effect of startling that sober steed into a canter—a no small feat considering the very conservative character of the animal.

"I say, here, just stop that trick, my gal-

lant charioteer," cried the first speaker, seizing the reins and drawing in the all too willing horse, and then springing to the ground.

There was a little volley of exclamations and laughter, and then the five others followed his example, and sprang out also, leaving Basil Webster, the driver, sadly in the minority on the affirmative side of the question—to go, or not to go.

The passengers that had alighted from the wagon were nice-looking, well-dressed young fellows—incipient young gentlemen of the rapid school, whose future one might tell by any score of the full-grown specimens of that delectable class. A dozen miles inland was a flourishing academy, where these boys were fitting themselves for—what? As they had the most vague ideas imaginable on the subject, it is useless for me to try to solve the problem. This morning they had voted unanimously that it was "too fine weather to be mewed up in that old rookery," and accordingly had made a bolt for the train when it came along; and here they were, fully resolved to "make a day of it, since they were in for trouble, anyway, when they got back." At the depot, a mile and a half back, they had chartered this rather primitive-looking team to take them to the shore.

"Now, boys," said Alfred Chesley, the spokesman and leader of the party, speaking in a lower tone, "each of you pick out one of these charming dryads, and see who'll get the finest bouquet of Mayflowers to wear back in his button-hole. You see that tall, slender girl with the brown curls, and a bunch of flowers in her belt? Well, I'm going to have those. Now come on, and I'll introduce you to the 'Unsophisticated.'"

The group of girls fell back a little, laughing among themselves after the manner of all young misses in like circumstances, and looking half pleased, yet acting ridiculously shy. All but one, and that the girl designated by young Chesley, who wore the flowers in her belt. She stood erect, her fresh face a little pale, but an angry light in her great gray eyes.

"Don't mind them, girls," she said, hurriedly; "it is rude and impertinent in them to stop, and to address us in this way. I

don't care if the driver does look shabby, he is much more of a gentleman, for he would have gone by quietly, if he could have had his way."

"I presume, young ladies, you are the genii of the woods," said Chesley, approaching with mock gravity and uncovered head. "Allow me to present my companions and myself as your adoring slaves, asking no higher honor than the pleasure of wearing your colors—the beautiful blossoms plucked by those fair hands."

"Bravo, Chesley!" his companions cried, applaudingly; and the girls giggled as young girls only can.

"Do you know my happiness depends on my becoming the proud possessor of the flowers you wear in your belt?" Chesley asked, with an air of jaunty assurance, stepping up to the tall girl with the brown curls, and whose name was Marian Illsley. "If you're half as kind as you are pretty, you will give them to me at once. I don't care for *their* Mayflowers," he said, in a low, meaning tone, and with an accent and look that would have been creditable to a much more advanced student in the fine art of flirting.

"I have no flowers to spare, sir," she said firmly. "The woods are free, you can help yourself." And she turned to walk away.

He put out his hand and caught her arm.

"Oh, but I want these." And as quick as lightning he put an arm about her waist, and drawing her to him, caught the flowers from their fastening. "I shall tell the boys you gave them to me, my pretty little prude," he whispered, triumphantly.

"Indeed you will not!" she cried, her cheeks and eyes flaming. "If I am to lose the flowers, a *gentleman* shall have them." And catching them from his hand she ran forward a step or two, and tossed them into the wagon to Basil Webster, who caught them awkwardly, and blushed scarlet under the shower of laughter which was raised by both boys and girls.

"I admire your taste in the matter of *gentlemen*," Chesley retorted, with strong symptoms of anger in his face and voice. "The boquet will become that jacket, certainly."

"A jacket is easier changed than manners," she answered quickly, and involuntarily glancing up to see if the boquet *was* in his jacket. But no, it was nowhere to be seen; but instead, she encountered a look of such simple, honest gratitude and admiration that she cried out impulsively:—

"You will keep them as a reminder that every one doesn't judge a gentleman by his clothing or business, will you not?"

"Thank you, miss, I will and as long as I live," he replied soberly, a sudden fire kindling in his dark eyes.

"There's devotion for you!" sneered Chesley.

"If you are going with me you must go now," said the driver, quietly but very firmly.

There was a moment of laughter and dallying, and then the six runaway students clambered into the long dingy-green wagon, each one with the coveted bunch of Mayflowers, for one of the other girls had taken pity on Chesley and offered him a part of hers, which were received rather ungraciously, as most all things are which are given without asking.

"You are the oddest girl, Marian Illsley, I ever saw," said Sue Lester, the girl who had given her Mayflowers to Chesley. "I think it was real splendid, their stopping here so." And she, with two or three others, waved their handkerchiefs in reply to the same signal from the students, now almost out of sight down the sandy road.

"It was a piece of impertinence, and they didn't get any of my flowers, and wouldn't if I'd had to eat them!" was the spirited reply.

"That was Basil Webster, girls, did you know it? The driver, I mean," said one of the smaller girls, who hadn't been much noticed.

"Are you sure, Carry?" asked Marian, eagerly.

"Oh yes; I was at the hotel with papa at the time Mr. Denslow was brought in insensible. I never was so frightened in my life, and everybody thought Basil would be killed, sure; and papa ran out with an axe, and somebody got a gun, and it wouldn't go, and then"—

"O Carry Dean, tell us all about it, from the beginning," interrupted two or three in one breath. "And the dog was really mad?"

"I guess so! Why it was terrible to see the foam drop from his jaws, and to see him writhe and bound about. You know 'twas Mr. Denslow's dog, and the people told him they thought something was wrong about him, and wanted him to tie him up. But he was, papa said, one of those people who never will do a thing they want to if they think any one desires them to do it, and so

he let him run. He was out in the stable-yard with his master, when all at once he ran round the yard once or twice, and then sprang with a sharp, fierce cry, straight at the throat of Mr. Denslow. He threw him off twice, and then he caught his hand, and would have stripped the flesh off in another instant, every one said, if Basil Webster hadn't come out just then and caught him by the back of the neck and forced him to let go. Mr. Denslow staggered back a few steps and fainted, and some one brought him into the ladies' parlor. And all the time Basil was holding to the back of the dog's neck with both hands, and everybody said he *couldn't* hold him but a few minutes so, and nobody dared go to help him—though he had come to help Mr. Denslow; and the ladies hid their faces, and said he would be torn to pieces by the maddened brute, and some of them cried, and oh, it was dreadful! And the young narrator shuddered and grew pale at the fearful recollection. "Then all at once, there was a pistol-shot, and then a great cry, and when I dared look out, the dog was lying on his side, dead. And Basil wouldn't come into the parlor, though they wanted he should, but just went back about his work as if nothing had happened, though papa said his lips were white as death, after the danger was over."

"And he saved Mr. Denslow's life—and he was a rich man—and then he went away and left him to starve, or next door to it!" said Marian Illsley, indignantly. "I don't think it would have been so very much of a pity if Basil Webster had let the dog alone."

"O Marian!"

"Well, I do not. Where did Mr. Denslow go? Didn't he bring the boy here? or how came he here?"

"Oh, his mother died and left him when he was only six years old. She was a Spanish woman, and that is where Basil gets his beautiful black eyes and proud spirit, Mr. Burdett told papa. You see she came to Mr. Burdett's one summer, and begged them to work for a home for herself and child. But she was taken sick the next week, and died, and no one knows anything more about them. Basil has been a slave to Mr. Burdett, papa says," Carry Dean concluded.

One day about a week later, Mr. Charles Illsley chanced to remark carelessly to his wife, at the tea-table:—

"That boy who has been living at Burdett's

—Webster, I believe his name is—is missing, they say."

"Missing!" Mrs. Illsley exclaimed. And Marian caught her breath sharply, and cried out, "O papa!"

"Oh, there's nothing to be alarmed at," he replied, laughing at their startled looks. "The boy ran away very deliberately. I cannot say as I much blame him; he never would be anything but a lackey, if he stayed at Burdett's forever. There is more than one who believes there's the foundation in him for a smart man. You remember the mad dog affair? He's got nerve and courage, anyway."

And that was the last Seaville heard of Basil Webster, and as the months and years went by, it nearly forgot him, so easily do the waters of oblivion close over the absent.

There had been some very important changes in Seaville. The town itself bore but little resemblance to the quiet seaside town it was ten years before. The rage for new watering-places and places of summer resort, had found out the rare natural beauties of Seaville, and an enterprising individual erected a magnificent hotel, and advertised it extensively in the newspapers; the result of which was that "Seaville House" was overrun with guests, and the proprietor's pockets with dollars. Some nice houses went up, and streets were named, a town hall was built, and Seaville took a new lease of life.

Of the dozen girls who gathered May-flowers together that sunny April morning, ten years ago, only two still remained in Seaville—Marian Illsley and Sue Lester. Five are married, two dead, one a teacher in the West, and one, alas! whose name is seldom spoken among them, and then in a tone of pity. Pretty, delicately-nurtured Carry Dean, the youngest of the twelve, has gone to India as a missionary. Reverses overtook the Deans. The loss of fortune was followed by loss of reason, and one sad day Mr. Dean took his own life and that of his wife. Carry had one brother, a prodigal, who spent his money in riotous living, and like the one in Scripture, had come now to the husks and swine.

Everybody prophesied that Carry Dean would sink down utterly under this accumulated weight of sorrows. She had been petted, shielded from all care and hardness, and was "like a lily broken by a sudden storm," people said, wondering what the

pretty, delicate, helpless little girl could do. But to everybody's defeat and amazement, this "helpless" girl developed a strength of mind and heart and will that no one but a woman—and oftenest a delicate, fragile woman—ever does. She attended personally to all business affairs in a calm, quiet way, and when everything was settled, quietly announced her intention to enter the arduous field of mission labor in India. When Marian Illsley remonstrated with her, she answered, softly, a sudden light breaking through the tremulous shadows on her sweet, pale face:—

"It is my work, dear Marian; He calls me, and I must go. I do not shrink from this life—I am not afraid, for I know in whom I trust, and I know that He who has carried me through the darkness, will be with me in the dawn. I am so glad to go, dear Marian; the way looks beautiful to me!"

And so she went, and Seaville was astonished for a little season, and then in the hurry and excitement of increasing prosperity, nearly forgot about it.

As Seaville had enlarged its "phylacteries," it had naturally run seaward. The long yellow road lay no longer like an amber thread through still, dewy, birch-bordered highways, but was properly graded, and every particle of greensward utterly exterminated from it. And the softly rising hills were crowned with cottages, with more pretentious residences here and there, and the simple, country road, rising and falling over the low hills was now a straight, hard, even highway, and rejoiced in the name of Ocean Street. So much for the genius of modern improvement.

Among the new acquisitions to Seaville were the Chesleys. They were rather aristocratic people, though Mr. Chesley, it was reported, made a large part of his fortune while still confined to the primitive style of signing his name by mark. He wrote his name now, however, but not much else. Possibly he could if he tried, but he didn't incline to letters; he could make money without, and so what was the use? Mrs. Chesley had—to reverse the well-known saying—seen *worse* days. But she had forgotten the fact long ago. It wasn't pleasant to remember the little one-story house in a dirty street, odorous with soap-suds from Monday morning till Saturday night; nor the coarse, profane, rowdyish fellows who

smoked clay pipes in the house, and drank themselves insensible regularly every Saturday night. And so Mrs. Chesley forgot it as absolutely as if it had never been, and had a very proper horror of all "low" people, and when one of her brothers lay dying in the almshouse of her native town, and the overseer—at the poor fellow's request—wrote to her that he could live but a few days, and implored her to come and see him, she was highly indignant at his presumption, and took no further notice of it. What, pray, had she in common with such people, now. He was only a pauper and not a gentlemanly one at that. He was rude and uncultivated, and very far from a saint besides. And to crown all his previous misdeeds, he one day got into a street brawl; three or four brutal fellows, some of his own associates, had got a poor crippled, half-foolish girl into their hands, and were abusing her with all manner of indignities, when he chanced along, and with a fierce oath sprang in among them and rescued the girl, and carried her, terrified and half fainting, to her mother's door—which, by the way, was a poor little hovel in an obscure street, but the abode of purity and virtue, nevertheless. In the melee he got his arm broken and one ankle dislocated, and as he had but little care, and that none of the best, the result was that he lost both foot and arm, and went to the almshouse for the rest of his miserable life. What, pray, *could* the stylish and aristocratic Mrs. Benjamin Chesley have to say to such a fellow as that? One can't be expected to countenance such people, if they do happen to be relatives.

But I mentioned the Chesleys particularly on the son's account—Mr. Alfred Chesley, gentleman. Not that there is anything uncommon about this young man, or that he is deserving of any special prominence, for he is not. There was nothing particularly noticeable about him save his rather handsome bold face, and his faultlessly attired person. I believe, however, he was reported a famous ladies' man, and quite *au fait* in society manners and graces. Nevertheless, he was a bachelor at twenty-nine, and of course a great acquisition to Seaville in its improved state. He had never any disagreeable business (his father said proudly that there was no need of his boy's working) to prevent his acting as cavalier to the ladies, and this fact made him invaluable—

this, and his easy, assured manners, and his talent for making gallant little speeches "under the rose" to all ladies, married and single, indiscriminately, who chanced to be pretty.

I have alluded to the changes in Seaville, but one place still remained "unimproved." I refer to the narrow belt of pine land overlooking the marshes. Save that it was a little denser, and the sombre green plumes a little nearer the sky, this place looked substantially the same that it did ten years ago. And, as if to aid in the impression, the soft clear air of this April morning, echoed gay voices and laughter coming up from the fresh odorous wood, even as that other one had done, ten years before.

But this year the season was later, and it was the thirtieth, instead of the twentieth of April; and the voices and laughter sounded more mature, and the glimpses one now and then got of the flower-seekers showed daintily gotten up toilets, albeit they were considered simple *neglige* by the fair wearers. And now, as then, they came out presently, loaded with fragrant clusters of arbutus, whose delicate rose-flush vied with the roses in their cheeks.

"Marian," said Sue Lester, in an undertone, "do you remember the first time we ever saw Alfred Chesley?"

"Yes, and the Mayflowers you gave him," Marian replied, laughing.

Sue blushed and cast a quick look toward him, as if half afraid he had heard.

"I don't think he remembers," she whispered, "do you? Did he ever allude to it in any way to you?"

"No, not directly, but I know he remembers it," Marian returned, smiling dreamily; "I wonder if Basil Webster does."

"And if," interrupted Sue, "he keeps your Mayflowers yet!"

"Oh, nonsense!" we were all children then; and maybe he is dead—ten years is a long time."

"Oh, yes, one might die in half that time, I dare say," was the ludicrously solemn-voiced reply.

"Girls," called out one a little behind the others, "I have just this instant thought to tell you a piece of news. We are likely to have a lion at our May-party to-morrow night. Some sort of a literary man—orator, poet, journalist, etc., etc."

"Oh, it's Denslow, isn't it?" said Alfred Chesley, carelessly. "Some one said he

was coming to visit the Aldens, those people who have moved into the little gothic cottage on the side of Beech Hill."

"Do you know him, Mr. Chesley?" Marian asked, looking round.

"Not personally. He writes well, and is a brilliant speaker, I have heard. I dare say he is as disagreeable as other brilliant literary people in private."

"I do not believe any one who could write such a poem as 'Endeavor' could be very disagreeable," she replied, quickly. "I felt like a very miserable 'cumberer of the ground,' after reading those earnest, stirring words."

"Probably Mr. Denslow had been taught by experience. I have heard, somehow, that he was a poor boy whom somebody adopted, or something of that sort," he replied, carelessly, and the subject was dropped.

The party proceeded to the town hall after this, and others came in with evergreens, and all day long a score or two of busy hands fashioned wreaths and garlands, and festooned the walls, and draped lamps and windows, and altogether made the pretty hall look like a greenwood bower. The next day the Mayflowers, arranged in bouquets and crosses and harps, were brought over, and with a dozen handsome greenhouse plants, and a bouquet of tea-roses and heliotrope, the hall looked, as everybody declared, "perfectly splendid." A very original description, by the way.

I do not propose to give a description of toilets, after the style of modern "society reporters," as edifying as that sort of writing unquestionably is, but will simply say that there was the usual amount of crimps and curls, and white shoulders, and flounces, and overskirts, and paniers, and sashes, and all the rest of the means and appliances that go to make up a modern "dressed" lady, at the Seaville May-party.

Marian Illsley's dress of green *moire* was ornamented only with white lace, and a cluster of Mayflowers in the corsage, and a wreath of the same, woven with smilax, twined among her brown curls. Somehow, she felt nervously anxious to see Mr. Denslow, but when he came in, rather late, and sat down quietly with Robert Alden, a little aside from the rest, she grew suddenly pale, and went into the dressing-room and sat down a few minutes. She had for some time known that Alfred Chesley paid her more

attention than he did any other lady, but this evening it annoyed her, which it had not done before. He was elegant, graceful in speech and manners, and it had been a vague sort of a delight to accept little flattering attentions from him, not giving them any deeper meaning than the pleasure of the moment. But to-night everything seemed to throw them together; and once or twice she caught an angry glitter in Sue Lester's eyes. She knew—and so did nearly every one in Seaville—that Sue was very much interested in Chesley, and—the gentleman knew it himself—alas!

By and by, greatly to her relief, Chesley went out, and she ventured to glance up at Mr. Alden and his friend. To her annoyance they were both looking directly towards her, and very evidently speaking of her, for at almost the moment she looked up, they both rose and came straight toward the open window where she was sitting. She saw them all the time, though she made a feint of interest in a conversation going on near her, until Mr. Alden touched her dress lightly. There was the usual formal introduction, and Marian found herself talking to Mr. Denslow, and all the time with a strange sensation, as if she were the subject of some curious nightmare, from which she should awake by and by.

Then she found herself going down to supper with this Mr. Denslow, and all the time with this strange, unreal feeling which made her, it seemed to herself, dizzy and faint. She bore it as long as she could, and then, when an opportunity offered, she said, looking straight into the handsome black eyes:—

"You are Basil Webster; I knew you instantly."

His face lighted, and a rare, pleased smile softened the firm lips.

"And I knew you, Miss Illsley, just as quickly," he said.

"But why do you masquerade?" she asked.

"Perhaps because no one in Seaville believed in Basil Webster," he said, with apparent carelessness, yet watching her face closely.

"I did, at least," she said, impulsively, and then colored hotly.

"There is no need for you to remind me of that—I have never forgotten it for an hour," he replied gravely. "There were so few who did, however, that possibly I

might be pardoned a little masquerading if I had a taste for it, which, unfortunately, I have not. My legal name is now Basil Denslow, the name of the gentleman who helped make me what I am—if I am anything."

There was no more chance for carrying on the conversation then, but just as the party was breaking up, they stood together a moment in the doorway of the hall.

"Do you know how these Mayflowers bring back the past to me?" he asked, in a low, quick way.

"It was a little thing to remember," she said, gently.

"It was a good deal to me. I have those blossoms yet; they are one of my inspirations."

Alfred Chesley came out of one of the ante-rooms just then, and Mr. Denslow joined his friend and went out.

A little to Marian's surprise, she found the Chesley carriage in waiting when she got out upon the steps.

"You will ride home, Marian?" Alfred asked, in a low voice, close at her side.

It would seem rude to refuse, and so she suffered him to hand her in, and then the carriage rolled away with them. Before she reached home she learned why he had taken this trouble, but to this question she did not so quietly acquiesce.

"You've fallen in love with this Denslow," he said, angrily; "any one could see that to-night."

She kept silent a moment, and then she said quietly, with a touch of cool scorn in her voice:—

"I believe I chose between you once before, ten years ago. I was a better judge than I thought of the characteristics of a gentleman."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, sharply.

"Only that Mr. Denslow is Basil Webster, your quondam driver of the morning you ran away from the academy—you remember?"

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed, hotly.

"It is quite immaterial."

"Upon my word, this is romantic! Is it all settled?" he asked, sneeringly.

"Mr. Chesley, you forget yourself," she said, with quiet dignity.

Whereupon he relapsed into sullen silence till they reached Mr. Illsley's door, and then he merely said "good-night," very stiffly.

and springing back into the carriage, slammed the door savagely.

Before the week was out, Basil Denslow's identity was known all over Seaville, and though how it might have been had he come back poor, I cannot safely say, but with Mr. Denslow's ample fortune, added to his rising fame, he was safe against the petty spite of the Chesleys, the more, perhaps, because it was quite easy guessing the cause of their ill-feeling, especially when Mr. Denslow became such a constant visitor at Mr. Illsley's.

It proved that Mr. Denslow—the elder—had not been so indifferent to the boy who had saved his life from the furious attack of the maddened brute, as people supposed. He had found a school and pleasant home for him in another State, had written to him to come on, which was the secret of his sudden disappearance from Seaville, though he said he had just come to the determination to leave, and try fate and fortune alone, when the letter came.

After paying his board and schooling four years, Mr. Denslow crowned the measure of his gratitude and generosity by leaving him, by will at death, all his fortune, upon con-

dition that he adopt his own surname, which he very willingly and gratefully did.

One day Mr. Basil Denslow brought a lovely little box up to Mr. Illsley's, telling Marian there was something in it he wished to show her. She opened it eagerly—it was fastened with a tiny golden key—and lo! on a piece of crimson velvet, reposed a bunch of withered Mayflowers.

"Oh, I thought it was something costly and valuable," she cried, with a sudden blush.

"And so it is—because of the giver," he said, softly.

A week or two afterward Sue Lester met Alfred Chesley.

"Marian Illsley and Mr. Denslow are to be married next week," she said, a little exultingly.

"Ah!" with a slight start. "Then you and I will be married this week, Sue. Miss Illsley cannot get far ahead of me, I fancy."

And sure enough they *were* married that week.

"It is the old story of the Mayflowers over again," Marian said, laughing, when she heard of it.

SPRING SONG.

BY WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

UPLIFT ye song!

The woodland blooms
Over last autumn's sere'd leaf tombs;
The boughs all blackness queenly veil
With tender buds that fear no gale;
Oh, wake ye song
The groves along!

Uplift ye song!

The furrows steep
In warmth, no more in death they sleep;
Life's fiat on them falls amain,
And seed foretells the ripened grain;
Oh, wake ye song
The fields along!

Uplift ye song!

The lakes are wild
With glee of Nature's youngest child;
The runnets, argent-flashing, dance,

Gayly the little fishes glance;

Oh, wake ye song
The streams along!

Uplift ye song!

The ocean stills
Its pulse to furtherance of men's wills;
Like gulls the wing-swift white sails fly
Under a blue, serenest sky;
Oh, wake ye song,
The seas along!

Uplift ye song!

Bird poets chant,
The honey-bees with feasting pant;
The lover's voice would shame to hush
When it may win a maiden's blush;
Oh, wake ye song
Glad hearts along!

THE WYLING HOUSE MYSTERY.

BY HILAND J. DODGE.

IN Massachusetts, not far from the New Hampshire line, dilapidated and untenanted, stands a two-story dwelling house, built of wood, with a low antique roof, and a large, old-fashioned chimney protruding through the centre; the clapboards and shingles loose and worn by time, the windows but half filled with glass, the door standing partly ajar, and the death-like silence which pervades the place, denote that it has long been deserted. It fronts towards the east. On the south side is an old well half choked with stones and rubbish. Behind this, on the west, are the ruins of some strange structure whose original use is not apparent. Still further back, to the south and west, with one corner reaching to the ruin last mentioned, is the barn, the body more than half uncovered, and the roof decayed and fallen inwards. The decayed posts of the old doorway occur at long intervals near the road in front of the house, with occasionally a pendant strip of board, once a part of the fence itself. The stumps and broken trunks of several fruit trees may be seen a few rods distant, near what may once have been a garden. Two gigantic oaks stand a little in front of the house, their enormous and wide-spreading branches towering above and almost overhanging the roof, seeming like two imperishable giants mocking at this picture of ruin and decay. No other dwelling is in sight. Going southward, the traveler comes upon this ruin suddenly, soon after entering a large pine forest. Stretching ahead as far as the eye can reach on the left of the road extends the forest pines, interspersed here and there with white birch and stunted oak. On the right hand of the road upon which the house stands, is a sandy plain of several acres, which was doubtless once cultivated, but is now barren and rapidly being overgrown with the pine of the neighboring forest. The forest, also, comes up to the back of the house, keeping a large portion of it in almost eternal shadow.

Though it has undergone the wear and decay of more than a century, this house, in many places, still bears tokens of a once substantial, and even rich and elegant finish. The windows are of ancient style, narrow, reaching nearly to the floor, and shaped at

the top in the form of an obtuse angle. They are also deeply set, and the exterior casings were originally carved with some taste, but the carving has been mostly worn off by the wind and rain. The wood work inside is mostly of oak, dusty, disfigured and worm-eaten, but now and then a place is found unimpaired by the hand of time, revealing the costly style in which it was originally finished. The front door opens from a low, narrow, ancient-looking but tastefully constructed portico, into a wide and lofty hall; the walls of which were once painted and curiously decorated with grotesque figures and scenes of the chase; but are now festooned with cobwebs, and the large, queer figures of the dogs and huntsmen have become blackened and half obliterated. A broad flight of stairs leads to the second floor; and doors open on either hand into the apartments below. Above and below everything bears the same unmistakable signs of age, neglect and decay. At the further end of the hall a door opens into a kind of old-fashioned English kitchen, having doors leading into the cellar and other rooms on the first floor.

Many conflicting stories have been told respecting this house. It is said by some to have been built by a famous tory of revolutionary times, who, at the close of the war, abandoned it and went to England, either through fear of punishment, or in chagrin and disgust at the American success. He is said to have made it a noted tory rendezvous during the war, and its walls are said to have rattled and rung with the din of many a midnight carousal.

Some even go so far as to affirm that a certain obnoxious whig was once brutally murdered here; but these stories are differently related by some, while by others they are said to be untrue.

Another story more extensively credited affirms that the house was built by a Colonel Wyling, from whom it has received its present name. Colonel Wyling, so the story runs, had come from England to this country with a lady of great beauty and reputed high birth; and building this house in its present secluded position, had it finished and furnished in what was then regarded the most sumptuous and elegant style. He kept both

a man and maid-servant, and soon became widely known for his free use of money, and for leading a gay, rollicking sort of life. But little was known of his previous career. He is said to have boasted of having acquired a fortune and military honors in the British East India service, but this was afterwards doubted by some who suspected that both his name and story were invented to conceal his true character. That he had some fortune was not doubted; but how it had been acquired, or how it was maintained, was a matter of greater question; for he had no visible business, but for some secret purpose often made journeys to the coast; and once or twice two or three strangers, well mounted like himself, were known to come home with him in the dead of night and depart again before daybreak. These journeys gradually became longer and more frequent; and finally to cap the climax of his mysterious career, he went away, leaving no notice or warning of his intentions, and never again returned.

Of the lady who had accompanied him to America, and with whom he lived, no more was known than of Wyling; she was intimate with none of the country people, but all who saw her remarked her wonderful beauty.

Some time after Wyling's last absence a horseman was one day seen approaching the mansion from the south, whom the maid declared to be her master. The young wife (for such she was supposed to be) who had also lately become a mother, started out joyously with her babe in her arms to meet him; but observing that a stranger rode her husband's horse, she stopped short, trembling with fear and surprise. The rider approached and handed her a letter. The contents of this letter were never fully known, but it was believed to have brought the cruel tidings that Wyling had left the country forever. It was no sooner read than with a stifled cry she sank to the ground and was borne to the house insensible. Consciousness, alas! only brought insanity. She paid no heed to her personal comfort or appearance.

At times, it was said, she would stand in the door for hours, with the child in her arms, gazing fixedly down the road by which Wyling usually returned. As might be supposed, she soon became very ill, and her reason became more unsettled. In her delirium she would mutter strange questions to her attendants, and would sometimes raise her clasped hands, and in the most piteous

tones beseech some person, whom she called "father," to forgive her of some great wrong. She never wept. When asleep, which was not often, she was sometimes heard to mutter Wyling's name, and awake laughing deliriously, then sink back again as if in despair. Death at last came to her relief. Her babe died on the same day, and they were both borne to a common grave, in a little green plat not far from the house. A low mound is all that now marks the spot, and this is mostly obscured by weeds and bushes. A stranger afterwards came and stripped the house of its costly furniture and sold it, with several hundred acres of land belonging thereto, for a comparatively trifling sum, but by what right was not generally known. After the sale he left the place, taking the two servants, and neither he nor they were ever seen again.

However true this romantic account may be, the modern history of this house is, if possible, more mysterious and thrilling. About fifty or sixty years ago, and long after the sad events above related, an old woman of Scotch-Irish descent, from Londonderry, N. H., who traveled about peddling thread and other home-made articles of linen manufacture, came here just after nightfall, and, observing a light, called to seek lodgings and dispose of her wares. A beautiful lady met her at the door with a light in her hand. She made no reply to her inquiry as to lodgings, but mutely conducted her into the house. She then repeated her questions. Mute as before the lady led the way towards the cellar and began to descend therein. When about half way down the stairs her light went out. The old woman stopped, but the light was not reproduced. No one returned from the cellar. She could hear no one. Astonished at this strange treatment, she left the place without delay and continued her journey. At the next house on the road, where she was better served, she inquired if the people at the last place she had passed were deaf and dumb; and her astonishment was by no means diminished on being informed that for years Wyling House had been unoccupied.

It is even affirmed by some that after nightfall it will always be found lighted, and a woman in white, with a babe in her arms, standing in the door looking intently down the road; but that on near approach the lights all disappear, and the place is found to be untenanted save by rats and vermin.

Numerous tenants have come and gone.

None have ever remained long. For more than thirty years no one has lived here. The last human occupants were a young farmer and his wife. Undaunted by the numerous stories of this character then afloat, which they doubtless regarded as no better than "old wives' fables," they hired the place at a very low price, secretly rejoicing over their good fortune.

Early one morning they moved in their little stock of furniture, and being nearly out of meal, the husband started on a journey of several miles to a mill. The wife, fresh, young, strong, courageous—true type of the New England farmer's wife of fifty years ago, undisturbed at being left alone in this mysterious out-of-the-way place, erected a bed and bedstead in the room known as the kitchen, and made such other arrangements as are incidental to preparations for housekeeping. The dinner and supper hour both passed, and her husband was still absent. This did not trouble her, as she knew he was likely to be detained at the mill, or on the road, which was not of the best; but her labors for the day being ended, and being left to her reflections, she began to long for his return. The seconds, therefore, crept on slowly. Nine o'clock came at length, but with it no husband. Nothing strange had yet transpired, and her disbelief in ghosts was still unshaken; but in spite of her courage, the house, strange and lonesome of itself, was rendered ten times more so by its hobgoblin history, which now recurred vividly to her mind. Being unusually weary, however, she concluded to wait no longer for her husband, and so retired to bed at a late hour, extinguishing her light. But sleep was not a ready visitor. Every tick of the old clock, newly erected on the dingy mantelpiece, rang in her ears with emphatic distinctness. It scarcely seemed like the clock of former days, so altered was its tone.

At length, however, she slumbered lightly, but not long ere she was awakened by some noise; and peering out into the darkness, she discovered that the cellar door had been opened; and a current of air was rushing into the room. Unagitated by this occurrence, she arose, closed the door and again retired. Scarcely had she composed herself for rest ere the door opened, this time with force. At this she was a little startled. She knew it had been latched.

She closed it again. The latch dropped properly in its place. The catch was deep. Her conclusion now was that the wind must

have jarred it open. Yes, it must have been the wind, and she resolved to secure it more firmly. Taking a common table-fork, she closed and latched the door, then drove the fork deeply into the casing just above the latch. She now retired with a sigh of relief.

A small fire, left burning in contemplation of her husband's early return, threw a cheerful belt of light between the double doors of the stove and against the bed and walls of the room. Still the clock ticked on with the same unerring monotony, in strange contrast with the unearthly silence which otherwise pervaded the house.

Weariness, nevertheless, dispelled all unwelcome visions of the imagination, and again brought slumber to her relief.

How long she had slept she knew not, when she was aroused more suddenly than before. The cellar door had again burst open. The fork had broken short off above the latch, and had flown with considerable force up against the ceiling. The poor woman started up in bed half frozen with terror. She scarcely dared to move or speak, but gazed with held breath and distended eyes, vainly trying, as it were, to sift the darkness, black and hideous as it now seemed, as if she expected some terrible sprite or ghost to stalk forth from the cellar landing to increase her horror. Two full minutes she sat thus. All was still. No ghost appeared. Her courage began to return. Slowly recovering her equanimity, she left the bed with a trembling step in search of the extinguished candle. At no time did her eyes wander from that fearful door. Her hands alone searched for the candle: this she found upon the mantelpiece where she had placed it before retiring, and by aid of a match soon relighted.

What a blessing is light! What inexpressible fears the rays of her solitary candle dispelled! Falling upon, and bringing into full view, the bed, stove, chairs, clock, mirror and other housekeeping implements familiar to her daily in the happy past, she felt reassured almost as well as if among a circle of friends capable of rendering sympathy and assistance. It was not without caution and some deliberation, however, that she approached, and for the third time closed the cellar door. This done she lost no time in making it more secure than before. By what power it had been opened she dared not stop to question. Though strong and courageous, she was no less a woman, no less

human. To her, the cellar seemed a pit where horrors innumerable and indefinable were concentrated. In her excited imagination, Dante's vision of hell portrayed nothing more appalling. Nothing could have tempted her to venture down the stairs. The door closed, she breathed freer. This time she would barricade it. Quickly fastening the latch with another fork, as if to guard against surprise, she whirled the bed and heavy bedstead into the centre of the room, and, by a few minutes' active exertion, succeeded in placing the foot of the bedstead firmly against the door. This done, half exhausted by her nervous haste, she flung herself upon the bed to wait, with sleepless eyes, the issue of further events.

Her terror now gradually gave place to loneliness and anxiety. Hark! was that her husband? She held her breath to listen. The low murmur of the wind as it sighed mournfully through the tall pines without was all that greeted her ears. How long the seconds! Tick, tick, tick still went the clock. Not a sound escaped her ear. She sat up in her bed, but not to sleep. She still kept the light burning in a chair near at hand. Haunted or not, she resolved not to close her eyes again in this fearful house till her husband's return. She sat thus for more than an hour; and nothing new had occurred save a low patter against the window panes, indicating a drizzling rain without. The fire still shed a genial warmth throughout the room. Disposed in a comfortable posture; still weary and tired of watching; her nerves stilled, and fears mostly allayed; in spite of her resolution to the contrary, our heroine began, slowly and imperceptibly to herself, to relapse into a state of somnolence. In a short time, had nothing happened, she would doubtless have been fast asleep. But such was not her destiny. Unnoticed by her the last rays of the candle had expired in the socket; and the fire, also, having gone out while she was dozing, the room was in midnight darkness. Suddenly she was aroused by a loud crash and a shake.

The mysterious door had again burst open; and the bedstead, loaded with bedding and her own weight was moving rapidly towards the centre of the room. She sat up and clutched the bed-clothes in an agony of horror. Every nerve was strained. She would have prayed, but her fear was too overwhelming. Every sense was acute. The bedstead stopped, but she moved not. A new sound ar-

rested her attention. She fancied that steps were ascending the cellar stairs. Slowly they advanced. Clamp, clamp, clamp. Now they were more distinct. The stairs creaked at every tread. Up, up came the steps. Higher and higher, creak, creak, creak; soon the landing would be reached. A strange light now appeared. It was of a bluish white color—fitful, darting, flickering. With both hands she still clung to the coverlet. Every second was an eternity. Her agony was almost insupportable. As the last fearful step sounded near the topmost stair, she could bear it no longer; and, leaping to the floor with a wild, unearthly shriek, fled into the hall.

Where next frenzy would have led her is uncertain; for at this instant the outside door was opened by her husband, who had at last returned; and with a low moan of relief she sank quivering and fainting into his arms. His surprise may be imagined. It was not diminished on striking a light and hearing her strange story. In spite of his wife's entreaties to the contrary, he immediately searched the cellar with considerable care, but found nothing.

He, too, had met with an adventure. On returning home and leading his horse to the stable, a woman in white with a child in her arms had stood in the stable door, with her right hand uplifted and forefinger raised, warning him not to enter. Undaunted by this strange spectre, he led his horse boldly forward, but snorting with fear, it broke from his grasp and fled to the woods. The spectre vanished. To attempt to retake his horse before morning would be fruitless, so he proceeded to the house which he providentially reached as above related. With tears, his wife besought him to repack their goods for an early departure. Even he was not slow to consent, and with the first rays of dawn they left the place forever.

Such, briefly told, are some of the chief incidents related of this mysterious house. Of their truth I leave to the judgment of the readers, and such as wish to make further inquiry and investigation. I can vouch for nothing save the apparent candor of those by whom they were related. While, like similar stories, they are liable to have been, in the course of so long a time, somewhat exaggerated, still, to the plastic fancy of the traveler, they serve to throw a strange interest about this truly weird and romantic edifice of a former age and generation.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LAST WORDS.

HOWEVER physiologists and skeptics may question the importance of the feeble utterances of the dying, it is certain that mankind in general find a deep significance in the last words of those who are vanishing into the unknown life.

"He raves!" said the physician, when Dr. Adams, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, was passing away; but as we catch the last words of the raving, our own eyes are dimmed. "It grows dark, boys," stretching forth his hand; "you may go." "All my possessions for a moment of time!" mourned Queen Elizabeth. Wesley, calmer, said, as he died: "The best of all is, God is with us." And deaf Beethoven, whose soul had ever been filled with harmony, exclaimed gladly at the last, "I shall hear!"

"Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith was asked by his physicians. "No, it is not," was the mournful reply; and he spoke no more. How different the parting words of Dr. William Hunter! "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." Or the assurance of President Edwards, as his dying grasp loosened on hard forms of dogma, "Trust in God, and you need not fear." Byron said, wearily, "I must sleep now;" and Goethe, turning to his wife, called for "Light, more light!" Dr. Jonson died in a tumult of uneasiness. Cowper sank to rest as peacefully as a child. "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark," cried Hobbes, the deist; and, "Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul!" whispered Herbert, on his last "sweet day."

Politeness was no longer a ruling passion, but a chrism, when Chesterfield, in dying, said, "Give Dayrolles a chair;" and surely something was forgiven of Charles the Second, when he bade farewell to earth's pomp and wickedness in "Don't let poor Nellie starve." Haller's last words were, feeling

his own pulse, "The artery ceases to beat." Petrarch died suddenly and silently in his library, his hand upon a book; and Sir Isaac Newton was winding his watch when he was ushered into the life that hath no end.

Talma, the great actor, exclaimed pitifully, as he went, "The worst of all is, I cannot see;" and John Locke murmured, "Oh, the depths of the riches, of the goodness and knowledge of God!" The dying admonition of the learned Grotius to his race was, "Be serious." Scarron, the French wit, said faintly to his weeping friends, "Ah, *mes enfans*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time;" and Lord Thurlow, in reckless wonder, exclaimed, "I am shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."

When poor Robert Burns gasped with his last breath, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" he did not allude to his commentators and critics, yet what a significance should the words have for them! And how little Anne Boleyn thought, when awaiting the executioner, she clasped her faint throat, that "It is but small, very small," would link her forever to the heart of Christendom!

Yes, we cannot doubt that many of the most eloquent sermons mankind have ever listened to have fallen from dying lips. Cæsar's grieved "And thou, Brutus!" John Quincy Adams's "This is the last of earth"; Mirabeau's frantic cry for "Music"; after his life of discord, George Washington's "It is well,"—do they not grow richer in meaning every day? And is it not blessed to remember the last moments of Melancthon, the friend of Luther? "Do you want anything?" asked his loved one eagerly. "Nothing but heaven," he answered, gently, and went smiling on his way.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

GOLDENHAIR.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

A GREAT many years ago, when there were giants and fairies on the earth, there lived, away off in a little village in Germany, a little girl called Goldenhair. Her real name was Gretchen, but everybody called her Goldenhair, because she had the most beautiful golden hair in the world. It was so long that it reached to her feet, as fine as a cobweb, wavy and rippling, and just the color of pure gold.

Now you think, perhaps, that because she had such beautiful hair, she must have had a beautiful face and form; but it was not so. Goldenhair was a poor little deformed girl. She had an ugly hump on her back, and was all bent over, like a very old woman; her face, too, was pinched and wrinkled like an old woman's, and her eyes—great, pitiful-looking gray eyes—were dull and faded. There was nothing pretty about her except her hair. But she was the kindest, most loving and helpful little girl that ever was. She and her grandmother lived alone in a little cottage, a mile from the village; and very often her grandmother was ill, and Goldenhair had to take the whole care of her; and sometimes when she was so ill and feeble, she was cross and irritable, and would scold Goldenhair, though she loved her very much; but Goldenhair was always patient, and seemed cheerful and contented, though she had such a hard lot, and everybody said there wasn't so good a little girl as Goldenhair to be found anywhere.

And Goldenhair tried to be as contented and happy as she seemed, but it was very hard. She could hardly keep the tears from coming into her eyes when she looked in the glass and saw how different her face and form were from those of all her playmates; and when strangers passed by the cottage door, where she used to sit with her netting, she always ran into the house to avoid their looks of surprise and pity, and the laughter and exclamations which some of them were rude and unkind enough to utter when they saw her odd, uncouth shape, and queer little wrinkled face. But everybody who saw her exclaimed, also, at the beauty of her hair, and though she was not at all vain of it—she was too good a little girl for that—she

was very thankful that there was something about her that was beautiful. She felt a sort of gratitude and love for it, too, as if it were a real human friend, for when she wore it hanging down over her shoulders, as she always did, it partially concealed the hump in her back, and shaded her face so that its sharp, thin outlines were not so prominent.

All the children of the village loved Goldenhair, and liked to have her join them in their sports and games, because she was so kind and obliging, and she almost always forgot her misfortunes in the games, and was as happy and gay as any of them.

But the dances that were held every now and then on the village green, which the village children enjoyed most of anything, and to which all the little girls and boys for miles around came, dressed in their best, always gave more pain than pleasure to poor little Goldenhair; for no one ever asked her to dance, and the shepherd boys, who came from away up in the mountains, always laughed at her. She would gladly have stayed away from these merry-makings, but her grandmother, who was so old and blind that she could not see poor Goldenhair's deformity, always wished her to go. But one day at the dance, she suffered so much from the laughter and taunts of some cruel boys, that she resolved never to go again. They laughed at her crooked figure, and asked her, mockingly, why she didn't dance, and Goldenhair ran away from them, and set out for home, going across the fields so nobody could see her, her eyes brimming over with tears, and her poor little heart almost bursting with grief.

"But I am thankful for my pretty hair," she said to herself, between her sobs. "Nobody can laugh at that."

Just as she spoke, a queer little shrill voice struck upon her ear—plaintive and distressed, as if some one were calling for help. Goldenhair ceased her sobbing, and looked about her in surprise.

Within a few feet of the spot where she stood, a cavity was dug in the ground, and from that the voice seemed to come. It had once been a well, but the water had long since dried away, and it was so shallow that

Goldenhair knew that a man, or even a child, who had fallen into it, could easily climb out; and the voice sounded unlike that of either a child or a man—so thin, and feeble, and piping. What could it be?

She went up to the well, and looked down into it; and such a funny little figure as she saw! A little old man it looked like, though it was smaller than any man ever was—just a morsel of a creature—and he was jumping frantically up and down, weeping and bewailing, and wringing his wee hands. Goldenhair knew at once that it must be a fairy, one of the good little folks of which her grandmother had told her, though she had never seen one before. The little creature stopped wringing his hands as soon as he saw her, and cried out, piteously:—

"Oh, you will help me out—won't you?"

"Help you out? Oh yes, indeed," answered Goldenhair, quickly. "I'll run and get a stick, or a piece of rope, and you can cling to it, and I'll pull you up."

"Oh no, no no, no!" screamed the little creature; "that won't do at all. A wicked enchantress has imprisoned me here, and there is only one way for me to get out. And that is if I can find a person with hair as fine as a spider's web, as bright as gold, and long enough to reach to the bottom of this well, and who will cut it all off, and twist it into a rope, and reach it down to me. Then I can come up; but not until then, if it is for a thousand years. The moment I saw your hair, I knew that the good Fairy Queen herself had sent you to my relief. Surely, you will not refuse to do so slight a thing as to cut off your hair to save me from so much suffering! If you do, I must stay here forever, for I know there is no other person in the world who has such hair—as fine as a spider's web, as bright as gold, and long enough to reach to the bottom of this well."

Goldenhair shrank back involuntarily, when he proposed to her to cut off her beautiful hair, and his voice became a perfect shriek, and he began to leap frantically up and down again when he saw it.

"Oh you will not, you cannot leave me here to suffer!" he cried.

Poor Goldenhair hardly knew what to say or think. The sight of the poor little creature's distress cut her to the heart; but how could she cut off her pretty golden hair—the only beauty she had, which concealed her deformity, and kept people from laughing at her as much as they would have done? And

then perhaps he was a wicked fairy, who could get out of the well himself if he chose, and only wanted to make her cut off her hair for malice, and had made up the story of the wicked enchantress. But her pity and kindness of heart triumphed, and Goldenhair ran home to get a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word to her grandmother, ran back again as fast as her feet would carry her, so that her resolution need not fail before she got there.

She sat down on the grass beside the well, and raised the scissors to her hair. Snip, snip they went, and down fell lock after lock of the lovely golden hair into her lap, and into the grass beside her, where it lay shimmering and glittering like pure gold.

At last it was off, and poor little Goldenhair got up, her head covered only with little, short, bristling hair, and the ugly hump in her back entirely unconcealed; and twisting the hair she had cut off into a sort of rope, she held it down over the side of the well.

The little creature seized it eagerly, and Goldenhair drew him safely up; but the instant his feet touched the ground he vanished, and in his place there stood before Goldenhair's wondering eyes the most beautiful little lady that eyes ever beheld! She had wings of silver color, so bright that they dazzled Goldenhair's eyes, a tiny crown set with brilliants on her head, and a little silver wand in her hand. While Goldenhair was still rubbing her eyes, to find out whether she were awake or dreaming, the little lady spoke:—

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," she said, in a little soft voice, sweet and clear as a silver bell, "and I have heard a great many times what a good little girl you were, and I wanted to see if it were true; so I took the shape of that little old-man fairy whom you saw, and went down into the well. Now I know that you are really a kind-hearted, unselfish little girl, and you shall have your reward." And she struck Goldenhair lightly with her wand three times, and then disappeared, while Goldenhair stood bewildered, with her eyes fixed on the spot where she had been.

All at once, she felt that her form had grown taller and more erect. She put her hand up to her back, and the hump had entirely disappeared; then up to her head, where the stiff, short hair had been, and there was her own hair back again, just as fine, and bright, and long as it was before she cut it off.

Then Goldenhair began to understand what her reward was to be—a beautiful form, and her golden hair back again. But how would her ugly face look with a beautiful form? A little way off a limpid brook went singing through the field, and Goldenhair ran to it, leaned over, and looked in. Oh, what a pretty face she saw! She could hardly believe it was her own. The little thin wan cheeks had grown plump and round and rosy, the wrinkled forehead smooth and white as ivory, and the dull gray eyes clear and bright. You may be sure Goldenhair was a very happy little girl, as she danced home over the fields.

At first, the people who saw her could hardly believe that it was really Goldenhair, but after a while they saw that it must be

she, for her hair was the same, and her face had the same gentle, patient expression that it had always worn, and she was the same kind, obliging little girl that she had been when her form was so awkward and misshapen, and her face so wan and wrinkled.

And all the shepherd boys who had laughed at her before were very glad to dance with her, and when people passed by the cottage door, where she sat with her netting, they always remarked how wonderfully pretty she was; and Goldenhair, though she was not at all vain, thought that it was very nice to be beautiful. But there are people who say that she looked no more beautiful to them than ever; that they could never think her ugly, because such a patient little heart looked out through the dull, gray eyes.

THE OX-TEAM.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

JOTHAM YORK had hair as white as lint, and two blue-gray eyes, so light, that they shone in his head, like bits of polished steel. Jotham lived almost at the jumping-off place. A rough cabin made of logs, with the bark still left on, a hole in the roof for a chimney, no windows, and a door so little, that even ten-year-old Jotham had to duck his head to get through—this was his home.

For miles and miles around stretched thick forests of pines. In the summer they waved their great, green branches, and rustled pleasantly, high up in the soft, warm sunshine; but, in winter, they beat and lashed themselves, groaning and moaning, for then they knew their hour had come. Out into the frosty mornings went Jotham's father, his eyes flashing, keen-edged axe slung over his shoulder. He was a lumberman, and patiently, steadily, stroke upon stroke, he cut away at the sturdy roots of the great trees, till they shivered and trembled and went reeling headlong upon the ground. This was his work, day in and day out, and all through the deep, pine forests, there were other lumbermen at work in the same way, so that in the busy season, nothing was to be heard but the ringing of steel and the crashing of falling trees.

The wolves heard the din, and skulked all the day in their dens. They knew better than to show themselves. But at night they prowled and howled around the cabins, and

woe to the man who ventured out alone, after dark. Little Jotham was brave, but he buried his head under his blanket when he heard their hoarse cries, and he cuddled up closer to his father and touched him. Then only did he feel safe.

Of all the lumbermen, Jotham's father was the biggest, and burliest, and strongest. The muscles in his brawny arms were like iron, and his flesh was firm as marble.

"When will I grow big like you, father?" Jotham would ask, twenty times a day; for it fretted him very much to be so little.

"I was a good bit littler chap than you," his father would make answer, "and, all at once, I took a start and ran up in no time, just as I am now."

Then Jetham was hopeful again, and believed, from the bottom of his heart, that the time was coming when he would take a start and run up, like his father.

At last the winter grew into spring, and the trees that had been felled, with just the branches lopped off, were dragged in chains, by ox-teams, to the nearest town. Jotham liked that, for his father teamed, and he sat astride the trunks of the trees, waving a long pine branch in his hand and shouting, "W'hush, w'ha. Gee up, g'long," with all his might. So, little by little, for it was a laborious and painstaking task, the timber was carried from the forest.

One day the ox-team stood ready to start

Jotham sat in his place, with his pine branch; they were only waiting for the driver. Pretty soon he came along. His face had grown frightfully pale and he shivered and shook like an aspen leaf.

"Why, father!" cried Jotham, jumping up and running to him, for he was startled enough.

"I'm a leetle sick, my boy, that's all," said Jotham's father. "The chills have kinder took me, I guess;" and his teeth chattered and chattered, so he could hardly get the words out.

Jotham had never seen his father sick before, and he didn't know what to do or say.

"I'll be over the werst in a minute," said the sick man. And he tried to stand up, but he sank down again, and put his hand to his side. "If 'twasn't for that pesky pain *here*," he said, "I could stand it. That 'ere stick" (he meant the great, pine tree) "oughter be in town to-night."

"Now, father," Jotham talked like a regular down-easter, "jest look ahere. I'll drive them oxen. I can do it jest as well as yeou."

He drew himself up as high as he could, and his eyes shone brighter than ever. "Say now, will you let me? Dew!" he urged again.

"You're sech a mite."

"Mebbe I am little, but I'm tougher'n a pineknot."

"It's ten good mile, beside."

"But I know the road jest like a book. Hain't I been over it 'nough times?"

"Ef 'twasn't that there might come a thaw in the night, and break up the ice in the river, Jotham, I wouldn't let you go."

"Then you're going to let me?"

"Yes, 'n the quicker you start the better."

Jotham joyfully discarded his pine branch, and, whip in hand, placed himself at the head of the oxen. He snapped the lash; the oxen pulled; the heavy log quivered and creaked. Another snap, another pull; the log moved and Jotham was fairly started.

His father, in spite of the sharp pain in his side, that caught his every breath, stood and watched him till he was out of sight. Far adown the road you would have taken him for a mouse, while the oxen looked like elephants. As he reached the bend, he turned round, and, seeing his father, swung his hat with a shrill "hurrah!"

"He's a chip of the old block," muttered his father, as he crept feebly into his cabin. "I'd risk him anywhere."

And now we will follow Jotham. He walked along jauntily enough, till he reached the river. Here he was to cross. His father had crossed in that very place, early in the morning. A sweep of nearly five miles, by the road, was saved thus. But instead of the broad sheet of ice Jotham had expected to see, as firm and solid to the oxen's feet as the ground itself, his bewildered eyes looked upon a bending, floating mass, with, in some places, the water already rushing through.

The ice was breaking up. Jotham rested his hands on his hips and put on his thinking-cap. "I wonder if I'd hit on the right road, if I went round?" he said.

He thought a minute longer, and looked at the black waters slashing and dashing up against the blocks and cakes of floating ice.

"Perhaps you think you've fooled me slick," muttered Jotham, as he looked; "but you ain't come it, not quite."

Upon that, he turned the oxen, and away the whole team trudged at a brisk pace. Jotham had made up his mind to go round. He had been this way with his father several times, but it was rather ticklish business for him to try it alone. About a mile from the river-crossing, the rough, logging road ran into three. One of these roads led to the town, but the other two went deeper and deeper into the woods.

Jotham whistled as he walked along, he felt so grand. This was the biggest log they had teamed yet, and to think he should do it! It seemed as if he were treading on air. He could have gone a hundred miles and not known it. The late afternoon sun slanted through the trees, and suddenly, the oxen came to a standstill. Their tongues were hanging from their mouths, and they breathed in long, hard pants, bending their heads forward.

"Come," said Jotham, encouragingly, patting their necks, "only a little bit further to go," and he urged them on.

But they planted their feet hard, they would not stir.

"Stupids!" cried Jotham, "what do you want to stop now for, ain't you almost home?"

Then it struck him all at once, that the road had become rougher and wider, and with terror he thought, "What if I have taken the wrong one?"

Once more he urged the oxen on, with all his power, but they stood motionless. They

were a splendid yoke of cattle, perfectly mated, and white as snow, with large, blue, tender eyes, that looked at Jotham, even while they refused to obey him, with a gentle humbleness that was almost human.

And now a new terror beset Jotham. He thought of the wolves. Even when he was safe in the cabin, they made him tremble, and now he was alone in the woods at their mercy. As soon as the darkness came their horrid howlings would be heard. He imagined their fierce eyes glaring through the trees, and he felt their hot breath, as they snapped their jaws and sprang upon him.

For a few minutes he remained numbed with horror, without power to move. But, his father had said truly, he was "a chip of the old block"; and after the first few minutes he spoke to the oxen again.

"I know I've lost my way," said he. "I should have been in town by this time, if I hadn't, and now I'm going to head you round, and leave it to you. You lead and I'll follow."

The oxen turned readily enough, and Jotham took his old position astride the log. "They'll know the way home, and it's my only chance," he muttered.

Night was coming on fast. If he had had the strength, he would have unchained the log and left it. As it was, he goaded the oxen on, almost to a run, although he stopped once and gathered a heaping armful of dry brushwood, from the side of the road. Then, as he hurried the team on again, he slipped them in under the chains. His cheeks were flushed; he was no longer weak and trembling. "I'll fool 'em yet!" he murmured, under his breath.

But his color fell again. "What shall I do for a match?" he cried out, in despair. And fumbling desperately in his pockets, he found one, just one, in the pocket of his father's old fur-lined waistcoat, which he had happened to put on over his other clothes.

Now this one solitary, common, brimstone match was worth more to Jotham York than the biggest nugget of gold that was ever dug, or the largest diamond that was ever found. He had heard his father tell how fire would frighten wolves, and he was going to try it. He stooped over and lighted it cautiously. If it went out his last hope died with it. There was a breathless suspense as the tiny flame wavered and flickered. But it shot up stronger, the dry pine crackled, the flame caught higher and higher, and Jotham shouted

exultantly. There was an echo to his shout, or else (Jotham's little heart went "pit-a-pat") *it was a wolf*.

The voice came nearer, doubling and trebling as it came, and Jotham braced himself with an urgent "On!" to the oxen. It was pitch dark. Nothing was to be seen. But, by the light of the blazing brush Jotham beheld a circle of wide, grinning jaws, filled with sharp, white teeth, with pairs of eyes above them, burning like coals of fire. In an agony of pleasure, Jotham saw that, though they followed on at the same distance, they came no nearer. The fire was his safety.

A wild fear leaped up that it might get low and go out; indeed, it *did* die away for a minute, and his heart sank within him. The wolves drew nearer, but the flame had fallen only to rise more brilliantly. The log itself had caught, and with a howl the wolves fell back. Jotham peered into the inky blackness, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the village lights. He could make out nothing.

"If the cattle have missed the road, we are lost," he said; and he faced the fire and the wolves again, desperately.

An age, so it seemed to Jotham, passed; he began to feel dazed and faint; he clung with both hands to the log. He counted how many minutes it would be before he would fall off. He was sure he could hold on but a minute longer, say five. And then, the fire; it was growing so terribly hot, soon it would be unbearable. One more last despairing glance he threw behind him. He rubbed his eyes, but he saw it the second time.

There was fire behind him, in front of him, round him, on all sides, and the wolves too, surely they were encircling and hemming him in, for, while their hungry eyes burned before him, their hoarse cry sounded over his shoulder. There was a sudden shock, a ringing in his ears, and lo! the wolves had fled, and kindly hands held him, and familiar voices were speaking.

"The boy was wonderfully brave," they said, "and the oxen all safe. What if the log is burnt? It is a small loss, in such a case."

Then Jotham woke up to find half the townsfolk around him, full of praise for his courage. They had seen the blazing log from afar, and imagining it some signal, had built a bonfire in the road in answer. It was *their* fire that had so bewildered Jotham, and *their* cry that had sounded, to his worked-up fancy, like the hoarse cry of wolves.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE TABLE.

WHAT TO SERVE, AND HOW TO SERVE IT.

Half the battle is in knowing how to serve a dinner. Your cook, or chef, if you are a millionaire, may be ever so good a one, but if the dinner is not prettily and daintily served, it will be a failure. It is a good plan to so train your servant that she will lay the table for a family dinner with as much care and neatness as if you were giving a dinner-party. Place for each member a plate (not a soup-plate), a square block of bread, or roll, or thick rectangular slice from a loaf of Vienna, or French bread, a soup-spoon, a small spoon, and as many knives and forks as there are to be courses. Try to manage some little decorative centre-piece—a spray of any green, with a flower or two, even a few pressed autumn leaves, with a nodding, trailing branch of bitter-sweet; in spring a few green leaves, if nothing more, from the nearest elm or maple. Until you have tried it you have no idea how much this will brighten your table. Pickles, olives, or salted almonds must also be placed on the table, as may also dried fruits, nuts, or fancy cakes. If the dinner is a family one, the tureen and soup-plates may be placed before the head of the table before the family are seated; at a company dinner they should be brought in after the guests are seated. The servant in every case must remove individual dishes before the tureen, or other course dish. The fish may be cut up at the table, or handed in already cut, accompanied by some vegetable, almost always potatoes in some form. The entree, such as croquettes of any kind, sweet-breads, game, or chops, is handed, and not set upon the table. The joint is placed before the carver; the vegetables are best served from a side table, if you have a waiters. After the roast comes the salad, then a cheese course with wafers, then the dessert. After this the finger-bowls, each on its fruit plate with a d'oyley under it; then coffee and fruit. If you cannot have all this formality and elegance, at least have hot plates, and change them, if you have to do it yourself. Brush the table just before the dessert is put on, and it is more elegant to whisk off the crumbs with a napkin into a plate than to use the customary tray.

It is much nicer to serve vegetables in separate courses. Macaroni and tomato sauce makes a very nice course by itself, as does also spinach, *a la creme*, or asparagus. Bouillion, which is served at luncheons and late suppers, is intended to be drunk from the cup, but if too hot you may use a spoon.

OMELETS.

Although BALLOU's has treated quite fully of omelets, the following may be new:—

EPICURE'S OMELET.—Beat six fresh eggs (the rule is one for each person, but if there are more than six it will be better to make two separate omelets); add three tablespoonfuls of cream, and salt and pepper; have the butter in the frying-pan very hot, and cook as for an ordinary omelet. Just before folding, lay on one-half of it three tablespoonfuls each of minced ham and boiled cabbage or cauliflower, seasoned and made hot in a little butter. Fold the omelet, dish, and serve.

CURRY OMELET.—Beat six eggs just enough to break the yolks as for an ordinary omelet; mix with them half a teaspoonful of curry powder wet with a little milk, a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, a little salt, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Fry as usual, using a rather small pan, to make the omelet as thick as possible.

POTATO OMELET.—Mash a cupful of mealy potatoes, not in the usual way, which is a very bad way, but after you have them well broken with a potato-masher, beat with a fork, stir in a piece of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, seasoning, a little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of white sugar, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice; add four eggs well-beaten, half a teacupful of milk, and two ounces of melted butter. Beat well, and fry in the usual way. This makes a delicious breakfast with bacon, or rashers of ham, or with a mince of any kind of poultry or meat.

A nice way to serve any omelet is to put a little butter and finely minced parsley on the hot dish which is to receive the omelet; lay on the latter, and by the time it gets to the table the butter will have melted, forming a delicious sauce.

SALMON, which is so good at this season of the year, may be used in a variety of ways when cold. One of the nicest is an omelet or soufflé. Take a teacupful of the cold fish, freed from bones and skin, pick to pieces, and mix it well with six eggs beaten as for an omelet. Add also two tablespoonfuls of lobster, oyster, shrimp, or anchovy sauce, if there is any left; if not, a tablespoonful of butter instead. Season with salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and fry, or bake in the oven in a buttered dish.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND CHEESE is one of the most tasteful of luncheon or late supper dishes.

Beat six eggs light with two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and salt, and pepper; mix with two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; pour into a frying-pan containing a little hot butter, and stir until cooked soft. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Cook some rice until perfectly soft; drain it dry, and while hot mash with a spoon until the grains are well broken up. Add two eggs and a pint of milk to each cup of rice; half a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough, through which you have sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder. Try two cups, and add more if necessary.

INDIAN CAKES.—One quart of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and corn meal enough, through which you have sifted two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, to make a soft, thin batter. These cakes brown readily, and need no eggs or butter. May be varied by using half flour.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—These are nice for breakfast or dessert. One pint of milk, a gill of cream, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two beaten eggs. Add flour and baking-powder, as in the preceding recipes, to make a thin batter. If they are for dessert, dot with butter, and sprinkle with sugar and powdered cinnamon as they come from the griddle.

CHICKEN WITH RICE (CREOLE STYLE).—Cut a small chicken in pieces as for fricassee, and put it in a saucepan with a little hot oil (butter may be used instead); fry slowly until a light brown; add a finely chopped onion, and stir until that browns also. Add a green pepper cut in long slices, with the seeds and stem taken out, a grain of garlic, and four good-sized tomatoes peeled and cut in two; season with salt, pepper, and allspice; add a cup of rice, and one pint of soup-stock or water; cook until the rice and chicken are done, and add more water if necessary. It must be moist, but not too thin or watery.

BREAKFAST MENUS FOR A WEEK.

Fried Bananas.	
Meat Cakes.	Creamed Potatoes.
Corn Muffins.	Coffee.
Oranges.	
Broiled Steak.	Fried Tomatoes.
Graham Gems.	Cracked Wheat.
Coffee.	Cream.

Stewed Prunes.

Sausages Baked.	Fried Apples.
Baked Potatoes.	Cream Muffins.

Coffee.

Graham Mush. Cream.

Fried Cod.	Poached Eggs on Toast.
Raised Biscuits.	Coffee.
Compote of Apples (made from Canned Apples).	

Raw Tomatoes.

Broiled Ham.	Asparagus Omelet.
Minc'd Potatoes.	
Rice Muffins.	Coffee.
Oatmeal Mush.	Cream.

Strawberries.

Stewed Hallbut.	Potato Cakes.
Shirred Eggs.	
Rolls.	Coffee.
Rice Pancakes.	

Fried Hominy.

Clam Fritters.	Baked Potatoes.
Toasted Brown Bread.	Coffee.
Dropped Eggs on Toast.	
Grainlet Porridge.	Cream.

DINNER BILL OF FARE FOR MAY.

Lamb and Barley Soup.	
Broiled Spanish Mackerel.	
Maitre d'hotel Sauce.	
Round of Beef, German Style.	
Roast Spring Ducks.	Lettuce Salad.
Pineapple Fritters.	

ROUND OF BEEF, GERMAN STYLE.—Put a round of beef in a braising pan with a little hot dripping, and fry long enough to give it a nice color; pour off the fat; add a sliced onion, a carrot, some parsley, a pint of tomato sauce, a quart of broth, and a pint of Rhine wine. (This for eight pounds of meat.) Simmer slowly for three hours; dish the beef, skim the fat from the gravy and reduce by boiling; surround the meat with small potatoes fried in fat, and sour-crust; pour over some of the gravy, and send the rest to the table in a boat.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.—Pare and slice a ripe pineapple, and lay it in a dish with powdered sugar and a glass of brandy to steep an hour; drain, roll in pulverized stale sponge cake; immerse in batter, and fry in plenty of hot fat; drain, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve hot with sauce.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL MYTH.—Abbe Larrieu, formerly a missionary in China, has published a pamphlet, "Paris Leroux," on the great wall of China, to demonstrate that this structure does not exist and has never existed. The popular belief is that this wall stretches for about 800 leagues across China, from the sea to the province of Kan-Su; that it is wholly constructed of cut stone, and thirty cubits high by twelve broad. It is believed to run straight out, regardless of obstacles, going down valleys, and up mountains without a break, except such as time has made, along its whole course. The notion originated with a Jesuit, named Martini, who visited China about 1650, and his description was followed by subsequent writers. M. Larrieu has lived for several years under what would have been the shadow of the Great Wall, had there been one; he has studied the writings of recent writers—especially Abbe Hue—who have crossed the line of the alleged wall in various places; he has likewise studied the Chinese history of the subject, and his conclusions are as follows: (1) The term "Great Wall" is at the bottom of all the misunderstanding, and it comes from the Chinese expression, "the wall of the ten thousand li"; (2) as described by Martini, and other writers who have copied him, this wall does not and never did exist; (3) a Chinese emperor undoubtedly did conceive the idea of a great wall from the Gulf of Lai-Long, on the east, to Kan-Su, on the west, and this, though never realized, had a beginning; (4) all along the proposed line of the wall, square towers of earth, or earth faced with brick, were constructed at considerable distances from each other; but these were never joined together by any wall, as was originally intended. In some of the defiles along the route there are walls, but these were intended to close these particular passages, or they are merely the walls of villages, and are not parts of a larger scheme. Hence the only part of the scheme of the Great Wall carried out was the construction of these scattered towers; the rest never went beyond the brain that conceived it; it was never more than a fancy, and it is now a myth. This huge Chinese wall, says Abbe Larrieu, is a huge Chinese lie, and as for the million soldiers which were said to guard it night and day, they are myths likewise. The alleged Great Wall is a favorite excursion for Europeans visiting Peking, and such a question as whether it exists at all or not should be an easy one to settle definitely.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.—Few people understand the habits of rattlesnakes, consequently

there is a good deal of unnecessary fear regarding them. In the first place, a rattlesnake will not chase you, and in the second place, it will not attack you unless you come upon it in such a way that it cannot escape without attacking. If a rattlesnake is disturbed it usually sounds its rattle and makes off; but if you come upon it suddenly and it has to fight, it will coil itself up, poise its head, and strike at you downward. The fang is turned up under the upper jaw, and as it strikes this is thrown out and cuts into the flesh. It is as sharp as a razor, and goes through a thin boot like a steel blade. What is the best antidote? Whisky. The man who is bitten by a rattlesnake should have whisky poured into him until he is too drunk to stand, and he should be kept drunk for two or three days. The one poison counteracts the other. If he can't be made drunk there is little hope for him. I have seen it stated that a bottle of turpentine turned upon the bite will draw the poison out in the shape of a greenish cloud that will float up into white fluid, but I have never seen a test made of that. Live flesh will also draw out the poison. It is said, and I know that in some places, when a person is bitten by a rattlesnake, the first thing done is to kill a chicken, cut it in half, and while the flesh is still quivering put it warm upon the bite.

THE VALUE OF SILVER COINS.—Did you know, when rushing off your trade dollars, that for two years past the price of good specimens of the coinage of 1873-78, inclusive, have been worth from \$1.10 to \$2.00 each. That is the price placed upon them in the U. S. Mint quotations. Did you hold any trade dollars as rarities? Few, doubtless, have thought of this, although any one could have known it for the simple inquiry.

If you find a good specimen of a silver dollar of the coinage of 1794, with flowing hair, remember that it is worth \$80, and a very fine one \$125. Good specimens of 1836, '38, '39 and '52 are worth from \$10 to \$50. A fifty-cent-piece of 1796, with sixteen stars, is worth over \$100. One of the following year, with fifteen stars, is worth about twice as much. The most valuable quarter-dollars are those of 1823 and '27; they are worth from \$25 to \$60 each; that of 1853, without arrowheads, \$10. The spurned twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and '78 are worth \$5 each. The most valuable dimes are those of 1802 and '4, worth \$10 and \$15. Several five-cent-pieces are worth good premiums, while one of 1802 will bring you not less than \$125. There are also not a few very valuable copper cents.

DIAMONDS WHICH ARE NOT DIAMONDS.—

"What a brilliant diamond!"

"Yes."

"Why, one could almost see to read in the dark by its rays," said a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express* recently to a down-town jeweler.

"Think so?" he replied. "Well, it does look rather fine. How much do you think it is worth?"

"One thousand dollars?"

"Is that all?"

"We'll make it \$2000 or \$2500, or, possibly, \$3000."

"I'll sell it to you for \$10."

"Why so generous?"

"There's no generosity about that. Most buyers would not give more than \$5 for it."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not a real stone. They come from Oberstein, in Germany. The entire town is supported by the manufacture of such gems. How are they fixed up? In various ways. This imitation diamond is only quartz, and it has been boiled in some chemical that will make it look brilliant for a while, but it soon wears off. If you handle it much it will not look so lustrous. Diamonds are the hardest stones to successfully imitate."

"What other gems are manufactured cheaply?"

"One of the easiest is the emerald. Many stones you think are rubies are only red spinel, and lapis lazuli is only dyed chalcedony. Chalcedony is the usual base of false onyxes and agates, which are most counterfeited. The stones are boiled in some coloring matter and then subjected to intense heat. The color permeates the whole stone. Some of the families at Oberstein have one secret and some another. They never give them away. One family has the secret of converting crocidolite into cat's eyes. Gypsum and hornblende are also made into the same gems. Zircons, which are formed of silicic acid and zirconia look like diamonds. A thin slice of diamond is sometimes laid over a topaz so that the whole appears to be one gem."

PULLING AND PACKING FIGS IN SMYRNA.—

The sorting done, the fruit is carried to the pullers and the packers. The pulling is not pleasant to think of. The men—for it needs the strength of male fingers—sit in long rows on each side of a temporary table made of two boards on trestles. They sit on stools; squatting on the ground has quite gone out now in the towns. Beside each packer stands a pile of empty boxes, and near every two or three is placed a large flat basket full of sorted fruit, and beside the basket a can of salt and water. The man chooses the fig he intends to pull, and then, dipping his hand in the salt water, flattens it be-

tween his fingers, at the same time splitting it near the stalk. He then places it in the box. Long practice gives great perfection in the arts of pulling and packing. You see the fruit distributed in rows so neatly that a knife might be dropped between them without cutting any of the fruit. Nearly all the figs packed for export are "pulled." The salt water brings out the sugar, which in about three months comes to the surface, when the fruit is in the best condition for eating.

A SIMPLE BAROMETER.—One of the simplest barometers is a spider's web. "Nature" says that when there is a prospect of rain or wind, the spider shortens the filaments from which the web is suspended, and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread, it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain, but if on the contrary it keeps at work during the rain, the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.

WHY PEOPLE WERE BURIED.—When men began to bury their dead they did it in the firm belief in another life, which life was considered as the exact counterpart of this present one. The unsophisticated savage, holding that in that equal sky his faithful dog would bear him company, naturally had him killed and buried with him, in order that it might follow him to the happy hunting ground. Clearly, you can't hunt without your arrows and tomahawk; so the flint weapons and the trusty bow accompanied their owner in his new dwelling-place. The wooden shaft, the deer-sinew bowstring, the perishable articles of food and drink, have long since decayed within the damp tumulus; but the harder stone and earthenware articles have survived till now, to tell the story of that crude and simple early faith. Very crude and illogical, indeed, it was, however, for it is quite clear that the actual body of the dead man was thought of as persisting to live a sort of underground life within the barrow. A stone hut was constructed for its use, real weapons and implements were left by its side, and slaves and wives were ruthlessly massacred, as still in Ashantee, in order that their bodies might accompany the corpse of the buried master in his subterranean dwelling. In all this we have clear evidence of a very inconsistent savage, materialistic belief, not, indeed, in the immortality of the soul, but in the continued underground life of the dead body.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

Answers to March Puzzles.

33.—Well-sweep.

34.—S O M E T I M E O P E R A T E M E D A L S E R A S E T A L E I T S M E E	35.—S A R A A T O M S R O W E L S A M E R I C A S L I V E R S C E N E A R E A
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36.—B-link.

37.—Saddle.

38.—S-age.

39.—T-able.

40.—G-rasp.

41.—F-oll.

42.—C

43.—B a n t a M

P A D

A k i m b O

C A P E R

L a g o o N

P A R A N U T

L a t e n T

C A P A R I S O N

O d a n a H

D E N I Z E N

U s e f u L

R U S E S

S t e a d Y

T O N

(Ballou's Monthly.)

N

44.—Gentle words are always gain.

45.—Seldom, models.

46.—Listen, enlist, silent.

47.—Stained, sainted, detains.

48.—Niches, inches, chines.

49.—Staple, plates, petals.

50.—Mantel, lament, mental, mantle.

67.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The first is in gracious, but not in kind;

The second's in body, but not in mind;

The third is in imagination;

The fourth is in hardly, but not in quite;

The fifth is in ably, but not in right;

The sixth is in morning, but not in night;

The seventh's in admiration;

The eighth is in talking, but not in said;

The ninth is in sofa, but not in bed;

The whole is what certainly ought to be read

By everyone in the nation.

INA VAUGHAN.

Diamonds.

68.—1 A consonant. 2 To point at with a weapon. 3 Pungent. 4 A balcony. 5 A small insect. 6 An animal. 7 A consonant.

69.—1 A consonant. 2 A spirituous liquor. 3 To revolt. 4 Noting a crystalline acid. 5 To immerse. 6 A false statement. 7 A consonant.

VERBENA.

Syncopeations.

70.—Take a small part from pertaining to contrast, and leave a grotesque ornament.

71.—Take a barrel from declining, and leave an impression.

72.—Take a Dutch wine measure from an open extended hand, and leave an animal.

73.—Take a pilaster from a bracket, and leave handsome.

74.—Take being present from an amputation, and leave a reliquary.

75.—Take a setting dog or pointer from a genus of plants producing the peanut, and leave certain animals. MAUDE.

76.—Double Diamond.

Across.—1 A letter from Prussia. 2 A chart. 3 To provide food. 4 Certain fruits. 5 To wither. 6 A French copper coin. 7 A letter from Norway. Down.—1 A letter from Bolivia. 2 An omnibus boy. 3 Dead bodies. 4 A gold coin of Uruguay. 5 Punitive. 6 To shoot forth. 7 A letter from Sweden. CYRIL DEANE.

77.—A Diamond.

1 A consonant only a single letter. 2 To move, or perhaps to behave is better. 3 What is always left at a conflagration. 4 Notes subjoined to a demonstration. 5 Counts, a word well known to all. 6 The name by which a sister we call. 7 A much used vowel, and that is all.

INA VAUGHAN.

78.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of 32 letters, is a proverb. The 1, 22, 26, 17, 30, is a beast. The 2, 29, 9, 4, 3, 7, is to diminish. The 5, 23, 24, 19, is to make senseless with a blow. The 11, 6, 12, 14, is to look over. The 25, 15, 32, 21, 27 is a fertile place in a desert. The 28, 13, 16, 20, 10, is a passage in a carriage. The 31, 18, 8, is an animal. ADELAIDE.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the largest list of answers to this month's puzzles, received before May 10th, we offer a book of poems; and for the next best list, an illustrated novelette.

Solvers.

Answers to the January puzzles were received from Triangle, Katie Smith, Vinnie, Ida May, Teddy, Birdie Browne, Tom, Eulalie, Birdie Lane, Jack, J. D. L., Kitty Connor, Ann Eliza, Cera A. Lee, Geraldine and Black Hawk.

Prize-Winners.

Triangle, Toledo, Ohio, for the largest list of correct answers. Maude, St. Joseph, Mo., for the best original charade. Adelaide, Gilead, Me., for the best cross-word enigma. Ina Vaughan, Boston, Mass., for the best diamond.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of givin'.
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I said to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, the mis'r'ble sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled,
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amen at preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller,
But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth
But once after that to holler.
"Hurrah," said I, "for the minister"—
Of course I said it quiet—
"Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's ruling passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin,
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man's a queer creation,
And I'm afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application."
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin'.
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not sat there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas;
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lot's o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-b'illin'.
Says I to myself, "Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Am not that kind of a critter."

—Bee, Richmond, Me.

"We traveling men have one little weakness," said a gossip member of the itinerant and commercial brigade to a *Chicago Herald* reporter, "and that is a craving for social attention while out on the road. We get so tired of hotels, and of male society exclusively, that the customer who invites us to his home is looked upon as a friend indeed. I know one old chap out in Iowa who years ago sized up this trait of drummer nature, and who has fairly made a fortune on account of his shrewdness. He has three pretty, pert daughters, and a wife who is the very soul of hospitality. The old man invites all drummers to his house, and the ladies give them good dinners, good cheer, music, games, bright conversation, winsome smiles—why, there isn't a drummer who has had the pleasure of spending a night in that house who wouldn't ride one hundred miles at any time to get there. Often three or four traveling men are there at once, and on Sundays I've seen a half-dozen under that roof. Of course it costs money to entertain so many guests, especially as the old man is free with his cigars and wines. But it doesn't cost him as much as you would think, for he is continually receiving presents of boxes of cigars from cigar salesmen, cases of wine from liquor travelers, caddies of fruit, fine groceries, etc. It beats all, the quantities of samples that disappear from drummers' cases when they strike that town. I think that if the truth were known the family is actually ahead on the deal, particularly if you count the jewelry and tid-bits that are given those daughters by the guests. About three out of four of the boys lose their hearts to one girl or the other—I've been there myself—and when a man's in love you know how generous he is, especially with other people's property. The young ladies appear to keep their own hearts fancy free, and have, besides, a very pleasant way of curing a man of his infatuation and retaining his friendship. I once heard that some of the jewelry and other nice stuff that finds its way to the house is afterward sold at the old man's general store; but this may be a slander. One thing is certain: the shrewd old

chap is getting rich out of his little play on the weakness of our tribe. How? Why, he has the largest general store in his county. He not only retails, but jobs to smaller dealers in the country towns. And he buys his goods cheaper, on an average, than any man in the Northwest. The fact is that he buys them at about cost, and, of course, is able to knock out all of his rivals. Besides, he is mighty slow pay. He never pays until he is almost compelled to, to save trouble, and can persist in this because all of the traveling men, when written to about him, declare that he is gilt-edged, and tell their employers to be patient; that their money is sure and safe in time. And so it is, for the shrewd old merchant merely delays his payments that he may loan out his money at big rates of interest. He has thousands out all the while on shaved notes, chattel mortgages and interest due bills. If he only had some young girls growing up to take the place of the three who are now in their prime, when these latter get married or lose their charms of youth and vivacity, he would be as rich as an Astor in fifteen years.

A distinguished ex-governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, the governor was told the usual tale of woe; and, among other sad incidents, that during his career of vice, he had buried three wives. The governor, having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has, indeed, deeply afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Y-yes, he has;" and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as He took one, I took another!"

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation, a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go along. He procured a horse and joined the party, and his company was welcomed. A mile and a half from town we came to a written notice posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of a sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and spelled, and the drummer laughed loud and long over "caf" for calf, "det" for debt, and "sheruf" for sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notis?" asked the colored man, in a very edgy voice.

"It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Some one had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a constable, an' I writ dat off."

"Oh, you did? Well, I hope the c-a-f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come along wid me, sah!"

"With you?"

"Yes, sah. I 'rest you, sah!"

"What for?"

"Contempt of court, sah! Come right along."

"Where?"

"Befo' de justice, sah! We'll see about dat caf!"

The drummer was advised against resistance, and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored justice, nearly two miles from the spot. The constable had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his honor seemed very uneasy about it. When the case was ready, he said:—

"Your honor, who is this court?"

"I is, sah," was the dignified reply.

"Has this man shown any contempt for you?"

"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?"

The old man scratched his head, opened a law book wrong side up, and finally replied:—

"De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay \$1 costs."

"But if he is discharged because of his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs onto him?" asked the colonel.

"Where do I? Why, in de law book."

"Which one?"

"De one at home."

"I take exceptions, your honor, and shall carry this case to the supreme court," said the colonel.

"Umph! Dat alter de case! De prisoner am discharged from his fine of \$1, an' de constable am fined \$2 for making a fool of hisself, an' gettin' dis court all twisted up in a hard knot afore white folks!"

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835-36 that every house was filled every night with travelers wanting lodging. Every traveler there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The landlord told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman

went to his room, and soon retired to his bed and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Halloo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," cried the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, isn't there?"

"One! why here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, and I should think that enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left the trio to their repose.

A *Detroit Free Press* correspondent writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: You come down to the table and find a bouquet of orange flowers gracing the handle of the castor. After you have taken your seat the waiter passes you raw oranges. Before every meal raw oranges come up smiling. The waiter is a genius, and draws on his art resources for ways of disguising the unvarnished rawness—same as the cooks do when they lay out bread pudding. Sometimes you will find the top of the orange cut off, and a spoon at your plate. That's scalped orange. Next time it comes on split up into eighths, laid back and held together by a strip of peel. That's *e pluribus unum* orange—united we stand, divided we fall, you know. Then for variety she will turn up with the peel made into a filagree business. That's frilled orange. If you call for jelly or jam they bring you orange. When you find pudding on the bill of fare it is always accompanied by the words "with orange sauce." Or, if you are favored with ice cream, it's orange. Sliced oranges are a reliable and unfailing resource. You get 'em with persevering frequency. And you can have cake with your sliced oranges if you wish. You order cake. It's orange or nothin'. Perhaps you prefer apple sauce to sliced oranges. All right; we have it. Sauce is brought. Now for a good old home dish, you think. Ah, my friend, many, many men as good as you are have thought the same thing. But, alas! This is a new kind—California apple sauce. See how you like it; it has the true native flavor—orange. Sometimes at dinner they have a layout they call orange shortcake. I tried it once. I have the taste of it in my mouth yet. I can't get it out with acid. After the first bite I took I lay down to die.

Mr. Oliver Symperton has only been married a few years, but his appreciation of his wife has already begun to depreciate. There is a discount of twenty per cent. on it already.

Last Sunday afternoon they were taking a walk, when she requested him to carry her wrap, at which he grumbled exceedingly.

"Before we were married," said Mrs. Symperton, bitterly, "you used to say that there was nothing in the world you would not do for me, and now you growl when I ask you to do any little thing."

"Yes, it is very well to talk that way, but if I had known before we were married that you were going to load me down with cloaks, umbrellas, hats, and things, I would have advised you to wed a hat-rack."

"If I had done that," replied Mrs. Symperton, with telling sarcasm, "I would at least have had a hat-ractive husband, which is more than I can say now."

A story is told of Wash Connor, Jay Gould's old partner in the stock brokerage business, who is well known in Chicago, which illustrates the proclivity of the Wall Street man to play pranks in solemn places. Connor, during a sojourn in London, presented a £25 Bank of England note—which, like our own currency, is simply a promise to pay—to the bank for redemption in gold. The bank's custom on these occasions is to require the person presenting the note to indorse it. "Indorse it!" said Connor, when the rule was read to him. "I don't know about that. I'm a little careful what I indorse. That is a note in hand."

The astonishment of the official could not easily be depicted in words.

"I don't believe I'll indorse it at all. I don't know you. Besides, it ain't necessary. Give me the gold and take your paper."

"But, sir, it's our rule!"—

"I don't care anything about your rule. Isn't the paper good?"

"Good! Good! Is a Bank of England note good? Are you mad, man?"

"Well, if it's good I want the money on it."

"Who are you? You must be an American. Quit your funning, man, and indorse it."

The official gasped nearly purple in the face. Connor's countenance did not change a muscle.

"I'll not indorse it," he said; "and as it's a genuine note, if you don't pay I'll protest it."

"Protest it! Protest the Bank of England! Good heavens!"

"Yes, protest it; and before night."

The clerk climbed down from his stool and ran into a back room. He returned immediately with two elderly officials, all three greatly excited. Connor calmly reduced the new comers to a panic by repeating his threat, and after enjoying the spectacle, feigned a sudden understanding of the case and indorsed the note and got his gold.

A SURE REMEDY.—Benjamin Bunker, of Kendall's Mills Me., had a felon on his finger; it was very painful; he asked a friend what he should do for it. "Put on gunpowder and vinegar." He did put on a lot of powder, and bound a rag round it, and went to bed; got up in the morning, and went to build a fire; the rag caught fire and exploded; the powder burned the finger to the bone. He says that it cured the felon, and he don't ask anything for the recipe.

A middle-aged farmer and his wife were enjoying a winter evening cozily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as

described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, etc., as is here represented."

"Indeed!" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else then. A pretty Solomon *you* would make, truly; you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure *you* would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!"

The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

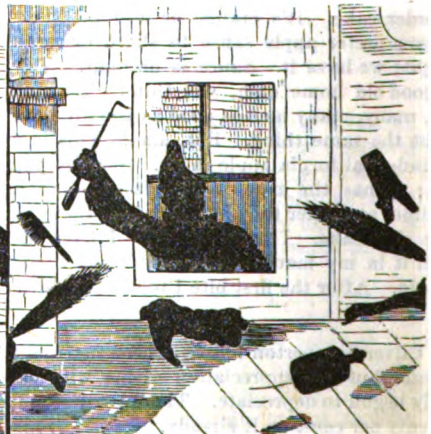
VOICES OF THE NIGHT.



"Vere is yer family silver and votch?"



"Mr. Blifkins, do you know what time it is?"



A MIDNIGHT SERENADE.



BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE NUMBER 402.

THE LUCK OF GEORGE CHRISTIAN.

BY E. M. B.

CHAPTER I.

THE war was over. The last gunpowder echo had died in space, if sound ever dies, and the gaunt, hungry heroes of the gray were at liberty to crawl back to poverty-stricken homes, dowered with a wealth of wounds, disease and glory.

Near Farmville, Va., there is a small wood by the main road, and toward the close of day, a ragged Confederate soldier sat at the root of a decayed tree in a retrospective mood. His knapsack, gaunt as himself, lay beside him; his brier-wood pipe was badly cracked; and the general verdict would have been, scarecrow and very dirty. But a second glance would have noted an athletic figure and well-formed features, dark naturally, for he was a Georgian, but deepened in color by the exposure of long service.

He mused long, evidently to little profit or purpose, for throwing himself backward and clasping his hands over his head, he said: "What to do next puzzles me. I reckon I made a mistake in remaining here instead of pushing back to Georgia with the rest. I've tried the farmers; and as for any employment of a higher grade, that is past hoping for, since all are beggars now. I will tramp it to Richmond, and try my luck there. By the Lord! it's a sorry outlook, yet I'm no worse off than the rest; it's hard that a decently educated fellow of twenty-two shouldn't be able to get a meal without skirmishing. I could eat crow!" and he clasped the crumbling trunk of the tree and partly rose, when a suffocating cloud of dust

half-blinded him, as the time-worn tree gave way, and he returned to his former recumbent position with emphasis. "It is decreed that I shall stay here," he muttered, as he brushed the dust from his beard. "I wonder how old this tree is; a centenarian, I fancy, and here's the rift 'within the lute, that came near making my music mute,'" and he pushed his arm in a hole now exposed at the base.

Presently he withdrew his hand with a puzzled expression of countenance, as he brought a bag to the surface which, when untied, electrified his vision with its freight of gold double eagles. His face paled under the grime of neglect, and it was only after a subsidence of emotion that he was able to continue the exploration. Bag after bag was exposed, until the sixth and last one, when opened, proved to be filled with jewelry, diamonds and other precious stones. Cupidity and secrecy sprang into action as he hastily crammed the mine into his knapsack, and saying, "I only ask that the old thing will hold it," moved on with the welcome load.

When he reached the border of the wood he sat down to determine his course. "This is some of the treasury loot hidden here by the Richmond officials for future reference, and I consider myself the heir. Now what next? What luck! thank God!" and his frame shook with emotion.

In fact, such a stroke of fortune was calculated to hasten the pulse-beat. To leap at one magnificent bound from penury to independence—for the size of the bags and the weight proved the thousands he carried

would distract the equanimity of a Diogenes, and it was some time before the lobes of his brain would connect sufficiently to dictate a line of action.

"The first thing is to get a suit of clothes; but I fear to offer gold. 'How the deuce did that gone in Confed. get hold of gold!' would be the reflection of everybody. It has been scarce as hens' teeth for years, and if it has been rumored or suspected that a sum was buried by the flying officials I shall be suspected and detained, if no worse." Finally he determined to risk offering one twenty-dollar piece at the station for fare to Richmond, and hastily strapping on his knapsack he jogged reflectively along.

Inquiring the time of departure, he handed his coin with trepidation to the agent. The agent's eyes were luminous as he said, "I say, old boy, you must have hung on to this old gold like grim death to a dead nigger. How did you manage to keep it?" which reassured the soldier, as with a careless reply he hurried out to buy some semblance of a meal. Soon the Richmond train started, and it would be safe to assert that among all the passengers there was no happier man than the whilom, destitute Confederate of but two hours previous.

The ride to Richmond was a dream. The past suffering, the scanty rations, the terrible sense of utter defeat, and the hopeless future, rolled before him in dioramic succession, and melted into plans for future action. The necessity of decent clothing and the forgotten luxury of a bath shelved all other considerations, and when Richmond was reached he sought the Jew's quarter and purchased a second-hand valise, capable of holding the knapsack entire. Then with a load which seemed momentarily to increase, and which tried his trained muscles and powerful frame, he sought a clothing-store, from which in an hour there issued a well-dressed gentleman, whose identity with the tramp of an hour before would have been disputed in any court in Christendom. A bath and the shearing of a year's fleece completed the disguise, and that afternoon a well-browned Southerner, some six feet tall, of regular features, black, expressive eyes, full black beard, and powerful frame, was seated on the verandah of a hotel in Richmond. A meal such as he had pictured by a thousand camp-fires added tangibility to the realization of the windfall, and he sat far into the night building cas-

ties, the constant alterations of which would have driven an architect in the flesh wild with despair.

The next morning he started for New York to dispose of his gold, and to commence a life which, by the law of recompense, would atone for the privations of past years. Arriving at the metropolis, bewildered by its size and the crowd of humanity, he was driven to the Astor House, where he procured the address of a prominent broker in Wall Street; and that night he sat in the hotel's reading-room, a comparatively wealthy man. The discreet broker had asked no troublesome questions, but directed the counting of the gold and its deposit. The jewelry he intended to melt, and sell the stones at some future period. Some of the diamonds were of good size, and the rubies, emeralds, amethysts and pearls were of considerable value.

For days he moved as in a dream. He roamed through the art emporiums and galleries. The nights were filled with music or the drama, until his sensuous nature was surfeited. From some reason, probably that of contrast, Southerners have always been admired in New York circles; in *ante bellum* days they were eagerly courted, and to the mass the knowledge of their patriarchal-plantation life with its institution of slavery established their claim to a higher niche in the temple than that occupied by the plodding, self-made Northerner. Add their unvarying courtesy, their chivalrous bearing toward women, and their lavish expenditure of money, it naturally followed that the educated gentleman from the South was a valued guest. And the influence of the past remains, with a substratum of sympathy for their tremendous losses and the recognition of their bravery and devotion to their cause. Hence our Georgian friend, who possessed the traditional courtesy, with the addition of a fine personality, found little difficulty in making friends among both sexes.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE CHRISTIAN was of good stock. His ancestors had held prominent positions in the State, and large possessions, but a fondness for the turf and the concomitant drain on the plantation had gradually absorbed the last dollar when he

was a mere child. When he had reached man's estate he knew that outside a few house-servants he inherited nothing of value, and he eagerly hailed the proclamation of war with the North as a solvent of the vexed question of ways and means.

One morning as he was entering a horse-car a young lady stepped hastily out, and by a sudden jolt was precipitated into his arms. She was blushing confused, and very handsome in the wonderful art of dress in which the maiden of all time bewilders the masculine sense and befools him to her entire satisfaction. He was able, during the moment of confused apology, to note the perfection of her face and figure, and the recollection was stereotyped in memory.

The broker, a Mr. Benson, who managed his affairs—for, in Wall Street phrase, he had flown a kite and had not been a loser—invited him to his house, where he won the regard of Mrs. Benson. One afternoon, while walking with that lady in Broadway, he saw the young lady of the car episode, and pointed her out to his companion, mentioning the incident.

"Why, yes, she is lovely; and a friend of mine, Ella Bogart. I'll ask her to come to the house some evening, and I will introduce you, if you like," said Mrs. Benson; and in a short time he received the coveted invitation. He was introduced with a flourish of trumpets, and the lady appeared even lovelier than on the morning of encounter.

It had been his custom, ever since his residence in New York, to smoke a cigar in the park after dinner, and while reading his paper one afternoon he attracted the attention of some children who were seated opposite, in the charge of a young nursery-maid. George was ever a favorite with children, and in a few moments they were lovingly clustered around him. To his questions of name and age the young and very pretty nursery-maid was compelled to prompt the answers, until the conversation grew direct between them.

For several weeks he met this group daily, or at short intervals, and under the homage and admiration unconsciously proffered by the pretty nursery-maid, his manner grew perilously tender. His silent monitor did suggest the danger lurking in such an intimacy; but it is always an easy matter to quiet conscience by the assertion of good intent, and the intimacy had deepened into clandestine meetings at night at

about the period of his introduction to Miss Bogart. But when acquaintance with this lovely and accomplished lady bloomed into intimacy, the recollection of the park flirtation disquieted and disgusted him, so that he omitted his former visits, and endeavored to forget the whole affair. An earnest, pure affection kills all meaner impulses.

But this absence and cessation of tender dalliance was incomprehensible to the girl nursery-maid. And Kate Norman was a child in experience. Her father, a Long Island farmer of narrow means, had struggled to support and educate his large family; and when he died a distant relative had taken Kate to her home as a companion for her children. She had improved her educational advantages; her tastes were pure; but although her relative was kind, she pined for her country home. Since she had met this Southerner, and had fed on the subtle flattery of notice and endearment from one of the elect, her fancy and imagination had run forward to the usual conclusion; and the void created by his absence was unendurable.

She knew he was still at the hotel, for while watching she had seen him enter a car; and she vainly endeavored to accuse herself of some slight or offense which would account for this continued neglect. Finally she concluded to write to him, and end her doubts. Hence one morning the gorgeous hotel clerk handed George a letter. He opened the envelope with misgivings and read:—

DEAR MR. CHRISTIAN.—I write to ask what I have done to drive you away. I have been here every day. I see you in the street, but you never come here any more. You seemed to like me; you called me your friend; and I can't imagine what I did to displease you. I want to see you once more. Will you come to the park this evening at eight o'clock, please? KATE.

"P. S.—Do come; I want to see you. Do!"

It would be unjust to assert that this reminder of the past called forth no regret or remorse for the thoughtless action of the past month; but human nature is a complex institution, and man is an egotistical animal at the best; consequently it is not singular that the dominant impression left by this appeal was pride in the evidence of power,

and a half pity for the victim of his fascination. "I must see her and make it all right," he mused; "she must not suffer;" and he felt as a benefactor of the race feels when he has discovered a method of alleviating woe.

At the appointed hour he was in the park, seated in his usual place. When the nursery-maid saw him her face was radiant, as she timidly said, "Have you been sick?"

"Oh, no," he replied; "only busy."

Then "silence fell with lips of glue" for an awkward moment, when to break the embarrassment he said, "I received your note, and I assure you that I was not offended at anything said or done; and I came to tell you that if my business prevents my seeing you as often as I would like, yet I shall not forget my little friend."

She flushed at the suggestion of altered relations, and replied, "I don't know what has altered you so. You asked me to meet you and I had to do it. I didn't think there was any harm in it; I know I wouldn't harm you," and here she broke down and cried, furtively. This natural expression of anguish beyond words stirred him to the centre, and, oblivious of his determination, he drew her to him and soothed her pain with words which were in themselves a caress. This reassured her, and after a long interview, in which she exposed her tenderness, he, impassioned beyond caution, appointed another interview for the next evening.

They parted with only a hand-clasp, but their eyes spoke volumes. He sat alone that night, and tried to extract order from chaos. He had compromised himself, and he felt it keenly. Perhaps he never felt the nameless charm of Miss Bogart and his defection so remorsefully as at that moment, yet the clinging tenderness and full surrender of the nursery-maid was an appreciable glory—if a shame. He did not wish to marry her, and yet he lacked the courage to break the bonds. What he proposed to do was an enigma to be solved by fate. He proposed to temporize for the present,—to continue to meet and gratify this victim of his bow and spear; but he was equally determined that it should not interfere with his pursuit of Miss Bogart, that, in fact, he would drift with the tide and quoting,

"Man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to woman,"

as an established natural law for which he was not responsible, and consequently could not be censured for its operation, he went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

HIS interests had been so well attended to by Mr. Benson that upon a profitable sale of stocks in which he was heavily interested he began to enlarge the circumference of his desires. He joined a club and studied maritime sports of which, hitherto, he had as much knowledge as a Zuni. He attended a sale of fast horses, and purchased the turn-out of a bankrupt broker at a bargain, for he did know horses, as Southerners generally do. The horse was stylish, and moderately fast, and when he drove out on the road he was envied and admired. The Bensons saw with gratification the growing intimacy between Miss Bogart and himself, and his horizon appeared cloudless.

The Bogarts were of blue blood, but poor. The father had experimented away two fortunes,—his own and his wife's,—and he rested from further action in his library. A scholar, but hyper-sensitive and critical, he distrusted his own ability, and allowed life to lapse with as little friction as possible.

Ella was an only child; the mother had died when she was an infant, and she was brought up by an aunt who still controlled the household. To them, George was a welcome guest, and he was fast growing to be the fulfillment of Ella's ideal.

One fine afternoon when riding together the influence of the hour and the devoted manner of her escort developed a tenderness of which she was unaware. They had driven down-town on an errand, and as they passed the park he caught sight of the nursery-maid standing by a gate, pale and with burning eyes fixed upon him.

At that moment Miss Bogart exclaimed, "How that servant-girl stares at you!"

"More likely at you," he replied, "is it singular that you should be envied by your sex?"

She laughed, but after a tilt of badinage she quietly asked, "Do you know her?"

He hesitated. To acknowledge any intimacy would be dangerous, yet he was too proud to lie, and with an effort he said, "I know her in this manner: I smoke a cigar in the park, and I have seen her there frequently with children. I am fond of the

little ones, and she has talked of hers; and as this is the first time she has seen me with a lady, she naturally exercised the usual curiosity of the sex."

She said no more, but he saw that this lady would allow no rival near the throne, and he felt a premonition of trouble.

At the next interview with the maid he found her disposed to upbraid.

"Who was that proud lady you were riding with the other day? You were very devoted. You never asked me to ride."

"Is that so singular?" he replied. "I often ask ladies to accompany me, and I ask you now; will you go with me to-morrow?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I can only go on Sunday."

"Let it be next Sunday, then," and the cloud blew over.

At his next visit to the Bensons he was shown some precious stones which Mrs. Benson had purchased in Europe. The delight of Miss Bogart reminded him of the collection in his banker's safe, and he said, "I have a few old stones which I should be pleased to show you, if you care for such things."

She assented, and the next day he brought the bag to his room. The stones were set in old-fashioned rings; diamonds in silver settings, all in antique form, with brooches and buckles of a past generation. They had been gladly devoted to the Confederate cause, for much as has been written of the loyalty of the women of the South, not half can ever be told of their sacrifice and suffering. If the men gave up their lives, the women gave all that life was worth.

Stripping the stones from the settings, he selected a few of the most valuable, and at an early opportunity displayed them to admiring eyes. Miss Bogart expressed such delight that George formed a resolution regarding the ones she admired most.

The days rolled merrily away in riding, sailing on the Hudson, picnics—in which invention is taxed to render human nature uncomfortable—while moonlight excursions and dances whiled away the happy hours. At a party given by Miss Bogart, George was introduced to a stranger. "This is my cousin, Mr. Laurence," said the hostess. He was conscious of being thoroughly eyed by the stranger, and he soon became satisfied that the cousin was also a lover of Miss Bogart, and he, in turn, examined his rival. He found him considerably older than him-

self, a fine-looking, liberally educated, and accomplished gentleman, who had been abroad the past year, and who evidently did not intend to relinquish his claim. He also saw that the cousins had many tastes in common; that he was a description of mentor whom she always consulted, and on whose knowledge she was content to rely.

In a little while the rivalry grew bitter; questions of precedence were argued with heat underneath the forms of courtesy, and on occasion the antagonism of the cousin was evinced in an allusion to the war. To a general remark of its ruinous result to the South, Mr. Laurence remarked, "They drew the sword without reason, and they must abide the arbitrament of war."

This drew George's fire, and the difference between the sections was typical in the disputants. To the cool, unimpassioned argument of Laurence, George opposed the Southern heat; and he finally lost all self-control, and said in an undertone, "I wish it had been my fortune to have met you in the war, sir."

"I should have been glad to have met you as I met other rebels," returned Mr. Laurence; and George left the house in a towering passion.

When on the appointed Sunday George drove to the place of meeting, and assisted the nursery-maid in the carriage, and devoted himself to her, he forgot the past week's anger or jealousy, and rested in the present. The little maid was very attractive in her neat attire, with the light that ever is on sea or land in her tender eyes. Her evident enjoyment of the ride, her naive expressions of delight, and artless confidence in him appealed to his higher nature. As they rode through the moonlight, she told him her simple history, with its joys and griefs, while in her country home; and parting was sweet sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.

ALFRED LAURENCE had loved his cousin from childhood, and had never doubted her partiality for himself; but her manner toward this interloping Southerner was a blow to his hopes as well as his pride. He was naturally proud and egotistical, and he had relied too much on the influence he exercised over her girlhood. He had returned from Europe, tired of wandering,

and with a determination to marry her; and he believed that her acceptance waited upon his offer. His hatred of George grew daily, and he determined to examine the antecedents of this dashing son of the South. This was an easy task, as George had fully described his home, but had avoided any allusion to his poverty. Laurence despatched a young lawyer to Gwinnett, Ga., the place described, and found that George's statements were entirely correct; but that the neighbors, while expressing the greatest esteem for him, deplored his poverty, stating that his father had used up the property; that George had nothing when the war broke out, and they sincerely hoped he would find some lucrative employment in the North.

This opened a field of conjecture. How had he acquired this wealth? for Mr. Benson had described him as a wealthy Southerner who had employed him to invest a large amount in stocks. Did he gamble? "I will have him watched;" and from that day George was shadowed.

But red blood wins while caution weaves nets, and one evening George gave vent to his jealousy.

"You seem to idolize your cousin," he said, with a sneer.

"I idolize no one," Miss Bogart replied; "but I do esteem him highly; he has been my friend from childhood. And why should I not love my own cousin?" and her proud head rose ominously.

"Oh, I grant that! Who wouldn't be proud to serve you? But I cannot see the fascination in an iceberg. He detests me, and I can see his influence over you; you are growing cold," said George, with decision.

"You are mistaken," she returned. "I do consider you a friend, but you must not abuse Cousin Alf."

"Only a friend," he said, bitterly, and rose, pale and agitated. "I had hoped for something more—your love; but I will sue no longer. If you cannot love me I will go, for I will not live in this uncertainty; he or I must go. You give me to understand that your cousin must be held sacred. So be it; I will go. Farewell!" and he held out his hand.

A gorgeous wave of color suffused her cheek, then faded. She bowed her head in silent acquiescence as he held her hand, and he had reached the hall-door when he heard

a sob. He turned to hear, "George, George, come back!"

He had selected a cluster of diamonds with a pendant of large size for the jeweler's skill. The set was duly forwarded to Miss Bogart, and her rapture was a full repayment for the feeling involved. In fact, as she stood by his side, looking an entire language, her dewy lips trembling with gratification and pride, he took other reward, and she did not chide when the offense was repeated.

Her father had not been unobservant, and he was not surprised at George's request for an interview. The suitor's modest, manly demeanor befitted the occasion, and he intimated to George that as Ella had had her way all her life, without much injury, so far as he could see, it would be futile now to oppose her desire. "Nor," said the father, "do I desire to. I like you for yourself, and wish you both happiness."

But the news of the engagement stunned Laurence for a time. He had not anticipated such a rapid advance, and it inspired a determination to crush the successful rival. He renewed his investigation of George's course after Lee's surrender, and by the keen scent of detectives he was able to follow him from the army to a farm where he had applied for work; to the cars at Farmville, where he was a ragged soldier; and here the patience and perseverance of the detective was rewarded by a full detail of the presentation of the gold-piece, "which has always been a wonder to me," prattled the agent, "fur how could a half-starved soldier save a twenty-dollar gold-piece, when nothing but Confed. scrip had been seen for years? That's what gets me."

Then at Richmond he traced his purchase of clothing and the tender of a second gold-piece; then to New York, where a third was changed; and then his wanderings were traced to Mr. Benson's office.

The next step was to call on Mr. Benson and obtain his assistance; but here Laurence was foiled, for while Mr. Benson acknowledged that although they knew but little of his previous life, yet that little was in his favor, and it did not concern him whether George had received a legacy, or how his money had been obtained; his face was reference enough, and he flatly refused to oppose the match in any possible manner. He said, "You have ascertained that his account of his birth and parentage is true to

the letter. You see a fine, manly fellow, who fought for long years; you see that Ella loves him dearly;”—here Laurence grew rigid—“and I see that he is well-off, for I have made a fortune for him. So, my dear fellow, you had better submit to the inevitable, and seek a less obdurate pair. The land is packed with sleeping-beauties, who await with one eye open the coming prince.”

The personal surveillance of George's daily movements was better rewarded. He was followed to the park, shadowed when he left with the nursery-maid, and watched when they parted. When the record was given to Laurence his eyes dilated with triumph. “Now I have him,” he said, and dictated this note:—

“MISS BOGART.—I am compelled by the regard I have for your father to inform you that the Mr. Christian with whom I have so often seen you is extremely impartial in his associations. He is in the habit of meeting a pretty nursery-maid at night in the park. This intimacy has been growing all summer.
A WELL-WISHER.”

This was mailed, and he awaited developments.

When Miss Bogart received this note she was engaged writing an invitation to George to accompany her to a private concert. The scene she had witnessed when riding with him rushed back to memory, and she grew cold with suspicion and dismay. She continued writing her note, but added this postscript, “I must see you at once about another matter. Come here this afternoon.”

When George entered the room she put aside his caressing arm, and quietly said, “Sit down and read this note.”

For a moment his head whirled. The full nature of the discovery prompted a denial. “It's a lie!”

“But, George,” she sadly said, “I saw that girl look at you as no woman ever looks at a man unless he has given her cause, and you must tell the truth.”

Tortured beyond endurance by the fear of losing her, and rage against the party who had exposed him, he swore that he had been faithful, although he had flirted a little with the girl before he had met her. His earnestness and passion soothed and pleased her immensely—for what woman is not too willing to excuse her lover?—and he finally

prevailed upon her to regard the note as the effort of some enemy. But whom? She indignantly refused to credit her cousin with the act, and what person could be his or her enemy?

She agreed to consider it a libel and to forget it. He left with a determination to find and punish the disturber of her peace and his hope. He never swerved from the belief that the cousin was the motive power, and he suspected the manner of procedure. A note was at once sent to Kate appointing an interview at another place. When they met he asked if she had ever noticed that she was watched.

“Yes,” she replied, “and I have received this note;” and she handed him a note in which his engagement to Miss Bogart was asserted, and she was told to draw her own inference as to the object of George's intimacy with one of her station. “I felt that this was true before I received this,” the poor girl said, tearfully, “and I know you are untrue to me. Why did you make me love you so?”

Her grief alarmed him, and he endeavored to check the tide of agony, and only succeeded, when in a burst of despair, he exclaimed, “I wish to God I were dead!”

Then all the woman woke. She forgot her wrong, seeing only the suffering of the one she loved, and she begged him to treat with contempt “the mean thing who wrote this to trouble me.” He got a description of the man she had noticed following her, and when they parted both felt tenderer than before.

She reasoned, “He loves me the best,” which is the woman's crown; and his thought, as he slowly walked to his hotel, was, “She is as lovely as Ella, and ten times as loving.”

CHAPTER V.

A GRAND entertainment was given by Mrs. Benson, and her two favorites, George and Ella, were present. Mr. Laurence was also a guest, and observing the diamond brooch which George had presented, asked who had given it to her. She told him, and he lifted the pendant to examine it carefully. “It is very handsome,” he said at last, with a puzzled expression that surprised the hearer; and soon afterward he left.

Before he slept that night he had written a letter which contained this extract: "What became of the Anne of Austria tag you valued so highly? I fear there must be duplicates, for I saw a stone to-night the very double of the one you considered unique. Write on receipt."

The answer arrived in due time, and read: "The Anne of Austria diamond was given by me to the lost cause in response to a call on the women of the South. I was glad to send my mite, and I hope the proceeds of its sale helped some of our poor boys. What can you mean by a duplicate stone? There cannot be another, unless it is an imitation. Mine is real, for I have the papers to prove its history."

Upon the receipt of this, Laurence called at Mr. Benson's, where he knew his cousin and her affianced were to spend the evening. When the time seemed propitious he quietly said, "Ella, I must request you not to wear that brooch publicly; there is a doubt involved."

She looked toward George, who grew white as he sternly said, "I gave Ella that brooch, sir, and I would like to know what doubt of the stones you entertain?"

"I do not dispute the genuineness of the diamonds, but the ownership of them, or one of them," Laurence said, coldly.

George flashed out: "What do you mean to insinuate? Speak out!"

"I intend to do so," said Laurence, calmly. "This tag, Ella," said he, holding it up, "has a history. It was given by Anne, Queen of France, to Buckingham. The story runs that Richelieu, being informed of the fact, employed an agent to cut this tag from the pin while the Duke was attending a ball in England, and to forward it to him. The Cardinal next suggested to the King to ask the Queen to wear the pin or brooch, a gift of the King, at an approaching festival. The King did so request, or command, and the Queen, who was aware that she was indebted to the Cardinal for this royal interference, despatched a trusted agent to England to inform the Duke of her dilemma, and to request the return of the ornament. The Duke, upon examination, found a tag missing, and surmised the reason. He sent at once for the royal jeweler, and ordered a tag to be added, but was told that it would be necessary to unite two diamonds to make a perfect copy. It was sent to the Queen, and

reached her in time for her need. At the party—so the story runs—the Cardinal drew near the royal pair, saying, 'Your majesty's brooch needs a tag, I fear.' 'How so?' rejoined the Queen. 'They are all here.' The Cardinal counted them and realized that he was defeated. 'Then her majesty will permit me to offer her an extra tag,' and the cardinal bowed gracefully out. The point of this story is this: The tag which Buckingham had made is a reality, and was brought to the United States by an inherited owner, pawned in New Orleans, sold to an intimate friend of mine, and this is it! Now, sir, will you be kind enough to tell me how you became the owner of this diamond tag?"

The hour had come and the man. George stood erect and said: "I might refuse to answer a question so offensively asked, but for Ella's sake I shall not hesitate. This pendant is probably the one you allude to, although its history is new to me, and to all others except the narrator, I presume. I came into possession of it honorably after it was donated to the Confederate cause. It was mine to keep or to give; but if any owner, save the lady now wearing it, can prove the right to reclaim it, I shall be ready to discuss the matter with him."

"It is also said," continued Laurence, "that a number of jewels were missed on the flight of the Confederate army, and it is probable that this tag was among the collection of ornaments dragged from Southern women by the necessities of the chivalry. But I assure you, Ella, that I am delighted to find it in your possession. I merely question the former ownership, and I think I shall be able to trace all of those jewels in time;" and he left the room.

Consternation ruled over the by-play of etiquette, and the party soon separated. On the way home Miss Bogart remarked coldly:

"It is very strange that you should be involved in so many suspicions; first about a nursery-maid, then your right to jewels which you presented to me seems to be questioned, and your account of ownership is evidently unsatisfactory to my cousin, who"——

Here human nature could endure no added hair, and George finished her sentence with an enforced calmness that proved the intensity of his anger. "Who is a low hound, unworthy to be tolerated in decent society. Be assured, Ella, that I shall not attempt to

vindicate myself for his benefit. I only answered him for your sake, and you may choose between us now and here. I do not propose to have this cousin forever pressing his claim between the lady I wish to marry and myself."

With a moment's hesitation the lady answered, "My cousin is a gentleman, and always my friend; and I think I had better return this brooch. I shall never wear it again; I feel humiliated."

"I have said all that I care to say," he rejoined. "If you loved me, the accusation of your cousin would have roused a natural indignation at the public insult." They had now reached the house, and he saw that she trembled with emotion, so with a formal bow they parted.

In the *New York Herald* of a few days later date there appeared this item:—

" 'When Greek meets Greek,
Then comes the tug of war!'

"Yesterday morning the good citizens of the metropolis who happened to be in the vicinity of the Astor House were treated to a first class horsewhipping entertainment, embellished with cuts. A young Southerner "laid for" a well-known society man, and exhibited the native ferocity of the tropics in the most convincing manner. The exquisitely gotten up New Yorker was badly disorganized, and when the child of the Sunny South had done with him, his clothing would have driven Robert Macarie mad with envy; for in spite of a vigorous resistance, our society lion was, to use the expression of a Western bystander, 'considerably chewed up.' We understand that there was a lady in the case. When is there not?"

With one more letter this history closes. A few days after George had systematically flogged Mr. Laurence he received this note:—

"I return the brooch, and with it all the associations of the past year. I can never forget you, but I cannot continue to believe in you. It is all so strange; I have always

felt as if an invisible power held me back, even when I loved you most. George, I did love you; you alone could disenchant me. I have known that your statement with regard to that servant-girl was untrue, and why should I believe your other assertions? Do not consider this resolve the result of momentary anger, although I have heard of your encounter with my cousin, and I feel that the blows were struck at the family. Please return my ring and believe that long after you have forgotten this episode I shall remember and grieve. ELLA BOGART."

When this parcel reached George, he bowed his head on the table and wept inward tears. The whole past rose up before him: the golden find, the joy, the meeting with Miss Bogart—a kaleidoscopic mosaic of joy and suffering during the past year. The twilight fell like a benediction, but he still sat lost in unavailing regrets. He never questioned the finality of her decision; he knew her too well to suppose that any impulse would override her reason, and he regarded her as simply dead. The hatred of the cousin and his probable success did not trouble him; all small things seemed to lose gravity in the face of this last blow. He wondered if Laurence had discovered the manner of his obtaining the jewels and money, and felt that he cared but little if the whole world knew the particulars. Everything seemed small, contemptible and worthless, himself included. Benson had defended him and approved of the thrashing, yet of that he felt half ashamed, since he knew that Laurence would not call him out. Then he thought of Kitty, and seizing his hat walked rapidly toward the park.

"There she is, the primrose, bless her sweet face!" And seeing, with a delight beyond expression, the constant love-light in her eyes, he bent and kissed her in broad daylight, saying to the astonished, glorified girl: "Kitty, all but you have left me."

She looked upward into his eyes the blue into the gray—and taking his hand in both of hers, said simply, "You are all mine now; we will never part."

ROGER HOWLAND'S DISGUISE.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"Fine feathers make fine birds."

TWENTY years had passed since Joseph Harrison and Philip Howland fished and hunted and were schoolmates together in Brier Hollow. Since they had left the happy valley of boyhood, time had wrought important changes in their lives. Joseph inherited his father's farm, and still lived there, while Philip, exulting in youthful ambition, went into the city, and by favoring circumstances became a millionaire.

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Howland held an animated conversation with their son Roger, a tall, handsome collegian, about his going into the country to spend his summer vacation.

"Brier Hollow will be just the place for you," said Mr. Howland to Roger. "It's a quiet little town among the hills; you'll have an abundance of game there, and a good river for fishing and boating."

"I'd like it,—to go into a real country village," exclaimed Roger enthusiastically. "It will be a grand change."

The next mail carried a letter from Mr. Howland to his early friend Joseph Harrison, asking if his son could be received into his family, and offering liberal compensation for his board.

Mr. Harrison replied immediately. It would give him and his family exceeding pleasure to have Roger with them, and they would give him a warm welcome. His letter ended thus: "We live where we used, in the old house well repaired, a mile up the road."

A week later, Roger left the city in an early express train. As he began his journey, his lively fancy painted gorgeous pictures of golden sunsets, singing birds and flowers; of picnic parties, sporting pleasures, and his head was filled with delightful anticipations of the cordial greeting, and sumptuous supper awaiting him on his arrival at the Harrison's home.

At a way station, a pale, serious-looking young man entered the car where Roger was. They were college classmates, and their meeting was a surprise and pleasure to both.

"Why, Paul Willis! where did you come from?" inquired Roger, eagerly.

"From Kentucky. I went there to sell maps. I—I'm just recovering from ague," with chattering teeth, and a shiver.

"You shake dreadfully, Paul. You are not clothed half warm enough. You'd better put on your overcoat."

"Haven't any. These are the warmest and best clothes I have. They are shabby, I know, but a sick fellow, without a cent beforehand, can't dress very fine. Where are you going, Roger?"

"To Brier Hollow. I'm going to pass my vacation at Mr. Harrison's, an old friend of father's."

"I'm going to Brier Hollow, too. My grandmother lives there," rejoined Paul.

The train dashed swiftly on for an hour, and then slackened its speed and stopped. There was no station at that place, and the passengers were full of anxious questions. A train had "run off the track before them, and one of the rails was broken," was the information given by the polite conductor.

Several men were employed in repairing the track, and during the detention, Roger and Paul left the train, and went and sat down on a flat rock in the warm sunshine, behind some low pine trees.

Despite the warm loving sun rays, Paul every now and then shivered with a chill.

"You are freezing," said Roger, pityingly. "My clothes are twice as warm as yours. You put on mine, and I'll take yours, and call it an even bargain." Paul laughed merrily.

"My suit wouldn't fit you within a mile. I've outgrown these clothes, and they are full of patches and mending."

"No matter," returned Roger decidedly, "I've four good suits in my trunk, and you must exchange with me. You'll never get clothes cheaper."

In a few moments each was clad in the clothes of the other; even hats were exchanged, and Paul laughed heartily at the comical appearance Roger presented. He was taller than his friend, and the old pants did not cover his ankles, and his sleeves were four inches from his wrists. Change of clothes had transformed him outwardly, into a very ill-looking fellow.

Half an hour later, the train was again in

motion, and arrived at Brier Hollow in the middle of the afternoon.

Roger and Paul parted. Roger left his trunk at the station, and followed the turnpike road which brought him to Mr. Harrison's house. He pulled the bell, and Mary Harrison, a bright, rosy girl of fifteen, opened the door.

"Is Mr. Harrison at home?" politely inquired Roger.

"Yes," answered Mary, and a long silence ensued.

He waited for an invitation to enter the house. None came, and he lifted his foot towards the threshold of the door, as if intending to go in, but stepped back when Mary half closed the door, and fixed her pretty blue eyes suspiciously upon him.

"We do not wish to buy anything," she said, hesitatingly.

"I've nothing to sell; I'm not a pedler," returned Roger, much amused. "I only wish to speak with Mr. Harrison."

Mary left him and went through the hall and disappeared, and her words came distinctly to Roger's ears.

"Father, a queer-looking fellow at the door wishes to see you. He says he isn't a pedler. I guess he wants to get work."

"Tell him I've all the help I need," replied Mr. Harrison. "I can't see him; I'm busy."

Mary returned in a moment.

"Father cannot see you now," she said, pleasantly. "If it's work you wish to talk with him about, he has all the hands he needs."

"Oh, he'll take me!" exclaimed Roger, confidently.

Mary vouchsafed no answer, and greatly surprised and perplexed, Roger sat down on the door-step as if it were his purpose to remain.

Soon Mr. Harrison presented himself. He was weary from hard labor, and in an extremely irritable mood.

"Mr. Harrison, I suppose," said Roger, rising and bowing.

"Yes; what do you want?" gruffly.

"I am the son of your old friend—"

"I don't care whose son you are," interrupted Mr. Harrison, impatiently. "What's your business with me?"

"My name is"—

"No matter what your name is. What do you want? I can't stand here all day talking; out with it."

A deep crimson color mounted swiftly to Roger's face, and for an instant his eyes blazed with hot anger. Instead of the ardent, affectionate welcome he had fondly anticipated from the Harrison family, he had been rudely repulsed. If he had come dressed in fashionably cut clothes, with dainty necktie and gloves, a shower of ardent welcomes would have descended upon him; but his shabby clothes had led them into the belief that he was a vagabond. Anger gave quickly the way to keen amusement, and he resolved, since he was taken for a tramp, to act the part of one, and enjoy the results.

"Mr. Harrison," he said, in pretended mournful entreaty, "I've traveled on foot a long distance. My stomach is quite empty. Would you mind giving me some supper?"

"Will you work to pay for what you eat?"

"Yes, sir; I'll do anything."

"Mary, give this chap something to eat;" and turning to Roger, he added, "When you are through eating, come into the field and help my men cock hay an hour."

Mary brought Roger a large bowl of bread and milk, which he ate with a great relish, sitting upon the steps.

"I wonder if he's going to swallow bowl and spoon, too," came from someone out of sight inside the house.

When his meal was over he went into the hay-field, and Mr. Harrison gave him a rake to form the hay into cocks.

"You don't act as though you are much used to work," remarked Abel, the man.

"I've never done farm work before," replied Roger, modestly.

After the hay was in cocks Roger returned to the house. Mr. Harrison was there before him, talking with his wife.

"Is my supper paid for now?" inquired Roger, smiling.

"Yes, all is square between us. Glad to see you'd rather work than beg."

"Indeed I had, sir." A mischievous twinkle flashed into Roger's eyes as he said, slowly, "I haven't a place to lay my head. If you'll let me stay over night I'll work all day to-morrow to pay for it."

"We can't; we don't take in travelers."

"Do keep me one night; one night only," beseechingly.

"We cannot," spoke Mrs. Harrison, for the first time. "Every bed is in use, except one in reserve for a young man from New York."

"I'm from New York, lady. Please tell me the name of the young man you expect. Possibly I may be acquainted with him."

"Roger Howland will hardly be numbered among *your* acquaintances," and she laughed greatly at the absurd idea.

"Roger Howland is a good friend of mine. We've been friends for years; firm friends as can be found."

"That's a likely story! Ha, ha!"

"It's *true*; and if Roger *was* born with a silver spoon in his mouth he isn't a bit better looking, or any more of a gentleman than I am, and if we should swap clothes this minute I shouldn't gain a penny by it; upon my word, I shouldn't."

"Husband, do hear this fellow run on," impatiently.

"You'd better go now," said Mr. Harrison, commandingly.

"Don't know where to go," in a distressed, whimpering tone. "Surely, you wouldn't begrudge a poor fellow a night's rest in your barn, would you?"

"Be off; clear out."

"Oh, father, mother, do let him have the cot in the attic! It's cruel to turn him off so," pleaded Mary, in sweet, pitiful accents.

"No, he can't stay on my premises."

Mary slipped into the pantry, and brought out two nice apple-turnovers and put them into Roger's hand, saying, "I'm very sorry for you. If you go to Jacob Dødd's, around the corner, I guess they'll take you in."

"Thank you kindly, miss," wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "I hope somebody'll have pity on me."

Roger walked off down the road. His pent-up feelings of merriment could no longer be restrained. He was in high glee, and a long, hearty burst of laughter sounded over the fields, which came back to Mary, as she stood in the door-way, watching his retreating figure. She was greatly surprised.

"Father," said she, "he didn't care because you didn't keep him. He's been laughing as hard as ever he could all the way down the road."

"There's something strange about him. I'm glad he's gone. I believe he's a little wrong in the upper story," said Mrs. Harrison, nervously.

A walk of five minutes brought Roger to Mrs. Willis's, Paul's grandmother. He was in grand spirits, and gave a glowing account to Paul of what had occurred since they separated. He was strongly urged to re-

main and visit with them. Paul sent for his trunk, and the two college friends passed three days very happily together.

Meanwhile, the Harrison family were in surprise and wonder at the non-appearance of Roger, and when Mr. Murray, an acquaintance of the Howland family, called and inquired at their door for Roger Howland, he was informed that he had not come.

"I met him on the train," said Mr. Murray. "It was Wednesday, and he told me he was on his way to your house."

"How does he look?" asked Mrs. Harrison, a good deal troubled.

"He is tall and good-looking, with dark hair and eyes. When I saw him he had just changed clothes with a sick, shivering young man, and they were having plenty of fun over it."

The moment Mr. Murray was out of hearing, Mrs. Harrison clasped her hands in horror, and cried: "I'm afraid that queer-looking fellow we took for a tramp was Roger Howland. I'm sure of it!"

"It was Wednesday he was here," added Mr. Harrison, in dismay, "and I made him work for his supper, and I refused even to let him have a night's rest in my barn."

"We thought he was a tramp, and that was what made him laugh so when he went off. Oh dear, it is dreadful, the way he was treated!" burst from Mary, in sore distress.

Mr. Harrison went with swift feet to the village hotel; but Roger Howland had not been there, and he could gain no trace of their summer boarder.

Sunday came. A rich, bright day, when nature was peuring forth, prodigally, her treasures of blossom and leaf. The bell from the church steeple pealed out its note of invitation to the sanctuary.

Mr. Harrison, his wife, and Mary entered the church, and soon after Mrs. Willis, Paul, and a stranger came in and took seats near them. The latter glanced with a curious interest towards them, and encountered three pairs of eyes fixed searchingly upon him, and a partial smile flitted over his face.

After the services Mrs. Harrison inquired of Mrs. Willis the name of their visitor.

"Roger Howland," was the answer.

There were no end of lamentations in the Harrison family, and Mr. Harrison and Mary called at Mrs. Willis's house and inquired for Roger. Mr. Harrison begged his pardon for his rudeness and unkindness, and entreated him to return to his house.

"Oh, it was a capital joke!" returned Roger, laughing. "I was rigged up in old clothes that did not fit. No wonder you did not recognize me under such a disguise;" and, turning to Mary, he added, with gentle delicacy, "The turnovers you gave me were delicious, and *your* tender sympathy gave me sunshine and courage."

At the close of the week Roger Howland went to Mr. Harrison's. Swiftly flew the weeks; his fond dreams of country life were fully realized, and a panorama of pleasure in Mary's society was daily unrolled.

When the summer was ended Roger returned to college and renewed his studies with increased interest and ambition; while Mary entered a young ladies' seminary, and in the rich opportunities for improvement which crowded upon her she found the summit of her ambitious longings.

Five years came and went, and one bright June morning, when the earth was covered with bloom and loveliness, Roger Howland was again on the turnpike road, going to Mr. Harrison's. This time he rode in a fine carriage, and wore a fashionable suit of clothes, with dainty necktie and gloves. Mary hurried to the door to receive him. She was a beautiful girl, of rare gifts and graces of mind and heart, unspoiled by society. They met in long, tender embrace, with ardent outpourings of love. In the afternoon a clergyman and other invited friends arrived. A solemn marriage service was performed, and two hearts were made supremely happy; two lives were united forever, when Roger Howland and Mary Harrison were pronounced "husband and wife."

A DEAD SHOT.

THE following singular story is perhaps worth putting on record because the narrative is strictly true.

In the year 1801, a fine old Jacobean house, known as Chatford House, situated on the borders of Devon and Somerset, England, was in the occupation of a Mr. Edward Leggett, a wealthy farmer, and his two sons. The house, like many of its class, had originally been built so that its ground-plan formed the letter E, a centre, with projecting doorway, and two wings. Over the projecting doorway was a room which went by the name of the "Oratory," probably on account of its large, projecting bay-window, which gave it somewhat of an ecclesiastical appearance, and from this window a view could be obtained on all sides.

Mr. Leggett possessed a large quantity of very fine old massive silver-plate, which was placed in one of the storerooms, strongly secured and locked, in one of the wings referred to. It was supposed that he had also a considerable sum of money locked up with the plate, as banking was not so common in remote country-places in those days.

Now it happened that, on the 23d of April, 1801, Mr. Leggett and his two sons had to attend a neighboring cattle-fair, and had proposed to sleep in the town instead of returning home the same night; but a

good customer having arranged to complete a purchase early the next morning, Mr. Leggett's eldest son, George, came back to Chatford very late and went quietly to bed; but the worry of the fair, and anxiety about to-morrow's purchase, prevented his sleeping. While restlessly tossing about from side to side, young Leggett heard the house clock strike two, and just after became aware of a peculiar grating noise, apparently under his window. To jump up and cautiously and silently open the casement was the work of a minute. It was a cloudy moonlight night, just light enough to show objects imperfectly, but enough for George Leggett to observe the figures of two men close to the door in the angle immediately below, on which they were apparently operating with some cutting tool, which had produced the grating noise he had heard. George, who was a young man of great intelligence, quick judgment, and ready resource, instantly comprehending the situation, took his measures accordingly. He happened to be a member of the county yeomanry cavalry, and catching up his carbine and some ball cartridges, he silently left the room, and proceeding down the corridor—loading his carbine as he went along—soon reached the "Oratory" room over the porch, whence he could see straight down on to the door, which was then right

in front of him. Silently opening the case-ment, he made a careful survey of the position, which a passing ray of moonlight enabled him to take in at a glance.

At the little white-painted door were the two men, whose dark figures were well thrown up by so light a background. One was stooping or kneeling, and the other was standing close behind him, their backs, of course, being turned towards their observer. Putting his carbine carefully on the window-sill, after a deliberate aim, Leggett pressed the trigger. A loud shriek and a stifled cry followed; then all was still. Leggett stood intently watching the spot for several moments, but profound silence prevailed—not a sound was heard, not a movement was perceptible. The only other man in the house was the groom, who was quickly roused; and lanterns having been procured, he and Leggett repaired to the spot, and were not a little staggered to find both burglars lying dead. The hand of one of them grasped a very large steel centre-bit, with which he had been operating on the door. Subsequent surgical investigation showed that the bullet had struck the back of the first man, passing through his heart, and had then entered the head of the man who was stooping or kneeling in front of him, just behind the ear, lodging in the brain. The bodies were at once removed in-doors; and at the inquest, held the next day, the following particulars were elicited:—

By the side of the dead man was found a leather traveling portmanteau, containing a highly finished and elaborate set of house-breaking tools, together with a piece of candle and a preparation of phosphorous for obtaining a light—as it is needless to say that lucifer matches were unknown in 1801, their place being supplied by the old-fashioned flint and steel and tinder-box, articles not available for burglars' use. Each man was armed with a brace of pocket pistols,

loaded and primed; and one of them carried a formidable-looking dagger, fitted into the breast of his coat, clearly showing that these ruffians were prepared to offer a desperate resistance if interrupted or molested. They were both well-dressed, and had quite the appearance of gentlemen; each possessed a good watch and seals, and carried a well-filled purse. One only had a pocket-book, containing many papers, chiefly relating to money matters and betting transactions; but only one letter, which, however, proved of immense importance in throwing light on the lives and characters of the deceased burglars, and in telling the story of the attempted robbery. The letter was addressed to "Mr. John Bellamy," at an address in Shoreditch, London, and was dated from Roxburn, the name of a large neighboring farm, and bore the initials "J. P.," which, with the writing, were at once recognized at the inquest as those of "James Palmer," the managing bailiff at Roxburn Farm, a clever and unscrupulous fellow, without any regard for truth or principle, well-known in those parts, but a man whom nobody liked, and everybody distrusted. This communication was in these few but significant words: "The 23d will do best; coast clear, no fear, all straight.—J. P."

This letter, with the tools and a full report of the whole case, was at once sent to Bow Street, London, and an investigation made by the "Bow Street runners"—the detectives of those days—for there were then no regular "police," as we now understand the term. On searching the premises in Shoreditch, indicated in the letter, where John Bellamy lived, it was discovered that the supposed John Bellamy was no other than "Jack Rolfe," one of the most successful professional burglars of that day; and the authorities hesitated not to express their satisfaction that his career had been so cleverly cut short.

ISABEL.

BURNS has sung of "Highland Mary,"
 "Phillis fair," or "Bonnie Jean";
 Sweeter still the flowing numbers,
 Could he but have seen my queen—
 Isabel! Isabel!

Isabel! Her eyes so tender
 Glow with feeling, dance with glee,
 Ev'ry passing thought revealing;
 And their love-light shines for me—
 Isabel! Isabel!

Hair in red-gold ripples shadeth
 Cheeks where smiles and dimples play
 Round sweet lips whose silver music
 Echoes in my heart alway—
 Isabel! Isabel!

Robed in Nature's royal purple,
 Well its grace her life displays;
 Maiden purity her girdle,
 Love the sceptre that she sways—
 Isabel! Isabel!

RALPH SINGLETON'S PROTEGE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOT once did Mr. Westerly think that he was upon a fool's errand, although the carriage, without deviating from its way, took the most direct route to the city. He had implicit faith in his own knowledge of Miss Dempster's character, and could not have been easily persuaded that his ideas of her were incorrect. So, unweariedly, he followed the vehicle to the city, and for two hours after, pursued it from street to street; up one, down another; and a third, and so on, until it made its way into a wretched neighborhood where the houses were dim and filthy, and the atmosphere was choked and poisonous. Here it stopped for awhile, although to no purpose, and then the coachman turned his horses about and drove back to the clear, wide streets again. Near Broadway, Miss Dempster alighted from the carriage followed by Jig. Taking her by the hand, she joined the crowd, and for a little while Mr. Westerly lost sight of them.

At his own office (he was a lawyer by profession, although the inheritor of a large fortune) he stopped long enough to give his horse in charge of the errand boy, and then went forward on foot. Once more he caught sight of Miss Dempster's keen, determined face. It was more fearful than ever in its expression. Jig was still beside her, but she no longer held her hand, as they went, and the crowd was constantly dividing them, one from the other. They came to the corner of a street, and the great tide of people surged back and forth between and around them. Miss Dempster glancing about her quickly, darted down the street, and Jig was left. A fearful exclamation fell from Mr. Westerly's lips as he sprang forward, and caught the frightened child by the hand.

"I thought I was lost!" said she, clinging to him. "I didn't want to come here, among all these people—I was afraid of old daddy, and I said so."

"There are worse people under the sun, than that old reprobate!" retorted Westerly, his face paling with anger as he spoke.

"Where is Miss Dempster?" asked Jig.

"Down on her knees, in the chapel garden, I should hope," was the quick reply. "Don't

trouble yourself about her. I will take you home, myself. She'll be happy to see you, without doubt. She probably believes that you are lost."

Jig did not answer, but clung more closely than ever to his hand. For the next few moments she appeared to be in a deep study; and not till she was in Mr. Westerly's office, did she venture to speak. Then she asked, seriously, as if her whole life depended upon the answer:—

"Did she want to lose me, Mr. Westerly?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Where did you get that idea?" he asked, smiling.

But his manner of speaking was answer enough for her. She did not repeat the question. How full her heart grew at that moment! She had seen much of the world, but never before, anything which seemed so strange to her, anything which so shocked her. Mr. Westerly watched her attentively. For once he could not read her face plainly. Why was it? Was she less of the child than he had thought? less of the child and more of the woman? Her face seemed to deepen in its expression while he looked upon it.

"Never mind," he said, gently. "Let this thought go entirely from your mind. I will find Jack, and you can talk with him for an hour; then I will get a fast team and we will drive home. Will that do?"

"Yes," was the low reply, which troubled more than it pleased Mr. Westerly.

However deeply Jig was troubled by Miss Dempster's conduct, it was to all appearances forgotten when she met Jack. He had changed so much in a few months' time, that at first she hardly knew him. His dress bore evidence of taste and care, and his bearing was more quiet, like that of people in better life, than when she last parted from him. They sat down together, side by side, and Mr. Westerly went to another part of the office, that they might converse without restraint or fear.

"Tell me about the old alley," Jig said, after they had been together a few moments. "Do daddy and mammy hunt after me?"

Jack's eyes brightened. "Yes, and they will as long as they live, and they say so, too! He almost caught you that night that Mr.

Westerly found you, for it was him in good earnest, and nobody else."

"Did Elsa and her aunt think that he had me; and did you think so, too?"

"Yes, until Mr. Westerly came. You see, I waited around awhile for you, and then cut for the city. Old Israel got to the alley just as I did, and swore that he knew what I had been about, and that he would beat my brains out. I tried to get into my place and he stopped me. I dodged into old Suke's room and she put me under the bed, just where she did you. It was like a red-hot oven, but I stood it without a groan or whimper. I guess I did almost as well as you did. Old Suke kept telling me all the time what was going on; that Old Israel was going to kill me; and that he would put me in jail for helping you off, and a great deal more that I can't remember, now, but that I thought enough of then."

"Suke was good, then!" put in Jig, shrugging her shoulders as she spoke.

"Suke was like a major in standing by me," was the rejoinder. "She told lies enough for the two days that I was there, to kill a common person; but she didn't seem to mind it at all. But the best of it was, Jig, somebody ran off with Old Israel's money; every cent of it! Was it you?"

"*Me!*" exclaimed Jig, starting up. "I hope you don't take me for a thief, Jack Farley! I"—

"But who blames you if you did take it, I'd like to know?" interrupted the boy. "Didn't you work for it—and wasn't it yours more than it was theirs?"

"I don't care if it was, I didn't steal it," protested Jig, warmly. "I tell you, I don't steal!"

"And I tell you that nobody cared if you did!" answered Jack. "It was a good thing on the old rascal. You ought to have heard him tear round; it was worse than a thunder-storm, snow-storm, and hail-storm, altogether. He swore hard enough to rip every house in Boston up by the roots!"

Jig held up both hands. "I'm glad I wasn't there," she said. "What did old Suke say?"

"Oh, she didn't say much, only tooted now and then, and said that she knew—that old Suke knew. That made him swear all the harder; first it was about the money, and then it was about you. It would have been a hard one for you, if he had got his hand on you, then!"

"Ah, but he *didn't!*" answered Jig, with an emphatic nod of the head, "and he never will again, so long as I live."

"And you look out that he don't! I tell you what it is, you must look out for yourself when you come into the city. I dare say he will get as far as this on the search for you; and if you do get into his clutches again, it won't be the easiest thing in the world to get away. I don't believe he'd ever go back to Boston with you; and if he did, there would be no one to help you."

"I know it," was the half-sorrowful answer, "nobody but old Suke, and I don't believe she'd dare, again."

"Yes, she would, if she got a chance; she hates them with all her might; they let her baby die, ever and ever so long ago! It starved, she said, and they wouldn't help it; and she was sick. I wouldn't wonder if she stole Old Israel's money, after all!"

To this sudden exclamation, Jig made no reply; although she knew well enough where Old Israel's money had gone.

"I believe you think so too," added Jack, laughing. "Never mind, I don't care, and I wouldn't tell of her at any rate. She was too good to me, for that. When I was under the bed, waiting for a chance to get off, I used to keep saying: 'Don't tell him where I am, Suke; help me out of this, and I'll be as good to you, sometime.' And so I will, if I live."

"But how did you get away at last?" inquired Jig, glancing up, as she spoke, to find Mr. Westerly's eyes fixed upon her face.

"Oh, Elsa came out with her aunt in the carriage to see about you, and old Suke told them where I was. Better believe I was glad enough to get out from under that bed. I didn't think when you were under there, that I should have to try it so soon. It wasn't the pounding that I cared for; but I wasn't quite sure about the jail business; and I knew if I *did* get boxed up for four or five years that I was a ruined boy! But I got clear of the old alley; and hadn't been out to Mrs. Jennings's house but a few days, when Mr. Westerly came to ask about you; to find out what Elsa knew about you," Jack added, seeing a wondering look upon Jig's face.

"And he brought you to New York?"

"Yes and got me place in a printing-office, where I get along tip-top. Besides he hears my lessons three times a week—and lends me all the books that I want to

read. I tell you what it is, Jig, I'm in for it! I'll be an editor before six years pass over my head."

"Isn't he kind!" said Jig, quite passing over Jack's expectations, in her admiration for Mr. Westerly.

"Yes, and Elsa thinks so, too," answered Jack, his face brightening. "Oh, Jig, Elsa grows prettier and prettier every day."

"Does?"

"Yes; she looks like a lily in real earnest."

"And do I look like a crow, Jack?" asked Jig, a little troubled about the boy's good opinion.

"No; you are getting to look like a star!" was the frank rejoinder. "Mr. Westerly said I shouldn't know you, because you had changed so."

"Did he say that?" asked Jig, eagerly.

"Yes, but I did know you; I never could help it, Jig; not if you looked like a million stars."

"I'm glad he thinks that I have changed," Jig said, her face glowing. "I like him, he is so good to me; and I like Mr. Singleton—oh, so well! but the rest of them I hate! I never said so to any one before, and I never will say it again; but I hate them with every bit of me—from my head to my feet!"

Jack opened his eyes wide with astonishment. It was the old Jig again for a moment. "What is the matter?" he asked. "What have they been doing to you?"

Jig hung her head. "I can't tell, exactly; not a great deal. Miss Lucia called me a beggar once; and once she said that I hadn't any manners. But every time she comes near me I feel a great swelling in my throat, and I know it is my *hate* rising. I don't say anything. Mr. Singleton tells me to be good, and I will be. He says that when I am good he loves me; and, Jack, I'd sooner let them kill me—now that he said that—then to say a word to them that does not sound well."

Now the boy was surprised. He had never before heard anything of the kind from Jig's lips. He looked wonderingly at her. "That is just like Elsa," he said at last.

Smiling at Jack's words, Jig went on: "They think that I don't know anything, I'm sure they do; and I study and work just as hard as I can, to try to learn. You ought to see me, Jack! I'm sure I'll be as much a lady as Miss Lucia, before I get through with it."

"It's easy enough for them to do well," the boy said, a little sadly; "but we—you and I, Jig—have had everything in the world to discourage us, and nobody to help. Sometimes I think it is not just the thing; not just right, I mean. We never did anything, I'm sure, that we should have to live in the old alley; and I don't believe they ever did anything that should keep them out of it."

"But we are out of it, now—Elsa, you and I," said Jig, warmly. "We can try what we can do in spite of it."

Jack shut his mouth tightly, and looked determinedly at the opposite wall. His face was unusually fine, at that moment; his eyes large, earnest and frank; his forehead broad and well-developed, and his mouth displaying in its well-cut outlines an energy of character, which was sure to win him success.

Unobserved, Mr. Westerly watched them as they sat there side by side, in close conversation; building up for the young pair a romance that was worthy of a more imaginative brain than his. After building his pretty cloud-castle he tore it down, and appeared—by the smile upon his lips—to take pleasure in its destruction.

Glancing at his watch, he found that it was past the time which he had set to take Jig home. Somewhat reluctantly he broke in upon their interview, hearing, as he went forward to speak to them, Jack say in a determined voice: "I will, Jig, if I live, and within five years, too!"

"Will what?" thought Mr. Westerly, trying to see the answer in Jig's flushed face. But Jig did not answer him by word or look. She kept her eyes fixed reluctantly upon Jack.

"You dislike to part with him?" queried Mr. Westerly.

"No, for I shall see him again," was the confident answer.

Mr. Westerly's romance flashed through his brain, again; and he put it out of his thoughts. The carriage was waiting for them in the street; so he hurried Jig in making her adieux; promising her that she should, indeed, see Jack again at an early day.

It was a strange, silent drive that they had home. Once or twice Jig broke the silence by asking a question, and then sank back upon the seat again. Mr. Westerly answered her as briefly as possible, watching her face

all the time, as though from it he would gain responses to all the vague queries that were flitting through his mind.

"How old do you suppose I am?" she asked, when they had nearly reached home.

The same thought was, at that moment, in Mr. Westerly's mind. "Perhaps as old as Lucia," he said, "I should almost think so."

"Then I am more than twelve—nearly fifteen," she replied, eagerly. "I am sure I hope I am."

"Why?"

She shook her head, and looked out from the carriage window.

"Why?" persisted, Mr. Westerly.

"Because when I get old enough, I think I shall be able to find out something which I want to know very much."

"Perhaps I can help you!"

"You? oh, no! you can't," she answered, quickly. "May-be Jack might."

Mr. Westerly was in a mood to be annoyed, and this annoyed him; though he could not determine why. Changing the subject, he said: "Do not go to the city with any one but Mr. Singleton. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes. If they want me to go, ever so much I will stay at home," she answered, unhesitatingly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN they reached home, Mr. Westerly and Jig entered the house together. In the hall, Jig stooped and picked up something which she concealed under her shawl. Mr. Westerly's quick eye was upon her; but by her immovable face he could learn nothing. Half an hour later (after a hurried interview with Mr. Singleton), as he was about starting for the city again, he found that one of his gloves was missing. Where had he lost it? It came upon him like lightning. *In the hall!* and Jig had picked it up! He leaned back upon the carriage-seat, and not once, during his drive home, changed his position. The trifling incident had considerable weight with him. Try as he might, he could not banish it from his mind. And again he built up a romance, and a beautiful cloud-castle; but this time he did not tear it down.

In the shadows about him Jig's face came, continually; and with it another that he had known in his boyhood. He could not dis-

connect the two. Side by side they fitted before him like a strange, weird vision. He knew that one was the picture of Florence Singleton—but why was it there? Why did it seem to glide back and forth before his eyes? He thought of Mr. Singleton's lost child; of how strangely it had disappeared; but not once did his thoughts connect the little one with Jig. They passed like errant birds between the two, but that was all; and Mr. Westerly, arousing himself, saw the lights of the city in the distance, and passing from the scene he had just left, remembered Miss Dempster, and wondered how her conscience was at that moment resting.

On going to the parlors, on her return home, Jig found them deserted. Mrs. Singleton and Lucia were out for the evening. She wandered about from one spot to another, discontented and lonely; sitting for a moment at the window, half-reclining the next upon a sofa, and leaving this to run her fingers over the keys of the piano. At last, half-awed by the shadows that seemed hovering about in every direction—for the room was dimly lighted—she went to the library. The first thought as she threw open the door, was of the picture. She drew back a little, as if, for once, afraid to see it. Then she went up to it, cautiously, closer and closer, until she stood within the full light of the large, tender eyes; and so near the red lips that had they been flesh and blood they could have easily pressed against her cheek. Strange, but looking about, she thought she saw the shadows thickening, as they had a few moments before in the parlors.

If she only dared to go to Mr. Singleton's room, she thought. How she longed to go there! She did not care if he did not speak a single word to her, if she could only sit at his feet, and look up into his face. If she only dared!

While this thought was in her mind she moved slowly towards the door, and out into the hall. She ran up the stairs softly, and stood for several moments at Mr. Singleton's door, not daring to raise her hand, her heart-beats sounding loudly in the silence. She rapped at last, and when she was told to "Come in," hardly dared to push open the door.

"Oh, it is you, Julia!" said Mr. Singleton, reaching out his hand and smiling.

She went forward and crouched down

upon an ottoman at his feet without a word. He forbore questioning her, but sat and watched her silently. He had never thought before that she was, or could be, beautiful. He saw for the first time how much she had changed, and how rapid had been the transformation. As she sat there his hand wandered, unconsciously, to her head, and rested upon her heavily braided hair; and then for a little while the present was forgotten, and in the bowed figure at his feet, Mr. Singleton saw, not Jig, but his young wife Florence. How many times, at twilight, and in the evenings, long past, had she sat at his feet in that same attitude, her head bowed in just that way! had sat silently, too, as if the quiet hour and his presence was enough for her heart, and she had no words to speak. Why did this child, this girl, come to him, now, in this way? Where had she learned that attitude—that graceful way of folding her hands and bending her head? And why was he now smoothing her glossy hair, as he had smoothed Florence's so many, many times? The questions came upon him with an uncontrollable force.

"Who are you, child?" he asked, bending his face down to hers.

"I—I am Jig; I mean—Julia!" she answered, looking up in a startled way.

"Yes, yes, dear; don't mind me," he said, soothingly; "I did not think what I was saying. Sit quite still; don't change your position; let me ask you about your drive to the city. Was it pleasant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You came home with Mr. Westerly, I believe. I thought you were to wait for Miss Dempster?"

She looked up into his face to learn what the remark meant. She was not positive that Mr. Westerly had told him anything about the adventures of the day.

"Mr. Westerly thought I had better come home," was the brief answer.

"And why with him?" he persisted.

Again she looked up into his face. He was quizzing her, she thought. Mr. Westerly had told him all about it.

"I guess he was afraid that I would get lost," she answered, reddening. "But he didn't say so to me."

"No, I presume not. When you go to the city again I will accompany you!" he said, a little sharply.

That was all that passed between them

upon the subject, but when Jig went to her chamber that night, Mr. Singleton told her to study in his room during the next day. He had private reasons for wishing it, he said, as he stooped down to kiss her.

Mr. Singleton was in the parlor when Miss Dempster made her appearance upon the day following. He had a very strong suspicion that all was not right, and, forearmed by it, was quite ready to meet her.

"Have you had a pleasant time?" he asked, as she seated herself, embroidered handkerchief in hand, near him.

"I have been very unhappy," she answered, "ever since I went from home. Miss Julia strayed away from me in the crowd, and I was unable to find her."

"Unable to find her!" repeated Mr. Singleton. "But you *did* find her, of course, or you would not be here!"

"I did not find her," was the prompt answer, while the strange light broke from her large, dark eyes. "I think she came across some of her old companions, and went with them. I can account for it in no other way. I'm sure it was not my fault."

"It is very strange, Miss Dempster, that you should lose Miss Julia in the crowd, and but now come home to tell me of this disastrous fact. Such an emergency called for immediate and prompt action."

"As it had!" was the emphatic answer. "You, yourself, could do no more."

"How lamentable!" said Mr. Singleton. "What do you advise now, Miss Dempster?"

"Perhaps it would be better for you to go to the city yourself," she suggested. "I called at Mr. Westerly's office this morning to consult with him about it, but did not find him."

"Ah, that was unfortunate; but what if I should say it was just as well as it is—that Miss Julia was quite as well among her old degraded companions as here; what would you say?"

Miss Dempster bit her lips. She did not see the drift of his questioning. She said so in as few words as possible.

"I merely wanted your opinion, Miss Dempster. You will excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I was a little in doubt about it, whether you thought she was better off here, or there."

"You speak strangely, sir," said Miss Dempster, coolly. "I do not understand you."

"It is just as well," he answered, abruptly, "so long as Miss Julia is well and safe in my room."

Miss Dempster caught her breath. She was a good actress. She proved it at that moment. "The dear child!" she exclaimed. "What a surprise for me! How delighted I am!"

With this she sprang out of the room and up-stairs. Mr. Singleton, frowning, followed her slowly. In spite of his impressions he was in a mist of doubt.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER the transpiration of the events recorded in our last chapter, Jig's life went along easily, not to say monotonously. How fast it went she little cared, so long as she gained a victory over it. She pursued her studies quietly, was neat and orderly. Beyond this there appeared to be little thought taken of her by Mrs. Singleton and Lucia. To Miss Dempster she was still the rival of her brother's child, and doubly hated since she had escaped her well-laid plans, and had so nearly become an instrument in her own disgrace. But she did not give up her work easily. Day after day she sat in mute study in her room, her head full of plots and stratagems. Her great fear was that Mr. Singleton would suddenly discover—as she had already done—the likeness between Jig and his wife's portrait. She knew that when this thought occurred to him he would not rest day or night until he had the whole truth. Of this truth she was already well enough satisfied. She felt that it was his own child, his own flesh and blood that he was housing, feeding and clothing; his own daughter that he was raising from ignorance.

Strange that no one thought of this but her! That as keen-eyed as was Mr. Westerly he could not read the story so plainly put before him! Strange that Mr. Singleton's instincts did not teach him the relations existing between himself and his protegee; and that Jig, herself, did not find her way through the mists of doubt into the clear light of truth! Strange, too, that Mrs. Singleton could rest contentedly when her child's good fortune was at stake!

But patience, patience, Miss Dempster! All in good time will the eyes of the blind be opened!

Every night, Jig, or, as we may as properly call her, Julia, stole into the library to sit at Mr. Singleton's feet; every night she took the same attitude—her head bent, her hands folded over her lap; and every night Mr. Singleton dreamed of the old time that was dead, as he passed his hand caressingly over her hair. Every night the shadows gathered about them, as they sat silently together, and the beautiful eyes of the portrait looked tenderly upon them.

But, though he dreamed of it, Mr. Singleton never—save at the one time which has been told—referred to the past. The story which he commenced he never thought to finish, and Julia waited in vain, not daring, after Miss Dempster's caution, to awaken a memory she believed to be painful to him.

One night when Mr. Westerly was there, and while Julia was alone with him in the library, she ventured to ask him the question that she had never found courage to ask any one beside:—

"Did Mr. Singleton's little girl die?"

"Mr. Singleton's little girl! Pray, who told you anything about her?" exclaimed Mr. Westerly.

"Mr. Singleton. He commenced telling me a long time ago, but somebody came into the room and stopped him. He has never said anything about it since, although I have wished that he would."

"Indeed! well," began Mr. Westerly, "it is no secret, yet the subject is rarely touched upon here. I can trust to your discretion, I am sure, since you have already been so cautious. Mr. Singleton's little girl did not die; she disappeared suddenly, and no one knew where she went."

"No one knew where she went?" repeated Jig.

"No one. She was searched for in every direction. Time, unstinted, was given to the search; and money offered in almost fabulous sums to the person who would bring any tidings of her. But none ever came."

"None ever came?" repeated Julia, in a low tone, adding a moment after, "Was she very young?"

"Between two and three years of age, if I remember rightly. Yes, it must be so: she was one year old when her mother died: between two and three when she disappeared."

"And she used to live here—in this very house?" was the eager inquiry.

"Yes; her little feet have run many a time across this library floor, and out into the wide old hall. I have frolicked with her here, myself; and now I believe there is a book on the lower shelf of the library, bearing the marks of her sharp, tiny teeth."

"Here, in this very library?" queried Julia.

Mr. Westerly stooped down and took from the shelf the book, which bore upon its cover the impress of the child's keen teeth.

Julia looked upon it curiously; but her hands trembled so hard that it was with difficulty that she held the book. "How very small," she said; "what little teeth they must have been."

"Yes, and as even and sharp as a blade. She used to often give me tangible proofs of this."

"What, bite you?"

"Bite, or cut! it was puzzling to tell the difference."

"And that lady was her mother?" she asked, motioning towards the picture. "Was the little girl like her?"

"The very image of her," replied Mr. Westerly.

"The very image of her!" repeated Julia, fixing her eyes upon the portrait. "Do you suppose she will ever be found?"

"Oh, no—never. She is dead I think."

"She might have been stolen."

"Yes; for a long time that was hoped—but she were better dead than in some hands; a thousand times better!"

"What was her name? Was it like her mother's?"

"Yes, Florence! We used to call her Flory."

"And Miss Dempster said it was Catherine; but you say it is Florence—Florence—Flory! How strange it sounds to me!" she said, slowly; repeating to herself the beautiful name, "Florence—Flory—Florence—Florence."

How strangely she felt; the room seemed whirling before her; the portrait was close to her; and all the time the name was upon her tongue—"Florence, Florence." Mr. Westerly spoke to her, but she could not answer him. Was she fainting—or dying? Still it was in her ears, the name, "Florence! Florence!" Suddenly she started up. The early years came back before her eyes, answering to the one word upon her lips. She saw the broad walks—the still, summer-lake of the home that was hers. That home she

well knew, in that brief moment of pain! She was tumbling about upon the green grass, again, and terribly frightened by feeling a harsh, cruel hand upon her arm. She was carried away—so very far away; and she never heard the old name again, the name of Florence! but instead (she shivered from head to foot thinking of it) "*Jig! Jig!*"

"What is it, Julia?" asked Mr. Westerly.

"Are you ill? what is the matter?"

The world whirled around faster than ever as he spoke; and a mist began to gather before her eyes. She tried to speak, but could not stir her lips by a single word; tried to move forward, but staggered and reeled like one intoxicated.

Mr. Westerly caught her in his arms and carried her to a window; dashing into her face, as he laid her upon the sofa, a glass of water which was standing near by. This done, frightened beyond measure, he gave the bell-rope a violent pull, which, in turn, brought every servant from the kitchen. At that moment it would have been a hard matter to tell whether his face or Julia's was the paler. To his great relief Mrs. Singleton soon presented herself, saying in an unmoved tone, in answer to his exclamation that he thought Miss Julia was certainly dead:—

"Oh, a slight fainting-fit; you need not be in the least alarmed."

He left the room, wondering how Mrs. Singleton—a woman—could exist without nerves; coming to the conclusion at last as he walked anxiously up and down the parlor, that Julia's life or death was, to her, a matter of little moment.

Coming in from the library, where she had been summoned by her sister-in-law, Miss Dempster exclaimed, for the full benefit of Mr. Westerly's ears—though she made a feint of addressing Lucia.

"The poor child has studied too hard. I'm afraid she will ruin her health. Poor, dear child!"

"Poor, dear nonsense!" muttered Westerly, under his breath, stalking out into the hall. "I won't listen to the hypocritical creature."

"His little lady-love has fainted," sneered Lucia, to her aunt. "He feels miserable."

"She was white enough to be dead, for a few minutes," retorted Miss Dempster.

"And what if she had been—what would he have done?"

"Taken you, perhaps," was the cutting answer.

"Would he? Are you positive?" asked Lucia, her fair face reddening; adding, in a moment, in a low and singularly impressive voice; "Am I too young to hate?"

"You, Lucia?" retorted Miss Dempster. "Not Mr. Westerly—I hope?"

"No, not Mr. Westerly," was the answer, in a choked voice, "but—but"—

"Don't speak it; I understand you," interrupted Miss Dempster, "I know what you mean. She troubles you?"

"Every day, more and more!"

"Still you do not see her much; she stays in her chamber, and in the music-room, nearly all of the time"—

"When she isn't cooing at papa Singleton's feet," added Lucia, her eyes flashing.

"And is that often?" inquired Miss Dempster, quickly.

"Not oftener than every night."

While this conversation was going on between aunt and niece, Julia was lying upon her bed in her darkened chamber; her brain still reeling with the weight of the new memory bearing down upon it. Again she repeated the charmed name to herself, "Florence! Florence!" and again, like a trumpet-blast it summoned the vision of her early childhood before her. She was not Jig Potter, then. Old Suke had told her the truth; she was, indeed, Florence Singleton. She knew this, and was certain of it, as she was of her existence. But who would believe her, if she dared tell of it? Would Mr. Westerly—and would Mr. Singleton? And, then, she wondered, why should they believe her? How could she prove to them what she herself knew? She recalled to mind old Suke's vague hints and strange questions. Did she really know? and would she tell? She thought of Old Israel and his wife, and shuddered. They knew, but she could never go to them. It would be death to her—oh, a thousand times worse than death—if she should ever venture to go there! She closed her eyes and tried to sleep; then started up suddenly, when she thought of her father. Father! the hot tears began to fall down her white cheeks; she could not check their rapid flow. It was her mother's face that she had been loving so long; her mother's eyes that had been smiling upon her. Her mother had been dead fourteen years; and now, for the first time in her life she knew her age. She was fifteen years old; she knew so much. Everybody had thought her

much younger than that—but all the while she had felt old.

"Dear—dear! what should she do, now? Must she keep her knowledge a secret in her heart, and go on the same? Could she do it, if she tried? Could she, knowing her rights, there, in her own home, bear Miss Lucia's daily impudence and disdain, without speaking? Must she wait, without a word, for time to effect what she could not?"

And then the thought came—the cruel, crushing thought—what if, after all, she herself were deceived! What if she were the child of Old Israel, in reality! Death, a thousand times, would be preferable—after the blessed belief of those few short hours.

While she lay there Mr. Singleton came in to see her. She was so choked with tears that she could, with difficulty, answer his kind inquiries.

"You will be quite well in the morning," he said, soothingly; "well enough, perhaps, to take a drive with me. Dr. Ellwood is coming to see you in a few minutes."

"Dr. Ellwood—no, don't!" she exclaimed, frightened at the thought of having a doctor.

"Mr. Westerly went for him, himself," Mr. Singleton said; smiling a moment after to see how she was quieted by this slight assurance.

Dr. Ellwood was a plain, blunt man; one who had been the family physician of the Singletons for many years. "Nothing ails her," he said to Mrs. Singleton, who accompanied him to Julia's chamber. "I should say something had frightened her. Keep her quiet, and she will come out of it bright in the morning."

Mrs. Singleton bowed, while the doctor, appearing slightly puzzled as he looked at Julia's face, asked:—

"Is this the adopted daughter of Mr. Singleton?"

Again the lady bowed, turning with him to leave the room. But Julia heard him remark, just as the door opened:—

"She bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Florence Singleton, deceased. I might be persuaded to believe her her own child."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Singleton, without another word. But her face flushed, and she felt relieved when he had gone from the house.

Turning her head upon her pillow, Julia wept as though her heart would break, and for very joy, too!

[To be continued.]

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY W. W. HUTCHINSON.

A BLOSSOM from an apple tree
She broke, and smiling, said to me,—
A smile that rippled into words
As wavelets break by breezes stirred:—

"This flower, friend, has seemed to me
A hint of what our lives may be;
So bright it blooms with sun and dew
Its food and drink the whole day through.

"So little, as it hung up there,
It seemed to think of toil and care,
One could but feel as if it grew
To be a blossom all life through.

"But when, sun-kissed, its leaves unfold,
The prophecy of life is told.
Do we not know that from God's hand
There never falls a broken strand?

"That this, which as a blossom grown,
A hint of life's bright things has shown,

Will yet, by withered leaves, declare
The changes we must also share?

"But as the long days come and go,
And ere its leaves beneath the snow
Are buried, as our hopes may be
'Neath gain and losses—we may see

"The heart within it strangely stirred,
And springing forth as by His word,
Will be the germ, that power will hold
To draw from sunlight all its gold;

"From morning's sky the roseate hue,
Distil the sweets from evening dew,
Using them all with nature's care,
Till perfect fruit is hanging there.

"Thus may the loss which frets and grieves
Prove, as the blossom, naught but leaves;
And by it may our hearts be shown
The way the perfect fruit has grown."

THE INCAS AND INDIANS OF PERU.

THE term or title of Inca signifies in the Peruvian tongue king or chief, and is applied to the imperial head of the Peruvian government, and also to the race from which he sprung. This race or caste had an hereditary right to the highest honors and offices of both church and state, and ruled with a power that was tyrannical and absolute.

The city of Cuzco, which was the ancient capital of the Incas, is situated 11,320 feet above the sea-level, and is yet a large and beautiful town, although sad and deserted in its aspect. In this place were the houses of the chief *conquistadores*, among whom may be mentioned Pizarro and Cristoval of Castile. There, also, are the ruins of the palace of the Inca Puchnetec, who began to rule about the year 1424. This palace is usually pointed out as that of the Virgins of the Sun. These buildings are more particularly worthy of notice from the fact that they are built of stone, hewn into angles in such a way that they fit exactly into each other.

In order to understand the peculiar power and position of the Incas of Peru, it is necessary to remember that, although the Peruvian empire, vast in its extent, was ruled by

one code of laws, and formed, politically, a single nation, yet its people did not spring from one common stock, but were a mixture of several races. Once they had existed as separate tribes, and had been changed to the state in which they were found at the conquest by a wonderful system of state policy which is almost unequaled in the history of any other nation.

The various tribes have been divided into three grand divisions: the Aymares, Chinchas and Huancas, of which the Aymares were the most important and powerful. They occupied the heights of Peru and Bolivia, and were the ones who made the most noticeable advances in the arts and sciences. The Chinchas occupied the region between the Cordilleras and the Pacific, and the Huancas, who were the most numerous, were scattered over the region lying between the Cordilleras and the Andes, between the Chinchas and Aymares. The Huancas were the first who were conquered by the Aymares. The history of the Aymares is, in fact, the history of Peru; for they were at once the conquerors, rulers and civilizers of the other tribes, and the family of the Incas were the directing power of this race.

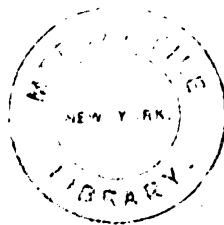
The Aymares have a tradition that in the past there was a time when, instead of one united tribe, they were composed of petty divisions, warring with each other. To rescue them from their state of barbarism, their divinity, the sun, sent down to them two of his own children. These children of the sun were Manco Capac and his wife and sister, Mama Ocllo Huaca. They first made their appearance on an island in Lake Titicaca, and traveled thence northward, till they came to the place where Cuzco now stands. Here they drew together the different savage tribes, and Manco Capac taught the men in agriculture and the arts. He also gave them higher ideas of government and social life. While he was doing this for the men, Mama Ocllo was teaching the women how to spin and weave, and opening their eyes to the value of modesty, gracefulness and the home virtues. From this divine pair the Incas claimed to be descended, and by virtue of his origin they were the high-priests of religion and the head of the State. In this Peruvian tradition we only see repeated the artful means of power used by ancient rulers and priests who knew there was no surer way to gain ascendancy over the minds of the natives than to play upon their superstitious fancies. When the people of a nation are ignorant and uncultivated they are more easily imposed upon by anything that appeals to the superstitious element in their natures than in any other manner. The Peruvian Manco Capac fills the same place as the Chinese Fohi, the Hindoo Buddha, the terrestrial Osiris of Egypt, the Quetzacoatl of Mexico, and Votan of Central America.

The rule of Manco Capac was limited at first to a few leagues around Cuzco, but it gradually extended until, under Huayna Capac, it included nearly thirty degrees of latitude, and reached from the Pacific to the pampas of Gucuman, and to the Ucayali and Maranon, and numbered 10,000,000 inhabitants. Setting aside, however, the tradition, there is enough monumental evidence to prove that a people of superior intelligence and refinement inhabited the islands and shores of Lake Titicaca, and it is probable that the story of their journey northward is preserved in a figurative form in the romance of Manco Capac and his sister. It is also probable that this people, by virtue of their intelligence, assumed the reins of government and founded the Inca race.

The exact date of the appearance of the first Inca is unknown, because the Peruvians, though advanced in other respects, never developed the art of writing. But this period has been placed by careful students almost four centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards, or in 1021; but other less critical writers do not hesitate to place the advent of Manco Capac within five hundred years of the received era of the flood. The authority of the ruling Inca was absolute; his will was the supreme law; he had no council of state, no ministers, nor did he admit any institution limiting the royal prerogative; and although he sometimes consulted with his aged and more experienced subjects, it was from considerations of utility, and not in conformity with any law of the empire. Looked upon as the son of the sun, and descendant in a right line from Manco Capac, he was also the high-priest and oracle of religion, and realized in himself the union of pope and emperor. No more absolute embodiment of the doctrine of the "divine right of kings" could be imagined. Nothing could be more complete than the civil organization of the Incas. The imperial city of Cuzco was made a miniature of the empire. Each of the four grand divisions of the empire was under the government of a viceroy, and its inhabitants were divided into groups of 10,000 souls, with its native chief or Inca governor. The right of every individual to a portion of the earth sufficient to support life, was as clearly recognized as his right to breathe the air of heaven. All lands capable of being cultivated were divided into three parts; one was devoted to the sun, or the welfare of religion; another to the Inca; and another to the people at large. Each Peruvian received a portion of land called a *topu*, which was sufficient to produce the maize necessary for the support of a man and his wife without children. On the birth of a son he received another *topu*, and on the birth of a daughter half a *topu*. On the death of an individual his land reverted to the state for re-allotment. Children were obliged to follow the professions of their fathers, and were not allowed to receive an education superior to their positions in life. No one could change his residence without permission of his superior. The Inca code was simple, and its penalties severe. Idleness was rigorously punished, and homicides and robbers were put to death.

The Campos have preserved the costume of the time of the Incas. They wear their hair long and floating on their shoulders, and cut square on the forehead. Their countenances are striped with different colors, which gives them a very wild, hideous aspect. Their bodies, moreover, are completely smeared with cocoanut oil and paint; and they further disfigure themselves by wearing in the cartilage of the nose a round and convex piece of silver, which falls

over the upper lip. Sometimes the hands and feet are entirely red or black. They have cords of cotton attached to their wrists and ankles, and also wear as an ornament over their long robes, necklaces composed of various dried fruits mixed with the plumage of brilliant birds, and beaks of toucans. Those desirous of further information will seek for it in the histories of Peru and Bolivia.



"DOBBIN."

BY B. M.

THE low, ivy-clad house of the Herberts had all its doors and windows opened wide to the breeze and the sunshine. The sun was hot on the lawn; there was not a cloud in the blue sky overhead; the shadows of the trees beyond the lawn lay across the grass, clearly outlined, but moving in the breeze. It was an afternoon late in August; the corn was standing in golden sheaves in the fields; the swish of the scythe and the busy whirr of the reaping-machine were noises of yesterday; and the rustle of leaves and branches, the drowsy cawing of the rooks, and a song which Molly, the kitchen-maid, was singing gayly as she washed her dishes before an open window were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the afternoon.

Presently a leisurely step came up the garden; and at the same instant a little old lady who had been working alone in a downstairs room sat up alert and listened, put down her knitting, took off her spectacles, and went to the window to look out. The window opened, door-fashion, on to a narrow paved terrace beneath the shade of a verandah; the old lady stepped out and waved her thin hand playfully at the new arrival, who was skirting the lawn.

The new-comer was a young Saxon giant, a fair-haired, sunburnt, careless-looking young fellow, six feet high, and with shoulders that did not shame his height, who was good-tempered to a fault, and as awkward as his soldierly training would allow him to be. He was conscious of a feeling of disappointment when he saw only old Mrs. Herbert waiting for him; but he quickened his steps

a little and smiled as he took the old lady's hand. If his glance wandered beyond her into the empty room, and his face fell when he found there was no one there, the old lady pretended not to notice.

"Now this is what I call nice of you," she said, airily. "All this way, and on such an afternoon, too! The girls have all gone out. Come in, Captain Dewar, come in. This is very nice; we can have a little chat—a nice quiet chat. And you shall hold my wool for me—I had just finished my ball; you shall hold this skein."

The young Hercules stood looking ruefully at the pale blue woolen skein that was being prepared for him.

"I may make a mess of it, you know," he said.

"Then I'll forgive you," returned the old lady, with a coquettish laugh and smile. "Sit down before me there—down low, on the footstool—and stretch out your hands—yes, so—keep them still. This is very nice and cosy. I'm glad you came."

The young man tried to acquiesce, and blushed at the untruthful ring of his own voice. He was not fond of old Mrs. Herbert's society. He was a good-natured, uncritical young fellow, who was happy with most people; but vanity and coquetry are not charming in an old lady of seventy years, and he felt ill at ease and a little ashamed, as an honest schoolboy feels when a forward schoolgirl makes love to him.

"This reminds me of old times," said the old lady, gently, "when I was a girl, you know, and had lovers by the score. Now-a-days girls are delighted if they have one

lover; but I—I refused my twentieth offer before I was eighteen."

"Truly?" interrogated young Dewar, good-temperedly.

"Yes—before I was twenty every eligible young man in the county had proposed and been refused."

"Oh, but, I say, you were cruel, you know!"

The old lady gave a little pleased, rippling laugh.

"And after all," she said, sentimentally, "I married Mr. Herbert, and every one wondered why. Quite a *mesalliance*, they said. And so it was. No money, no family, and quite a stupid man; and a widower, too, with a big boy—quite a big boy! But I was in love, and love makes us blind, they say. Quite a love match! Girls are foolish beings, Captain Dewar, foolish, foolish beings! I tell Amy so. What wonderful offers that child has had—I should surprise you if I told you! A young German nobleman last summer, and excellent offers in London this spring—all refused! Well, well, I mustn't scold her. Her heart has been given away, as mine was, near home. Foolish, foolish child!"

The young man looked hard at the wool he held, and his bronzed face flushed a little. He was a good soldier, and had fought valiantly in the Soudan, and was not a fool in the company of men; but women like Mrs. Herbert perplexed him. Did she mean to hint that her step-granddaughter Amy was in love with him? Her tone and manner implied it; and yet, he told himself, he was a conceited fool so to interpret her words and smiles. Amy was a nice girl, frank as the day, and no more in love with him than he was with her. And he had no thought of loving her. Was he not in love—hopelessly, devotedly—with Hespie Hellyer, the prettiest, cleverest, most womanly girl in the world, who spent long terms in the year at a college at Cambridge, and attended lectures on logic and political economy, and was as kind to Amy and Florence Herbert, her friends, and to him, the Herberts' neighbor, and to other foolish and unworthy people, as though she were any ordinary, unlearned maiden?

Mrs. Herbert wound very slowly. The skein was but half finished when voices and laughter were borne in on the quiet air. The girls were returning, and came up the garden-path talking gayly. The young man

made a little restless movement, and the wool slipped from one hand and grew hopelessly tangled in his attempt to replace it.

"Fie, fie!" said the old lady. "You want to get away from me."

"No, on my honor!" said the young man, eagerly, with a great blush of confusion; and the old lady smiled a little maliciously.

The girls' steps came lightly over the gravel, and half-way along the paved terrace. Three basket-chairs stood in the way, and the steps stopped. The voices and the laughter came rippling in through the window.

"Poor old Dobbin!" said Amy.

"Dobbin in love! Oh, I'm glad I've lived to see Dobbin in love!" said Flo.

"Dobbin" was the name which one of the girls had long since bestowed on Captain Dewar, and by which in his absence they were pleased to call him. But Dewar was ignorant of his apt nickname, and could not recognize his own resemblance to the clumsy, unselfish, immortal Dobbin of the novel.

"Dobbin! Who is Dobbin?" he wondered; and in his absence of mind he let the wool tangle again.

The girls on the terrace formed a pretty trio. Amy and Flo, with their clear-cut, fair faces and laughing eyes and lips, leaned forward, with their elbows on their knees and their chins on their palms, and looked teasingly at Hespie, their friend. Hespie's gray eyes gazed back into theirs with a sweet seriousness that made them smile the more.

"I can never quite see why you laugh at him," said Hespie, in clear, gentle tones.

"She cannot see why we laugh at him!" cried Amy, turning with mock gravity to Flo; and both girls laughed gayly again.

"Poor Dobbin!" said Flo.

"And I cannot see why you pity him," remarked Hespie.

"She cannot see why we pity him!" cried Amy, turning again impressively to her sister.

"That Dobbin should fall in love," said Flo, slowly, "some day with some one was, of course, to be expected. That sort of man always does fall in love, and stays in love. But that he should have fallen in love with you, Hespie—and you a blue-stocking!"

"Don't!" said Hespie, impatiently. "I am not clever—not as clever as he."

"Love," put in Amy, sententiously—"love, as grandmamma says, makes us all blind. Dobbin—Hespie, dear, I do not want to hurt your feelings—is, undoubtedly, a goose!"

"But you do not know him," said Hespie. "If you will always laugh and joke with him, he is bound to laugh, too. You have never talked to him seriously, and, of course, you do not really know him."

"We do not know him, Flo," said Amy, solemnly.

"Amy, dear, we do not know him," said Flo, with equal solemnity.

Their laughter was so gay and infectious that Hespie laughed too.

"You are too foolish to talk to," she remarked.

"And you, dear," said Amy, "are still more foolish, for you're in love. Now confess, Hespie; you're in love with this faithful Dobbin."

"I? Yes, I like him."

"Like! Hespie, do be truthful! You're a little ashamed, I believe, of poor Dobbin and your love for him."

Hespie's face flushed quickly.

"I'm not ashamed," she said. "Yes, I love him. There is nothing to be ashamed of in that—why should one be ashamed? He is better than I—better in every way—braver, cleverer, nicer. Now I have said it, and I wish I hadn't said it. Don't tease me any more, girls; you are pitiless."

The girls did not tease her any more. Instead of teasing, they kissed her, and were very tender to make up to her for their raillery.

Indoors the skein was just wound. The young man got up from his low seat and straightened himself. His face was crimson; all the light had died out of his merry, kindly blue eyes.

"We have been overhearing what—what was not meant for us, I think," he said, in a miserable and shamefaced way.

"Hespie's secret," said the old lady, with a light little laugh.

There was a pause. Then "Who is Dobbin?" asked Dobbin himself, with profoundly gloomy face.

The old lady smiled charmingly at him.

"What would you expect?" she said.

"What is the charm, do you think, of political economy and logic? Some logical professor—some spectacled youth who lectures learnedly on wages and profits and rents—

all those foolish things which they call political economy!"

"Yes, I see. Professor Dobbin is a happy man, Mrs. Herbert."

"Oh, Hespie is a silly little thing!" said the old lady.

She put her knitting into her basket, and went out to join her granddaughters and their guest. Dobbin followed, feeling suddenly that his call that afternoon was objectless; that he would be in the way amongst the merry party on the terrace, and that it would be well to find an excuse for leaving soon. Amy and Flo were talking still; Hespie was silent, leaning back in her low chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes with a soft yet merry light in them. Her pretty blue dress suited her. The breeze touched her brown hair and ruffled it into little curling tendrils about her brow; her lips had a little happy half-smile lurking about their corners; her cheeks had a brighter color than usual.

"Captain Dewar and I have been enjoying a very nice little quiet chat," said the old lady, sweetly. "Hespie, my dear, you look warm, and I am afraid are freckling. Some complexions do freckle."

"But not Hespie's, grandmamma!" declared Amy and Flo in indignant chorus.

"She looks warm," said the old lady, slightly. "I should advise milk—the skin delicately touched with milk whenever you come in from the open air. You are terribly sunburnt, child. And you burn red—that I always regard as a misfortune."

Hespie's cheeks were crimson, but the color was not due to sunburn. At the first sight of Dobbin's face she knew instinctively that he had heard their conversation—the girl's foolish teasing, and her confession. That they had spoken of him all the time as Dobbin and that he would not know his *sobriquet*, were little details which she did not grasp. He had heard her confess that she loved him; and now he looked away from her, and avoided her glance as he shook hands, and answered at random in a dreary tone when Amy and Flo addressed him. Quick as thought she found an explanation of his manner. She had been mistaken all along, and the girls had been mistaken; he did not love her, and he had heard them speak assuredly of his affection, heard her confess her own, and he was sorry for her—perhaps a little contemptuous, thinking her bold, unmaidenly!

After a while Mrs. Herbert went indoors. Sitting bare-headed and unshawled in the open air she had come to regard as a chilly pleasure, to be paid for with rheumatic pains. The girls and Dobbin were left together; and Amy and Flo, in kindly spirit, began to devise excuses for their own departure. Suddenly the gardener strolled by, and Amy, when he had passed, remembered that she wanted some flowers cut, and ran after him and did not return; and after some minutes Flo, in the most natural way, rose up suddenly and wondered where Amy had gone and went to look for her. Dobbin and Hespie were left alone. Neither looked at the other. Each was conscious of the silence and felt incapable of breaking it.

At last Hespie stooped and picked up a book which lay on the ground beside her chair, and carefully dusted the covers, which were not dusty.

"Political economy?" interrogated Dobbin.

"No," said Hespie. "I do not read that in holiday-time."

Another silence.

"The holidays are very long," remarked Dobbin.

"They do not seem long," said Hespie.

"Yes, they are long, of course!"

Silence again.

"You are going away soon, I suppose?" said Dobbin.

"Not until I go back to Cambridge in October," answered Hespie, almost apologetically. "I have so few relatives—only uncles who are not married and some very distant cousins. It is good of the Herberts to take pity on me and be troubled with me for so long."

Conversation did not progress. This time the silence lasted for many minutes.

"I think that I shall go away," said poor Dobbin, ruefully at last. "I applied for extension of leave, you know; but—but I sha'n't get it, I expect. I think I've had enough of the country; I shall run up to town for a bit."

He was looking hard at a little leaf on the ground by his foot. Hespie did not dare to raise her eyes. She was overwhelmed with a sense of deepest, bitterest humiliation. He was trying to cure her of her love—to set her misconceptions right; to tell her clearly, though he must of courtesy tell her in roundabout fashion, that he was indiffer-

ent to her, that he was sorry for her, and that he would go away out of kindness, to help her to forget. He was bungling a little over his task—that was like him.

"The country is a little dull taken in long doses," said Dobbin, valiantly.

Hespie remembered that Loudon would not be exactly gay in August, and Dobbin's purpose in going was clearer than ever to her.

"Yes, country life is dull," she acquiesced.

"You find it dull after Cambridge?" asked Dobbin, gloomily.

"Cambridge life, the life we lead, is quiet, too," said Hespie. She was speaking in a dream; the words were not hers; she was thinking of other things—of her confession of an hour ago—of his going away.

"But pleasant?"

"Yes, pleasant."

"And you read political economy?"

"Yes; and logic."

"I wish," said Dobbin—he had never had the wish before—"I often wish that I had been a political economist."

In her amazement Hespie forgot her troubles for a moment.

"Why?" she said, looking up.

But Dobbin did not explain why, for at that moment old Mrs. Herbert appeared in the doorway of the sitting-room. "Come in, Hespie," she said. "And, Captain Dewar, will you be good enough to find those girls and bring them in to tea?"

The next few days dragged away very slowly. Hespie, the girls declared, was ill. She was not like herself; she was dull, absent-minded, low-spirited, listless. She had been so full of interests in life, so brisk and busy and light-hearted, that sudden listlessness must mean illness—unless she had quarreled with Dobbin, and that, the girls agreed, was unlikely. They insisted that she had a headache, and left her alone in cool, shaded rooms to rest and be quiet. She had not the spirit to resist, yet she dreaded her own thoughts, which haunted her whenever she was alone, and made her blush, and grow hot and cold with shame, confusion, and wretchedness. How could she have felt so sure of his love for her? And all this time he had been indifferent—kind, friendly—nothing more! She had been mistaken; her own love had led her into error.

Three days passed, and Dobbin did not

come; then Amy and Flo began to wonder a little.

"You did not quarrel with Dobbin, Hespie?" inquired Amy, with some concern.

"Oh, no," said Hespie, "we did not quarrel! I think—I think Captain Dewar has gone away. We were mistaken, girls; it is all a mistake. Captain Dewar is—is not—is not in love with me; we imagined it. I wanted to tell you."

But the girls found such amusement in her confession that Hespie found further confidence impossible, and became silent.

"You will tell us next," said Flo, "that you are not in love with him!"

"I would rather not talk any more about that," said Hespie; and the girls laughed again at her despondent tone, and ran away and fetched eau-de-Cologne, and bathed her head, and insisted on treating her as an invalid.

Dobbin had gone away! Hespie felt sure of it, and tried to feel sure that she was glad. Yet when, on the fourth day, old Colonel Dewar, Dobbin's father, came to call on Mrs. Herbert, and mentioned casually that he had been beating his son at billiards that morning, Hespie was startled at the swift, keen throb of joy with which she learnt that he was still at home. She might see him again, then!

It was not until a day or two later that Dobbin came. The girls were in the garden, sitting on the grass beneath the trees, Amy and Flo doing nothing, gracefully; Hespie turning the pages of a book, when she remembered to turn them. Dobbin came doubtfully across the grass, and seemed to be wondering a little why he had come.

"Time drags at home with nothing to do," he said, apologetically.

"That is not a reason for this visit, I hope?" said Flo, with a laugh.

"No; I was passing," he explained, "and so—so I came in."

"I do not think that we will receive such a visitor," said Amy. "Will we, Hespie?"

Hespie raised her head for a moment and looked straight at Dobbin; then she suddenly let her eyes droop. She blushed. She felt almost angry with him. Why did he look so miserable, so ill at ease, so anxious at once to be gone, so sorrowful? Why could he not pretend to forget, make believe a little, so that she might make believe, too, to forget her humiliation?

For half an hour he stayed; and, in spite of Amy and Flo, who were in good spirits and talkative, conversation flagged. It was going to be fine, said Dobbin. It looked like rain, he said. And, although the remarks were contradictory, Hespie agreed with each. At last he moved to go.

"I shall say good-by," he said, hastily. "I'm going away—for good, you know."

"They will not grant you longer leave?" interrogated Amy. "Oh, how mean! Did they refuse?"

"No, no—not exactly. But I've had enough of it here. I'm going up to town."

"Oh!" said Amy, frigidly.

"I see," said Flo, and sat up with a sudden precision and gave Dobbin her hand coldly.

The young man was a little startled as he looked at Hespie. Her face was white; her hand trembled in his; her eyes had no light in them.

"Good-by," he said. "When I come here again you will—you will be gone, you know. You're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm all right," answered Hespie, hastily and cheerily.

"You're looking pale, though," said Dobbin, with a note of tenderness in his voice. Hespie was not well, he felt sure. She had some trouble—something was fretting her; she must have cried last night; she looked heavy-eyed, as though she had not slept. Perhaps that fellow Dobbin had been worrying her—neglecting her. The brute! He walked home at a swinging pace, anathematizing Dobbin as he did so.

The next day he went away. It was not a matter of speculation this time. Dobbin was gone; old Colonel Dewar himself came and bemoaned his departure. And life went on without him; and life without him was very much what Hespie had imagined it would be—joyless, empty, very weary.

September passed. Hespie, in looking back, had always a wrong recollection of that September. It was a bleak month—the sun never shone, the birds never sang, the sky was always gray, the blackberries did not ripen in the hedges, the tide was always out.

October began. The day of Hespie's departure was fixed—the eve of her departure came.

On the morning of that day Dobbin returned unexpectedly. He overtook Flo and Amy, who were going home by a field-path

from an expedition in the village. He walked beside them. But it was only when they had almost reached home that he asked the question he had been longing to ask. He did not put it in the most direct way.

"Are you—I suppose you are all alone now?" he inquired.

"Do you mean, is Hespie with us?" said Flo severely.

"She has not gone?" he asked eagerly.

"No; she goes to-morrow."

"I hoped I should be in time," said Dobbin, with a sigh of relief. "I wanted to see her again. I couldn't help coming back. At first I thought I wouldn't; but I couldn't help it—I had to come. I wanted to see you all, you know," he added, a little confused at his own outspokenness.

They had entered the garden. Old Mrs. Herbert, warmly clad, was taking the air on the terrace.

"There is grandmamma," said Amy hastily. "Do you want to see Hespie alone, Captain Dewar? I think she is down by the pond, in the little summer-house. She took her work and some books there;" and Dobbin went off promptly in the direction indicated.

But the summer-house was empty. Hespie's open book and a dainty little piece of crewel-work lay on the rustic table, with a needle shining in a silken geranium-leaf half finished. He waited a minute, hoping she would return, then went disappointedly up towards the house. Mrs. Herbert was no longer on the terrace; the girls, too, were nowhere about. He was passing the greenhouse, when suddenly he caught sight of a blue sleeve and a white rounded wrist and hand between the flower-pots. He opened the greenhouse door and entered.

Hespie turned suddenly, and the happy color flooded her face, and a look of unmistakable welcome shone for a moment in her eyes.

"You!" she said, smiling up at him as he had longed for months to see her smile. "We did not know you had returned," she added quickly, in a different tone, quiet, self-contained, with no touch of undue excitement. "The girls have gone to the village; but they will soon be home. Mrs. Herbert is in, and will be glad to see you. Will you come indoors?"

"Not yet," said Dobbin hastily; "let me see you first—it was you I came to see. Do you know that your face has been haunting

me? You looked so miserably ill that day I went away—you're looking pale still."

"I am quite well," said Hespie. "I am searching for a geranium-leaf, to copy, for my crewel-work—one just turning red. Will you help me?"

Dobbin was not ardent in the search. He kept his eyes fixed on Hespie all the time.

"You are going back to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes," answered Hespie.

"You are glad, I suppose?"

"I am glad to begin work again. I am interested in my work."

"In political economy?"

"Yes."

"Political economy always seems to me one of the dullest of dull things—the dryest of dry bones," said Dobbin, with disgust.

"I thought," rejoined Hespie wonderingly, "that you were interested in political economy? You told me so one day."

"No," said Dobbin, with a mirthless laugh; "it was only that I wanted to be a political economist."

"I don't understand," replied Hespie.

"No you wouldn't be likely to understand," said Dobbin, gloomily.

They were silent for some minutes. Hespie sat down on a low shelf, and looked at the leaves she had been picking. She forgot her object in gathering them, and made them absently into a little bunch, and looked for some string with which to tie them. Then suddenly, in the next greenhouse, which was cool and shady, steps sounded and some one spoke.

"Hespie is happy now. Dobbin has proposed before this, and been accepted. I retract all that I have been saying lately about Dobbin. That spray of maiden-hair will do. Don't stay here, grandmamma; it is cold. I'm so glad little Hespie is happy!"

"You expect me to rejoice at your folly, Amy," said a sour old voice; and the door of the greenhouse was shut and the voices were lost.

Hespie's fingers, which had been binding the geranium-leaves together, suddenly stopped as though paralyzed. She did not move. Her very heart seemed to stop beating with shame and horror.

For a moment Dobbin did not speak; then he did so a little huskily.

"I'm very glad," he said gently. "It's right you should be happy. I'm glad I came back in time to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" echoed Hespie.
 "I can't help feeling that Professor Dobbin's confoundedly lucky, you know!" he explained.

"Professor Dobbin?"

"Isn't he Professor?"

"Who?" said Hespie.

"Dobbin," answered Dewar.

"Dobbin?" said Hespie.

"Is it a mistake?" asked the poor fellow humbly. "Aren't you engaged to Dobbin? I say, I haven't put my foot in it, have I? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm awfully sorry. Look here, Hespie—don't cry! I can't stand seeing you cry!"

"No, I'm not crying," said Hespie, with a tear on each cheek; "I'm not crying. Let us go indoors."

"And it's my fault—I've made you cry!" declared Dobbin. "I couldn't help overhearing you that day, you know—that old woman kept me holding her wool—and you were all talking there, outside. I didn't say a word then. And when I went away I

could see you were miserable. I felt sure it was that brute's fault."

"That brute?" said Hespie.

"Yes, Dobbin. I can't help calling him a brute—confound him! I shouldn't have said anything now, only Amy spoke as though it were all right, you know—all settled and that sort of thing. Good heavens, the man must be a fool! And other men would stake their souls for one of your smiles! If I could be near you, Hespie—just touch your hand sometimes—I should be in heaven!"

Hespie looked up at him, and gradually a little shy happy smile came into her eyes.

"I don't think you understand," she said shyly. "It was—it was—you—Dobbin, I mean. It was very foolish; the girls—the girls chose it—the name; the girls always call you that."

"That?" said Dewar, with a great happy smile as the light began to dawn upon him. "What?"

"Dobbin!" answered Hespie.

KEEP YOUR SECRETS.

IF you have a cherished secret,
 It don't tell
 To your friend, for his tympanum
 Is a bell,
 With its echoes wide rebounding,
 Multiplied and far resounding;
 Don't you tell.

If yourself you cannot keep it,
 Then who can?
 Could you more expect of any
 Other man?

Yet you put him, if he tells it—
 If he gives away or sells it—
 Under ban.

Sell your gems to any buyer
 In the mart;
 Of your wealth to feed the hungry
 Spare a part—
 Blessings on the open pocket!—
 But your secret, keep it, lock it
 In your heart!



WILKINS ON ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"**M**RS. WILKINS, of all the aggravating women I ever came across, you are the worst. I believe you'd raise a riot in the cemetery if you were dead, you would. You! Why, you'd put any other man's back up until he broke his spine. Oh, you're too annoying to live; I don't want to bother with you. Give me more covers and go to sleep."

"But, Wilkins, dear, just listen a minute. We must have that piano, and"—

"Oh, don't 'dear' me; I won't have it. You're the only dear thing around here; you're dear at any price. I tell you once for all that I don't get any new piano, and Mary Jane don't take singing-lessons as long as I'm her father. There, if you don't understand that, I'll say it over again. And now stop your chatter and go to sleep; I'm tired of hearing you cackle."

"But, Wilk"—

"Now don't aggravate me. I say Mary

Jane sha'n't learn to sing, and plant another instrument of torture in this house, while I'm boss of the family. Her voice is just like yours; it's got a twang to it like blowing on the edge of a piece of paper."

"Ain't you ashamed, Wilk"—

"It's disgrace enough to have you sitting down and pretending to sing, and trying to deafen people, without having the children do it. The first time I heard you sing, I started round to the station-house and got six policemen, because I thought there was a murder in your house, and they were cutting you up by inches. I wish somebody would. I wouldn't go for any policeman now—not much."

"I declare, you are a perfect brute."

"Not much I wouldn't; but Smith he told me yesterday that his family were kept awake half the night by the noise you made, and he said if I didn't stop those dogs from yowling in my cellar, he'd be obliged to complain to the Board of Health."

"What an awful story, Mr. Wilk"—

"Then I told him it was you, and you thought you could sing; and he advised me as a friend to get a divorce, because, he said, no man could live happily with any woman who had a voice like a cross-cut saw. He said I might as well have a machine shop with a lot of files at work in my house as that, and he'd rather, any time."

"Phugh, I don't care what Smith says!"

"And you talking about a new pianol! Why, haven't we got musical instruments enough in the house? There's Holofernes Montgomery been blowing away in the garret for ten days with that old key bugle, until he's got so black in the face that he won't get his color back again for a month, and then he only gets a spurt out of her every now and then. He's blown enough wind in her to get up a hurricane, and I expect nothing else but he'll get the old machine so chock full that she'll blow back at him some day and bust his brains out, and all along of your tomfoolery. You're a pretty mother, you are. You'd better go and join some asylum for feeble-minded idiots, you had."

"Wilkins, I declare, you're too bad for"—

"Yes, and there's Bucephalus Alexander; he's got his head full of your sentimental nonsense, and he thinks he's in love with a girl around the corner, and he meanders

about and tries to sigh, and won't eat his victuals, and he's got to going down in the cellar and trying to sing 'No One to Love' in the coal-bin, and he liked to scare the hired girl out of her senses, so that she went up-stairs and had a fit on the kitchen doormat, and came near dying on my hands."

"That's not true, Mr. Wil"—

"And never came to until I put her head under the hydrant. And then what does Bucephalus Alexander do but go round night before last and try to serenade the girl, until the old man h'isted up the sash and cracked away at Bucephalus Alexander with an old boot, and hit him in the face and blacked his eye, because he thought it was two cats a-yelping. Hang such a mother as you are! You go right to work to ruin your own offspring."

"You're talking nonsense, Wilk"—

"You're about as fit to bring up children as a tadpole is to run a ferry-boat, you are: but while I'm alive Mary Jane takes no singing-lessons. Do you understand? It's bad enough to have her battering away at that piano like she had some grudge against it, and to have her visitors wriggle around, and fidget, and look miserable, as if they had cramp-colic, while you make her play for them, and have them get up and lie, and ask what it was, and say how 'beautiful' it is, and steep their souls in falsehood and hypocrisy, all on account of you. You'll have enough sins to answer for, old woman, without that."

"I never did any such a thing, and you"—

"Yes; and then you think Mary Jane can play, don't you? You think she can sit down and tackle that piano and jerk out more music than a whole orchestra, don't you? But she can't. You might just as well set a crowbar to opening an oyster as to set her to playing on that piano. You might, indeed."

"You talk like a fool, Wilkins."

"Play! she play! Pshaw! Why, she's drummed away at that polka for six months, and she can't get her grip on it yet. You might as well try to sing a long-metre hymn to 'Fisher's Hornpipe' as to undertake to dance to that polka. It would jerk your legs out at the sockets, certain, or else it would give you St. Vitus' dance, and cripple you for life."

"Mr. Wilkins, I'm going to tell you a secret."

"Oh, I don't want to hear your secrets; keep them to yourself."

"It's about Mary Jane's singing."

"What?"

"Mary Jane, you know; her singing."

"I don't know, and I don't want to; she sha'n't take lessons."

"But she shall take them."

"I say she sha'n't."

"She shall, and you can't help it."

"By George! what do you mean? I'm master in this house, I'd like you to know."

"Yes; but she's been taking lessons for a whole quarter, while you were down town, and I paid the bill out of the market-money."

"Well, I hope I may be shot! You don't mean to say that? Well, if you ain't a perfectly abandoned wretch, hang me. I'm going to sleep alone after this."

And Wilkins kicked out on to the floor, and went in the other room. But he made it up with his wife, for I heard him quarrelling with her next day.

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

"**B**E careful which path ye'll be after taking over the bog," called out the landlord of the "Green Erin," a little, low, wayside inn, where, tired and footsore, I had stopped for a two-hours' rest and a meal from the best that his slender larder afforded. I had made a long tramp that forenoon, over a rough country. The day had been warm, and the air oppressive, and now when I emerged from the house, with the landlord by my side, and turned up the street, I found that the sky had suddenly become overcast, and that the wind had veered round, giving indication that a storm was not far away in the future. Had it not been of great importance that I should reach a small town some twelve miles distant by the next day at ten, I should have remained at the Green Erin, the landlord of which had assured me that I should have a dog-cart to take me across the bog the next morning; and more than a score of times protested that he never was so sorry in his life that the one vehicle belonging to the establishment was gone, and would not be back until late at night. But I knew that Irish landlords did not always mean what they said, and that the next morning might be noon before we would be ready to set out. The safest plan was to keep on in the way I had done thus far; so I refused his offers for the morrow, and set off, pausing again as he sent the above warning after me, much as a man might hurl a stick or a stone.

"The right-hand one, by the cabin, and the left, further on at the stone cross," I said, repeating the instructions I had received from him.

"Faith, ye has got 'em by heart, and may St. Patrick help ye along, and keep the storm away till the moon rises!"

I thanked the landlord for this further kind attention on his part, and briskly resumed my way; and in a few moments a sharp turn around a hill hid the Green Erin and its keeper from my sight. For a couple of miles I walked briskly on, passing in that distance not more than half a dozen miserable cabins, whose inmates, with faces unwashed and hair unkept, ran to the doors to get a look at me. Evidently a stranger was a curiosity to them, judging from the notice they bestowed upon me. Another mile, during which I had seen no sign of human habitations, and then another turn in the road brought me close to an old, half-ruined cabin, standing on the edge of a vast expanse of bog that lay spread out before me, down upon which the sky, heavily laden with dark masses of clouds, seemed to be resting. This must be the spot where the road branched, if the cabin was untenanted, as it proved to be, of human beings; although, as I looked into it and struck my stick against the sides, a large family of bats were disturbed by my motions, and started wildly hither and thither, one of them at last causing me to beat a hasty retreat, by striking me full in the face, out of revenge, I suppose, for my disturbing them so unwarrantably.

"The right-hand road and the ruined cabin," I said to myself, repeating the instructions I had received from the landlord of the Green Erin. So leaving the bats to quietly settle down again, I struck briskly out over the bog, following the path that

to me seemed very little used, so much so that in many places the track was hardly discernible; and before I had gone a mile, I was tempted to think that I must have made a mistake, and that I should have taken the road to the left. Still I thought I could not be mistaken. If anyone were in error, it must have been the landlord himself, or he had purposely given me the wrong direction. I could think of no motive why he should have done so. At any rate, I would know before long, for he had told me that it was only two miles between the ruined cabin and the stone cross set up to guide travelers, and if I were right, I must reach it before going much further. Ten minutes more, and I saw it before me, dimly stretching out its arms in the mist and gloom. I was on the right track yet, and I pressed on towards it at a renewed pace, and soon was standing beneath it, following the faint outlines of the road that here branched again, leaving hardly a trace upon the green turf, to show where the feet of the wayfarers had trod.

"At the stone cross, take the one to the left," had been my direction, which I did without hesitation, for my faith in the landlord had gone up fifty per cent. Thus far everything had come as he had said, and I had no further reasonable room to doubt.

Lower and lower sank the clouds above my head, and darker grew the scene about me. The stone cross stretched out its arms for a time, behind me, and then faded away, ghost-like, into the gloom. Nothing now was around me, on either hand, save the green expanse of the bog, and the dark clouds that hemmed me in, as it were, in a world of my own, from which it seemed impossible for me to escape. Night was fast coming on, and unless I was well over the bog before darkness fell, I knew that I should have to remain there during the night, as it would be impossible for me to follow the path which even now required all my attention to enable me to do so.

I struck out at my best pace, determined that, if there was any virtue in tall walking, I would not spend that night with the green turf for a pillow and the dark clouds for my only covering; but I soon found that night was coming on with faster strides than those I was making. Narrower grew the space about me, as the clouds came creeping upon the face of the bog, and at last daylight was gone out entirely, and nothing but gloom remained, so dark and dense that almost be-

fore I was aware, I was conscious that I had lost my path; for with the utmost scrutiny I could not determine that the foot of a human being had pressed the sod where mine was resting.

For a few moments I was undecided what to do. To advance was to go I knew not whither, nor what danger might lie in my path. To remain where I was through the night was fraught with almost as much peril; for if I did not perish outright from the exposure, I knew that the damp fog which was arising from every rill would send a chill into the very marrow of my bones that I would not get rid of in a lifetime. I was in a dilemma, and knew not which of the horns to grasp.

At last I made up my mind to go on and run the risk of the pitfalls which might beset me, in the shape of deep pools and bottomless sloughs that I knew abounded. I must be well over the bog by this time, and by calling out now and then I hoped that some one would hear me and come out to my assistance. So, as a prelude to advancing, I set up a loud shout, and to my delight it was answered by an unmistakably Irish voice but a short distance away. I sent out another shout after the first, but got no reply, although I knew that the one that had answered mine had been uttered but a short distance away. Another and another shout followed its predecessor with the same result; and just as I had begun to think that the owner of the voice I had heard had sunk beneath the surface of the bog, I was startled by the dim outline of a form looming up in the fog so close to me that I could have touched it by putting out my hand; and I must confess that its sudden appearance startled me, notwithstanding I was hoping for the appearance of some one. The green sod had given back no echo to its footfall, and its approach had been as noiseless as that of a ghost.

"And a de'il of a noise ye are making, my fine feller," exclaimed my new companion, in a tone that was altogether earthly in its character, but not entirely civil, I imagined; though I thought best not to notice it, as I was so much in need of his guidance to escape from my present uncomfortable situation.

"I have lost my way and would like to escape from this confounded bog as soon as possible. If you will put me into the path again, and bear me company to the nearest

place of shelter, I will pay you well for your trouble."

"Perhaps I'll be after taking my pay beforehand, if it's the same to yer honor. Just at this time I happen to be without a penny in my pocket."

"Certainly, if you wish it," I replied, fumbling in my pocket, not even then guessing at the character of the man I had to deal with, so intent was I upon getting out of the bog and finding a shelter from the storm that I knew would burst in all its fury in a short time.

Producing my purse, I was in the act of opening it when the villain snatched it from my hand, at the same time whirling a huge club over my head in a manner that made me fear my brains were to bespatter the turf about where I stood. A moment after, and before I could recover from the sudden confusion into which this act plunged me, he thrust his face close into mine, and in the gloom there was revealed to my gaze the most hideous countenance I ever beheld, every feature gleaming with the vileness of his intentions.

"That will do for part of me pay," exclaimed the villain; "but a gentleman like yees must have more of the likes about ye; so stand and deliver, or by St. Patrick, I'll beat out yer brains in a jiffy!"

"That is all I have," I replied, in as firm a voice as I could command.

It was a falsehood, for I had two hundred pounds about my person in bank notes; but I had a fancy that they were secreted where the robber would not find them if he should search my pockets.

"Let me be after putting my hands in yer pockets, my fine bird. The likes of ye ought to have more than this along wid ye. A bad night's work I'll be after making, if this is all I am to get."

I was entirely unarmed, and could do nothing but remain quiet while the robber turned my pockets wrong side out, and searched in other places where he thought probable I could have secreted money. Finding nothing, he gave up the search, and with another flourish of his club, so close to my head that it knocked my hat upon the turf, he sprang away, and in a moment he had vanished in the fog. My two hundred pounds were safe, but I was still lost, with the best of all prospects of remaining in the bog until the day should dawn, at least. Thankful that I was well

rid of the villain, with the loss of the two pounds and some odd shillings that the purse contained, I looked about me in the gloom and reflected on the best course to pursue. To remain where I was would be to suffer greatly from exposure; so I resolved to keep moving, feeling my way before me with my stick, to avoid the soft places, trusting that by some good fortune I could reach some cabin where I could beg a shelter for the night.

At the end of an hour I saw a light before me. At first I thought it was a will-o'-the-wisp dancing over some stagnant pool to lure me on to destruction; but as I advanced I found, to my intense satisfaction, that it proceeded from the one small window of a cabin, and in a few minutes I was standing before a door, rapping loudly for admittance. My demand was responded to by a woman, who, when I craved shelter for the night, at once invited me to enter, and I followed her into the cabin, where a small peat fire was smouldering on the hearth. A glance around showed me that my hostess was the sole inmate of the apartment and the cabin, as it contained the single room we were now in, and the loft overhead, in which was stowed a quantity of hay.

The woman, I found, as the light from the fire flashed upon her face, was about forty years of age, with nothing repulsive about her, as in many of her class I had met with in my wanderings through the "Gem of the Sea." She was very sociable, and in a few minutes I had got on the best of terms with her; so much so that, forgetting my customary prudence, I told her of the adventure I had met with that night, and the satisfaction I felt that I had escaped with the large sum of money that I had about my person. This latter statement was very incautious on my part, and it was the only time I had made known to anyone a fact that might be a dangerous one. I now lay it, and did then, to the exultation I felt in coming off as well as I had with the robber. In turn, I learned from the woman that her husband was absent, and probably would not return until the morrow; and after perhaps an hour spent in conversation, I climbed up through a trap-door into the loft which fastened from beneath, and which I heard the woman secure, as I threw myself upon the hay, glad of so good a resting-place, as I could hear the great drops of rain beginning to patter upon the roof over

my head. For a few moments I lay awake, and then, lulled by the falling rain, I lost myself in sleep.

I was awakened some time after by the slamming of a door, and turning over, I was on the point of relapsing into forgetfulness again, when the sound of voices below arrested my attention, and brought a thrill, I knew not why, to my heart. I listened intently, and the following words reached my ear:—

"And sure, Mike, it's a small night's work ye have done, robbing a man for bare two pounds, three. I could have done better than that, and never stirred an inch from the cabin."

"And sure, Judy, dear, I got ivery devil of a penny the chap had, and what more could I do? Didn't I put my hand in ivery one of his pockets, and they were as bare as my hand?"

A cold shudder crept over me as these words fell upon my ears. The voice was that of the villain who had robbed me, and by some terrible fatality I had stumbled into his very lair, and the woman to whom I had unwittingly told my story was his wife, and was taunting him for not having done better. Surely my situation was a desperate one.

Lying there, I heard every word that fell from the woman's lips, as she told of my seeking shelter there, and of the money about my person. I heard the villain's exclamation of joy at the recital, and then I strained my ear to catch every word, as their voices sank almost to a whisper as they planned my death as coolly as they would talk of some slight every-day occurrence. Not a word escaped me. The man was to ascend to the loft by a small aperture at one corner of the cabin, that I had not noticed among the shadows, and if sleeping place me carefully upon the trap-door, which was then to be unfastened by the woman, allow-

ing me to fall to the floor, where she was to despatch me with an axe. If I were awake, and resisted, he was to hurl me upon the door by force, while the woman's programme was to remain the same.

I heard them moving below, and I knew that they were about to attempt to put their murderous design upon my life into execution, and I braced myself to meet the conflict as best as I could. At that moment I would freely have given the two hundred pounds for a good weapon; but to obtain one was impossible. I had nothing but my hands with which to defend myself. I heard the villain climbing up into the loft, and a moment after, crawling carefully over the bay. A fearful struggle was coming, and I nerved myself to meet it.

On came the villain, groping in the darkness. Gathering all my strength I sprang upon him, taking him off his guard, and hurling him, in spite of all his efforts, upon the fatal door, that went down with its burden. The heavy thud of an axe met my ears, and then I sprang down, to see the woman bending over the body of her husband, the weapon she had wielded buried to the pole in his skull, and such a look of unutterable horror upon her face that I hope I may never see again on the countenance of a human being.

Without a word I dashed out of the cabin into the darkness and storm. Fortunately the latter was of short duration, and in a short time it was over and the moon was shining brightly. By its light I reached the nearest town, where I told my story and, accompanied by officers of justice, returned with them to the cabin. The body of the robber was lying there, but no trace of the woman could be found; and it was surmised that she had put an end to her existence by throwing herself into a deep pool near by; but no sign of her body was ever seen.

THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

(From Scherer.)

THOUGH from the sea years, years ago
This little shell was borne,
Still seem its gentle murmurs low
Yon long-lost home to mourn.

Thus, though the yearning heart ne'er more
Its kindred heart may meet,
'Twill grieve for that lost love of yore
So long as pulses beat.

CHARLOTTE SWIFT.

SWORDS AND DAGGERS.

THE renowned manufactory of Toledo, which gave their celebrity to Spanish blades, is said to have been established as far back as the ninth century by the Moors, to whom, in fact, Spanish civilization, if such it may be called, owes its origin. In later times the *Fabrica de las Armas* was suddenly closed, upon which the artists dispersed themselves and set up fabrics in different parts of Spain and Portugal—at Lisbon, Orgaz, Seville, Zaragoza, Bilbao, and other places. In our old literature we meet with frequent allusions to Spanish swords, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In the mountains of Aragon, near Calatayud, and in those of Guipuzcoa, near Mondragon, is found the best iron in Spain, perhaps in Europe. Over these mines flow several streams of icy coldness, a fact which suggested to the native miners the idea that the iron itself was frozen, and hence weapons made of this metal were said to be of the ice-brook's temper. Shakespeare, whose reading was extensive and various, and whose genius enabled him to turn all he read to account, puts into the mouth of *Othello*, in one of the most striking scenes to be found in his plays, an allusion to one of the streams of Guipuzcoa. Devoured by remorse, his nerves quivering with horror at the murder he has just committed, he is disarmed in a moment of surprise by *Montano*; but soon recovering his presence of mind, he exclaims to the Venetians, who were pressing forward to seize him:—

"I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is the sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.
Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh; I have seen the day
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop."

Again, when *Falstaff* is describing to *Master Brook* the adventure of the buck-basket, he says that *Ford's* people stuffed him into it like a good bilboa into a peck, hilt to point, heels to head; alluding to the practice of exporters of Spanish swords, who rolled them up like a piece of tape into a circle, and then put them into a round box. When, however, they were taken out, such were the force and flexibility of the steel,

they recovered their straight shape in an instant.

When the blood of Spain ran high, and absolution could be cheaply obtained, the dagger or stiletto played an important part in the social economy of the country. To go without a dagger was far worse than to go without under-linen. Accordingly, every man wore his favorite little weapon at his belt or in his sleeve. The manufacture of stillettoes was, in consequence, a profitable branch of industry, by which many amassed large fortunes, and acquired a widespread reputation. Among others, *Ramon de Joces* rose to be equal in renown with the most famous artists of Toledo or Zaragoza. To possess a poniard of his manufacture was almost equal to inheriting a patent of nobility—so pleasant was it for a gentleman to feel its polished point between his ribs.

Respecting the means by which the steel, whether of sword or dagger, was properly tempered, various opinions have been entertained. *Lord Bacon*, who thought that mankind before his time had only one eye, was fully persuaded that hardening iron or steel was a modern invention, though it was, in truth, known as early as the Trojan war; and at Toledo, when swords began to be manufactured, they were likewise tempered in the Targus. By degrees new methods of hardening were invented. Some artists, after whirling about the heated blade in the air, plunged it into a tub of melted grease or oil, then into another tub of warm water, afterwards into the cold river or into a tank. The flexibility of the blade was by many supposed to be increased by introducing a narrow strip of fine iron down the middle of the blade, while others thought, and, in our opinion, rightly, that the weapon was thus deteriorated. Steel of the best quality can, in thin laminæ, be twisted round your finger like a ribbon. Thus, the main-spring of a watch, when curled up in a circular space, resembles a strip of silk; but the force of the metal always tending towards a right line, struggles against the compression produced by the screw, and that with an effort so equable that we measure time by it. Our readers are doubtless aware that for ages Italy strove to rival Spain in the production of arms; but though

the genius of her artists was perhaps greater, the material with which they wrought was so inferior that their works never equalled in excellence those of the Spanish manufacturers. For this reason many Italians

emigrated to Spain, especially to Zaragoza—where one of them, at least, Andrea Ferrara, made himself so great a reputation that his name became synonymous throughout Europe with the Spanish sword.

DAISY ORACLES.

BY CORA CHESTER.

THE woods were luxuriant in their summer growth, and the sun was disappearing behind the mountain tops, in all the splendor and glory peculiar to an August evening, as the hero of my story, Kenneth MacGregor, strolled leisurely along the woodland paths leading to his home.

As he neared MacGregor Place he stood still and watched with a pleased smile the movements of two very pretty girls seated upon the steps of the veranda.

One of them was plucking to pieces some little field daisies growing near, her fingers rivaling in whiteness the snowy petals as they fell upon her dress.

"Ah, see, my dear!" turning to her companion with a merry laugh of triumph; "he loves me passionately, and you not at all. I am victorious, and give you my sympathy."

Rose Falconbridge either did not, or pretended not, to see Kenneth, for she appeared unconscious of his presence, although he had drawn quite near to the two, and had thrown down his gun and game bag.

"What are the wild flowers saying?" with a quizzical teasing glance at Rose. "Does she love me?"

She started at the sound of his voice with a charming show of surprise, uttered an infantine shriek upon beholding his frowning-piece, and hid her face in her hands to shut out the dreadful sight. Kenneth laughed merrily at her fears.

"My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,"

he sang, gayly. "You are not afraid, but ashamed, mademoiselle, and I catch sight of those blushes you are trying to hide. If daisies tell the truth, you were sure beforehand what would be their decision as to the state of your lover's affections. What was the verdict, Rose?—did he love you *beaucoup*?"

She turned from him with a pretty gesture of impatience and anger. He saw the frown, and offered to shake hands in token of friendship, but she refused, calling him "a cruel truant who hadn't been near them all day, and who didn't deserve a welcome home."

It was in vain he tried to soothe the pouting beauty; she persisted in being angry, and after another effort at conciliation, he entered the house, merely glancing at the quiet little figure seated at Rose's feet.

"O Marguerite! you here? Use your influence with Miss Falconbridge and obtain a pardon before my return, or I shall be heart-broken!"

But Marguerite's services were not required, it seemed, for Rose stooped very prettily and kissed her "little Daisy"—she was fond of calling her companion pet names when MacGregor was in hearing distance—and proceeded to follow Kenneth into the parlor.

Marguerite drew a sigh of relief as the last sweep of Miss Falconbridge's dress was heard, and leaned her head upon her hand with a weary sigh. Tears filled her eyes as she gazed over the distant hills and watched the sunset clouds change their coloring for more sombre hues, symbolical, she was thinking, of her own life, putting off the radiant tints of childhood, and growing dark while she learned that saddest of all lessons, the anguish of a love unreturned and uncared for.

She was very pretty as she sat there in the twilight, but it was a prettiness quite lost sight of beside the glowing, fascinating beauty of Rose Falconbridge. The loose golden hair, falling around her head with no pretence at style, and the white dress looked insignificant, when compared with the rich silks of her rival. Her toilet failed to attract notice from its very simplicity, while

Miss Falconbridge, resplendent in rare jewels and dark rich colors, became the "observed of observers" wherever she chanced to appear, and attracted by her proud insolent beauty hosts of admirers and followers.

Then again, Marguerite had been an invalid half her life, and it was difficult to bring a deep color to her cheek, while Rose was the very personification of perfect blooming health.

Marguerite was an orphan, or rather, she supposed herself one, as she had never possessed either father or mother that she could remember. Nor could she gain any information regarding her parentage from Mrs. MacGregor, who loved her with her whole motherly heart, and had shielded her from every grief with truly maternal care.

She did not tell her adopted daughter that she had been rescued, a poor lame little infant, from a foundling hospital, for she knew how the possible shame of her birth might crush Marguerite's sensitive spirit. She answered all inquiries by saying:—

"Oh, Kenneth was a little boy then, and we were staying in Paris for a short time; that was before we left dear old Scotland for America, you know, my dear. Well, Kenneth took such a fancy to you that, after you were hurt, I, knowing that you were without a mother's care, adopted you in place of my own little daughter. Believe me, darling, had she lived, she never could have been dearer to me than you have been, or a more loving little sister to my dear boy."

So Marguerite was wisely kept in ignorance as to the rest of her story; she had spent a happy childhood romping with Kenneth in the old MacGregor woods, and in later years had walked more soberly by the side of the young collegian, fresh from his Alma Mater, and charmed with the undisguised admiration of his quondam playmate.

Then came another separation, and Kenneth returned to his old home a man, so changed that Marguerite would often wonder if this haughty, cynical gentleman could possibly be the kind brother of other days.

As for MacGregor, he would have found it difficult to exactly define his feelings towards her. Before the rising of Miss Falconbridge's star in his heart, he had certainly thought Marguerite all he had desired in loveliness; but now he argued that he was only fond of her as a pet sister,

which was perfectly natural, as they had always been brought up together.

If thoughts of a deeper love entered his heart, as he walked by her side and watched the crimson glow spread over the white, sad face at some careless word of praise or affection, his old pride arose to stifle such feelings, and he would say to himself again and again:—

"She does not love you, Kenneth MacGregor; it is only your fancy or conceit. You must marry a woman of fashion and high birth, and Daisy, after all, is little more than a child."

So his better angel would be silenced, and he would treat Marguerite with strange fits of coldness, reproaching himself as he saw the tears fill her eyes at some unkind word, but justifying his conduct by declaring that he would not awaken a love he never could return, willfully shutting his eyes to the fact that that love was already his.

Then again days would come in which she would be to him the same Daisy as of old. He would allow her to hold his pencil for him as he sketched some spot noted for its romantic beauty, or would vary the monotony by taking her face as a model to a picture he intended painting some day.

Ah, how often in future years was he to gaze at that blurred, faint little sketch, the only memory left him of one thought so lightly of then, prized so dearly afterwards, and vainly strive with his pencil to banish that sadness from the mouth, and the far-away look from the eyes, a look which haunted him even in his dreams!

Those were happy, peaceful days, remembered by both in after years with strange tenderness. But their quiet was broken into by the arrival of Mrs. Falconbridge, one of Mrs. MacGregor's city friends, accompanied by her daughter Rose, beautiful and haughty enough to suit even the fastidious MacGregor.

Then all was changed, and the long summer days passed away fraught with bitterness to poor Marguerite, who bravely hid the pain in her own heart.

Autumn found Kenneth MacGregor the accepted lover of Miss Falconbridge, or, as he himself more poetically expressed it, he had at last found his "Queen Rose in the rosebud garden of girls;" and Mrs. Falconbridge returned with Rose to their city home, the object of their visit accomplished.

We must pass rather hastily over the

events which succeeded. Kenneth soon followed Rose to New York, and then came one of those dreadful financial crashes, ruining hundreds, and bringing down with it the fortunes of the MacGregors.

It was a heavy blow to their pride, but none were allowed to know how much they suffered.

A few days after Kenneth stopped in one of the fashionable stores to make a few purchases before returning the next day to MacGregor Place. He had assigned that evening to what was to his proud spirit the mortifying task of calling upon Miss Falconbridge and offering to release her from her engagement, in consideration of his changed fortunes.

He was thinking of all these things while waiting for his change, when he heard a clear sweet voice he only too plainly recognized, saying:—

"Heard of his ruin, did you ask? Of course, my dear; but you don't think me foolish enough to encourage his attentions any longer, do you? He will have to share the fate of my other satellites, *voilà tout*." Then turning to the clerk, "You may do up these laces, and show us that lovely mauve silk I was looking at yesterday."

She failed to perceive Kenneth, whose back was towards her, and laughingly continued:—

"Proud, did you say? Yes, it will be the old story of pride and poverty, I suppose; but you needn't fear for me, for I for one will never ally myself to any of

" 'That bootless race of highborn beggars, MacLeans, MacKenzies or MacGregors.' "

Kenneth had heard quite enough; he hurried from the store, and upon reaching his hotel wrote Rose Falconbridge a cold sarcastic note which cost that young lady many tears.

Remembering how red eyes would look at the party that night, and wishing to charm an old nobleman who was to be present, she ceased her weeping, and looking at her pretty face in the mirror, declared "she didn't care for MacGregor, and never had."

Ah, Rose! way down in the depths of that foolish heart live memories of Kenneth MacGregor, memories that the coming years will not weaken, when all the joy that wealth and rank can give will seem worthless compared to the love you have lost!

While Miss Falconbridge was engaged that evening in securing another partner for

life in place of the one she had lost, she would not have been flattered could she have read her late lover's heart.

He had "made unto himself an idol, and found it clay." The glamour had fallen from his eyes, and he saw Rose Falconbridge as she truly was, a foolish, vain girl, no better and no worse than a fashionable match-making mother had made her. But Kenneth soon banished Rose from his mind, and thought of his proud, sensitive mother left in comparative poverty. Then Marguerite rose before him.

"She would never have forsaken me," he mused, "but now she will take it into her proud head to teach school, or do some other ridiculous independent thing. I'll soon put a stop to that!"

Some vague idea entered his mind of telling Marguerite of his rejection, and then, when the gentle tears of pity filled her eyes, he would reward the poor child's long devotion and heart-longings with his love.

These pleasant thoughts shortened the long journey home, and it was with quite a cheerful step that he walked along the frosty path leading to MacGregor Place. His mother welcomed him at the door. After the first explanations and greetings were over, he questioned, with subdued eagerness:—

"But where is little sister? Marguerite cannot know of my arrival."

"Ah, Kenneth!" with a mysterious smile, "that is such a long story that you must come into the library, and I'll tell you all about it. You must be good, and promise not to interrupt."

"There," he thought, as he followed her into the next room, "she has commenced the school-teaching, I'll be bound!"

"She is not here at present," his mother went on, "but perfectly well and happy, I trust. So, having eased your mind concerning her, I will amuse you by an account of all that has happened during your absence. I was busy one morning tending to Jeanette's sewing, when John handed me a card bearing the name of the 'Comte de Rouille.' Of course I was flurried, never having heard the name before; but I dressed, hastened to the drawing-room, and there stood a distinguished-looking, elderly gentleman, who greeted me with a slight foreign accent. He begged me to be seated while he explained the object of what must seem to me an intrusive visit.

"Eighteen years before, he said, he was residing in Paris with his wife and infant daughter. He was obliged, from the position he occupied, to appear much in society, but his young wife could hardly be prevailed upon to accompany him; and when she did, always left the child in the arms of its *bonne*, with many injunctions concerning its safety. One night there was to be a grand fete at the Tuileries, and the streets were so crowded that they could scarcely pass to their carriage. After spending an exciting evening, they returned at midnight to find the house in confusion, the *bonne* and child gone, and the servants wild with fright. Every effort was made to find them, but in vain. The countess, never in the full enjoyment of health, sank beneath this blow, and, as month after month passed away and no tidings came of her child, she failed rapidly, and died about a year after its loss. After his wife's death, the count traveled for many years, finally returned to Paris, and took his old apartments in the Rue de Chailot. He was stepping from his carriage one evening when a ragged boy stopped him and begged the count to follow him to the next street, as a dying woman had a confession of great importance to make. He went with the boy, and, as he had supposed, it was the *bonne*. She told him that on that fatal night she had taken his child in her arms and gone into the street to see the fireworks, meaning to return immediately and say nothing about it; but a false alarm of fire was given, a violent rush was made, and the child was thrown from her arms and trampled under the feet of the crowd. She made a wild effort to save it; rushed through the mass of people and caught it in her arms, only to find it crippled, and probably deformed for life. The thought of its parents' anguish and the terrible fear of punishment caused her to leave it at one of the foundling hospitals, and hasten herself to her old home in the southern part of France. She could not die, she said, without the count's forgiveness. He gave it to her in broken tones, hurried to the hospital, found my name upon the register book (don't interrupt, Kenneth), went to Scotland, and then came to America. He thanked me for all my kindness to his poor little girl.

"It had been better if she had died," he said, shading his eyes. "Her deformity has made her sensitive, I suppose?"

"Before I had time to explain the door opened, and Marguerite stood upon the threshold. Never had I seen her more lovely; her cheeks pink with exercise, and her hands full of autumn leaves. She blushed upon seeing a stranger, but I called her in, told him who she was, and, fearing to intrude, left them together.

"Well, Kenneth, Marguerite left for Europe a few days ago. She would not let me write you about it, fearing to disturb you in the midst of your happiness; but she left her love, and wished me to write her a long account of the wedding. Her name now is Countess Amoretta de Rouille. Quite grand, isn't it? but far too romantic for her, she says, and she will still be called Marguerite. Do you not rejoice at her good fortune, Kenneth?"

Looking at her son for the first time, she saw anything but pleasure in his eyes.

"You may wish her joy, if you please, mother, but as for me, she is no longer a friend of mine. The *Countess de Rouille*," with a mocking emphasis on the title, "might possibly be a patroness of mine if I should tell her of my losses, and *beg* for her influence; but she can never be to us the little Daisy of old."

Then, seeing tears in his mother's eyes:—

"But forgive me, mother mine; send my congratulations, but please do not mention my affair with Miss Falconbridge. I do not care to appear before her just yet as a rejected lover."

In the days which followed, Kenneth went to work in grand earnest. Their losses were not so heavy as had at first been supposed, and MacGregor, devoting himself to the bar, rose steadily in his profession. He banished from his heart all the hopes he had once cherished there, and at the end of three years was a much nobler and better man than he had ever been in his prosperity.

Marguerite, after an absence of four years, was coming home. What caused such a strange joy to thrill MacGregor's heart when he heard of it? He hurried through business, and came down upon the guests at MacGregor Place quite unexpectedly one evening.

A tall, slight woman, fashionably dressed and exquisitely lovely, met him at the door. Could this stately, beautiful girl possibly be the Daisy of other days? He asked himself

the question as she greeted him with a frank cordiality so unlike her old timidity.

No emotion was perceptible in her calm hazel eyes as she held out both hands to welcome him home.

After dinner the Count and Mrs. MacGregor, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," became absorbed in a game of euchre, and were happily oblivious of the fact that their children were amusing themselves out upon the moonlighted veranda with a far more dangerous game, where hearts are always trumps.

Kenneth found it hard to believe that four years so full of change had passed over them since last they sat there together. He no longer the idle, haughty man, casting from him as worthless the devotion of a pure though childish heart; she grown into a dignified, self-possessed woman, not seeking his love, but rather, from the eminence of her rank and proud beauty, seeming unattainable to him.

MacGregor felt the change, and with it came a bitter regret, as, taking one of her long, golden curls between his fingers, he murmured:—

" ' Her tresses have the selfsame curl,
Through rosebud lips you see the pearl;
But oh, she's not the little girl
I wooed the other day! ' "

"Marguerite, why are you pulling those daisies to pieces? Do not trust them; they are false little prophets, and I can tell you much better whether he loves you or not."

She turned and was about to leave him, but he caught sight of her face, rosy with blushes, and a blessed hope dawned in his heart.

"Daisy, dear child, do not go! Where is your place if not with me? I must tell you how I have loved you these long, weary years, and how dark my life has been without you. Forgive me, darling, all those old heart sorrows, and spare me if you can the trial of living an unloved, lonely man."

The tears made her eyes luminous in the moonlight, and he read in their bright depths the happy truth that she still loved him. She did not turn away from his proffered kisses; old scores she had meant to remember were forgotten in this great, overpowering love, and Daisy was indeed won.

ALMOST COZENED.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MY story will illustrate the imprudence, not to say folly, with which men will often act when under the influence of some controlling passion, such as the expectation of great gain. And it will also illustrate how men may redeem themselves from the consequences of such imprudence or folly by prompt and decided action.

The facts bring me back no great distance in my experience: The great Pennsylvania oil fever was then at its height; fabulous stories were told of men realizing hundreds of thousands by the simplest speculation in lands, and many of my friends were converting their business into cash, and departing for the theatre of financial excitement. The fever soon overtook me, and I yielded to it. I was at that time the senior partner in a large and flourishing country retail store. I was thirty-five years old, with a good wife and two children. My home was to me the most attractive spot on earth, and a month

before I had determined to go to the oil-regions I could not have been persuaded that anything in the shape of temptation could win me from it. But in this case the tempter attacked me at the weakest point.

"Go now," my fancy whispered to me, "while there is a chance; this golden harvest will not last long. Venture boldly; put in a few thousands and make a cool half million; it has been done more than once, and you are quite as likely as any one to do it again. When you have done this, your family as well as yourself will be above all the chances and risks of trade, independent for life. It is your highest duty to go."

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I al-

lowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easily; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil-regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill-book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil-settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accomodation, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from my path, and I went out of my way to join them. I found they were standing about the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

"Fifty barrels to-day!" exultingly exclaimed a dapper little fellow, with a huge mustache and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. "Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground."

"It's doing splendidly," said another man; a tall dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

"Them's the two owners of it," said a man at my elbow.

"Good for them," another remarked. "Their fortunes are as good as made."

I lingered around the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil-wells, and awoke in the morning with the resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil-mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

"A pretty good well, sir," he said. "I don't see any reason why it won't pump like this for years."

"I should be satisfied with it if I owned it," I said.

"Wouldn't you like to purchase a share of it?" he asked, rather coaxingly.

I looked at his face, with the thought that he was quizzing me; but he appeared to be perfectly serious. Seeing that I was in doubt as to his meaning, he pointed to a printed bill posted on the derrick, which I had not before seen, although it was in staring capitals. Without giving the exact contents of it, it will be sufficient to say that it offered for sale the one-half interest in this well for ten thousand dollars; the offer to stand for one week only.

"Are you in earnest about this?" I asked, feeling somewhat startled, and somewhat as if my chance had come.

"Perfectly in earnest, I'm sorry to say," he replied. "I've tried hard enough to avoid it, but I'm driven to it. It is my half that is offered, and offered for only a trifle over what I have expended here. In a few weeks more I could easily realize ten thousand dollars out of this oil; but I can't wait. My house and lot in Buffalo are to be sold on a mortgage in one week from to-day, and I can't bear to have them sacrificed, as I know they will be. The property is worth

more than the sum I offer to sell out here for; but if I am not there it may sell for one-half of it. So you see I must sell this interest. It grinds me to do it, but for reasons I can't speak of to a stranger; it is better, on the whole, for me to lose the fortune that is pouring out of this well than my homestead."

"Your partner might bring you out," I suggested.

"And glad enough would I be to do it," spoke up the tall man, coming just in time to hear my remark, "if I had the means. But I haven't. Like poor Fred, here, I've spent my last dollar in putting down this well and getting the machinery to run it. If it wasn't for the good prospect ahead, I believe my boarding-house keeper would have turned me out two weeks ago. But I'm better off than my partner, I've only to hold on and gather the gold that's coming in, while he must sell."

My mind was half made. I walked up to the spot where the oil was gushing out of the pipe at every stroke of the pump, and looked at it as if it were already my own. A small crowd had again gathered about, and such exclamations as "great thing," "lucky fellows," "here's a fortune, sure," greeted my ears.

"Do you think of purchasing about here?" one of the owners asked, following me up. I answered in the affirmative.

"Then here's your chance, sure as you're a living man!" the other enthusiastically cried. "I tell you, sir, there's no mistake about it—this is one of the most promising places on the creek, and you can pump out an independent fortune here in a few months. If I had the money, I'd not hesitate a minute; and as I haven't, all my interest in the sale is to help poor Fred out of his trouble. I rather like your looks, too, and I'd prefer you for a partner than some others who have been here looking at the well. If you've got the cash," and he looked hard at me, "you'd better buy."

"I have got the cash," I replied.

"Good! You're just the man for Fred; and if you take his offer it'll be like giving you fifty thousand dollars. Come up to the office, and let us talk it over; there are too many people about here."

I walked with them to the shanty that they occupied, and went in with them, almost persuaded at that moment to make the investment! Everything seemed straight and honest about the matter; I had seen the

well and the oil, and there was no chance for deception about that, and the man's reasons for selling were perfectly satisfactory. In fact, I believe I began to have some pity for him on account of the hardship of the case, and to wish that I had a thousand or two more than he asked, to offer him. And then the fact that the other partner—Dick was the name that he answered to—was to remain and work his interest, was the best kind of a guarantee of good faith.

If I had any lingering doubts or fears on the subject when I entered the office, they shortly dispelled them. We sat down around the rough pine-table, littered over with papers. Fred produced some excellent cigars, and we sat and smoked, while Fred's tongue ran on describing the profitability of the business. I was satisfied before he had talked ten minutes.

"Show me your title," I said. "Satisfy me about your rights here, and I'll buy the one-half interest at the terms you offer."

They immediately produced a lease of the premises for one hundred years, which I examined and which was undoubtedly correct. I had seen other leases made by the same proprietor, and I knew the signature.

"I don't mind telling you what that cost us," said Fred, with a laugh. "Just twenty-five dollars! We took it when there had been no oil found within half a mile of here, and got it cheap enough, as things have happened."

He asked my name, and in half a minute he had filled up a blank assignment on the back of the paper and signed it, transferring to me his one-half interest in the well and lands for ten thousand dollars. He held it so I could read it, and I saw that it was sufficient. I took out my bill-book and produced the certificate.

"This is payable to my order," I said. "I don't know how you're to get the money. Who'll identify you?"

"Let me see," said Fred, and I laid the certificate on the table. "Oh, that's all right!" he exclaimed, as he read it. "I know the officers of that bank, and they'll pay me on your indorsement."

The other partner—my future partner—the tall, dashing fellow, came and leaned over Fred's shoulder, and looked at the certificate. As he bent his face lower, I saw a most sinister smile diffuse itself over his countenance.

Somehow, just at that momentous instant,

I could not fix my thoughts on oil and money-making and the business before us at all. I thought of Emily and the children at home, and wondered whether it were better for them that I should part with this money so easily. I looked at the two men, with their flashy finger-rings and breastpins, and I did not feel half as much like making the bargain as I had a moment before.

"Just indorse it to me—Fred Brown."

His voice startled me from my abstraction. I looked up and saw that he had placed the certificate on the table with his finger upon it, and was holding out a pen to me.

"I've written the indorsement—'Pay to the order of Fred Brown,'" he said. "Just put your name under that. But Lord bless you, man, what's the matter? Your face is white, almost. You ain't going crazy with your good luck, are you?"

They both laughed at this sally.

"No," I said, carelessly. "Just let me look at the face of that certificate again—so!" and with the words I slipped it from under his finger. My bill-book lay on the table; I quickly placed the certificate in it, folded it, and buttoned it up close again in my pocket.

The men fell back in blank astonishment, and both spoke together:—

"What's that for?"

"I've thought better of it," was my reply. "I've concluded not to buy. You may keep your assignment, or give it to some one else. The well may be a splendid investment, but I think on the whole I'll not take any stock in it."

They saw that I was in earnest, and two angrier men I never saw. Fred—if that was his name—stood glaring at me with the expression of a hungry hyena balked of his prey; and Dick, the one who had avowed that he had no interest in the sale except to help his friend, came close up to me and shook his fist in my face.

"You can't come that game on us, my fine fellow!" he growled. "This trade is all done, and that paper is ours. Hand it over."

He shook his fist again. Now their conduct confirmed my suspicions.

"Lock the door, Fred," said the fellow who was menacing me. "We'll see about this pretty quick."

"Stop there!" I cried, producing a revolver, and cocking it, as Fred started for

the door. "Lock that door, and I'll blow you through!"

He did stop, very suddenly. My attitude and weapon were what they had not expected.

"I believe you are two great scoundrels," I said. "I have done nothing here yet to bind myself to you in any way; and I certainly shall not now." I arose to my feet with the pistol in my hand. "Now I am going to leave this shanty, and if anyone offers to prevent me it will be the worse for him. Look out there!"

Not a hand was raised; no violence whatever was offered. They stood quietly aside while I walked out; and I did not put up my pistol until I had put a safe distance between myself and them.

I went straight down to the well and found a great commotion in the crowd gathered there. The pump was still working, but the oil had stopped running. By this time I was pretty well excited, and mounting the platform, I secured the attention of the crowd, and gave them a brief account of my experience with the proprietors of this well. They listened with manifestations of anger, and when I had done a dozen voices rose at once.

"Those fellows owe me five hundred dollars for work," one cried.

"And me two hundred for board!"

"And me fifty for horse hire," etc., etc.

"Let's find the rascals," some one suggested, and a rush was instantly made for the shanty. They were ten minutes too late; both the men had gone, leaving behind them the evidences of a precipitate flight. It was well for them that they were not found; their swindled creditors were angry enough to soak them in their own vat.

Some of these creditors attached the property that afternoon, and then the whole swindle was exposed. The man in charge of the well was one of the victims, and he did not hesitate to expose the fraud. As it now appeared, the well had not been put down more than thirty feet, and, of course, not a drop of oil had been reached. Ten barrels of oil had been purchased and brought on the ground in the night, and this was actually kept running through the pipe out of the spout, and back again from the barrel, by means of concealed pipes. Of course the humbug was in hourly danger of detection, as the crowd was increasing and becoming more curious; hence the haste of

the two sharpers in pressing the negotiation.

I remained in this vicinity less than twenty-four hours after that. I began to see that I was hardly keen enough to cope with the rascals of the place, who were looking for just such men as myself. Perhaps I might have made a fortune if I had stayed, but I did not feel like trying. Of course I knew that such adventures as these were in a large minority, but I began to be sick of the place, and thought it best to retire with my money in my own pocket, while I could. I surprised and gratified my friends by my early return, and went back into business with the unpleasant thought that I had sacrificed about five thousand dollars in my haste to try the experiment of oil-speculation. Never mind; I have more

than got it back again, and with it an experience which will, I trust, keep me clear of all such dangers in the future.

There is a brief sequel to this true story that ought to be told. I visited Auburn State Prison a short time ago, and saw the convicts at work, clad in their parti-colored suits. One of them glanced up as I passed, and instantly dropped his eyes again. That glance was enough; spite of his close-cropped head and costume, I recognized the person who has figured by the name of Dick. The warden told me that he was in for ten years for forgery. Mr. Fred I have not heard from, but if he is not in that penitentiary he is in some other—or will be. And I don't think it wrong in me to hope that in their cases the governor will exercise the pardoning power very discreetly!

OTTO OF ROSES.

ROSE oil, or attar, ottar, or—more commonly—otto of roses, is one of the most exquisite of perfumes, and, if obtained in its pure, unadulterated state, certainly one of the best, and withal one of the most expensive essences furnished by nature. Although greatly appreciated, especially by the fair sex, comparatively little is popularly known regarding its origin and the conditions under which it is obtained.

Otto of roses is prepared in the East, especially in India; but it is also largely manufactured in Europe. Some rose oil is extracted in Southern France; the principal place of origin, however, is South Bulgaria. When crossing the Balkan Mountains southwards by the only road practicable for vehicles, the well-known Schipka Pass, of evil notoriety since the last Russo-Turkish war (1877-78), on account of the fearful loss of life which its defence entailed, the traveler sees opening out before him the beautiful valley of Kasanlik, bountifully provided by nature, in which the Bulgarian rose oil is prepared. The culture of the rose of South Bulgaria—or, as it is now known, Eastern Roumelia—extends over nearly one hundred and fifty towns and villages, distributed in a circumference of from five to six days' journey, and the centre of which is the

town of Kasanlik, other important towns being Karlova, Tschirpan, Stara-Sagora; but the valley of Kasanlik proper supplies most of the rose oil obtained, and certainly the best descriptions of this precious essence.

The species of rose mostly cultivated in Bulgaria, and used for the manufacture of rose oil, is that known as *Rosa moschata*—as a rule of light pink color, rarely white, and not very full in bloom. The rose oil found in the European market mostly comes from Southern Bulgaria; the oil produced in the East, and in India especially, being used in the land of its origin. The oil derived from *Rosa provincialis* in Southern France is also of exceptional quality, but not only much dearer than the Bulgarian product, but obtained in such small quantities that the whole of it does not cover the wants of the districts where it is manufactured. It should be mentioned that efforts have been made in some parts of Germany to produce the oil; but the success attending them cannot be called very brilliant, for it was found that at least two thousand pounds-weight of rose-leaves, but more frequently double that quantity, were required to manufacture one pound of otto of roses. The rose used in the production of Bulgarian rose oil is in

bloom during May and June. It succeeds best on sunny hillsides, covered with a sufficient layer of medium loamy soil. The rose-bushes when fully grown reach a height of six feet, and are planted in rows a foot and a half apart at intervals of three feet. They must be carefully attended to from autumn to the time of the harvest. As a rule, rose oil obtained from villages more highly situated possesses a higher freezing-point and a more intense but at the same time more pronounced smell; whilst the product of the lowlands has a lower freezing-point and a milder, finer aroma, and is consequently preferred. These several properties of rose oils must consequently be blended in order to obtain a quality possessing the fine aroma and other properties inherent in a perfect oil. Great experience is therefore needed in manipulating the article, and this knowledge is all the more requisite when large quantities of rose oil are required. An important factor in the success of the rose-oil harvest is the weather prevailing during distillation, always supposing that the rosebuds have not previously been injured by frosts, lengthened dry weather, or from other causes. If these facts are borne in mind, it is apparent that it is impossible to fix the price of rose oil before or during the time of distillation. That can only be settled after the harvest is completed, mostly during July, and is arranged between the producer and the exporter, after weeks of negotiation. Rose oil thrown into the market before that time is oil from previous years, generally of less value, which it is thus sought to get out of hand before the season's arrivals.

Cool and rainy weather is the best time for distillation, as it prevents rapid blooming and thus extends the time of harvest, and enables the producer to gather his roses gradually, while it increases the yield. The state of the weather during distillation is of great importance. In the most favorable case two thousand pounds of rose-leaves are wanted to make one pound of the essence. It will be easily understood that in order to obtain such large weights of the light leaves of the roses, large tracts must be under rose cultivation. At the same time a great number of distilling apparatus must be employed and suitably distributed. The flowers ought all to be collected, if possible, before sunrise, so as to retain the ethereal oil, which otherwise quickly evaporates if the sun's

rays become too powerful. There have been schemes for erecting manufactories of rose oil in Bulgaria; but from what has been stated, the folly of such attempts is apparent. As a matter of fact, there is not a single establishment of such a nature in the whole of Southern Bulgaria, the question of expense, long distances, and insufficient means of communication, and consequent loss of aroma by transport, all operating against the erection of rose-oil "factories." The peasants gather the leaves themselves, produce the oil as a kind of domestic industry, and sell the finished product after the harvest. Some exporters pretend that they rent the best rose-fields from the owners, so as to secure a connection; but this is not true. What does happen is this, that respectable dealers in rose oil make advances to peasants upon whose honesty they can depend, and thus they are sometimes able to secure the finest descriptions of the essence; for, as in most industries, there is a deal of adulteration going on in the manufacture of otto of roses. Honest producers erect their distilling apparatus in the open fields; but there are many who distil geranium oil over rose in carefully secluded distilleries, for purposes of adulteration. Of course such men are avoided by respectable merchants, but still the fact remains that much adulterated oil gets into the market. Oil or otto of geranium, also called idris oil, is produced in India, especially in Surat, by distillation of andropogon grasses with water.

The average annual yield of the Bulgarian rose-oil harvest may be taken at between three thousand, two hundred and three thousand, five hundred pounds. During good years, such as 1879 and 1885, it rose to over five thousand pounds. In bad seasons, owing to frost, hail, or a long spell of hot weather and drought, such as the year 1882, the production scarcely reaches sixteen hundred pounds. An exceptionally favorable year was 1866, when about six thousand pounds of otto of roses were produced. The prosperity of a South Bulgarian village or town is frequently estimated by the pounds of rose oil made there. The finished rose oil is taken from the places of production, where it is acquired by the exporters, in round, flat copper bottles, tinned over, and most carefully soldered up. It is still taken on the backs of horses or mule over Adrianople to Constantinople, whence it reaches the European market.

DAYLIGHT IN JUNE.

A SONNET.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

THE balmy zephyrs softly stir the trees,
And early songsters warble sweetest notes;
Through the clear air delightful fragrance floats,
Wafted from all the clover-tufted leas,
Where, honey-gathering, roves the buzzing bees.
The cloudless dawn illumines the eastern skies
With light fresh from the gates of paradise,
That floods with gold the flower-besprinkled fields!
How lavishly her stores great Nature yields,
So manifold and wondrous to the eye;
Oh, this sweet month is fairest of the year!
Yet soon we drop our tears upon her bier,
Nor her bright course old Time swift hurries by;
Like everything 'neath heaven, June's loveliness must die.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHILE off Nukunau, or Byron's Island, in the barque Cherokee, a white man came on board, who said he had been living several months among the savages, and was anxious to ship in any capacity, to get away from them and be once more a civilized being. He called himself an Englishman, and said that he was left on shore from a Sydney whaler.

As we were shorthanded, and had a few days before "broken" or disrated one of the boatsteerers as incompetent, this man was shipped to fill his place. He registered his name as Abraham Cobbett, and took up his quarters, of course, in the cabin, as a petty officer.

As he belonged to the waist or second mate's boat, while I filled the same station in the chief mate's, we roomed together, and were necessarily thrown much in contact. Cobbett could not have been less than forty, or nearly twice my age at that time, but still in vigorous health, and remarkable for great muscular power. He was not a bad roommate in the main, being quiet and intelligent, though at times gloomy and abstracted, and always very reticent as to his past life. I had observed several times that when relating some story, where he was about to men-

tion the name of a ship or captain, he checked himself, hesitated and changed it, declaring that he was mistaken; or, at other times, evaded mentioning any name, by saying that he had forgotten it. He was a prime seaman, and a quick and ready man in his attack upon a sperm whale, as he soon had occasion to prove. This last was the main point, and was sufficient to have covered a multitude of failings, even had he been deficient in other respects. So Cobbett soon stood high in the estimation of the captain and officers, who reposed perfect confidence in him.

As is usual with sperm-whalers when on cruising ground, the crew were arranged in three divisions, called "boat's-crew-watches," each being in charge of a boat-steerer, while the captain and mates took "all night in."

We had met with good success in our cruise among the Kingsmill range. Having gradually drifted down to the leeward islands of the group, we took advantage of the "westerly monsoon," so called, which is here of short duration, to run back, until we again passed Nukunau, and were in a position to zigzag the old track over again.

The land was in sight off the lee bow at

sundown one fine evening, seven or eight miles off. We had again met the regular trade winds, light but steady, and had plenty of room to pass to windward of it. I had charge of the first watch, and called Cobbett to relieve me at eleven o'clock. The land was then dimly visible, or rather the tops of the cocoa-palms, breaking the horizon line abeam of us, by a slightly irregular, jagged appearance. The coral islands of this group are very low, having little or no soil upon them, and at a distance the tufts of trees only are seen, seeming to grow in the ocean.

Instead of retiring to my room below when relieved by Cobbett, I brought up my blanket and pillow, and prepared a "shake-down" in the stern sheets of the quarter-boat on the cranes. This was nothing unusual for me in that climate. I preferred, as a choice of evils, the open night air to the hot, stifling quarters under deck.

Unfurling the boat's sail, I shook it out over the gunwales, as a screen or awning, to shield me from the moon's rays. I was thus hidden from view, unless the edge of the sail was lifted up to look under it. Not feeling at all sleepy, I had lighted my pipe and lay awake smoking a long time. I could hear Cobbett's bare feet pattering as he paced fore-and-aft the quarter-deck. After awhile the sound ceased, and he appeared to have gone forward. In a few minutes I caught these words:—

—"better chance than we've got now."

"Never," answered the voice of Cobbett; "but we must wait and make sure that Joe's asleep."

But I, Joe, was not asleep, and did not mean to be after hearing this. These words seemed to be spoken in subdued tones, but as the parties stood near the mainmast, the sound floated directly down to me. Still, it was not, as yet, apprehension of danger that kept me awake, but merely a natural curiosity to know what was going to be done. So when, after a few minutes, I felt a trembling of the boat's gunwale, I lay quiet and feigned sleep. Cobbett lifted the screen and peeped in at me.

He listened a moment to my measured breathing, and apparently satisfied that all was safe in that quarter, he stepped quietly back to the deck. With my curiosity excited now to the highest pitch, I listened for the slightest sound. No word was spoken, but I presently became sensible, by the movement of the ship, as well as by the difference

of sound as she glided through the water, that she was running with a free wind.

Could the wind have hauled aft, then? I ventured to raise myself a little and peep out under my awning. A single glance satisfied me of the truth. The wind was steady in the old quarter, but the ship was nearly before it. There was the island looming ahead and on each bow, instead of abaft the beam, where it should be. A moment's observation made it evident that this change was not the accident of a moment, but that the ship was being carefully steered in that direction. She was approaching the land at a rate which would put her ashore in an hour or little more.

I knew the man Mc'Intosh, who had relieved the wheel when my watch was out, to be a rough, desperate sort of fellow; in short, just the man to be an accomplice of Cobbett in case he had really plotted any mischief, as I now could not help believing. The few words which I had overheard were a key to the mystery. "They would never have a better chance than now" to run the ship ashore, of course. But the person with whom Cobbett was talking had been forward near the mainmast when he spoke. I had been unable to recognize the voice, but I felt tolerably sure that he must have at least *two* companions in his villainy.

I lay still, considering what was best to be done. I wanted to communicate with the captain or mate at once, but it might not be best to attempt this rashly. Cobbett had complete control of the ship for the time being, with I knew not how many men to back him. They would not, of course, permit me to pass below if they had any idea of my purpose in doing so. They believed me to be sleeping soundly, and it was important to keep them in that belief until I could seize the right moment to act.

They had not, of course, ventured to square in the yards, for this could not be done without noise, and would disturb those below. The ship could be steered for the land with everything braced up sharp, and in case the captain or mate should come on deck, a movement of the helm would bring her to her proper course. It would thus be supposed that her falling off was merely the result of accident or carelessness of the helmsman.

Too anxious and impatient to remain inactive, I silently arranged my screen so that I could peep at what was going on in-board,

and saw Cobbett with a pistol in his hand, which he was capping. He did not seem to be satisfied with the fit of the cap, having tried several while I was looking at him.

At this moment I heard the voice of Hiram, a boy in Cobbett's watch, who came along in the waist, calling, "Look, Cobbett, see how near the land is!" Cobbett laid the pistol on the scuttle-butt, and hastened forward to quiet him.

I had only to raise myself up and reach my body over, and the pistol was in my hand. My first impulse was to keep it and rush below with it; but I thought I could manage better by keeping quiet awhile. If I gave the alarm in this way, the mutineers would at once shut us up below, and we should probably have a bloody fight for the possession of the ship, or be snugly caged up when she ran on the rocks.

I took up the drinking-cup, which stood on the scuttle-butt half full of water, and turned enough into the muzzle of the pistol to drown the charge well. I then drained it out, and wiped it carefully outside. All this I could do without being seen by McIntosh where he stood, under the little hurricane house. But had he taken a step, or even leaned forward, I should have been discovered, and obliged to make a rush for it.

Meanwhile, I heard Cobbett say to the boy, "Don't trouble yourself about the land. I've got charge of the ship, and know what I'm about."

"All right!" answered Hiram, who seemed, even then, half asleep. "I don't care what you do with her. I only thought maybe the man at the wheel had let her fall off, and you didn't know it, and"—

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind. I'm looking out for her."

By this time, I presume the boy had "struck an attitude" on the barrel of the windlass, and, like a true Jack, left all responsibility to those who were better paid.

When Cobbett returned, I had fallen quietly back to my entrenchments and lay watching him. He tried another cap on the pistol, which seemed to satisfy him, and then concealed the weapon in the breast of his shirt, handling it very carefully. I knew that he might have pushed it in, muzzle foremost, and pulled the trigger; it wouldn't have hurt him. I was quite confident that he and his gang had no other firearms. The pistol was his own, for I had often seen it in his chest.

His intention was, doubtless, to run the barque on the reef at all hazards, but not to make use of any violence, unless compelled thereto by some interruption of his design. If the crashing of her timbers gave the first alarm to those below, so much the better.

I had now resolved to attempt running the gauntlet by stratagem. Suddenly throwing off the boat's sail I roused up, yawning and rubbing my eyes as if I had just woke. Without looking around me, or seeming to know or care anything about the course of the ship, I gathered up my blanket, pea-jacket and pillow in my arms, and thus holding the clumsy burden before me, I stepped on deck, and, muttering in a sleepy voice that "it was chilly," I passed on into the companion-way and hurried below without opposition from anyone. I thought I had blinded the conspirators by my apparent innocence, but Cobbett was too sharp to be easily caught.

He was, indeed, partially deceived, but did not fail to keep watch on me after I went below. I threw the bedding into my own bunk, and blew out the tin hanging-lamp which was burning, thinking to make it appear that I had turned in at once. Waiting a minute in the dark till I thought all was safe, I then darted aft into the captain's stateroom, and touching him with my hand he was instantly awake. A whispered word only—his ears told him the rest; that the ship was off before the wind, and that the sullen roar of the breaker on the coral barrier was already audible, as he turned his head up to the little side-light in his berth, which stood open.

I darted across to rouse the mate on the other side of the cabin. Slam went the doors of the companion-way, the slide was drawn over and bolted; then we heard a rush towards the body-hatch, which led into the steerage. By the hurried, rattling sound of a rope they must be lashing it down to prevent it being pushed off. We were caged for the present.

"Blow out the light!" said the mate, who seemed to comprehend the whole affair without much explanation. "We'll have the advantage in the dark. I've two pistols here, ready loaded and in perfect order."

"We must break out very quick," said Captain Harris, "or the ship will be hard and fast on the coral reef."

"How many are there, Joe, in the scrape?" demanded the mate.

"I can't tell, sir, but I am pretty sure there are three, at least. Cobbett, Mc'Intosh and one other, probably Carter."

"All right; we'll fix 'em out in a few minutes. Cobbett's the whole heart and soul of the business. I think I can put him through, and the rest are nobody."

"What's your plan, Mr. Stivers?" asked the captain, who, in an emergency of this kind, naturally looked to the most energetic man on board—in fact, leaned upon him. It was evident Stivers could save the ship if anybody could.

"For you and the rest to get on the stairs there, and pretend to be trying to force your way out. You will have your arms ready, of course, but trust to me to take care of Cobbett. His pistol has been wet, and he don't know it yet. Batter away at the door and parley with Cobbett. Keep his attention employed, at any rate. Here, Joe, come with me."

We passed through the door which led into the steerage, and the mate seized a long board which lay on the heads of the casks.

"Here, Joe, take one end!"

We pushed it through into the after cabin, and launched one end out at the stern window.

"Softly, Joe," said he. "Make all the noise you can there on the stairs. Kick the doors—fire a pistol—anything!"

Cobbett was kept fully employed in this manner, while he was obliged to have Mc'Intosh at the helm to keep her head on shore, and the other man near the steerage hatch to guard against a surprise. He supposed Mr. Stivers to be operating in that direction, as he did not hear his voice with the captain and second mate at the cabin doors.

We pushed the stout ash board four or five feet out through the window, the outer end, of course, inclined upward.

"Now, Joe," whispered Mr. Stivers, "ride on the long end and keep it down. Quick, boy!"

The mate sprang on the transom, and passed through the window out to the end of the board. He had calculated rightly to reach the spare spars which were lashed across the stern. With a single leap he rose out of my sight.

I heard a bitter oath from Cobbett's lips, then the ineffectual snap of his wet pistol, followed by the sharp report of the mate's and a heavy fall. Then another fall, as

Mc'Intosh was knocked sprawling by a blow from the mate's fist—the rattling of the tiller-blocks as the wheel was thrown hard-a-port, while, with a kick, the bolt of the slide was loosened and we all rushed on deck. We had been none too soon, for the breakers were frightfully near under our lee, while the cocoanut trees appeared almost to tower over our heads in the dim moonlight.

On going forward we found the fore-scuttle fast, and the crew in the act of battering the top off with sticks of wood used as rams. Cobbett, it appeared, had sent the boy Hiram and another of his watch down there upon some pretext, and then fastened all hands up below. His only object was to gain time and prevent interruption until he could run the barque on the reef. A few minutes more would have done it.

He was mortally wounded by Mr. Stiver's pistol; but he lived long enough to tell us that he meant to destroy the ship, not from any ill-will towards the captain or crew, but to be revenged upon the owner. He had, he said, sailed in the same employ before, and the owner had wronged him. He had shipped in the Cherokee with this determination, knowing that it was not the custom of our employer to insure his vessels, and that, if wrecked, she would prove a total loss. He had not intended any violence unless forced to it, but meant to carry out his plan at all hazards, and to let us all take our chances after the vessel struck. He refused to tell in what ship he had sailed before, or how he had been wronged.

But the body was identified immediately by the captain of another ship, who boarded us next day while we were lying with our ensign at half-mast, making preparations for the burial.

"His name isn't Cobbett," said he. "That's Captain Averill, who was master of the Falkland. His ship was taken from him, you remember, two years ago, for intemperance and mismanagement of his voyage. The owners sent a man out to the Sandwich Islands with full powers to take charge of her. Averill has been knocking about ever since, and has lived on two or three of these savage islands at different times. I knew him well."

Mc'Intosh and Carter were secured and kept in irons for a time, but were afterwards allowed to go ashore at Onoatoo, another of the same group.

WINNING THE HEIRESS.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

CHAPTER I.

"AND a young woman is possessor of all these broad lands—that noble old mansion?" said Dugald Grey, in a keenly interested voice.

"Of all these, and many a comfortable rent income in other counties," answered the worthy rector of Ingeborde Terrace, the Rev. Theophilus Sternes.

"How unequal are the fortunes of this world!" sighed Dugald, gazing with envious eyes toward the massive stone building, and then slowly following with his eye the dense green stretch of wooded park down across sunny meadows and fertile pasture-land.

The rector smiled.

"Perhaps we should not find them so very unequal after all, Dugald," said he. "Miss Ingeborde is entirely alone, with no home friends whatever. Think what it must be for a young and sensitive spirit to be thus left in this mercenary world."

"She will never lack for friends. Her gold will win her all hearts," answered the young man, quickly.

"That is precisely the most trying part of the matter. She can never feel sure of the sincerity of her friends. I am certain that she feels keenly her lonely position. You, Dugald, ought to pity rather than envy her, remembering your own happy family group."

"Humph!" said Dugald, "there's no lack for members, certainly—eight children in all. Now if we had Miss Ingeborde's income, it would be exceedingly comfortable. The fact is, Mr. Sternes, you preachers may tell us as much as you please about the danger of riches, but the fact remains perceptible to all, there's no happiness or comfort without them; and, for my part, it will be my sole aim to secure my share as speedily as possible."

"You speak with the thoughtlessness of youth," said Mr. Sternes, gravely. "You will soon learn wisdom."

"I shall never learn to be contented with poverty," answered Dugald, confidently.

"What sort of a person is Miss Ingeborde?" asked their companion, who had

hitherto listened silently to their conversation.

"That is a difficult question to answer. Do you mean is she young or old, plain or pretty?"

"To tell the truth, sir, I was not thinking of that at all. But is she an intelligent, agreeable person? one likely to adorn her station, and worthily use her great opportunities?" returned Norman Kirkwood, the color rising to his cheeks beneath the slightly satirical smile of his cousin Dugald.

"She is a very superior person; one that no gentleman could refrain from respecting, and even admiring for her own sterling virtues, setting aside the attractions of her position and fortune," answered the Rev. Mr. Sternes, warmly. "Ina Ingeborde is a remarkable woman. Not one girl in a thousand would keep her even poise of soul amidst the temptations and adulations which surround her. I admire her excessively, and, I promise you, so will both of you young gentlemen."

"Shall we see her?" asked Dugald, eagerly.

"It is altogether likely. She is kind enough to make us very friendly visits, in the most informal manner. Mrs. Sternes fairly idolizes her, and I warn you will tolerate no unkind criticism."

Dugald Grey was looking again over to the noble mansion and fine estate, and there came a sudden gleam into his eye. Half unconsciously he straightened up his graceful figure and smiled.

A sudden resolution came over him. There was the golden opportunity for which he had sighed ever since he left college and came down to Mr. Sternes to perfect himself in German, that he might be able to win an *attache's* post through the influence of a distant relative, a member of the English legation at a German court.

There was little attraction for his ambitious mind in the prospect of the interminable writing, and forlorn, dingy, foreign office; but the salary, he knew, would be exceedingly acceptable, inasmuch as his father's decided voice still rung in his ear, repeating as he had done at parting:—

"I will see you through with Mr. Sternes, Dugald, and then you must shift for yourself. There are Tom and Mark coming along, and Jenny must have an outfit, and positively, I can do nothing more for you."

"What hinders me from winning this great heiress? I am not ill-looking. I can make myself agreeable in any society. I *will* be fascinating. If I could win this Miss Ingeborde, my troubles would be ended. That great fortune—that noble estate! It is worth the trial!" soliloquized Dugald Grey, a flush on his cheek, an eager enthusiasm kindling his handsome face, as he turned his eyes slowly and reluctantly from the stately mansion, and fixed them on the rector's face.

"You say she is young, this Miss Ingeborde; but I suppose so brilliant a prize is already spoken for."

Mr. Sternes smiled again.

"How desperately disappointed you would be if I should confirm your assertion! No, Dugald, Miss Ingeborde is not engaged; she still remains the brightest prize in the matrimonial market."

Dugald walked along in silence, trying to hide the sudden exhilaration of his spirits, and presently strolled away and left his companions to return without him to the picturesque cottage occupied by the rector.

"Well, Norman, what do you say to this new plan of your cousin's? It is easy enough to read his design. My fair patroness must beware. There will be determined siege laid upon her arrival; perhaps you, likewise, will enter the lists."

Norman Kirkwood's lip curled a little.

"No, sir, not I. My wife shall not stoop to raise me to her own sphere. Love is something too precious, in my estimation, to be weighed with gold. Though I should find her everything that my fancy pictures for its ideal, though she were won to love me, an inseparable barrier would still rise between us in this great fortune of hers."

"So you are not of Dugald's mind. Riches are not the highest aim with you, and you can find your happiness without them. You are a wonderful fellow, Norman!" and Mr. Sternes fixed his keen, penetrating, but kindly eyes upon the young man's face.

Norman Kirkwood looked up into his face with an eagle gleam in his dark eye.

"I am afraid, sir, that I hardly deserve that compliment. I certainly have very

strong hopes of winning a competence, if not a fortune. But not by means of marriage. I must earn it for myself, if I ever gain my desire."

"My best wishes for your success," said Mr. Sternes, warmly; and he added a moment after, "I am not sure that I can say the same for your cousin. Ina Ingeborde is too noble and grand a girl to be given lightly to one who has not been thoroughly tested."

"If she is such a character as you describe, she will fathom his arts and read his motives."

"I am not so sure," replied the rector, slowly. "The most superior women fail there. He is very handsome, and remarkably pleasing in his manners. And Miss Ingeborde, I know, is a keen lover of beauty in every form. I should be sorry to wreck so noble a heart as hers!"

"How highly you think of her. I should like to see Miss Ingeborde—at a respectful distance," he added, a moment after. And then Norman Kirkwood walked into the private study allotted to his cousin and himself, and taking up a book soon forgot the subject.

Not so with Dugald Grey. He walked for hours within view of the stately roof and carefully kept grounds of Ingeborde Terrace, building grand air-castles, reveling in intoxicating visions; and the longer he dwelt upon it, the more positive and certain seemed to him these new and dazzling hopes. He came back at last to his German with disgust and weariness. How stale and undesirable looked the most favorable view of the plans he had hitherto discussed. Such a life would be intolerable; it should not be his fault if he did not escape from it. This richly-dowered heiress should lift him out of the common dust; with her fair hand he should gain all the prizes of life.

The idea took morbid possession of all his faculties. He had a sickly distaste for any other thought. His sole aim and desire was in some way to gain an introduction—to find opportunity and excuse for appearing in the presence of Miss Ingeborde.

The rector watched his dreamy eyes and absorbed face with grave, though somewhat satirical, looks, and sighed a little when his wife said gayly at the tea-table:—

"There's a great stir up at the Terrace. I think Sir Eustace Belmont must be coming down from town with his ward. Our dear Miss Ingeborde! How I long to see

her! Her visits make the holidays of one year."

"Will she come here immediately?" asked Dugald, looking up hastily.

"I don't believe she will stay long away," replied the little woman, with a proud, well-satisfied smile.

Dugald left the table; and only returned as Mrs. Sternes was setting back her work-stand, and tidying up the room for the nightly exit.

"There's a large coach down the avenue at the door of the lodge, Mrs. Sternes," he said, eagerly.

"They've come, no doubt. I meant to run over and ask the housekeeper, but it's pretty evident the family are here. It's a little earlier than usual, but that may be on Sir Eustace's account. So I shall see Miss Ingeborde in the morning. How delightful!"

Dugald did not venture to echo her words in audible voice, but his heart responded as enthusiastically; and in the morning he dressed himself with unusual care, took his book, and lounged out into the front arbor, from whence he not only had obtained a good view of the entrance, but was himself quite conspicuous to any passer-by.

Norman, with his high boots and in his shooting dress, came striding down the walk. He came to a short pause as his eye fell upon the graceful attitude and carefully arranged toilet of the occupant of the arbor, and then burst into a laugh, while he called out:—

"I was coming to find you, and ask your company on a good tramp through the woods. You could finish up the herbarium for your sister Jenny in such fine order, Dugald. But I see I may spare the invitation. You are in party dressing awaiting a distinguished arrival. I wish you a pleasant day; for my part I would rather face an army or climb a mountain than wait there to see, and be seen, by the magnificent Miss Ingeborde! I'm off for the woods."

He swept a mock bow and hurried off. An angry flush rose to Dugald's cheek.

"Stupid fellow!" muttered he. "Nature meant him for one of the plodders. He has no ambition to rise above the clods. He would not stoop to pick up a diamond, though it were lying at his feet. However, he needn't complain. It would be disagreeable if he were to interfere in this matter. Not that it would seriously disconcert me, only

that careless way of his might divert her attention. Let him laugh at me as he will: I don't care, so long as he takes himself out of the way."

Dugald lounged away the whole forenoon in the arbor, turning over the leaves of his book in a listless fashion, glancing continually over his shoulder toward the gate, until he was likely to get a twist in his neck.

But there was no roll of wheels, no sound of footsteps on the walk, only the murmur of the bees, busy in his garden plot. But for the irritation of suspense, he would have fallen into a slumber. Twice he threw down his book and rose to his feet, muttering, impatiently:—

"Pshaw! what a simpleton I am! I will go back to the house."

But some powerful spell held him captive.

"It is so late she *must* come soon. If fate will only order the breeze to seize her scarf, her hat, her handkerchief, that I may rush out to the rescue."

And so he sank back and waited another interminable hour. The roll of wheels, the quick stepping of fleet hoofs, a veritable drawing up of a regally appointed carriage at the rector's gate, rewarded him at length. His heart beat quickly, his eyes sparkled, Dugald hastily seized his book.

Miss Ingeborde at last! The driver opened the door, and a tall, well-dressed lady descended and walked slowly up the walk. Dugald was too pre-occupied and absorbed in his own appearance to be vexed that the veil hid the lady's face. With his white fingers idly clasping the book, and his fine eyes lifted in apparent innocent unconsciousness, Dugald awaited her near approach. She turned toward him, naturally enough, and exclaimed:—

"O Mr. Sternes, is it you?"

And then fell back a step or two, aware of her mistake. Here was the longed-for opportunity. Dugald flung down his book, bowed in the most respectful and gallant manner, and putting on a look meant to be thoroughly fascinating and irresistible, answered:—

"I will find Mr. Sternes. I shall be happy to be of service to you. My name is Dugald Grey; I am reading German with Mr. Sternes."

The lady bowed and smiled, and putting back her veil, showed a fair, aristocratic face, not quite so young, however, as Dugald had been led to expect.

"But what matter for that!" thought he, while with that same bright smile he opened the door for her; "the fortune she brings is in no wise diminished."

Mrs. Sternes had been made aware of the approach of her visitor, and came forward at once, with an air of flattered perturbation, and set out the easy-chair.

"Ah, Lady Sophia, I am honored by this early visit. I was not certain that your ladyship had arrived at the Terrace."

"We came on from Wharnley Park last evening. Miss Ingeborde wished me to call on you and say that she should come along sometime this week."

"Then she has not yet arrived?"

"No, she insisted upon being set down at May Mornington's to spend a few days. They were girls at school, you know. Dear Ina has strange whims, but we try to gratify them."

"Lady Sophia, allow me to introduce a young gentleman who is reading German with my husband. Mr. Dugald Grey, Lady Belmont."

Dugald had penetration enough to understand that it was very judicious to propitiate the friends of the heiress, and he devoted himself with as much *empressment* as possible to the entertainment of the aristocratic lady, who made him happy by a gracious invitation to come and help Sir Eustace look after the neglected game in the park.

"But I wish it had been Miss Ingeborde herself," he murmured, in a tone of disappointment, as he returned from gallant attendance upon the departing carriage.

CHAPTER II.

NORMAN KIRKWOOD, stalking away through the woods with his gun on his shoulder, and his specimen box swung under his arms, met with an adventure likewise, although it was made up of humbler materials than a grand carriage and an aristocratic lady of fashion.

He had crossed a piece of wood skirting the foot of a rocky height, and was on a by-road leading from the highway, jogging leisurely along, pausing now to bend over some delicate wild-flower, and again, with entranced ear, standing motionless, drink in the wild melody of some shy songster pouring out his jubilant glee from a distant tree-top. He was a keen lover of nature,

and there were many fine-toned voices whispering delicious secrets from rock and tree, from tiniest flower and moss and fern, to him alone. The birds sang instructive lessons, the rivulets babbled gleefully, but not without meaning for his sympathetic ear. Soil and turf, rocky strata and gray bowlder, were so many open pages written over with fairy-like legends for his delighted eyes. Perhaps, because there were so few human ties to claim his affections, this ardent but reticent soul turned the more fondly and enthusiastically to nature. He enjoyed this retired by-road for its wildness and seclusion, and walked on gayly, sometimes whistling chords shrill, but clear and sweet, and again shouting forth some wild song with boyish abandon.

He had made no attempt to use his gun. In truth, he was not a genuine lover of the sport. It was half the force of habit that, on these long rambles to which he treated himself, he took his gun on his shoulder. Many a time, in some sheltered nook, fragrant with the breath of pine trees, and damp with the velvety carpet of feathery moss, across and among which the glistening leaf and brilliant fruit of the partridge berry trailed and entwined, as threaded in by the shuttle of a brownie,—many a time, as he pushed his way into such a hermit spot, a great whirr arose from the branches, and while the cunning mother crept along almost under his feet, feigning all sorts of identities that her brood might escape unmolested, Norman stood quietly, forbearing even to touch a dry limb beneath his feet, to start the timid creatures, and allowed the whole brood of plump partridges to escape him; which trait is quite enough to prove him no sportsman.

And now, with gun on his shoulder, singing at the very top of his voice, he turned an abrupt curve of the narrow road, whose bending birches almost formed an arched roof, and came upon a little scene which arrested at once his careless singing and his long strides. There, a little withdrawn from the dust of the road, standing on the fresh green of the bank, with a long, forked stick in her hand, was a tall but slender figure, quietly dressed in a gray riding-dress, with a pale, but spirited, resolute face turned towards him. She just lifted her eyes and dropped them again to the ground, upon which the forked stick, held down with desperate strength by two shapely hands, con

find what seemed to be a convolution of yellow and black stripes of velvet, lit now and then by a forked vein of fire.

"Will you help me, please?" said a clear, even-toned voice.

"Good heavens! It is a rattlesnake!" exclaimed Norman, and with a bound was by her side.

"Be careful. If you can, seize the stick without letting him escape. My arms and wrists are desperately tired. I began to wonder what would be the end, if I were to stand here like a stone until my strength was gone, and the reptile became the Nemesis of my doom, in punishment for my temerity in attacking him."

She said this in quiet tones, but her eyes were a little strained and her cheek feverish.

Norman said nothing, but laid down his gun, and began looking around him for a heavy stone to throw upon the writhing folds.

"What do you intend?"

"I should like to shoot the creature, and I want a rock that will keep him from stirring, if you can hold him a minute longer."

"Are you a good marksman?" asked the young lady, lifting her clear, dark eyes again to his face.

"Pretty fair," answered Norman.

"Then I will hold the stick, and you may shoot now."

He could not refrain from an admiring smile, though he said, resolutely:—

"No, indeed; I could not shoot steadily. After all, there is no need. I will draw him further out of the grass and shoot him while he attempts to escape."

As he spoke he laid his hands steadily on hers, and grasped the stick. She slid from under his icy cold fingers, and with a low ejaculation of thanksgiving, stepped back. It required dexterous management. A single slip of the stick, and that fiery, poison-tipped fang would be buried in his flesh. But it was safely accomplished. The young man drew the writhing reptile into the dust of the road, and then seized his gun. A flash and a roar, and the hideous folds straightened out stilly.

"Will you come and see the rattles? He was an old fellow," said Norman, as coolly as if he were discussing the merits of a lovely flower, while he took out his knife.

"I don't care to look; but I think I should like the rattles. I was not aware before how completely I was worsted in the encounter I

rushed upon with such bravado. I think I shall see those hideous, velvety folds, and that vibrating, flame-like tongue before me for many a day to come."

And she shuddered and turned her face away. Then she laughed.

"There's no telling how my adventure had ended, but for your opportune appearance. I think my arms would have failed me. I had an insane fear that the creature would get into a position to fasten his eye upon me. I knew in that case my nerves would give way. Well, there is a useful lesson in all vicissitudes. This has shown me how much more incompetent I really am than I supposed. I was out riding, and a vicious horse refused to come this way. Had he been my own I should have conquered him. As it was, I left him to go his own way. I would not change my route for his stubbornness; I sent him back by the groom to his stable, and declared my willingness to walk. You see, I counted too strongly on my own powers. I am properly humbled and humiliated now. And it is a long way to Ingeborde Terrace."

There was a playful smile, and an ingenuous, appealing look in the eyes, accompanying this speech, which made Norman Kirkwood answer hastily:—

"I shall go precisely in that direction, and shall be glad to ward off any further danger."

"But your face was turned from it," she said.

"To be sure; but I was waiting for any trifle to turn me about. So you belong at Ingeborde Terrace?"

He said this carelessly, for he had already settled the matter in his mind, after a second glance over the modest, unassuming dress.

"Of course she is none of the fine people, but some one employed by the aristocratic Miss Ingeborde. But she is a true, refined gentlewoman, whatever her occupation," thought he.

"Yes, I live at the Terrace now for a little while," replied the young lady, stealing a glance into his face.

"Do tell me about that wonderful Miss Ingeborde, for I shall never know anything myself. I should fly from her approach as from a pestilence."

"And why, I pray you? I have good authority for saying that she is a civil, well-disposed person."

"Oh, I dare say; I am prepared to grant all that. Mrs. Sternes is forever sounding her praises. But she is a great heiress, and I should never dare venture into her presence, because I should expect she would think I was laying some snare to win her favor. I am exceedingly democratic in my ideas, and I have a wholesome horror of fortune-hunting, and no knack at adulation and flattery. So I shall shun all possible chances for bringing me into her presence."

And perceiving an amused smile on her face, he rattled on:—

"Do you know I have run away from her now? Mrs. Sternes is looking for her at the rector's cottage."

"You live here, then?"

"For a little time. He is helping me to fit for an honorable and useful place in the world, which I am to earn for myself by-and-by."

"Miss Ingeborde didn't come out at all last night, so the good lady of the rector will wait in vain, and you have run away uselessly. But I assure you there is no need of your avoidance. She is not so foolish as some fine ladies."

"You like her. Perhaps you are a chosen confidante."

"Something like it; she is very kind to me. I owe to her that I am spending this season here at the Terrace."

"I like her for that. One can judge by the companions any one chooses of their own character. I think better of Miss Ingeborde that she appreciates and values you."

"And what more do you know of me than of Miss Ingeborde?" asked the young lady, with an arch smile.

"I have seen you!" replied Norman, promptly. "I know that you are brave and steady, and true-hearted—and," he added hesitatingly, "I think you are not rich."

She smiled again, a little sadly.

"Are you so afraid of riches? But you are right; I am not rich—no, I am not rich—I am poor."

"I like you for it," answered Norman. "Had you been the great and wealthy Miss Ingeborde I should have hurried off."

"What, and left her to the mercy of the rattlesnake?"

"No, not precisely that. But do not think I should have spoken a word beyond monosyllables. And then again, how could it be? She would not be found here in this lonely road, without attendants."

"Well, I am not sorry it is my humble self instead. I am glad to make original acquaintances; so to save your alarm, I must introduce myself as Miss Jane Apthorp, the humble companion of the heiress."

"I am very glad to meet you. Will you have the rattles for a trophy? And shall we take a cool, shady path through the fields, instead of along the highway? I know every inch of the ground, notwithstanding my short stay in these parts; and I am Norman Kirkwood."

"The fields, by all means. I think you will be able to show me concealed treasures of which my careless eyes have never dreamed, Mr. Kirkwood. You have a specimen box, I see."

"To be sure. And there is a curious fellow in it. I found him on a sassafras leaf; I'm taking him home to find out something about his relatives, and his way of living."

It was a pleasant walk, and I think neither of them was particularly delighted when the tall chimneys and stately walls of Ingeborde Terrace appeared through the opening trees.

"Now I must take leave of you. I should never dare to venture into the chance of meeting the heiress," said Norman, lifting his hunter's cap from his head with a bow almost as graceful as his cousin could have given to Miss Ingeborde herself.

Miss Apthorp smiled, while she returned:—

"There is no danger; I told you she had not yet arrived. I am sent forward to announce her coming, and to make ready for her. They put me on a horse and gave me a groom that I might arrive here in respectable shape. But you see fate ordained something different."

"I am not disposed to be angry with the unruly animal, if, indeed, you are not fatigued with this long ramble," said Norman, earnestly.

The clear, dark eyes of Miss Apthorp smiled back to his.

"On the contrary, I was never more fresh and exhilarated. It has been like a peep into the jewel casket of nature. You have a great gift alike to observe and explain. I have enjoyed it beyond any other walk this season."

"If you would not consider it rude in me to ask," began Norman, and paused, a little embarrassed.

"Speak on. I promise to be gracious."

"There are so many charming walks in this romantic country. These ferns I was telling you about, and the lichens—I could show you such fine specimens; and it is such a treat to have a sympathizing companion!" said Norman, fixing his eyes pleadingly upon her fair, quiet face.

"I hope it is not far. I should be very glad to go, if Miss Ingeborde can spare me," replied she promptly, with a freedom from false prudishness which raised her in his estimation. "I can bring little Theo Sternes with me. The boy has a gipsy love for the woods."

"I thank you so much! I will look over my minerals, and see how much of a collection we might obtain in these parts. A few walks would enrich us amazingly."

She did not seem to notice this assumption of an indefinite continuation of the acquaintance and a series of walks, but answered, quietly:—

"Theo and I will be ready Saturday, somewhere on this road, just out of sight of the Terrace, quite early, if you like; and we shall bring ample accommodations for specimens. Good-day, sir. I thank you for your welcome services, and for these!"

She playfully held up the rattles, and walked on towards the Terrace. Norman Kirkwood watched her pass through the rear gateway, and presently disappear through the door at the side entrance.

"A nice girl," said he, mentally, as he turned his own steps towards the rector's. "Just such a woman as one can enjoy and appreciate—none of your silly, sentimental dolls, nor your haughty, imperious belles. A clear-eyed, warm-hearted, sensible girl; I wonder if she knows what a fortunate circumstance it is that she is poor? Were she in the place of her patroness, how many of these sweet and winning graces would be lost! I am so thankful I went out to avoid Miss Ingeborde!"

CHAPTER III.

DUGALD GREY was restless and irritable the next day, and Mr. Sternes, in despair of bringing his absent wits to the subject, summarily ejected him from the study.

"Away with you, in search of your senses!" said he. And Dugald put on a

glossy beaver, took his cane, and sauntered off—towards Ingeborde Terrace, of course.

He wondered feverishly had the fair mistress arrived yet, and started forward eagerly when the phaeton came rolling forth from the avenue gate.

Lady Sophia was riding out with Sir Eustace. Dugald took off his hat and bowed with the utmost deference. Her ladyship touched the check-rein, and when the driver checked his horses, beckoned for Dugald to approach.

The young gentleman hurried forward, and was introduced to Sir Eustace Belmont, a stiff, frigid, pompous man, who seemed to think he carried all the dignity and nobility of the United Kingdom on his own shoulders.

He did not share her ladyship's admiration for the graceful, handsome young gentleman, and when he learned that Dugald was simply a German scholar at the rector's, his salutation was somewhat frigid, and consciously condescending.

"I'll send that surly bear to the right about just as soon as I am master here," thought Dugald Grey, as he drew back with a bright crimson spot on either cheek, while the carriage rolled away.

Just then a servant came lounging forward with a pruning-knife in his hand. Dugald began a conversation, and presently inquired when the mistress of the Terrace was expected.

"She came this morning," answered the man, with a glance of surprise at his ignorance of the important fact.

Dugald's heart gave a great bound; he seemed to have his hand already upon the golden prize. He turned his eyes wistfully upon the great house. Oh, for an excuse to penetrate to her presence! He decided to reconsider his antipathy for Sir Eustace, and adroitly drew from the servant a good account of that gentleman's peculiarities. He guessed rightly the aristocrat's weak point, and resolved to humor it at their next meeting, with such dexterous skill that he should win a voluntary invitation to share his sport in the park, and thus win freedom of access to the drawing-room.

"Does Miss Ingeborde ride out herself very often?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed; and of a truth, it's by herself. Jem, the groom, follows near enough to look out for her, but she keeps by herself and takes all sorts of paths. She's

not at all like other fine ladies, sir; but she's the best mistress ever was."

"Will she ride to-day? What time, I wonder? Perhaps she will visit Mrs. Sternes."

"Can't say, sir. There was some sort of message sent just now."

"I think I must hasten back," said Dugald, and lost no time in reaching a spot from which he could command a view of either residence, where he spent the entire morning, and came back sulkily at dinner-time, to learn that Mrs. Sternes had gone out by the rear gate and spent a long hour at the Terrace with Miss Ingeborde, who had a little cold and headache.

The days slipped on into weeks, and still Dugald was baffled by what he believed an extraordinary combination of circumstances. Miss Ingeborde was still ailing, and kept very closely at the Terrace. Sir Eustace had softened a little beneath Dugald's persevering attempts whenever they chanced to meet, but had not thawed enough to give the longed-for invitation. My lady Sophia, to be sure, was always gracious; but Dugald scarcely ventured to be bold enough to call on her. He had eagerly proffered his services for any errand Mrs. Sternes might send him, but the worthy little woman had not seen fit to make use of him.

The poor fellow was well-nigh in despair; and yet his hopes were never more feverishly eager and intense. Day by day it grew a more desperately desirable thing, whose failure would ruin all his happiness. He haunted all the avenues leading to the Terrace, inspired by a vague expectation of seeing the lady ride forth, like some enchanted princess, pursued by a wild beast or dragon, to be rescued by the prowess of his brave right arm.

Once, as he was leaning over an ivy-draped wall, watching the regular, vigorous strokes of a wood-cutter, the man nodded in the direction of the great house, and said:—

"Yon is Miss Ingeborde. Don't you see her horse saddled, there at the door? She's a kind lady. You'll see her stop and give me a good-morning, in that sweet voice of hers; she never fails. See, the groom is putting her up to the saddle."

Dugald Grey's eye was exultant.

"I shall see her! this opportunity shall not be lost! I will manage to get speech with her, though I am obliged to frighten the horse for the sake of rescuing her!" he

repeated, mentally, and took as graceful an attitude as possible.

On came the regular footfalls of the horse, and in a moment, over the boughs of the trees showed a jaunty hat and dancing plume. Was it an accident that, with the handkerchief he drew from his pocket, Dugald allowed an unfolded letter to be dropped to the ground, and caught in a moment longer by the fresh breeze and tossed to and fro along the road?

On came the fair *equestrienne*, and following some distance behind was the groom. Dugald's wary eye took heed of the paper, and blessed the fresh puff of air which wafted it directly before the swiftly-advancing animal. Of course the spirited horse shied and then reared, and the fair rider gave a little cry.

Dugald leaped forward, seized the bit, and brought the trembling creature to a full stand; then, hat in hand, he stood before the lady, congratulating himself upon being able to render this slight service. He knew he looked like a young hero, standing there with his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and his erect, graceful form. He read on the lady's face her admiration, and his heart exultantly cried out, "At last, at last, you have won your desire!"

The lady was young and quite pretty. She smiled and blushed, and then smiled again, as she bent down from the saddle.

"How can I thank you enough? Miss Ingeborde assured me that Bess was gentle, or I should never have ventured; for I am but an indifferent rider."

"Miss Ingeborde!" stammered Dugald, his chagrin and disappointment quite destroying his self-possession. "I thought you were Miss Ingeborde!"

"I? Oh, no, indeed! How odd that you should have thought it!" responded the lady, laughing merrily.

The groom here came galloping up, and bowing, Dugald silently retreated to the wall. He could not utter a single word at first, he was so choked with mortification and impotent rage. But finally he asked, shortly and angrily:—

"Who was that woman? You said it was Miss Ingeborde, but it was not."

"Sure enough, I was mistaken!" replied the wood-cutter, pausing with uplifted axe in the act of striking a blow. "It was her horse, you know; but the rider was the girl who lives with her, the—what do they call

it? companion, I believe. She's a pretty thing, though, is Jane Apthorp, and it's a grand place for her."

"The *companion!*" muttered Dugald, in unutterable disgust, and went hurrying to the rector's cottage as fast as his feet would carry him.

This was a fair specimen of the succeeding weeks and months. Whether the worthy rector and his wife suspected the state of feverish discontent, of alternate hope and disappointment which filled the mind of the young man, couldn't be guessed from their looks or behavior. But then, towards the close of the summer, something like three months after her arrival at the Terrace, one afternoon Dugald exclaimed, with suppressed passion:—

"I should like to know, Mrs. Sternes, if we are ever to be favored with a sight of the great lady of the place? I thought Miss Ingeborde came often to see you. I should imagine she was a nun, by the seclusion in which she keeps herself. I have had but a distant glimpse of her—quite too distant to make out her features."

He spoke in such a tone of injured virtue, that Mrs. Sternes burst into a laugh.

"Miss Ingeborde has really made an extraordinary recluse of herself. But you don't consider the delicate health, of which she has never before had opportunity to complain."

"One would suppose even a confirmed invalid might ride over to see you this charming weather. I am half inclined to think you were laboring under a hallucination when you told us about her frequent visits here," returned Dugald, peevishly. "The most I have seen which approaches to friendliness is the visit, every other morning, of that gray-robed '*companion*' of hers."

"Speak reverently, if you please, when you mention Miss Apthorp. She is a very exemplary and lovable girl. Ask Mr. Kirkwood if she is not."

Norman Kirkwood put down his book at this roughish appeal from Mrs. Sternes, and somehow there was a heightened color on his cheek, as he replied:—

"I have a great deal of respect for the lady, certainly."

"I should think so!" retorted Dugald, contemptuously. "I never stray over to the grove or the river, but I see him gallanting the young woman, with that boisterous lad following at their heels. I've taken pains,

two or three times, to hide from them, lest I should be dragged into her company."

"You might have spared yourself the pains, Dugald," retorted Norman. "We should never have invited you to join us." And the young man rose, and walked quietly out of the room.

"I think this young lady has taken possession of your cousin's heart," observed Mrs. Sternes, thoughtfully.

"Just like him!" observed Dugald, with curling lips. "He has no ambition, no pride whatever. To be in love with a *companion*, bah!"

"He does not look at outward circumstances; it is the character which claims his admiration," returned little Mrs. Sternes, her eye flashing a little indignantly. A gem is a gem, for Norman, whatever its setting. And as regards his ambition, Mr. Sternes, who has been complaining so bitterly of your neglect, is more than satisfied, is proud of Norman's progress; and Mr. Yates, who was examining his qualifications the other day, sent, last night, an offer indorsed by Lord Salisbury, of a fine foreign situation especially for his benefit."

"You don't say! Norman never mentioned it," exclaimed Dugald, in a tone of deep mortification.

"Perhaps he feared to hurt your pride," suggested Mrs. Sternes.

"After all, it is no loss to me," observed Dugald, tossing his head. "I should not be satisfied with such drudgery."

Mrs. Sternes bit her lip, and walked away.

Norman Kirkwood, meanwhile, had walked out into the garden, to cool the indignation occasioned by his cousin's contemptuous reference to the gentle girl he now fearlessly acknowledged to himself was the possessor of his heart, and all his dearest hopes. The summer had been one halcyon season for him. They had met constantly; sometimes in the rector's house and garden, but most often in the pleasant fields and romantic woods, where, with Theo for their jubilant companion, they had hunted up all the brownie secrets and hidden treasures. Many and confidential, earnest and grave, glad and sportive, had been their varied talks. They had found many strong bonds of sympathy, more especially in the loneliness of position, neither of them enjoying the blessing of parent, brother or sister.

As Norman stood there in the garden, his fingers nervously clasping the letter proffer-

ing the much-desired situation, he came to a sudden resolution.

"Why should I hesitate to tell her that I love her?" cried out he, energetically. "And what is there to prevent my taking her with me, as my wife? We have neither of us grand ambitions nor expensive tastes. No king and queen will be half so happy on their throne as we might be in some cosy home. And the salary offered is generous in the extreme. Oh, if I have not cheated myself in daring to hope that she looks kindly on the affection she must have seen long before this! I know our acquaintance is brief, but years would not convince us of more perfect harmony. I will speak to her this very day!"

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNE favored the young man. Standing there at the gate, he saw a slender figure, unattended, crossing towards the river. He sprang forward, and before she had gained the bridge was by her side, panting, and with eager determination shining in his eyes.

"Miss Jenny," said he, "I hurried after you to tell you of an unexpected change in my fortune. I am going away at once from here, and from England, likewise."

The fair girl instinctively put out her hand and caught at a rail of the bridge, and for a moment turned her face away, that he might not see the troubled gleam breaking up the tranquillity of the clear eyes, the pitiful whiteness falling over the lips and cheeks. With her head still averted, she said, presently, in a voice held calm and steady:—

"I must congratulate you, I suppose. You have obtained the long-desired post."

"I have. You shall read the letter presently. The salary is so generous, the situation proffered in such a friendly spirit, I am anxious you should read it. But first I have something to say to you. Would you please turn your face towards me, and promise not to be angry, nor to consider me presuming? Dear Miss Apthorp, I hope it will not startle you to hear what I have known this long time. I love you very, very dearly, with all the earnestness of my nature. It would be the crowning joy of this pleasant hope, if you would consent to go with me as my wife."

He had spoken impetuously, the rich thrill

of his voice, and the gleaming eyes betraying the intensity of his anxiety for an answer. The young girl turned slowly, and her eyes, swept clear of the shadows, looked eagerly into his.

"You really mean it, Norman? Would you never repent it?" asked she, eagerly.

"Never, never in the wide world, in all time, if only you will love me, Jenny Apthorp! If you will only come!"

A glad, gloriously-beautiful smile made her face dazzling.

"And nothing, absolutely nothing, will change you?" demanded she.

"Certainly not, if you will love me. Will you, can you?"

"I do, with my whole heart!" came almost solemnly.

"And will you marry me, and go with me to Germany?" he cried, seizing the fair, delicate hand, bare of any ornament at wrist or finger, and holding it in both his.

"I will be your wife joyfully, gladly. But once again let me ask you to promise that no circumstances you may discover will change you. Circumstances extraneous, I mean, that do not change my mind, or heart, or soul, one faintest shade. Can you promise that, Norman?"

"Some shadow on her family honor. Can she think it will change her sweet self in my eyes?" thought Norman, and responded, fervently:—

"I will swear the most solemn oath you may dictate."

"Put up your right hand," she said, softly, an arch smile on her lip, but a gleam of dew in her eyes, "and promise—whatever outward change in lineage or circumstances, in name or station, may be developed, it shall not come between us. Neither pride, nor change of circumstances—promise me Norman Kirkwood!"

He had a vague wonderment at the deep earnestness of her look, the solemnity of her manner; but he held up his hand, and responded, with a glad smile, "I promise."

She clapped her hands. "What a happy girl I am! I have drawn the noblest prize I could desire. Heaven bless you, Norman Kirkwood!"

He drew her hand into his arm, and led her along the verdurous pathway. They were lovers, now, acknowledged lovers, and such conversations as that which ensued are sacred. But as he parted with her, Norman said, earnestly:—

"I will keep my promise, dearest. I will not write my letter of acceptance till you are with me to dictate. And you will speak with Miss Ingeborde, and make preparations to leave with me, when I proceed to Germany."

"I will come over to dear Mrs. Sternes's this evening, and tell you what she says about it."

Just before dusk, a footman brought a note to the rector's cottage which Mrs. Sternes went into ecstasy over, and then smuggled into her husband's study, where both went into a comical pantomime which would have astonished the good people of the parish.

Presently Mrs. Sternes dawned upon the young men in their study, with a radiant face.

"Make yourselves charming, young gentlemen," said she. "Miss Ingeborde is really coming to-night, and I invite you into the parlor."

Dugald Grey sprang up with an exclamation of satisfaction. His cousin colored a little beneath the little woman's merry glance.

"Our dear Miss Jenny will be here, likewise, and Miss Ingeborde wants to see what a certain young gentleman is like, before she gives away her dear companion."

"Under those circumstances, I shall be glad to see her," returned Norman, smiling back.

They were attentive ears that caught the roll of carriage wheels on the walk, that followed the quick, light step into the hall, the little joyful ejaculations and tender caresses which followed the meeting of hostess and guest. And by no means listless eyes watched the opening door, as Mrs. Sternes ushered in Miss Ingeborde, at last!

Dugald, standing a little in his cousin's way, caught a glimpse of a stately head poised gracefully, with a fair, sweet face, and wonderfully clear and limpid eyes. But he noted more accurately the blaze of priceless

diamonds amid the lustrous hair. He bent before her in profound respect.

"Miss Ingeborde, gentlemen," said Mrs. Sternes, a ripple of mischievous glee in her voice.

Dugald Grey was bending low, but Norman Kirkwood sprang forward, and cried out, sharply:—

"Miss Ingeborde! Jenny, tell me what it means?" The stately heiress turned to him with a beaming smile.

"Norman, Norman, remember your solemn promise! I am Ina Jane Ingeborde. Forgive my innocent ruse. It was such a temptation, and you almost thrust it upon me. I cannot repent it. I have won so noble, and true, and honest a heart—I, Ina Ingeborde, and not Ingeborde Terrace and the tiresome fortune left me by my father. have gained your love, Norman. You shall not let your cruel pride divide us now."

Norman stood, overwhelmed with contending emotions, his face pale and grave. The fair girl caught his hand, and said, pleadingly:—

"You promised not to be angry, Norman. You shall take me when you will, and I will go to Germany, if you choose."

"I cannot relinquish you, not even if I must take the fortune, Jenny."

She turned triumphantly to her friends.

"So it is all settled. I know you are as glad as I, dear friends."

Their beaming faces answered. Mrs. Sternes had been whispering a quiet explanation in Dugald's ear, and the young man was hastily disappearing through the doorway, with a blanched face and crest-fallen manner.

And so Norman did not go to Germany, but married the heiress, despite the aristocratic horror of Sir Eustace, and neither ever repented.

Dugald Grey, after patient study, obtained the post of *attache*, and to this day is looking for the wealthy lady who is to make his fortune as well as his happiness.

THOU mayst not rest in any lovely thing,
 Thou who wert formed to seek and to aspire;
 For no fulfillment of thy dreams can bring
 The answer to thy measureless desire.
 The beauty of the round green world is not
 Of the world's essence; far within the sky
 The tints which make this bubble bright are wrought;
 The bubble bursts; the light can never die.—*Lucy Larcom.*

OUR FRONT ROOM.

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS.

"**THERE!**" said Bess, sitting down emphatically on the door-step, and fanning herself with her wide straw hat. "There! that front room must and shall be furnished!"

"I wish it might be," observed Harrie, dubiously; "but I don't feel much encouraged about it as yet."

"If I were you, Bessie, I'd order the suit in reps, and a tapestry carpet," I remarked, sarcastically. "I'm afraid we cannot quite afford Aubusson and satin brocade."

"How much money have you, Harrie?" asked Bess, ignoring my irony.

"Five dollars and forty-three cents," was Harrie's reply, after an inspection of her pocket-book.

"And you, Flo?"

"I have ten dollars," laughed I. "We shall not be able to rival the Bentons, I am afraid, Bessie dear."

The Bentons were our showy next-door neighbors, be it remarked, whose gorgeous parlor was at once the admiration and the despair of half the housekeepers in Norwoodville.

"The Bentons!" exclaimed Bessie, with superb scorn. "Do you suppose, Florabella, that I would ever sit down in our front room if it bore the faintest resemblance to that upholstery shop of the Bentons? Do you imagine?"

"Of course not!" I cried, with uplifted hands, warding off any more indignation. "I don't suppose anything at all. But *what* has set you struggling with that impossible front room again?"

"'Tisn't impossible," retorted Bess. "I have twenty dollars all my own; that makes thirty-five between us. Now, if you girls will follow my directions, we can take that thirty-five dollars and furnish that front room."

"How?" I queried hopelessly; while Harrie evidently thought it of no use to say any more to a girl who talked such absurd nonsense as furnishing a parlor with thirty-five dollars.

We were three orphan sisters, keeping house together on an income so ridiculously small that any outlay for new furniture was

quite out of the question; and yet the one desire of our three hearts was to furnish our parlor, a pretty room, but bare as any barn. We had a conveniently appointed kitchen, and a clean, cool dining-room, where we sat in the afternoons at our sewing. Our bedrooms were comfortably furnished; but for the parlor we had not so much as a table.

To-morrow our quarterly income was due, but that we must live on for the next three months. So the thirty-five dollars left over from this quarter was all we could possibly count on, and that seemed too small a sum to think of in connection with the furnishing of our front room.

Bess was our head and shoulders, our right hand, our mainstay; and her capabilities in the way of getting something out of nothing were truly remarkable, as witnessed by the fact of her possessing more money at the end of the quarter than both her sisters, though we had all the same allowance for our personal expenses, and Bessie's were the heaviest, on account of her being the largest and requiring the most dress material. Yet, in spite of Bessie's genius, the furnishing of that front room seemed exceedingly problematical.

"There is my contribution to the funds," remarked Bess, placing her twenty dollars on the top step. I deposited my ten beside it, and Harrie followed with her five.

Then we looked at Bess, and awaited an explanation.

"I have been reading in the magazine," said Bess, "about a woman who furnished her parlor with fifty dollars, and had the prettiest room in town."

"But we have only thirty-five dollars," suggested I.

"And forty-three cents," supplemented Harrie.

"Well, that women bought some things which we need not buy," replied Bess. "To be sure, she had a set of lovely old chairs which belonged to her great-grandmother, and which have just come into fashion; and somebody gave her a pair of pictures, and somebody else presented her with a statuette; and"

"Do stop, Bess!" I cried, imploringly;

while Harrie went off in a violent explosion of laughter.

"I don't suppose anybody will give us a picture, or beg the privilege of keeping a piano in our front room," said Bess, candidly; "although that also happened to the woman in the magazine. What I want is Ben Bradshaw's plane and saw, and Ben himself to operate them, and an old barrel or two."

"I suppose Ben and his tools are to be had for a 'thank you,'" remarked Harrie; "and there are barrels enough in the woodshed. They are good ones, too. What are you going to do with them, Bessie?"

"You shall see," said Bessie, smiling wisely. "At present, let us go up to Merriion's and get some of that lovely straw-matting for the floor."

"Straw-matting will do very well for the present," said I; "but when it comes cold weather"——

"We must not begin to think of cold weather in May," interrupted Bessie. "Perhaps by November some good luck will bring us a carpet. In summer, matting is a positive luxury."

We went to put on our things, of course, preparatory to visiting the carpet store; for we always obeyed Bessie's orders.

When we returned from the expedition, we were accompanied by a man with a wheelbarrow; and in that barrow were twenty-six yards of blue-and-cream-colored matting, of a nice quality; also eight rolls of pretty gray wall-paper, at fifty cents a roll. When the paper was up and the matting was down, our front room was very clean and cool to look at.

"But we could look at the pretty matting and the blue-gray paper in Merrion's store just as well," said Harrie. "And I don't see where we are to get any furniture. Our ancestors did not leave us any antique chairs."

"We will make the curtains first," said Bessie, cheerfully, coming in at that moment with her hat on, and a bundle in her hands. "I've just been down-street and bought the materials."

And Bessie opened her bundle and displayed a roll of snow-white muslin and some pale-blue *cretonne*.

"I paid forty cents a yard for the muslin," she said, "and I bought fifteen yards. Five yards to a window will be plenty, it is so wide. And the *cretonne* will make charm-

ing shades. It was sixty cents, and there are six yards. We'll make some lambrequins of it, too, for the windows, and for that ugly wooden mantel-shelf. You can make some blue-and-white tassels, Harrie, like those on your tidy, only larger. And here are the fixtures for the shades. They cost a dollar and a half for the three."

So we hung the blue shades in our three windows, with a blue-and-white crochet tassel pendant from each; and over them we draped the full white muslin curtains, with pretty blue lambrequins at the top. Harrie sacrificed her freshest blue ribbons to loop the curtains, although Harrie is a blonde, and blue ribbons are very becoming, twisted among her golden ringlets.

"Why, it is charming!" she said, admiringly, regarding the effect from the doorway.

"Now, Bessie, bring in your furniture!"

"Ben will bring the table this evening," said Bessie. "And I can promise a lounge and two arm-chairs and a pair of ottomans. There! my ideas and the money will give out together."

Ben did bring the table; a great round pine affair of his own manufacture—rude enough, certainly, but he had planed it smooth, and stained the legs with umber, in imitation of walnut; and even that did not matter much, for very little of them showed when Bessie had covered it with a sheer-white table-cloth, abstracted from the dining-room.

"There now!" she exclaimed in triumph, "could anything be neater? It will hold piles of books and papers, and that's all we want it for. Who's going to lift the cover to see if it is walnut? We will cover it with white cloths for the summer (thank our stars, we've plenty of table linen!), and next quarter I promise to save ten dollars from my allowance to buy a cover for it. I had Ben make it nice and big, because I hate a small table; I like one that everybody can gather around and be sociable."

After the table followed, at intervals of a day or two, the other articles which Bessie had enumerated. First, a lounge—perhaps it would be better called a sofa—composed of a long packing-box, with one side knocked out, and a square block under each corner. These square legs were stained with umber, in imitation of walnut, like the table-legs.

Bessie expended all the rest of her money for blue-and-white chintz—a distractingly

pretty pattern, and bought at a bargain. With this she covered that uncompromising sofa, stuffing the cushions with corn-husks; and the two big, square pillows were ornamented at each corner with Harrie's pretty tassels. Upon my word, the sofa was as pretty an article of furniture as the Bentons had in *their* house.

Then Ben brought us two large casks—or hogsheads, or whatever you call them—sawed down lengthwise to the proper height for a seat, and then sawed off crosswise, and a board fitted in. These also were covered with the pretty chintz, and well cushioned with husks; and they made the cosiest arm-chairs imaginable. Harrie finished them off with crochet and netted tidies. Bessie's ottomans were simply two soap-boxes, cushioned on top, and covered with chintz.

We took a few chairs from the other rooms and added to this array. We cut engravings out of old magazines, and framed them with straw and *passe-partout* frames; we took the fine landscape painting from

the dining-room and brought it into the parlor; Bessie brought down her pet chromo of the "Cenci" from her bedroom, and placed it between the eastern windows; lastly, we filled two great conch-shells with growing vines, and suspended them one at each corner of the high, old-fashioned mantel-shelf, now prettily "upholstered" in blue *cretonne*; and our front room was furnished.

I say nothing about the flowers with which we kept the room always adorned, in vases, in pots, in flat dishes; but perhaps they did more than anything else to make our room attractive to us and to our friends. It was cool and dainty to the eye, and all summer our friends kept telling us how pleasant it was to come in there and sit down. Sam and Millie Benton came in often of an evening, and they thought it a prettier room than their mother's grand parlor.

And all for thirty-five dollars!

"And forty-three cents!" says Harrie.

THE END OF DAY.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

PASSED away

The long and changeable day,—
The glory of the azure dawn,
The dewdrops shining on the lawn,
The sunrise, when heav'n's gate
Stands open, and the state
Of morn is accompanied by angel choirs;
The noon's unclouded fires,
When the rose drooped for very light oppress'd,
And song-birds sought their nest.

Passed away

The rain-clouds chill and gray;
The tempest, lightning-winged,
By red horizons ringed,
That tore the blossoms sweet
And bruised them 'neath its feet;
The pallid sunset flame
That grew and overcame,
Till, in the golden pageant of the west,
The last cloud sank to rest.

Passed away

The burden of the day;
Gone are the gold and red,
The sunset colors fled;
The dark'ning, deep'ning sky
Holds one pure star on high,
A silver lamp of heavenly flame, to light
The watches of the night;
Dimmer and dimmer yet grow wood and hill,
And all is hushed and still.

Passed away

The changes of the day;
Hours dark and bright have run
Their course. All work is done;
Or good or bad, 'tis o'er,
And we can work no more.
Joys, fears and pains
Are done, and only rest remains,—
Rest, sweeter far than tongue can tell,
If we have labored well!

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTFOLIO.

COLONEL JAMES MONROE,

AN officer in the American army during the war of our Revolution, and the fifth President of the United States, was born on the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28th, 1758. His ancestors were among the first settlers of Virginia, and the estate on which he was born was originally granted to his family on the settlement of the colony. He was educated at the college of William and Mary, where he graduated in 1776. On leaving college he designed entering upon the study of law, but his military ardor induced him to join a regiment then organizing under General Hugh Mercer, of Virginia. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in Colonel Weedon's regiment, and marched with it to New York, where they joined the main army under General Washington.

Lieutenant Monroe took part in the engagement at Harlaem Heights, September 16th, 1776, and at White Plains, and was with the army in their disastrous retreat through New Jersey. He was in the division under the immediate command of General Washington, December 25th, 1776, when he crossed the Delaware, and made the successful attack on the Hessians at Trenton, when the commander of the enemy was killed, and his army captured. The night of the 25th was one of great severity; a storm of rain and hail beat upon them with great violence; and on the next morning, the storm continuing, the attack had commenced on the left, and was immediately answered by Colonel John Stark in our front, who forced the enemy's picket and pressed into the town, our column being close at his heels. The enemy made a momentary show of resistance by a wild and misdirected fire from the windows of their quarters, which they abandoned as we advanced; and made an attempt to form in the main street which might have succeeded but for a six-gun battery opened by Captain T. Forest under the immediate order of General Washington, at the head of King Street, which annoyed the enemy in various directions; and the decision of Captain William Washington, who, seconded by

Lieutenant James Monroe, led the advanced guard of the left column, perceiving that the enemy were endeavoring to form a battery, rushed forward, drove the artillerymen from their guns, and took two pieces in the act of firing. Both Captain Washington and Monroe were wounded in the charge; Washington in the wrist, and Monroe through the shoulder, while fighting gallantly. He lingered long with his wounds, and barely survived them.

For his bravery at Trenton he was promoted to a captaincy, and on recovering from his wounds, he was invited to act as aide to Lord Stirling. In this capacity he served with this gallant officer at the battle of Brandywine, September 11th, 1777; at the battle of Germantown, on the 5th of October following, and at Monmouth, on the 25th of June, 1778. Being desirous to obtain the command of a regiment to be raised in Virginia, he repaired to his native State, with strong recommendations from General Washington, and applied to the Legislature for leave to raise a regiment, of which he was to have the command. Subsequent events prevented the raising of the regiment, and Colonel Monroe did not return to the army, but commenced the study of law under the direction of Mr. Jefferson. When, soon after, the enemy invaded the State, he volunteered his service in the militia.

In 1780 he was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, as a military commissioner, and visited the Southern army, under De Kalb, to ascertain its effective force, and its wants. His conduct in this important trust met with approbation.

In 1782 Mr. Monroe was elected a member of the Legislature of Virginia, and the following year, after serving in the executive council, he was elected to the Continental Congress when only twenty-four years of age. He was probably the youngest member of that body of patriots. In this body he proved himself a business man, and for three years labored in the arduous duties of this station. In 1786 he introduced a motion to vest in Congress the power of regulating the commercial concerns of all the States. This motion, according to the

journals of the old Congress, was frequently discussed. It was the germ of our inimitable Constitution which was afterwards adopted. After leaving Congress he was again elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and took an active part in the deliberations of that body. In 1788 he was a member of the Convention to decide on the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. From 1790 to 1794 he was a member of the Senate of the United States.

In 1794 he was appointed by President Washington minister plenipotentiary to the French Republic, from whence he was recalled after three years of assiduous duty. From 1799 to 1802 he was Governor of Virginia, serving the constitutional term of three years.

In 1803 Mr. Monroe was appointed by President Jefferson envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, to act with Robert R. Livingston, the resident minister there. His mission resulted in the purchase of Louisiana. After the treaty was executed ceding Louisiana to the United States, Mr. Monroe went to London as a successor to Rufus King, who had been recalled at his own request. From England Mr. Monroe was ordered to Spain, which country he visited by the way of France. From Spain Mr. Monroe returned to England, after the death of Mr. Pitt, to

negotiate with Mr. Fox, his successor. The attack upon the American frigate *Chesapeake* by a British vessel placed the two governments in a hostile attitude, and Mr. Monroe returned to this country after a residence of five years abroad.

In 1810 he was again elected Governor of Virginia. In 1811 he was appointed by President Madison Secretary of State of the United States, and on the 27th of September, 1814, he was appointed Secretary of War, which station he held until the 28th of February, 1815, when he was again appointed Secretary of State, from which station he was elected President of the United States for the term commencing the 4th of March, 1817. He was elected for the second term, commencing on the 4th of March, 1821, with only one dissenting vote, thus serving the full term of eight years. Upon the retirement of Mr. Monroe from this position he was engaged with his distinguished predecessors in the presidential chair, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, in establishing the University of Virginia.

Mr. Monroe afterwards resided in the city of New York with a daughter, Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, who was anxious for her father's health. Here he was treated with profound respect by all classes of citizens, and here he died on the 4th of July, 1831, in the seventy-third year of his age.

A NURSE.

BY E. M. C.

A NURSE, a simple nurse; to the unthinking
Only a nurse, and nothing but a name;
A patient woman in her round of duty,
Living and dying all unknown to fame.

Only a nurse, a messenger of mercy,
An angel sent unto our suffering race,
With quiet step and tender hand of healing,
Divinest pity on her gentle face.

When all the world lies wrapt in quiet slumber,
Save the poor sufferer moaning on his bed,
Whose watchful eye with Christian love keeps vigil
Through the long night, with silent, softened
tread?

Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking;
Before such scenes man's stouter heart would quail.

See there! that sweet, fair girl in sorest trial
Is at her post; nor will her courage fall.

The fever we but terror-struck encounter,
Or fly before, with selfish, coward dread;
While nurse and doctor hasten to the rescue,
And stand unflinching by the stricken bed.

Hark! that weird bell—an accident at midnight;
The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at hand,
Who minister to suffering or dying,
The hospital's heroic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge,
With kindly help, and loving, tender care;
Respect we give those brave, unselfish women,
All night and day remember them in prayer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

GIP.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I DON'T suppose any one ever saw a more beautiful spot than the little village of Elmville. With the river sparkling in the foreground, and the tall mountains rising back of the pretty houses, you can imagine what a lovely picture the whole would make.

The place took its name from the graceful elms that shaded its broad streets, and I am certain no name could have been more appropriate, for the trees stood so thickly on every hand that their branches interlaced, and formed cool, shady bowers, very inviting and pleasant on a warm summer day.

The town contained a great many neat and tastefully-built residences. Some were many-gabled, and ornamented with as many spires as would serve to fit out a whole city of churches; others seemed to have no roof or gables at all, but were square, substantial structures, with an air of solid comfort about them.

It was in one of the latter class that the two little girls about whom I am going to tell you lived. The dog, whose history got mixed up with theirs, had a nice kennel all to himself, in the yard belonging to this house. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Downs and their two children Nettie and Ida. The dog, who was named Gip, because he had been purchased of a wandering band of gypsies, was a large sagacious animal, of the Newfoundland breed, and really seemed to know more than all the other dogs in the village put together.

If Mrs. Downs wished to send a note to her husband during the day, she had but to tuck it beneath Gip's collar, and he would walk straight to his master's office and bring back the answer in a short time. He went regularly to the post-office, with a basket held firmly between his teeth, nor would he leave until something had been put in it. If there happened to be no mail for Mr. Downs, the clerk, who was well acquainted with Gip, placed an old newspaper in his basket, with which he trotted off as proudly as if he were the bearer of a most important despatch.

The school which Nettie and Ida attended

was to have a May-party, and the children were wild with anticipation of the pleasure they were to enjoy. Their white dresses and blue sashes were donned with eager haste, and taking the little basket in which their kind mother had prepared a nice luncheon, they kissed her "good-by," and set forth up the village street, towards the distant grove in which they expected to meet their schoolmates.

Gip, who showed a decided inclination to follow, was recalled and admonished to remain at home.

The children walked along briskly, until the village streets were left behind, and they were out in the open country, where they found so many objects of interest to attract their attention that their progress was slow.

"Oh," said Ida, "what a beautiful bird! He is as blue as the sky. I never saw anything so pretty!"

"Come here, quick!" cried Nettie, who had stumbled upon a patch of violets. "These are bluer than your bird, and a great deal more to my taste, for I can gather and keep these, but the bird will fly away and be lost to us. Dear little blue-eyed darlings! Did you ever see such quantities of them?"

"I should think so," said Ida, with eyes wide open in astonishment. "Why, there must be a million of them! Let's gather enough to make us each a wreath."

So at it they went, until their chubby hands could hold no more, when they sat down in the shade of a large tree, and wove their wreaths. It took a long while to complete them, and then some time was spent in admiring them, so that both were surprised to find, on looking upward, that the sun was peering straight down through the green leaves, and consequently that it must be near noon.

"Dear me," said Nettie, "I had no idea we had stopped so long. We must hurry now, or Miss Earl and the girls will be at the grove, and we shall be too late to help crown the May Queen."

"That would never do," said Ida, "for I

took so much pains to learn my part in the Coronation Song, that I want a chance to sing it." And she hummed gayly, in a sweet, child voice:—

"We come, thy subjects, bearing
Our floral offerings sweet.
The snowy hues they're wearing,
We lay them at thy feet.
To thee our blossoms bringing,
Of maiden so serene,
We join our sisters singing,
Our beautiful May Queen."

"I assure you," urged Nettie, "if you are to assist in singing the song, you will be obliged to hurry. And, now I think of it, why can't we take a shorter path to the grove, and instead of going around by the road, cross this field, and get there ever so much sooner?"

"To be sure," assented Ida. "That must be the place, where you see those trees yonder, and I am for getting there as quickly as possible." So they climbed the stile, and hastened forward in a path which seemed to lead directly towards the distant grove.

There was tall grass on either side, and now and then a cluster of clover-blossoms scenting the air with the very sweetest of odors. The bees seemed to be out in full force, for every blossom had two or three buzzing about it, ready to rifle all its hidden sweets, while their drowsy humming made the sleepiest kind of music.

Following the path, it led them to a brook across which a rustic bridge had been built, and which they found it was impossible to cross without pausing to look down into the clear water in which hundreds of minnows were sporting. It was a beautiful brook, running over white sand and smooth pebbles, with tall grasses bending down as if to look at their reflection in the mirror-like surface; and when the little girls looked, there were their own images staring at them with every bit as much curiosity as they themselves exhibited.

"Now," said Ida, "we haven't much further to go, for that is *certainly* the grove; and I think I see the white dresses of the girls showing through the trees. Now let's commence singing that pretty song Miss Earl taught us, and they will know we are coming."

So they began singing:—

"Wandering in the May-time,
Sweet it is to rove,

Just before the hay-time,
Through the shady grove,
While the grass is bending
Wave-like in the breeze,
And the white thorn sending
Perfume on the breeze."

They sang through the verse, but heard no answering voice, and had now approached close enough to see that what Ida had mistaken for the white dresses of her companions were piles of stone.

"Why," said Nettie, "this is strange. They must have gone further in the woods; but I do think they might have heard and answered us."

"Never mind," said Ida, "they are here somewhere; we shall find them presently. Isn't it nice and cool? And oh, I do believe I saw a squirrel! He ran this way! There, he is on that limb! Did you see him jump across to that tree? Oh, there he is now, running along that fallen trunk!" And off she ran in pursuit, calling back, "Nettie, Nettie, there he goes!"

Her sister ran, too, but being encumbered with the basket, did not get over the ground quite so fast. When she caught up, Ida was gazing intently at a hole far up the side of an oak tree, but there was no sign of the squirrel.

"He went in there," she said, laughing. "You should have seen the funny way he perched himself up there on that limb, and chattered at me as loud as ever he could, before he popped into his hole and whisked even his bushy tail out of sight. I wouldn't wonder if he said, 'Wait until I get in here, and then catch me if you can!' only I don't understand squirrel language very well, and have to guess at his meaning."

"Dear me!" said Nettie, growing uneasy; "where can Miss Earl and the girls be? I thought we should have seen them before this time. It is so quiet and still here, I'm certain we could hear them talking if they were anywhere near. Let's find them now, the first thing we do."

So they started on again, only pausing long enough to gather a cluster of wake-robins that reared their snowy petals beside the path. But the faster they went, the less likelihood there seemed of their meeting the party of which they were in search. The trees grew thicker, the sunlight streamed in more seldom; it seemed more like twilight than noonday, and the girls paused to consider.

"Let us call," said Nettie; "perhaps they may hear us."

So they shouted "Miss Earl!" and "Girls!" at the very top of their voices, until they were hoarse, but neither their dear teacher nor young companions replied.

"O Nettie!" said Ida; "what shall we do? Can we have come to the wrong place?"

"Let's go straight back," answered Nettie, "the way we came, and when we get out of the woods, I've no doubt we shall be able to find the right spot."

So they turned themselves about, and walked as fast as possible turning neither to the right nor left, although they heard the squirrels chattering at them, and passed groups of wild flowers; but alas! they had become confused, and could not tell in what direction they were going, and instead of retracing their steps, they were all the while going deeper and deeper into the woods. They had lost their way!

Imagine, if you can, what must have been their feelings! Two little girls of eight and ten years of age, alone in thick woods, trying to find their way out, and at every step only getting further away from home, and parents, and friends! You will not wonder that they began to cry as soon as they realized all this. They had walked a long way, and were tired and hungry, but neither weariness nor hunger would have given them a moment's uneasiness, could they have found the lost path.

Nettie, who was the elder, still clung to the basket, but they threw away their flowers, and, sad and tearful, clung to each other, not knowing which way to turn. Look which way they would, they saw only the silent forest trees ranged stiffly around, heard only the rustling wind among the leaves, or the sharp cry of some wood-bird that loved darkness and solitude.

"O Nettie! What shall we do? How shall we ever find the way out? If only we had not come! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Ida.

Nettie, as much frightened as her sister, could offer no consolation. She thought they had better continue their search for the path; so, hand in hand, they again set out, turning now to the right and now to the left, as some opening in the trees seemed to promise success. They were frightened at the loneliness and silence, as well as the thought of being lost, and I don't think two heavier hearts beat in the breasts of two

children, than Ida and Nettie bore with them through the forest. A new difficulty now arose, for the ground, instead of being level and smooth, began to be broken and rocky, and they seemed all the time to be going up hill. The trees began to grow smaller and more scattered, and instead of beeches and maples, with broad arms interlacing, they were now pines and hemlocks.

The children did not know that they were ascending the foot of one of the mountains that arose back of their little village, miles away from their quiet home. Tired and foot-sore, Ida stumbled over a stone, bruising her knee, and gave up in despair, saying she could go no further.

"And I don't think it any use," sobbed she, "for we don't seem to get out of the woods. I'm sure we shall stay here until we starve to death, unless some horrid wild beast comes and eats us up. O Nettie, what shall we do? You don't know how I hurt myself! It aches so!"

Her sister was crying, and altogether they were in a deplorable situation; and then, as if to make matters worse, when, goodness knows, they were bad enough already, a big raindrop pattered down plump on Ida's flushed nose, and the children became conscious that the sky was darkening, and that it was about to rain. Nettie wiped her eyes and looked about.

"We must try and find a shelter, if it is nothing better than a thick hemlock tree. Yonder is a ledge of rock; perhaps we can crowd under it, and keep dry. Come, Ida!"

"But I can't walk. I'm positive I couldn't walk if I should try ever so hard!"

A quick dash of raindrops, together with Nettie's entreaties, gave the child courage to make the attempt, and she succeeded so well that they were under the ledge before the rain had fairly commenced.

Pressing close against the face of the cliff, they were in a sort of cave, surrounded on both sides and overhung by the rock. So there they were, alone on the mountain, night coming on, the rain falling; mother, and father, and home far away. Their dresses, so fresh and clean in the morning, were now torn and soiled; their arms and hands were bruised and scratched by the briars they had encountered; their nice hats had been so often knocked off by the branches beneath which they passed, as to have lost all trace of their original form.

"I'm so hungry!" moaned Ida.

So they ate part of their luncheon, setting their basket carefully away. They spoke little, in frightened whispers, shuddering at every gust of wind or dash of rain, watching fearfully the approach of some new and unknown danger. By-and-by it grew too dark to see each other's faces, and Nettie said:—

“Let's say our prayers, and ask God to take care of us and send some one to help us.”

So they knelt and said the simple words their mother had taught them to repeat night and morning, adding thereto a petition for safe-keeping and deliverance. And then, utterly wearied, they both fell asleep, and forgot their terror and loneliness.

Though the children were sleeping, afar on the mountain side, I assure you no sleep visited the eyelids of the parents. The agonized father called out his neighbors, and together they searched each corner and nook about the village. The May-party having returned long since, and reported that the children were not with them, no one knew what to think, or where to look for the lost ones. Some commenced dragging the river, others hastened to the grove; torches gleamed on all sides; the names “Ida” and “Nettie” were called in all sorts of voices, and noise enough was made, if that would do any good.

Meantime Mrs. Downs was walking hither and thither in a half-distracted state, one moment deciding to rush away and join the search in one direction, and the next darting off to the opposite side, when she felt something rub against her hand; and looking down, there stood Gip, wagging his tail, with ears erect, and an eager look in his eyes. The thought instantly occurred to the mother that, of all creatures, Gip was most likely to be successful in the search for her missing children.

So she took the dog into the house, opened the door of the children's little room, and allowed him to snuff and smell all about it, trying to show him that Nettie and Ida were not there. Then, opening the outer door, she saw him bound quickly away up the street. She had little fear but the sagacious creature would find the lost ones, but whether dead or alive, or into what difficulties they had fallen, she could not conceive;

she could only watch and wait, praying all the while.

Gip was gone a long while; it must be near midnight, she thought, when a short, quick bark announced his return, and he bounded in, carrying in his mouth the little basket which Nettie had taken away in the morning. The mother seized it with trembling hands, and going out, found a neighbor, to whom she explained the circumstance. A party was soon formed, headed by Gip, who testified by his joyous barks that he knew what was expected of him. They traversed the path trodden by the children, and, going straight towards the foot of the mountain, reached, ere long, the cave in which the girls were sleeping. The red light of the torches streamed down upon the little sleepers, and lit up the faces of the men who looked down with tearful eyes, each one thinking, “What if it had been my Lucy?” or “my Kitty?”

The tones that awakened the children were very gentle, and the strong arms that bore them down the mountain side were clasped about them as tenderly as possible. But I am certain you would have pronounced Gip insane, for there never was a dog that cut so many extraordinary capers—of that I am positively certain. One minute he was half a mile in advance of the party, the next he was circling about the man who carried Nettie; then the one who carried Ida was to be looked after, and he must run back to the rear to see that there was no straggling; then to the front in order to see that the way was clear; so, what between the necessity of keeping watch of every individual member of the party, and uttering a quick bark every half-second, by way of saying to the waiting mother, “Here we are! I'm bringing them right along! Keep up good courage!”—what with all this on his mind, I put it to you, as a reasonable child, whether it was not sufficient to turn one dog's head?

I assure you Gip has been a great hero ever since, and whenever he goes for his daily mail, he is as much looked after as though he were the greatest personage in the land; and you may be certain that neither Nettie nor Ida ever go far away from home without him.

TEDDY'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

STRAWBERRIES were ripe, and Teddy knew where there was a field full of them, away off towards the woods, and, oh! so large and sweet and juicy as they were, nestling down close to the ground, and hidden among the tall grass, so not even any little bird had found them, to peck at their scarlet cheeks; and Teddy's bright eyes were the first to find them out of all the boys in Bloomville. And, to be sure, no one would have imagined that there was a berry in the field, if they had only peeped over the fence. The daisies held their white parasols over them, crowds and crowds of them; and the buttercups that clustered their yellow heads together and danced over their dewy rims had such innocent-looking faces, and looked up to the sky as if there were nothing at all to look at under their feet. But Teddy wasn't so sure but that they were trying to fool him when he came that way in search of dock root for old Mrs. Sprague, who had the rheumatism, and the liver complaint, and I don't know what not, though she doctored half the village with her roots and herbs as well as herself. So he crept through an opening in the fence, and brushing aside the sly little daisies and buttercups found, in the first place, not a strawberry or a sign of one, but a cunning little sparrow's nest, with four such pretty eggs in it! It was worth creeping under any fence to see that, and Teddy stuck up a little stake near by, so that he might find it again sometime, and see the young birds when they were hatched. Then he went along a little further, looking under every grass-blade, almost, until he began to find berries—such quantities of them! And the further he went the thicker they grew; he stepped on them until his little bare feet were crimson with their juice, and the air was filled with their fragrance. Teddy almost danced for joy.

"Now," said he to himself, "I can have a new reading-book like Tom Hale's, and be in the first class; for there are quarts and quarts of strawberries here, and they're high now. I can sell them for fifteen cents a quart. Oh, if I only had a basket, now!"

But it was growing dark and he would be obliged to wait until morning before gathering them. But how could he sleep for thinking of such treasures? and what would his mother say, he'd like to know. It wasn't often that one found more than a pint of strawberries at a time in Bloomville, and in most of the fields, when they were ripe, there was a boy to every berry, almost. So he ran home as fast as ever he could, and carried the joyful news to his mother.

"Good on your head, Teddy," said she, when she heard it. "I always knew yes would be in luck, the good b'y that yes are; and I guess yes can read as well as any o' them in your new reader, if yes aren't dressed quite so smart." And she patted his curly head with tears of motherly pride and affection in her eyes.

"That I can, mother," said Teddy, brightly; "and I'm first in my arithmetic class. Some day I'm going to be bookkeeper in a store, and earn the lots of money for you! And perhaps sometime I shall have a store of my own, and do a heap of thrade. Who knows?"

"I'll warrant yes will; but ate your supper now, me darlint, and then off to bed wid yes, else some tief will have the berries before you're awake in the morning. Little b'ys nade a dale of slape."

Teddy didn't like to be called a little boy very well, he was so old now—over nine. He could remember when he was a little boy, but he was not that now; but then if his mother thought so, it was an excusable delusion on her part, because she had held him in her arms when he was a wee baby, and it was hard for her to realize that he was quite grown up.

So he kissed her and said good-night very meekly, as if he were a little boy indeed, and pressing his little brown cheek to his pillow, strayed away into dreamland to the drowsy music of the katydids that sang in the elm trees behind the house. And such a fairy-like dreamland as it was, full of elves flitting about through forests of heavily-laden strawberry vines, and piles of bran new readers, and heaps of shining cents, enough to have

bought out some candy store, at least, and some to spare.

You may be sure that the larks didn't get the start of him the next morning, and while the dewdrops hung like strings of beads round the neck of every daisy and buttercup, he started away for the field, basket in hand, and with a merry song on his lips. School commenced at nine o'clock, and before that time he was determined to fill his basket; so he set to work in good earnest, and it was astonishing to see how fast the berries dropped from his eager little fingers. It didn't seem any time before the basket was half full; and the fruit was all so nice and dainty, too; not any green ones at all, and never a stick, or a straw, or a stem to be seen. Teddy's hopes rose higher and higher as he heaped them up, and his eyes sparkled like two bright stars through a dark sky.

By and by the basket was quite full, though the berries weren't half picked, and he knew by the sun that it was not more than half-past seven o'clock; so he sat down to rest himself a little while before starting on his homeward way. He could dispose of those before he went to school, and buy his new reader, he thought; then at noon he could come back and pick the rest, if no one found them out before that time, and he didn't believe they would. And all the money he got for his berries, excepting enough to buy the book, he was going to give to his mother; only perhaps he should save a cent or two to buy some candy with, it had been so long since he had tasted a bit of candy. While he sat there on a little grassy knoll, engaged in these pleasant meditations, he was startled by the sound of voices, and pretty soon two or three gypsies emerged from a clump of trees, and came towards him.

Teddy's heart began to beat very loud and fast, for though he was generally a brave little fellow, he was terribly afraid of gypsies, and these gypsies particularly, for they had a bad name in the village already, though they had only been encamped there for a few days. It was said that they stole horses, plundered clothes-lines and poultry yards; and a big boy, who ought to know about such things, told him only yesterday that all gypsies sometimes stole children. Who knew but they might take him away with them, if he was so large? They might as well as not, if they saw fit to do so, away

off there in that solitary place as he was; for though he was very strong, and could beat the largest boy in school at wrestling, he could be no match for these great, stalwart men. But he knew that it would be of no use to run away, now they were so near, so he bent his head down as far as possible into the buttercups and daisies, hoping that they would not see him at all. Then he heard their footsteps close beside him, and determined to put on a brave face, no matter what happened.

"Halloo, little chap," said one, spying him out. "What are you doing there?"

"Sitting down," said Teddy, stoutly, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, I see you are," said the fellow, laughing; "but it's pretty early for a small boy like you to be way off here. I s'pose you've been picking my strawberries, haven't you?"

"They aren't your strawberries," said Teddy, astonished at his own audacity. "This is Squire Randall's field."

"Well, then, I'm Squire Randall. Give me your basket, sir!"

"No, sir," said Teddy, forgetting his fear in righteous indignation. "I sha'n't do anything of the sort. You're not Squire Randall any more than I am."

"Won't you, indeed? We'll see about that!" said the man, advancing towards him, while the others looked on laughing.

Teddy thought of his new reading-book, and was determined to do or die; so, putting his basket behind him, he rolled his jacket sleeves away from his sturdy little fists, and stood up before him in an attitude of defiance.

Oh, how they all shouted with laughter!

"Well, if he ain't a smart one!" said they, in a chorus. "Just the fellow for us! He'd keep a smart lookout over the things while we are away."

Poor Teddy! he felt himself growing pale with terror, and shook so that his stout little legs would hardly hold him up; but he put on as brave a face as he could, and tried to seem quite unconcerned, as if he had not noticed what they were saying.

"Keep your strawberries, my man," said the one who had spoken first. "I don't want them, but I want *you*. Won't you come and live with us? You shall have a little black horse to ride, and finer clothes than you've got on now, at least."

"No," said Teddy, decidedly, "I can't

leave my mother. She hasn't got anybody but me, and I have to take care of her."

At this they all began to laugh again, though poor Teddy couldn't see why it was so funny.

"You take care of her, do you?" said one of them. "How long since you have done so? Now I guess she'll be glad to get rid of taking care of *you*, and if you will go with us, you can go back to her some day, and if you do well you can take some money to her."

"She doesn't want to get rid of me; she'd cry her eyes out if I were to go away," cried Teddy, forgetting his fear in anger for a moment. "She'll be waiting for me now, and I must go."

And seizing his basket he was about to make his escape, but they caught him by the arm and held him back.

"Not so fast, my man," said they; "we are going to take you with us, anyway, so you may as well go without making any trouble. It will be better for you, I can tell you!"

Teddy struggled hard to free himself, but it was all in vain; and when he saw that they really meant what they said, that they were really going to take him away with them, he began to kick and scream lustily; but that was all in vain, also. They had long been wanting such a boy as he, they said, and now they had him they intended to keep him. Poor Teddy! how soon his bright morning had changed into a cloudy one, the very darkest one he had ever seen, when it had been almost the brightest!

The gypsies were, or had been, encamped not far from the strawberry field, but they were all ready to move now, with what few articles of household furniture they had packed into great covered wagons, pots and kettles, women, babies and all. And into one of these the men tucked Teddy, between two great, black-eyed girls in scarlet petticoats, who seemed highly delighted to see him, and commenced to talk to him at once in a manner which would have been very entertaining under any other circumstances, but he hardly heard what they were saying now, though he had dried his tears and was apparently resigned to his fate. He was by no means without hope of escape, and his head was as full of plans as full could be. But after a while the wagons began to move, and Teddy in the midst of one of the great, covered things, with so many taller

people about him, could not see, for his life, which way they were going; he only knew that they were going on and on, further and further away from home. Then hope began to fail him again, and the thought of his mother brought tears into his eyes in spite of himself.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and Mrs. Sullivan was wondering so what had become of Teddy. She thought the berries couldn't have been as plenty as he had supposed them to be last night, so it had taken him longer to fill his basket; or perhaps some one had driven him out of the field. She was afraid he would be late for school, but then his teacher would excuse him under the circumstances. Every now and then she would leave her work and go to the door, straining her eyes to see if they could not find a little light figure at the far end of the field turned toward home. But no, there was no sign of Teddy. The shadows and sunshine chased each other over the tall grass, the morning glories in the window closed their blue cups, the sweet clover by the doorway was full of bees that were commencing their drowsy noontide hum, and still he did not come.

"Poor little fellow!" she said to herself, "I suppose he's after searchin' the country over for berries, he's that crazy over the readin' book; and he'll get it, I know, for there isn't a smarter lad in the town, if he be's Irish; and he talks as pert and pretty as a thrue born Yankee, though he's niver a bit ashamed to own that his father and mother were born in the ould country."

So she kept musing over Teddy's perfections until the noon bell rang from the little red schoolhouse, and the noisy troop of scholars came rushing out the door, and scattered homewards in every direction.

"Teddy'll be home, now," she thought. "He must have gone straight from the strawberry-field to school this morning, it was that late." But he didn't come, and the dinner got quite cold, and she began to be alarmed about him. So she put on her bonnet and went out to inquire of the teacher if she had seen anything of him: but the teacher met her with the question:—

"Why didn't Teddy come to school this morning? Is he ill?"

Then she went to the store to see if he had been there, but nobody had seen anything of him at all that day. It was very

strange, certainly. Then she thought she would walk out in the direction of the strawberry-field, and perhaps she should meet him; he surely would not stay away much longer. And so she went on and on, until she reached the field, but there was no sign of Teddy anywhere about. Still he might be stooping in the tall grass, and so hidden from view. "Teddy! Teddy! Teddy!" she called, but there was no answer but the echoes from the wood beyond. Then suddenly she espied the handle of Teddy's basket peeping over a knot of daisies.

"Oh, the little rascal!" she said. "He's hidin' jist to frighten me." The basket was quite full of great juicy berries, but after waiting and calling a while longer, she became quite satisfied that he was not hiding there, after all, and taking the basket in her hand, for the fruit was spoiling there under the hot sun, she turned toward home again, full of uneasiness on her little boy's account.

What could have become of him? There was a great, deep, muddy pond a little way back toward the woods. Could he have fallen into that? Or had he gone into the woods and got lost? It was enough to distract one to think of it! She would not think of it, for Teddy was a brave little boy, as trustworthy as a man, almost; if he couldn't take care of himself, she didn't know who could. She would go to the store and sell the berries, and have the money all ready for him when he did come, and then she would go home and wait as patiently as she could for his coming.

But when it began to grow toward evening, and still no Teddy, she became terribly frightened, and many of the neighbors came out to help her search for him. The men scoured all the woods from far and near; lights danced about every pond all night, and women waited at their doors until morning to hear if there were any news from Teddy, for he was a favorite with everybody, and everybody pitied his poor mother so. But morning dawned, as sunny and bright as ever; the morning glories opened again in the cottage windows, and the sunshine flickered over Teddy's empty chair and frelicked over the floor where his poor mother was beginning to think his blessed little feet would never walk any more.

Was there ever such a dark morning before?

They had searched for him in every conceivable place almost, and were still searching, but all in vain. The poor woman could only pray and wait with folded hands. The hours wore on to noon. A new reading book with a bright green cover lay on the table, but would ever those little brown hands hold it, those bright, delighted eyes find that the pictures and everything were all right?

Thus the mother mused, when suddenly a glad, familiar voice from behind her chair called out:—

"O mother, where did you get that reader?"

And turning around she had her own little boy, alive and well, clasped closely to her heart! She was so glad that she cried; she couldn't help it. And Teddy cried too, though he tried at first to appear just as if nothing had happened.

Such a dirty, dusty, weary-looking boy as he was, and it took him such a long time to tell his story, in answer to his mother's question, "O Teddy, Teddy, where have you been?"

But you know it nearly all, already. There is nothing more to tell, only, while the wagons were stopping at night, and the gypsies were every one of them sound asleep, though he was right in the midst of them, and one fearful old woman had her arm over him, he managed to escape. And though he had no idea in which direction home lay, he happened to take the right one. He walked all the remainder of the night, or ran, rather, expecting every moment to hear some one in pursuit at his heels; then in the morning a farmer who was driving that way with his teams took him in and carried him a long distance; then he had made the best use possible of his weary little legs to hasten home to his mother.

Teddy went to school that very afternoon, and enjoyed his new book to the utmost. And ever afterwards the Bloomville boys regarded him with awe and admiration, the hero of such an adventure, though they were more shy of gypsies than ever.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

OUR SPRING DINNER.

Spring Soup. Lobster Cutlets.

New Potatoes, *a la Maitre d'Hotel*.

Fried Chicken with Cauliflower.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.

Strawberry Shortcake.

SPRING SOUP.—Cut one small carrot, half of a small turnip, one medium-sized onion, or half a dozen young onions without the green tops, into small dice or long, narrow strips; shell a handful of green peas, and break a dozen small flowerets from a head of cauliflower; parboil these vegetables for five minutes in salted boiling water, drain and add them to a quart of stock. Simmer gently for half an hour, and add a few of the inner leaves of lettuce cut small; boil five minutes longer. A stock made from the bones of beef or veal and the carcass of a cold roasted chicken is excellent for this soup; in fact the larder of a careful housekeeper can almost always furnish enough bones and meat trimmings to make a quart of good stock for a spring soup; if, however, you are obliged to buy anything, let it be a ten-cent knuckle of veal. A few spoonfuls of cold cooked vegetables that have been left from two or three preceding meals are just as good as freshly cooked ones.

LOBSTER CUTLETS.—Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, and when it bubbles stir in a tablespoonful of flour; cook this for a minute, and add a cupful of boiling cream, and when this thickens, half a pound of the flesh of a boiled lobster cut in dice. Stir until very hot and take from the fire; when it has partially cooled stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, the least bit of grated nutmeg, a dash of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Place it on the fire long enough to set the eggs, and stir constantly; now spread it half an inch deep on a buttered dish, and when it is cold shape into pieces four inches long and two wide; dip these in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. Decorate with parsley and slices of lemon. It is not necessary to have a great quantity of fat so as to fry these by immersion; they may be sauted, using only enough to keep them from burning, but whichever way they are fried, see to it that the fat is smoking hot.

Boil small new potatoes until tender, and if they are put on in salted cold water they will be less likely to break; drain them, and put into a hot dish; sprinkle with pepper, salt, and a table-

spoonful of very finely minced parsley; add two ounces of butter cut in bits, and set in the oven until the butter melts.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Joint and skin two young chickens; dip each piece in water, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Cut a quarter of a pound of larding pork in thin slices, and fry until all the fat is extracted; take out the pork and lay in the pieces of chicken. Turn frequently and watch carefully to prevent burning. They will be done in about twenty minutes. Put in the centre of a hot platter a cauliflower that has been cooked in salted water, and arrange the chicken neatly around it; pour out the fat from the frying-pan, if there is more than a tablespoonful, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour; add slowly a cupful of boiling cream or milk—if the latter is used add a generous lump of butter—boil up once, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the chicken and cauliflower.

For the salad, cut with a sharp knife one cucumber and six tomatoes into the thinnest of slices; cover with a dressing made of one tablespoonful of salad oil, three of vinegar, and salt and pepper. The sliced cucumber should lie in salted ice-water, after having been pared, for an hour before dinner. Do not attempt to peel the tomatoes, unless they are very firm, which the early ones from the South seldom are. If it can be done, however, let them stand for one minute in boiling water; lay them in cold water, and the skin will easily rub off. Set in a cold place to get firm before you slice them.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make a soft biscuit dough, roll out into a round cake an inch thick, and bake on a jelly cake tin; pick over the strawberries, mash and sweeten them; when the cake is done pull it apart, butter each half, pile on the strawberries, and lay the two sides together. Cut in pie-shaped pieces and serve with fine sugar and cream.

A more fancy article is made as follows: Cream together half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter; add two beaten eggs, half a cup of milk, and flour to make a batter as for cup cake; bake in thin layers, dust with powdered sugar while warm; lay on whole strawberries, put on another cake, another layer of berries; sift powdered sugar over each layer, and put whipped cream over the top. The latter should not be added until just before going to the table. Eat cold with cream.

MUFFINS.—One heaping cup flour, two-thirds cup of meal, one and one-half cups sour milk, one tablespoonful lard, one egg, salt, and soda. Beat hard, and put one spoonful of the batter into well-buttered muffin cups. Bake in a hot oven. They are nice for breakfast, and can be made quickly.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with sliced apples. Put a little sugar and lemon peel on them and bake till tender; add a little water if needed. Soak one-half package of tapioca in one quart of warm water and a little salt over night; pour over the apples and bake one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

THERE is nothing that is so essentially a part of a lady as her toilet accessories, her perfumes, her fragrant waters, her lotions, her fine and delicate soaps, and, in short, all those delicious adjuncts to the toilet, which give an air of refinement, which assist to preserve beauty, and lend a charm in the absence of regularity of nature, which is sometimes more attractive than beauty itself. Nearly all women of delicate personal habits have a passion for perfumes, and every famous beauty of antiquity had her special unguents, pomades and pastes, often prepared by her own hands, for application to her skin, and to heighten its charm. The science of chemistry had not then been applied to household uses, and the simple processes by which the not very dainty cosmetics were obtained were performed in the kitchen instead of the laboratory.

The advance in refinement, and the growth of modern civilization, is well illustrated by the use to which science has been put in the preparation of these personal luxuries, and in the universal demand for articles, the demand for which was formerly confined to a few.

This increasing demand for the best and most refined articles for the toilet is well illustrated by the steady growth of the business of Colgate & Co., who are to-day the largest soap makers and perfumers in America.

More than eighty years ago Colgate & Co. began business at No. 6 Dutch St., where ample accommodations were then found for both office and factory.

As the business increased the factory was removed to Jersey City, where it now occupies more ground than is covered by two city blocks.

In the factory, beside many smaller pans, there are three, each of which is capable of holding 525,000 pounds of soap, and the pipes in use, if stretched out in a straight line, would extend fourteen miles.

The fancy department occupies one-fourth of the block, and is wholly devoted to the manufacture of toilet soaps.

The manufacture of perfumes was not begun by Messrs. Colgate & Co. until 1870, eighteen years ago, but it is now one of the most important parts of the business. To it the firm brought the splendid reputation for excellence, thoroughness, refinement, and purity of manufacture which have always distinguished their soaps, and every article upon which they put their brand; and in the new department, as well as in the old, public confidence has been entirely justified. One generation has succeeded another, but the sterling and essential qualities always remain in the proprietors and in their manufactured products. No one is ever disappointed in an article made by this house, whether it is laundry soap for the kitchen, or the delicate Cashmere Boquet soap and perfume for the bath and dressing-room.

The writer of this has had an experience of over thirty years in the use of Colgate's soaps and perfumeries; has tried others, but always came back to "Colgate's" with the conviction that it was best to be thankful for the "best" and stick to it—not be led away by names and things, which must be tested to discover their quality.

The simple secret of success in this case is strength, and purity of material, and eternal vigilance, and care in manufacture. The toilet waters prepared by this house are the finest to be found, and have almost the strength of extracts. The violet water furnishes the essential principle of a hundred bouquets of violets for a little more than the cost of one. When used, the delicious scent clings to the handkerchief long after the basis has evaporated. When used in the bath, its perfume is intensified, and fills the air with fragrance. The Glycerine Lotion is a delightful preparation, invaluable for summer use, or when traveling, and perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients. For children and ladies with delicate skin, the firm make a "Dermal" soap, the vegetable oils incorporated in which are so gentle and pure that it may be used by every one with advantage, particularly those who are troubled with tenderness or irritability of the skin. The Dermal soap surpasses any of the so-called skin soaps in the purity of its ingredients and the careful method of its preparation. Unlike other toilet soaps it contains no perfume other than that found in the vegetable oils from which it is made. It is well without equal for softening and whitening the skin, and is particularly recommended as "baby soap."

The statements here made are based on personal experience and knowledge of the mischief which arises from the use of deleterious toilet appliances, as well as the great comfort and luxury of helpful and reliable preparations of this kind.

JENNY JUNE.

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE THIMBLE.—The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb" and "bell," being at first thumble, and afterwards thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1695 by John Lofting, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, and pursued it with great profit and success. Formerly, iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. In Paris gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches diameter. These, being heated red hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandrel. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use. Those made in this manner do not wear out, as so many ordinary gold thimbles do, but will last for years. The gold coating, if cut away by the needles, may be easily replaced; but the steel is of an excellent quality and very durable.

THE PINS.—Pins were worth a dollar a paper in 1812, and very poor at that. Then it took fourteen processes to make a pin; now only one machine, which finishes and sticks them into the paper. Saving pins half a century ago was as important as saving cents, and hence the habit then formed sticks to many elderly gentlemen, whose coat sleeves are ornamented with rows of them rescued from loss. Then it was that "pin-money" had a significance, but now the cost of pins is not a twentieth part as great as the cost of perfumery. It is estimated that from seven to ten tons of pins are made in the United States each week.

MASTODON REMAINS IN FLORIDA.—According to the *Savannah News*, "Ichucknee River, which empties into the Suwanee a few miles from Lake City, is becoming famous for the quantity of mastodon bones buried beneath its waters. In no other spot on the globe are they

so numerous. Not fewer than six skeletons have been found within the short space of two miles. One specimen, nearly complete, is pronounced by Dr. Koot to be the largest ever discovered in the world. The doctor is taking steps to have it properly mounted, and has purchased a small area of land in the vicinity of the State Agricultural College, where a building with ceiling of sufficient altitude to admit the monster in a standing position will be erected. The doctor has men engaged in probing the bottom of the stream with sharp iron rods with a view to making other antediluvian discoveries."

TRANSPLANTING AT NIGHT.—A friend, in whose power of observation we have confidence, and who is an exact experimenter, informs us that last spring and summer he made the following experiment: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon, and transplanting one each hour until one in the morning. Those transplanted during daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those planted during the darker portions maintained their conditions fully. He did the same with ten dwarf pear trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected their crop, and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots.

BIG WINDFALLS.—Naval men, especially in the last century, have often grown rich on the proceeds of a successful expedition, or even those of a single captured hostile ship. In 1743, during Commodore Anson's cruise, for example, the *Centurion*, on June 20, took the Spanish galleon *Nostra Signora de Cabadango*, which had on board bullion and cargo to the value of \$2,000,000, and, before the commodore returned to England, his squadron captured other vessels which were worth \$3,000,000. Anson's share of this sum was over \$350,000. Again on July 30, 1745, the *Prince Frederick*, Captain James Talbot, brought home prizes which, with their cargoes, were worth over \$5,000,000. The treasure and plate alone filled forty-five wagons, and the captain's share of the plunder was about \$700,000. In the same year another English vessel took a Spanish ship with \$2,000,000 on board, and a third, the *Surprise*, captured a French East Indiaman worth \$1,000,000. Other captures in 1745 were the *Charmanthe* \$1,000,000, the *Heron* \$700,000, the *Notre Dame de la Delivrance* \$3,000,000, and the *Conception*. The latter's

cargo consisted of a large quantity of cocoa, sixty-eight chests of silver, gold and silver coin to the amount of over \$1,000,000, much plate, a two-wheeled chaise, the wheels and axle-tree, etc., of which were of silver set with diamonds and other precious stones, and a quantity of gold in bars. When the ship was put up for sale, the French captain, upon the promise of a reward from Captain Frankland, the captor, discovered to him 30,000 pistoles, which were concealed in a place where no one would have ever dreamed of finding anything. The ship was one of the richest prizes taken; but its value was exceeded by that of the *Hermione*, a Spanish treasure-ship, which was taken in 1762 by Captain Pownall of the *Favourite*. The three lieutenants of the British vessel received as their shares \$65,000 apiece, and the captain obtained \$325,000, while \$320,000 went to the flag officers on the Mediterranean station, where the capture was made. The admiral was at the time miles away from the scene of action, and had very little to do with the capture.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.—What is described as "the finest Chinese funeral procession ever seen in this country" occurred recently in San Francisco, when Low Yete, the aged founder of the Chee Kung Tong, one of the most important Chinese secret societies of the British coast, was buried. It was estimated that fifteen hundred men were in line, "about half of whom were armed in a style never seen off the Celestial stage." The procession was preceded by an advance guard, carrying banners, followed by carriages with prominent Chinamen within. Then came members of the company to which the deceased belonged. Following these was a wagon bearing a picture of the dead man, and behind this the hearse drawn by four black horses. Then came the hired mourners, dressed in sack-cloth, and earning their stipend with vigorous mourning and weeping. Next a company of soldiers armed with rifles, and behind them another company with cimeters and brazen shields. After these came two hundred hacks, and last of all thirty or forty express wagons.

SIZES.—A "size" in a coat is an inch; in underwear it is two inches; in a sock, one inch; in a collar, one-half inch; in a shirt, one-half inch; in shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in pants, one inch; in gloves, one-quarter of an inch; and in hats, one-eighth of an inch.

ART ON SAFE DOORS.—"There are more than 400,000 safes in use in the United States," said a Broadway manufacturer to a reporter a few days ago, "and, with a few exceptions, their great iron doors are brightened with artistic designs in oil. The centre of the safe-painting

trade is in this city. Half a dozen artists are engaged in the work. They are all men who have left the private studio and buried their identity for money.

"One man in particular was an artist of recognized ability. His studio up-town was one of the finest in the city. Rich draperies and costly bric-a-brac were on every hand. The floor was inlaid with choice woods, and valuable specimens of his handiwork greeted the visitor from the walls. A tropical sun bursting through fleecy clouds shone down from the ceiling. This man got a good start from his father, and, as I remarked, his ability was recognized; but it didn't pan out in cash. When he found a customer for a \$400 painting he lived in clover, and when the art mart was drugged, and pictures went slow, he found it hard to make both ends meet. 'I've made a name,' said he, one day, 'but the artist who lives on his name without money can do more than I can.'

"A week after that," continued the safe manufacturer, "he applied to me for work. If you want to talk with him come with me."

The reporter then went into the rear apartment and found their men at work. One was painting a scene in the Catskills on the cold, black front of a 6,000-pound safe that was billed to be delivered within ten days to a Western manufacturer.

"Don't imagine," said the artist, after the introduction, "that I have given up being an artist. Oh, no! I'm still turning out original studies, but my work goes with the safe like the chromo with the pound of tea. We paint two six-by-nine landscapes in a day. Ordinarily one man lays in the ground work, another fills in the middle ground, and a third adds the foreground. We get up quite a number of designs to order. On the inner doors of that safe over there you will find a good painting of the lower falls in the Genesee. That picture is to please the fancy of a Rochester man who ordered it."

"We have several orders for the Volunteer in oil. It requires more time to paint water-scapes and boats than anything else. Every line of a crack yacht must be perfect, or fault will be found with it. If a landscape happens to be a little too red, or brown, or green, we can account for it by saying that the green painting shows the scene in early spring, and the brown in mid-summer, and the red in autumn. That, of course, is one of the tricks of the trade."

"What do you consider the nature of your work on safes?"

"We turn out work here," replied the artist, after a moment's reflection, "that would sell on canvas and with frames around them for \$50. When you are moving around town be particular to observe the paintings on safe doors and see if you don't agree with me."—*New York Star*.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to
EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford
County, Maine.

Answers to April Puzzles.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>52.—G a p i n g
A r p i n e
R a p i e r
N u t r i a
E u p i o n
T o m t i t</p> <p>54.—S-towage.
56.—R-eduction.
58.—D-educe.</p> <p>60.—H A R P E R S
A L I E N E
R I L E D
P E E R
E N D
R E
S</p> | <p>51.—Daphne.
53.—R e d g u m
E u c h r e
M a h o u t
O t i o s e
T e r e d o
E s c h a r</p> <p>55.—G-entry.
57.—D-evolve.
59.—T-easel.</p> <p>61.—T A S S E L
A L I E N E
S I E V E S
S E V E R S
E N E R V E
L E S S E R</p> |
|---|--|

- 62.—Each heart is told the poor to aid.
63.—No man is wise at all times.
64.—The last drop makes the cup run over.
65.—Make a wrong step, and down you go.
66.—Insurance.

79.—A Charade.

First is the pride of every land
That's striving for the right,
The battle-ground where ignorance
Is vanquished day and night.

A second is heaven's best gift to man,
Unworthy though he be;
What would this dreary world be like
If 'twere not cheered by thee?

And so, through ever changing scenes,
As the seasons onward roll,
Unto the first the second goes,
And then becomes the whole.

INA VAUGHAN.

Anagrams.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>80.—Man in coop.
82.—Ten men rap.
84.—Icy toes.
86.—Ten cots.
88.—Ill key.
90.—End loft.</p> | <p>81.—Meat gratis.
83.—I search.
85.—Legal sire.
87.—Cure a lip.
89.—Mean gin.
91.—No rabble.</p> |
|---|--|

MUFTI.

92.—A Pentagon.

- 1 A letter. 2 To border. 3 A public house.
4 An old soldier. 5 Fine woolen cloth. 6 Pas-
sages. 7 Scent.
- MARQUIS.

93.—A Square.

- 1 To frolic. 2 Having activity. 3 Large trees.
4 An incident. 5 Reposes.
- MARQUIS.

94.—Transpositions.

The farmer, as the seasons pass,
Accumulates some pelf;
He ones his two, he mows his grass,
And lives within himself.

His children to the orchard haste
To spend their leisure there;
Each threes a four, its luscious taste
With nectar will compare.

MAUDE.

95.—Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of ten letters, is a great
yachting centre. The 3, 9, 1, 4, 5, 8, is to stroll.
The 7, 6, 2, 10, is to direct.

AMY GRAVES.

Hidden Flowers.

- 96.—Bring me my viol, Ethel.
97.—Eugene will stop in Kansas.
98.—My pans, you know, need mending.
99.—Nero seized the beggar.

ANNIE C.

100.—Cross-Word Enigma.

In lake, not in sea;
In bird, not in bee;
In time, not in hour;
In might, not in power;
In limb, not in twig;
In great, not in big;
In wrong, not in right;
In brown, not in white;
In loam, not in clay;
In speak, not in say;
In night, not in day.

Look carefully, and you will see
A book well known to you and me.

AMY GRAVES.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes.

For the largest list of correct answers to this
month's puzzles, received before June 10th, we
offer a book of poems; and for the next best list,
an illustrated novelette.

Solvers.

Answers to the February puzzles were received
from Ida May, J. D. L., Vinnie, Katie Smith,
Birdie Lane, Bridget McQ., Teddy, Ann Eliza,
Nicholas, Birdie Browne, Jack, A. Mary Khan,
Geraldine, Willie L., Bert Rand, I. O. T. and
Black Hawk.

Prize-Winners.

J. D. L., Philadelphia, Pa., for the largest list
of correct answers. Katie Smith, Boston, Mass.,
for the next best list.

Original puzzles of all kinds are always wanted
for publication.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

"SURE."

In a little while, a month or two,
The buttercups and the violets blue
Will bloom and flourish on the hill,
The birds their sweet notes loudly trill,
The roses sweet will bloom and die,
The summer breezes gently sigh,
The soda fountain soon will bloom,
And lovers crowd the ice-cream room,
The overcoat will go in pawn,
The girl will wear the dress of lawn,
The dust will be thick on the road,
The boy will kill the harmless toad,
The lovers stroll in lonely lanes,
The organ-grinder gives you pains,
The bicycle man will show his leg,
The busy hen will lay her egg,
In every pond and lake and bay
Boats will be seen each pleasant day,
All balls and parties will be o'er,
And folks will seek the cool seashore,
The boy each day his bath will take
In every puddle, creek and lake,
The base-ball man will wield the bat,
The farmer wear the big straw hat
The pedler on the street will shout,
The sun will knock fat people out,
The baby carriage will soon appear,
There'll be a boom in lager beer,
And picnics will be all the go;
It all will be in a month or so.

—Kennebec Reporter.

THE CHOIR.

ITS PRIVATE PRACTISE IN HARMONIOUS DISCORD.

After the soprano and tenor had soared and touched the "heavenly strings" four times in succession, while the basso profundo and alto got in some good all-around work up and down the scale, the choir sat down, the curtain was drawn, and the pastor commenced his opening prayer. During its progress the following scraps of *sotto voce* dialogue might have been heard in the choir gallery:—

Soprano (to tenor)—"Did you hear Miss Lowtome break on that 'C'?"

Tenor—"Yes, perfectly vile; wonder the congregation will stand so much. Did you notice how Mr. Stronglungs bellowed out that piano passage?"

Soprano—"Yes; and the organist broke the time twice on my solo—such work!"

Alto (to Basso)—"Mr. Hightone and Miss Pipingvoice seem to be pretty thick lately. I wonder if he knows all about her; for they do say she used to sing in a concert garden."

Basso—"Well, he isn't much better. You would be surprised at some of the engagements he fills on week-day evenings."

Organist (to Soprano)—"You did that solo beautifully, Miss Pipingvoice; but Mr. Hightone must have annoyed you terribly with his discords."

Soprano—"Yes, I thought once I would have to stop; but your magnificent accompaniment carried me along in spite of him."

Tenor (to Alto)—"I did so hope you would have a solo part to-day, instead of our having to listen to that painful piano screech."

Alto—"Oh, you flatter me so, Mr. Hightone! I would much rather they were all tenor solos."

Tenor—"I feel sorry for you having to sing next to that fog-horn bass; it's a wonder you can keep the tone at all."

Soprano (to Basso)—"Your voice seems to grow richer and stronger every day, Mr. Stronglungs. It's too bad the same cannot be said of Miss Lowtome. Poor thing, I am afraid she won't be able to hold her position much longer."

Basso—"I fear not; but she isn't falling nearly as fast as Mr. Hightone. Did you ever in your life know of a tenor voice going to pieces so quickly as his has?"

Soprano—"Never."

Organist (to Alto)—"I have played for a great many choirs, but this is about the poorest balanced I have struck yet. You and Mr. Hightone do the only real good work in it."

Alto—"Except, of course, our organist."

Organist—"Oh, thank you!"

Tenor (to Basso)—"Meet me at Beverly's after the benediction?"

Basso—"Sure."

Soprano (to Alto)—"You are singing divinely to-day, dear. I hear so many compliments for you. I hope you will consent to engage for another year."

Alto—"It's wonderful they even notice poor me at all, after hearing you, dear, the pride of the choir."

And they all stood up in a row and sang:—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!"

—Bee, Richmond, Me.

HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS.—Miss Corson said in the Baltimore Cooking School that a Baltimore lady had written a receipt for "cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good." It is as follows: A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in

hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words; others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusted on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

A tall, old man, with rather a vacant look and a hesitating air, ventured slowly into the dining-hall of a large uptown hotel the other evening, says the *New York Tribune*. It was the usual dinner hour, and the long room was well-filled with guests. The old man paused, scrutinized his cuffs and his waistcoat, and, after making what seemed to be a helpless effort to gaze at the back of his neck, he beckoned to the head-waiter. That functionary hastened up, and the old man said anxiously:—

"Waiter, do I look all right, tidy, you know?"

The waiter inspected the venerable guest critically for a moment, and then assured him that all was in order.

"Necktie all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Collar-button show?"

"Not at all, sir."

"No spots on my coat?"

"Not a spot."

"The general effect is pretty slick, is it?"

"Very, sir."

"Well, you see, waiter," said the old man, confidentially, "I came down to breakfast one day last week without any collar, and my son James was very angry; so yesterday when I came into lunch with my necktie under my left ear, he said if anything like that happened again he would have my meals served up-stairs. Do you know my son James, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he in here at dinner now?"

"No, sir; finished about ten minutes ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, then, waiter," said the old man, in relieved tones, "if you're certain of it, you tell the man at our table to hustle in some corned beef and cabbage, and not to play any of his French business on me, or I'll break his neck."

A clergyman in a mining village not far from Riccarton, in the course of his pastoral visits, called at the domicile of a collier in his parish. Inquiring of a woman he saw, and whom he presumed to be his wife, if her husband was at home, she said:—

"Deed, na, sir; he's at his work."

"Is your husband, my goad woman, a communicant?"

"A communicant! he's naething o' the kind. He's just a collier."

Astonished at the ignorance displayed, the clergyman could not help ejaculating:—

"Oh, what darkness!"

The collier's spouse, understanding the language literally, not figuratively, was also something astonished.

"Darkness! Little ye ken o't; had you been here before we got the extra window in the gable, ye would scarcely been able to see your finger afore you."

The pastor sighed. It was his first visitation of his flock, and their ignorance certainly demanded his prayers.

"I must, my dear woman, put up a petition for you here."

"Petition! petition! Bide a wee; nae petitions will be put up here sae lang as I am in the house; but at the term we're gaun owre to Newbiggings, and then ye may just put up as many o' them as ye like."

The usual crowd were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little blear-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door, and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bumper, with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched into the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:—

"It was just such a night as this, bright and clear, and I was going home down the track when right before me, 'cross the rails, lay a great beam. There it was, pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the right express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:—

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door. "The obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place"—

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero, there would have been a much bigger grease spot frescoed on the panel of the door.

A man, dressed in greasy overalls, went into a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. When asked if the city editor or some other man on the force would not do as well, he replied that he had come on very important business, and must see the editor-in-chief. When at last his persistence had forced an entrance into the room where great policies were outlined, the editor said:—

"You were determined to see me; now, as quickly as possible, state your business."

"All right, sir. I like your paper, and I want you to have a chance of saying something that will startle the country. For some time I have been engineer at Grayson's mill"—

"Well, but what have I to do with that?"

"Just hold on a minute. This morning the boiler exploded"—

"Go to the city editor if you want to hand in a piece of news."

"I thought that I would give you a chance to write a startling editorial."

"Editorial the deuce! We have such accidents nearly every day."

"No, you don't. Just give me a chance to get done, and you will thank me. No one was killed when this boiler exploded."

"That's nothing strange."

"And," continued the visitor, "no one would have been hurt had the boiler exploded five minutes before it did."

A strange expression settled upon the editor's face. "Will you please repeat that?" he asked.

"I say that no one would have been hurt had the explosion occurred five minutes before it did. All other explosions that I ever heard of would have been five times as disastrous if they had occurred a short time before, for a party of young ladies or a committee of gentlemen, or some important personage had, of course, just left the mill when the explosion occurred."

The editor's eyes had grown wonderfully bright. "My dear friend," said he, "dear, because you have chosen me to be the original recipient of this great piece of intelligence, lead on, and I will follow you. A man with such a glorious appreciation of the truth is a rare jewel. Come, sit down beside me, that I may feel your presence as I write. Stay by me, gentle keeper of the truth, for my mind is stirred up, and I fain would muse."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

The following is a story told by the Bishop of Tennessee, at the recent Church Congress, as showing the education of a plantation preacher. He said:—

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering some five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house, belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and, after a service, I fell into conversation with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said:—

"And what about the resurrection?"

With a very solemn face he replied, "You see, master, intment is intment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, dere is a speritual body, and dis body made out of dus'."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when de Angel Gabriel comes down from heaben, and goin' up and down de Ribber Jordan, a-blowin' of his trumpet, and the birds of heaben singin', and de bells of heaben ringin', and de milk and de honey rainin' down

on all de hills of heaben, he will bring de speritual body wid him down from heaben, and take dis here body out of de dus', and take de intment and rub it on, den stick togedder—and dar dey is."

"Going out to the ball game, to-day?"

"No; I've got to move a stove this morning, and will be busy around the kitchen lifting barrels and carrying ice until evening."

"Well, you're a busy man, indeed. But you will be at the races to-morrow, won't you?"

"No, I think not. To-morrow I've got to carry three or four hams and a bushel of potatoes up from the store in the morning, saw a half-cord of wood before noon, and put in the afternoon tearing down the partition between the dining-room and the sitting-room, so they can dance. Then there's a carpet to be ripped up, and a dozen chairs to be carried home from the

furniture store, and I suppose I'll be kept busy until midnight writing invitations and licking stamps."

"What in the world are you doing all this for?"

"Surprise party."

"Surprise party? Who are you going to surprise?"

"No one. They're going to surprise me. You see, my wife thought it would be pleasant to give me a surprise party next Monday—my birthday—and after I get through sawing wood and borrowing dishes, and moving stoves, so there won't be much heavy work left for the women folks, I'll go down to the office to give them a chance to send for me, and let the people jump up and yell when I enter the house, and grab me by the hand, and shake me out of joint, and just paralyze me with surprise. Now, if you will give me a lift on this bureau, I'll be able to work on the partition."

NOVELS ILLUSTRATED.



"How he won her."



"Fettered for life."



"Only 93."



"Some women's hearts."